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ecial: Dickens' "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT," by Lulu Montanye

FEBRUARY

15 CENTS

The MOTION PICTURE

Story Magazine



Scene from "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

en Complete, Illustrated Short Stories in This Number, from the Best Plays of the Month

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster ..... Managing Editor
Montanye Perry, Edwin M. La Roche — Associate Editors.
Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager
V. H. Kimmelmann, Advertising Director

Western Advertising Representative:
Pullen, Bryant & Fredericks Co., People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.
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GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. III FEBRUARY, 1912 No. 1

Martin Chuzzlewit

(Edison)

Adapted from Dickens' Novel

By LULU MONTANYE

THERE were two occupants of the gig, and one of them was very comfortable. The great-coat in which he was wrapped seemed an ample shield from the winds which swept in icy blasts across the open country road. But when you add to the great-coat's shelter the fact that an immense trunk had been stood upon end in the front of the gig, in such a way that the comfortable one was effectually screened from the wind, you begin to understand the look of placid contentment on his handsome face.

The other occupant of the gig might be considered less fortunate in his surroundings. In the first place, his coat was very thin and old. This seems a great disadvantage, but, upon second thought, there is a bright side to this fact. For, with the space occupied by the comfortable one with his great-coat, and the encroachment of the gigantic trunk, there was so little room left in the gig that only a small man in a thin coat could have squeezed in at all.

"And so you consider Mr. Pecksniff a very fine fellow, do you, Tom Pinch?" asked the comfortable one, in the kindly, patronizing tone of one who amuses himself with listening to the views of a man in another sphere of life.

"The best man in England, Mr. Chuzzlewit," answered the other, hurriedly, as if he could not speak quickly enough for the good deeds he longed to tell. "Such a learned man, such a kind, benevolent disposition; never speaking evil of any one, always ready to give good counsel to those who need it."

"Is he ever ready to give anything besides advice?" asked Chuzzlewit, with a cynical smile.

"Why, I—I—dont quite understand," stammered Tom, but his companion stopped him with a ringing laugh and a kindly tap on the shoulder.

"That's all right, Tom Pinch," he declared, still with the condescending affability; "it is quite right for you not to speak ill of your employer. But the fact is, Pecksniff is a relative of mine, and tho I haven't seen him for many years, I've heard him spoken of a good bit, at various family councils. The general impression seems to be that Pecksniff is a man of many words, and that most of those words are devoted to advertising himself."

"Oh, I'm sure you have a very wrong impression, Mr. Chuzzlewit," began Tom, with such earnestness that his companion laughed again and turned the subject easily.

"The truth is, Tom Pinch," he declared, "I am coming here as much for spite as for anything else, and as I expect you and I will see a good deal of each other in the next few months, I may as well explain it all



OLD MARTIN ADOPTS MARY AS HIS WARD

to you and have it over with. Perhaps you have heard of my grandfather, old Martin Chuzzlewit."

"I have heard Mr. Pecksniff speak of him in the most affectionate, respectful way," replied Tom.

"Not a doubt of it," laughed Chuzzlewit. "My grandfather is immensely wealthy; of course Pecksniff loves and respects him! Well, I am named for my grandfather, and am known everywhere as 'Young Martin.' He had always intended to make me his sole heir, for all his other relatives have so disgusted him with their cringing, fawning flattery that he hates even the sound of their names. In fact, that sort of thing has been carried to such an extreme that my grandfather has grown suspicious of everybody. He is firmly convinced that there is no such thing in the world as honor or unselfishness."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Tom, earnestly. "He must be a very lonely, unhappy old man. But, of course, you are a great comfort to him."

"Not a bit of it," replied young Martin; "he has cast me off, too. You see, he adopted a young girl named Mary, who was to be his companion and nurse, with the understanding that he would provide handsomely for her during his life, but that she should expect nothing whatever at his death. In this way, of course, she would be more interested in his living than his dying, which was what he wanted to be sure of. She is very pretty and sweet—in fact, she is the dearest girl in the world. I fell in love with her; she returned my affection, and we were very happy as long as we kept our secret. But my grandfather finally found us out—I needn't trouble to tell you how—and he was terribly angry. But his anger took a curious turn. Instead of venting it on her, for falling in love with his heir, he vented it on me, and turned me out in the world without a penny!"

"How very fortunate!" exclaimed Tom.

"Fortunate?" questioned young Martin, with a puzzled face.

"I mean," explained Tom, hastily, "that since your grandfather was so angry, it is fortunate that you, rather than the young lady, should receive the effect of it."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Martin, without much enthusiasm. "Now, my grandfather hates Pecksniff, so I decided that, since I wanted to study architecture, and since Pecksniff was looking for another student, I might as well come down here and study. In this way I kill two birds with one stone, you see. I learn to be an architect, and I annoy my grandfather."

Tom's honest face showed some distress, but he was spared the necessity of replying by the horse turning suddenly into a lane, breaking into a spirited trot as it did so.

"There's the house, Mr. Chuzzlewit," Tom cried. "See the lights thru the trees. I hope you will be very happy with us, sir."

"Thank you, Tom," replied Martin, with gracious patronage; "I have no doubt we shall get along finely. And, by the way, Mr. Pecksniff still believes me to be my grandfather's heir. Dont undeceive him; it would make a great difference in his treatment of me."

"I'm sure you are mistaken," began Tom, earnestly, but he was interrupted by the appearance of a black-clothed, benevolent figure, who threw open the door of the house and stood with outstretched arms, smiling benignly as Martin stepped from the gig.

"Welcome, my dear young friend and relative; welcome to our home!" he exclaimed. "It is but a humble home, but harmony and peace abide with us, and I trust that your sojourn —to which I have looked forward with the pleasantest anticipation— may be pleasant, may be lengthy, may be profitable! Once more I say, welcome!"

The sweet and placid smile, the gentle and protecting manner, with which Martin was ushered into the little sitting-room, seemed to bode well for his future. But the smile with which the young man received these attentions was certainly a trifle cynical, compared with Mr. Pecksniff's guileless expression.

Martin's cynical smile was a trifle broader and more skeptical one morning, only a few days later, when he faced Mr. Pecksniff again, in the little sitting-room. But the sweet and gentle expression of Mr. Pecksniff's face had changed to a look of scorn and indignation.

"You have deceived me, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff. "You have imposed upon my trusting, unsuspicious nature! You have obtained admission to this humble, but honest, home on false pretenses. This lowly roof must be no longer contaminated by your presence. I pity you, I mourn over you; but I cannot shelter deception beneath my roof. Go forth, misguided youth!"

"I understand," said Martin, curtly, "you have found out that I am no longer my grandfather's heir. This is, of course, a great disappointment to you."

"You are a base deceiver," quoth Mr. Pecksniff, with a solemn shake of the benevolent head; "a deceitful——"

"Enough!" cried Martin, taking a hasty step toward his accuser. "You are a smooth-tongued hypocrite, and I knew it before I came here. It serves me right. Good-by. Pinch, what did I tell you?"

With these words, Martin flung out of the house and down the road. He went so rapidly that he was some distance from the house before he heard Tom Pinch's call.

"Well, what now?" he asked, sharply, as Tom came up, breathless.

"Dear, dear!" cried Tom, "are you going now, at once, in this bad weather, on foot, without your clothes?"

"Yes," declared Martin, "I am."

"And where," asked Tom, "oh, where will you go?"

"I dont know. Yes, I do, too. I'll go to America."

"No, no," cried Tom, in a kind of agony. "Dont be so reckless, so



MARTIN AND MARK ARE FORCED TO GET A LOAN

dreadfully regardless of yourself. Dont go to America."

"My mind is made up!" announced Martin, firmly; "I shall go to America."

The words, spoken from mere impulse, crystallized vague thoughts that had been forming in Martin's mind for many days. He would go to America! There he could speedily win a large fortune and return in triumph to marry his faithful sweetheart, who had promised to wait for him.

As Martin hastened to London, and, settling himself for a few days in a cheap lodging, made the needful preparations for his journey, it must be confessed that his thoughts were mostly selfish ones. From childhood, his life had been spent with his wealthy, irascible, suspicious grandfather. There had been nothing in his training or environment to make him thoughtful of others, or to lessen his self-conceit. As he prepared for his long journey, he pitied himself, thinking what a good and noble fellow he was to renounce a fortune for the girl he loved. Not once did he have a vision of his sweetheart, lonely, anxious, dependent upon the whims of the petulant old man who was her sole companion. As he sat in his little room, weaving golden dreams of the day when he should return with a fortune to lay at the feet of Mary, to the great discomfiture of his grandfather, there was a rap at the door, and in walked a rather good-looking fellow, with a smiling face and frank eyes. Martin stared at him, remembering his face and manner, but quite unable to recall to whom they belonged.

"I'm Mark Tapley, sir," the newcomer informed him. "Him as lived at Mrs. Lupin's inn, The Dragon, near to Pecksniff's house."

"To be sure," cried Martin; "I re-

member now. But how did you happen to come here?"

"I've left Mrs. Lupin's, and I want a place. Seeing you on the street, I took the liberty of coming up here, sir."

"But, Mark," said Martin, smiling, "I am surprised at your leaving Mrs. Lupin. I thought you were attached to her. In fact, we were all expecting you to be the landlord of The Dragon, soon."

"It were too easy to be jolly there," replied Mark. "You see, sir, it's my theory of life that there's no credit attached to being jolly when it's so easy. I want to be where things are going agin me, so I can come out strong and show what's in my disposition. Now, I hear you are a-going to America. I want to go with you, to attend upon you. Wages is no object."

"Nonsense," said Martin, laughing in spite of himself at Mark's odd theory of life and his grave way of stating it. "I am very poor now; I can afford no servant, and I shall have hardships, privations, perhaps suffering, before I get a start."

"Just what I'm a-looking for, sir," declared the imperturbable Mark; "to be jolly under them circumstances will be some credit to a man. Anyway, sir, I'm a-going to America. I shall pay my own passage. The question is, Will you let me go under the protection of a smart, educated gentleman like yourself, who's bound to make his way there, or must I go unfriended and alone?"

This artful appeal to Martin's vanity had its effect. He consented magnanimously to Mark's appeal, and a week later he lay, groaning and complaining, in a steerage berth of that noble and fast-sailing ship, *The Screw*, while Mark, with unfailing good humor, waited upon him. Mark was already "coming out strong" in the dark, filthy, ill-ventilated cabin. "There's some credit to be got for being jolly here," he muttered, pressing a hand to his aching head; "that's a great comfort."

Martin seemed to have no such



IN THE STEERAGE, EN ROUTE FOR AMERICA

comfort. He continued to groan, even when Mark murmured encouragingly, "Bear up, sir. Think of the young lady. Think how brave and bright she was when we saw her."

For, thanks to Mark's devoted maneuverings, Martin had actually had a parting interview with Mary, in a secluded corner of a little park. How brave she had been! How pretty and innocent and tender her face had been, upturned to his with womanly love and longing! How her bright hair had brushed his face, as her head rested for a few brief moments on his shoulder; how sweetly and courageously she had talked! How timidly she had offered her parting gift—a ring, set with rare diamonds! Martin had thought it one that his grandfather had given her. He did not guess the truth, that she had bought it with her savings, in order that he might have some article of sterling with him in case of necessity. He lay now, turning the ring upon his finger, thinking regretfully of Mary's face, wet with parting tears. His thoughts were interrupted by Mark, bustling up to his berth with shining face.

"Land's in sight!" he cried. "Get up, sir, and see the land of the free and the home of the brave; Land of Liberty, sir. Any land at all looks good after so much water!"

And while Martin and Mark walk down the gangplank to make their start in the new country, let us turn back to English shores and see how the friends they left behind are faring.

In the "lowly, humble home," to which Mr. Pecksniff is so fond of referring, there is a new family circle. As Mr. Pecksniff poetically expresses it, "both my birdlings have left the nest and flown away to London." Stated in plain prose, this means that his daughter Mercy is married to Jonas Chuzzlewit, a distant cousin, who came up from London to woo her, and that her sister Charity was so discomfited by Mercy's matrimonial triumph, that she betook herself



PECKSNIFF DISMISSES TOM PINCH

to London for a long visit, possibly hoping to win a prize for herself in that gay city.

And another member of the Pecksniff household has left its humble roof. Tom Pinch—honest, loyal, devoted Tom Pinch—has shaken the dust of the village from his feet and taken the road to London, and the whole village mourned at his going. Strangely enough, the cause of Tom's separation from Mr. Pecksniff was young Martin's sweetheart, Mary.

Soon after young Martin's abrupt departure, Mr. Pecksniff was electrified to receive from old Martin a proposal which was as surprising as it was welcome to the saintly Pecksniff.

"I want to live with you," the old man said, abruptly; "I shall bring Mary with me, of course. I am tired of being pursued by the whole family. If they see me settled with you, they will give up all hope of getting my money, and let me alone. Of course I shall recompense you; I shall pay

my way as I go—not that I do not leave a balance, Pecksniff, to be settled when I am gone."

"Oh, may that day be very distant—may the shelter of my lowly, humble home be yours for many, many years!" replied Mr. Pecksniff, exuding benevolence from every pore. "What is money, beside the love which I have for you, my dear cousin?"

Poor Mary was very unhappy at this change. She instinctively distrusted Mr. Pecksniff, and avoided him whenever it was possible. But he sought her out and thrust unwelcome attentions upon her, from which she had no appeal, as old Martin seemed oblivious to her distress. Matters reached a climax one day when Mary, fleeing from Mr. Pecksniff's ardent attentions, took refuge in the village church, where Tom Pinch was practising upon the organ. Her distress was so evident that Tom's heart was touched, and in her relief at finding some one to sympathize, Mary told him the whole story. Then, at last, Tom Pinch's faith in his employer wavered and fell. It was a sad crash, for, to honest Tom Pinch, Mr. Pecksniff's sounding phrases of cant and deceit had been jewels of truth and wisdom. Now the end had come, and after a heated scene between the two men, at which old Martin looked on with a grim smile, Tom, like young Martin, took the road toward London.



PECKSNIFF MAKES LOVE TO MARY

It was soon after Tom's departure that Mr. Pecksniff came into the breakfast room one morning with a beaming smile.

"I have a letter from my son-in-law, Jonas," he announced. "He is coming up to see me today. I am to meet him and a friend at The Dragon, and dine with them. He speaks of wanting my advice about a little business. A good boy, is Jonas. Not handsome, but worthy."

"And rich, too, is he not?" asked old Martin, rather dryly.

"Tut, tut, dear cousin," laughed Mr. Pecksniff, shaking a fat finger at the old man, "why should we talk of that? Is money the end of life?"

But the truth is that money was actively concerned in this visit of Jonas Chuzzlewit to his father-in-law. His note had said, "I am going to bring Mr. Montague up with me. If you work it right, you may be able to persuade him to sell you a few shares of Anglo-Bengalee stock, but you'll have to be sharp."

As Jonas Chuzzlewit and Mr. Montague drove toward The Dragon, neither of them looked very happy. Jonas, always sullen-faced and morose, looked fairly vicious today, and the furtive glances which he gave Montague from time to time showed hatred, not unmixed with fear.

"Come, Chuzzlewit," said Montague finally, with an easy laugh, "why dont you brace up and act like a

man? Suppose I do know your little secret? That wont hurt you, so long as you are reasonable."

"You dont know anything!" growled Jonas; "you only guess it."

"Now, drop that, my young friend"—Montague's voice grew suddenly sharp and incisive—"I know plenty enough to make serious trouble for you! When one can prove that a young man has wished his father's death, countless times; can prove that this young man bought poison at a certain day and place; can prove that his father died in convulsions——"

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" shouted Jonas, glancing about as if fearful that listeners lurked in the woods.

"All right," laughed his companion; "here we are at The Dragon, and there's your saintly relative waiting to give us an oration."

Matters progressed finely as the dinner was eaten. The Anglo-Bengalee Insurance Company, of which Mr. Montague was president, and in which most of Jonas Chuzzlewit's money was now invested, was doing a most wonderful business, according to its president. No, he hardly thought any stock could be sold. Well, possibly a few shares, just to oblige Mr. Jonas, who was naturally interested in his father-in-law's welfare. Mr. Pecksniff grew more eager, led on by Jonas, who pretended great unwillingness to advise him, insisted that he would not be responsible for any money being risked, and convinced his father-in-law that the stock was such a rare bargain that he was loath to let any of it go. Finally, when it was agreed that Mr. Pecksniff could have fifty shares at a figure which represented nearly all that gentleman's savings, Jonas rose from the table.

"I've got to hurry back to London," he explained to his father-in-law. "Montague is going to stay here till tomorrow and finish up some business."

Montague, tho a little surprised, fell in with this plan readily enough. He was not anxious for the company of the sullen Jonas on his return trip, so he remained, talking amicably with Mr. Pecksniff, while Jonas said a sulky good-by and rode away toward London.

When Jonas Chuzzlewit reached home, he turned a snarling, savage face toward poor Mercy, who came forward to greet him.

"Dont talk to me," he commanded; "I've been up all night and I'm dead tired. I want you to fix up the bed in that little back room on the ground floor. I'm going in there and sleep till I'm rested. Dont let any one come near. Now, remember what I tell you, dont let any one come knocking at that door. I'm apt to sleep till tomorrow night."

The little bedroom had a door, opening into an alleyway. This door had not been used for years, but when Jonas had entered the room, locking the door behind him, his first action was to pour oil into the keyhole of the outer door, until the key turned easily. Then he went to a little cupboard in the wall and took out a suit of the coarsest, commonest workingman's clothes. When he was arrayed in these, and his own suit was tucked carefully into the cupboard, he rumpled the freshly made bed and then stole softly out of the outer door, locking it carefully behind him.

It was nearly sunset of the following day that Mr. Montague and Mr. Pecksniff drove along a country road near Pecksniff's home.

"I've enjoyed my ride," said Montague, "and now, where's that short cut you told me of? I'll take that and be back to the inn for supper."

"Right there by the poplar tree is a gate," replied Mr. Pecksniff's benevolent voice. "The path leads across the field and thru a little spot of woods. You cant miss it."

Their voices rang out clearly on the still air. The spot of woods was very near. A man, clad in the rough, common clothes of a workingman, was crouched in these woods, waiting for something. As he heard the words, he smiled a frightful, ghastly smile.

"Yes," he muttered, "that's right; come on. You cant miss it."

For what was the silent, crouching, sinister form waiting? And what impulse led Montague, as he neared the wood, to stop, as if to retrace his footsteps and take the main road to the inn? Whatever the impulse, he put it aside, and as the sunlight died away, and evening fell upon the wood, he entered it, and disappeared from sight, among the shadowy branches. A moment later, there was a crashing of branches, the hurried scramble of heavy feet, and out of the forest leaped a stalwart figure in the rough clothes of a workingman, who broke into a run and ran swiftly until he was upon the high road leading to London. And as he fled, he muttered savagely, "He knew my secret, did he? Dead men tell no tales!"

It was late in the afternoon of the next day that Jonas Chuzzlewit came out of the little bedroom and called his wife to give him some supper.

"Did any one knock on my door?" he asked, as he ate greedily. "I thought once I heard some one, but I did not answer, I hadn't slept enough."

"No," she replied, "no one was near the door, since you went in the room."

"I am perfectly safe," he thought, exultantly, "perfectly safe. No one knows I had any reason to do it. No one ever will suspect me!"

A day passed—several days. Over and over again the guilty man assured himself that he was safe, yet all the long days and weary nights he listened, listened, fearfully. He could not tell what he expected or feared to hear, and yet, sleeping or waking, he listened, and at last, as he sat by his own fireside, a cry fell upon his ears, and he knew it was the sound for which he had been waiting.

Hawkers were crying thru the streets the murder of the great Montague, president of the Anglo-Bengalee Insurance Company!



OLD MARTIN HEARS OF THE MURDER OF HIS BROTHER ANTHONY



CHUZZLEWIT'S RELATIVES ARRIVE

In a spacious chamber of an old-fashioned house in a pleasant quarter of London, old Martin Chuzzlewit sat by an open fire. A long table, spread with a profusion of silver and glass, as if for a party, occupied one side of the room, and as the old man looked it over smilingly, a door opened and Mary entered. It was a much happier Mary than we saw in Mr. Pecksniff's home, and now, at sight of her guardian's cheerful face, she smiled happily back at him.

"I have some news for you," the old man said; "we are going to have a little party. Now, the first part of my news is disagreeable, and I will get it over with. Jonas Chuzzlewit is dead, by his own hand. The company that he was connected with failed. Jonas lost all his money, Pecksniff lost all his, and Jonas murdered Montague, the president of the company. It all came out, last night, and Jonas was arrested at his home. He bribed an officer to leave him alone five minutes, and they found him dead upon the floor. The wretched man had taken poison. It has been believed that he poisoned his father, and perhaps the same bottle furnished material for both deeds."

"But where is Mercy? What will become of her?" asked Mary, trembling with horror.

"At present she is with Mrs. Todgers at the inn. Later on we will see what we can do for her, but she would not enjoy coming here today, in this gay company. For I want today to be a happy one, my dear. Can you guess why?"

No, Mary could not guess why. The sudden change in old Martin, his breaking away from Mr. Pecksniff and establishing himself in his own rooms again, his new cheerfulness and his air of suppressed excitement, were all mysterious to her. But as she sat, wondering, a tap was heard at the door.

"Open the door," directed old Martin, and Mary obeyed, to find Mark Tapley smiling at her.

Now, in one way, this was no surprise to Mary, for Mark and young Martin had returned to London a week before, and it must not be supposed that they had not contrived to see Mary before this. But to find Mark composedly knocking at old Martin's door and being admitted on terms of friendly understanding, was very mystifying.

"That's all right," said old Martin, composedly; "and now, Mark, you will please to act as my man, for a while, and admit the guests as they come."

"Certainly, sir," said Mark, who knew no more about what was coming next than Mary did, but whose comical composure was equal to any occasion.



OLD MARTIN HEARS OF PECKSNIFF'S LOSS

"And now, Mark, while we wait, tell me whether you think my grandson has changed much in his absence."

"Changed, sir? Why, as I was a-telling you the other day, when we happened to meet on the street, there never was a greater change in a man. Why, when I first took service with him, there was credit attached to being jolly, and I had hopes of being able to be proud of myself. Then, when he bought that real estate in America, at the place they called Eden, I had still more hopes. For the place we bought, sir, was a swamp, a regular, dreary, desolate swamp, with a few empty log huts scattered here and there, and two families of starving people. And we went out there to engage in the business of architecture, sir, in the city of Eden, which, on that real estate agent's maps, had banks, and parks, and schools, and rows of streets, and all such civilized things. And Martin, he just naturally laid down and got malaria, sir, and nearly died, and what with taking care of him and burying the neighbors' children for them, and trying to think up a plan for getting out of that hole, I began to feel I was coming out strong in the jolly line."

Mary laughed, in spite of her distress, at this story, and Mark laughed with her before he went on.

"Then, sir, just as he was getting better, I took sick and lay for weeks, almost dead. And if that Martin didn't come out stronger than I ever have, a-taking care of me and a-waiting on me and a-slaving over me day and night till I was well. Then the friend he had wrote to sent us money and we came home, but he is that changed, that there will never be any credit attached to working for him now, and I've got to be looking up a new job."

"And from what I hear, that job will probably be acting as landlord of The Dragon," said old Chuzzlewit, with a sly smile.

"Which I'm not a-denying of, sir," grinned Mark, as a knock came at the door, and he opened it to admit—Mrs. Lupin herself!

For an instant Mark's face showed surprise, but he banished the expression instantly as another knock came and he admitted Tom Pinch, with a distractingly pretty girl clinging shyly to his arm.

"Why, Tom," cried Mary, running forward, "how glad I am to see you! How is it that you are here?"

"Why, Miss Mary," Tom said, glancing at Mr. Chuzzlewit and receiving a nod of approval, "I have been working for your guardian ever since I left Pecksniff's, cataloging his library here, only I didn't know till yesterday who my employer was. Your guardian has been befriending me secretly, you see. And this is my sister Ruth, who lives with me. And that young man whom Mark is letting in now is John Westlock. He is a dear friend of young Martin's, and he is a dear friend of my Ruth's, too, isn't he, Ruth?"

Ruth hung down her head and blushed very sweetly, but Mary was growing so excited, she hardly noticed Ruth's confusion.

"Tell me, Tom," Mary begged, drawing near to him and speaking in a low tone, "do you understand all this? What has made this change in



PECKSNIFF IS GRIEVED TO HEAR THAT YOUNG MARTIN HAS BEEN DISINHERITED

my guardian? Is Martin coming here?"

As if in answer, the door opened again and the imperturbable Mark announced, "Martin Chuzzlewit, Junior!"

Old Martin, who was standing by the fireside, turned and looked long and steadily into the eyes of the young man who was coming toward him. Then he held out both hands.

"The fault was mine, boy, as well as yours," he said. "Let us talk no more about it. I have brought all your old friends together here to witness our reconciliation. Mary, my love, come here."

As she trembled and was very pale, he sat her in his own big chair and stood near her, with Martin close beside him. But as he opened his lips to speak again, he stopped, looking at the door.

"Mr. Pecksniff, sir," announced Mark, and that gentleman entered, staring around at the company in unfeigned amazement.

"What does this mean?" cried the smooth voice, and Mr. Pecksniff rushed toward old Martin. "Are they after you again, sir? Do they presume to come here to work upon your feelings, my beloved cousin? Oh, base, designing creatures! But be calm, cousin; I will soon rid the place of them."

But Mr. Pecksniff, advancing with outstretched arms, had not perceived how old Martin's hand clasped the stick within its grasp. As he came smiling on and got within reach, old Martin, with one fell blow, struck him to the ground.

"Now, hear me, rascal!" cried the old man, towering over him. "I have summoned you here to witness your own work. You estranged me from my grandson. You made Mary's life miserable in your house. You misused and deceived poor, honest Tom Pinch. There is not a person in this room whom you have not deceived and wronged with your base hypocrisy. When I went to your house, I



THE DOWNFALL OF PECKSNIFF

did it because I wanted to see how far you would go. I wanted to see if your baseness, your greed, your hypocrisy would not tire. I wanted to see if you had no redeeming quality. I found there was none. Now you see three happy couples here, who will soon be united. You see Tom Pinch, who in future will be my friend and companion. You see yourself an outcast, deserted, scorned, as your lying hypocrisy deserves. You married your daughter Mercy to that scoundrel, Jonas Chuzzlewit, because he was rich, but you over-reached yourself there, for your money is lost, with his own. You have done harm enough. Go now, before I do you injury!"

Mr. Pecksniff scrambled to his feet and made a bow. It was a peaceful, plaintive, melancholy bow, and his voice was sweet and sad as he spoke.

"I have sheltered in my lowly and humble home nearly every individual here present. I have been betrayed by those who accepted my hospitality. I have been insulted, knocked down, almost trampled upon. I forgive you all. I bear no malice. When you approach the cold and silent tomb, think, all of you, that I, the most wronged and abused of men, forgave you!"

With this sublime address, Mr. Pecksniff departed.

It was a jolly little dinner, where Ruth Pinch held John Westlock's hand under the cloth and blushed very much; where Mary held young Martin's hand and didn't care who knew it, and where Mark Tapley and Mrs. Lupin, waiting upon the party, held hands with the greatest unconcern, as they passed the dishes. Yes, they were very gay, even Tom Pinch, who had no sweetheart. If Tom's eyes rested long on Mary's bright hair, or if his honest face saddened a trifle as he gazed at her happy one, there was no one the wiser.

The Poor Relation

(Lubin)

By LEONA RADNOR

MABEL HAMPTON was in a happy state of gratified vanity. Her mother's bosom also swelled with pride and a presage of ambitious projects to be richly realized.

"Now, Mabel, dear," she admonished her daughter, "be sure to pose to the best advantage; I think your left side is a trifle better than your right. And turn your eyes upward slightly; it makes you look spiritual and interesting. And——"



"Now, mother, it's no use your giving instructions. John will make me pose the way he wants. You know how artists are; they never see things the way we do. But John is sure to make a beautiful picture of me."

The prospective model glanced complacently at her image in a long mirror.

"It will be a great thing for you, Mabel, to have your portrait at the exhibition. Who knows what may come of it?" remarked her mother, with a note of speculation in her voice.

Mabel again regarded herself in the mirror and went thru a series of supposedly seductive poses. Could the artist have surprised those fatuous contortions, he would quickly have repented of his easy acquiescence to her desire to sit for his exhibition picture.

John Lamar, being an easy, dreaming sort of chap, had bent unresistingly to the attempts of Mrs. Hampton, his aunt, to lionize him. He was the only artistically inclined twig of her family tree, and it behooved the ambitious woman to encourage the sprouting of buds of honor and glory.

And that she and her daughter might the more fully bask in the radiance of his renown, she had encouraged Mabel to offer herself as the model for his exhibition picture.

Her opportunity for the suggestion came at a moment when John was groping in a maze for the inspiration which was to fix his evanescent ideals in a dazzling concretion and bring him fame.

"Well, John, have you started your picture yet?" asked Mabel.

"No, I haven't," he answered in a discouraged tone, "and the time is getting short. If I dont get some paint on that canvas pretty soon, I'll have nothing to hang at the exhibition. And, the deuce of it all is, that I cant seem to bring my ideas down to earth. They go floating about like a lot of butterflies, and, while I'm after one, the others escape. Believe me, Mabel, an artist is a very unhappy devil!" he concluded, whimsically.

"Well, what are all those flut-

tery butterfly ideas about?'' asked Mabel.

''Those fluttery butterflies are parts and parcels of one great and grand ideal to be embodied in a female form divine,'' he answered.

''In other words, your ideal woman?'' teased Mabel.

''Exactly,'' he retorted. ''I want to symbolize on that canvas the qualities that my dream-girl must have. And, if the picture is a success, I shall go on a pilgrimage in search of my ideal in the flesh.''

''You dont expect to find her, do you?'' laughed Mabel, mockingly.

''Perhaps not, but she exists,'' he answered, pensively. ''Whatever human mind conceives, has an actual existence in some part of the world.''

''So that's your philosophy, is it? Well, while waiting for the discovery of this marvel, wont I do for a 'poser,' or, I should say, a model?''

John glanced at her in surprise. She was looking very pretty and bright, very vital and unfathomable with that eager, half-serious, half-mocking smile flashing from eye to lip.

''Why, you'll do capitally!'' he exclaimed.

Just then the door opened, and a low, quiet voice announced the arrival of Mabel's party gown.

''All right, I'll be there in a minute,'' was the young lady's haughty response.

The door closed before John could catch more than the merest glimpse of a pale-faced girl in gingham dress and apron.

''That's a melancholy-looking maid you've got,'' he commented.

''Oh, she's not a maid,'' offered Mabel, with a toss of her head. ''If she were, she would have been discharged long ago. She's poor mother's step-daughter, Winnie. She was in boarding-school until her father died, and then, as he left no provision for her, and mother couldn't afford to keep her there, she came to live with us.''

''Oh, I see,'' he said, indifferently. ''Well, good-by, I must get along, and I know you are chafing to see that new gown. I'll see it tonight, I hope.''

''Indeed, you will,'' she replied, heartily. ''And be sure and come early, for all the girls are crazy to meet you. They've heard all about your escapades in Paris, sir!''

''And they still wish to meet me?'' he queried, in a shocked tone.

''All the more!'' she laughed.

''I'll be on hand, sharp. This *soirée* is to be my last, remember. Tomorrow I buckle down to work, so be prepared for your martyrdom. Ta-ta!''

''Good-by till tonight,'' she called after him. Then she turned and ran into the room where her mother and Winnie were in raptures over the new gown.

''It's beautiful!'' exclaimed Winnie. ''How I'd love to have such a gown!''

''You!'' chorused Mrs. Hampton and Mabel. They looked at each other and laughed. Such presumption! To them, Winnie was poor and plain and dull, and her place was in the kitchen or wherever there was drudgery to be performed.

''Now, Winnie, dont stand there gaping, but go about your work,'' said Mrs. Hampton. ''The drawing-room and library must be thoroly dusted, and the flowers arranged, then all the china must be wiped off, and the glassware polished.''

The girl turned without a word, but a faint flush crept into her cheeks. There was to be a party that evening, but she was not to share in the enjoyment.

Her monochrome existence was to be shot thru with the glinting reflections of the joyousness of which she must ever remain but a spectator.

Dully and patiently she went about her work. She performed each task conscientiously, and, when evening came, even Mrs. Hampton could find no fault. But it was outside of her principles to express approval or allow the tired girl any respite. Her spirit must be kept down, her individuality must never be allowed to

assert itself. For out of that might arise awkward questions and painful accusations. So, after dinner, Mrs. Hampton had fresh humiliations to add.



"Now, Winnie, make haste and help Mabel dress. Then I want you to tidy yourself up and put on your black dress. You are to show the guests upstairs, and help the ladies with their wraps. You can see all the fun from the hall," she concluded, as if conferring a great privilege.

Winnie smiled the wan little smile that sometimes flickered over her face. Her step-mother's occasional pretensions to kindness were bitterly amusing to the little drudge. What Mrs. Hampton and Mabel took for stupidity in the girl was a brooding sorrow for her father's death, and a resignation to conditions that she seemed powerless to surmount for the present. She played her rôle of maid that evening, and sat alone in the hall, with the sounds of laughter and music and dancing pulsating in the air about her and drawing from her lonely young heart the desire for the happiness that had been omitted from her lot. John Lamar strolled out for a smoke. His observing artist's eye noted the isolation of the little figure

and the wistfulness of the large, dark eyes. He recognized the girl as Mabel's half-sister.

"Ah, a modern Cinderella!" he murmured to his cigar. "There's evidently no fairy godmother in this case, so it is clearly my duty to raise this girl's thoughts from the ashes of dejection and take them for a spin in a little pumpkin coach of nonsense."



To her he said: "I hope you dont object to my cigar."

"Oh, no, indeed!" she gasped, with startled eyes seeking the kindly gray ones looking down at her.

"That's good," he sighed, as he sank into a chair beside her. "Smoking is a funny habit, isn't it? Drawing smoke into one's mouth and puffing it out again—isn't it ridiculous?"

He smiled so frankly that she almost lost her embarrassment and smiled back at him as she answered: "It seems so to me. I couldn't see anything pleasant about it."

"Then you've tried it?" he caught her up.

"Yes," she admitted, laughing uneasily as she hastened to explain: "It was at school. One of the girls' brothers brought a box of cigarettes on visiting day and gave it to her. Several of us tried to smoke them, but they made us sick."

"I wish I had been as easily discouraged," he admitted. "I had quite a struggle to cultivate the vice, but I was game."

By this time her restraint had entirely disappeared, and he went on to tell her of his travels, cleverly throwing in questions regarding her life and opinions. Suddenly he straightened up, as if to sniff the air. "I

hear the rattle of dishes," he remarked. "I shall go foraging."

He disappeared into the dining-room and soon returned with chicken-salad and ice-cream and cake.

"Now, while the crowd is gormandizing in there, we'll have a nice sociable little *tête-à-tête,*" he announced cheerily.

She couldn't misunderstand his delicacy in covering up his pity for her. The tears sprang to her eyes, and a lump in her throat prevented her thanking him. He in turn understood, and his heart grew very tender toward this lovely young girl, while a feeling of resentment welled up against his aunt and cousin.

The *tête-à-tête* was a most delightful little affair and was growing momentarily more enjoyable. To the girl, John Lamar appeared to possess all the manly qualities and not a few godly ones. On his side, he was becoming deeply impressed with the g ntleness, the patience, the noble forbearance and unselfishness that he could read in her character. While subconsciously appraising each other, they chatted away merrily. A rustle of silk disturbed them, and, looking up, they met the surprise and displeasure with which Mabel was regarding them. What annoyed her most was that Winnie was looking positively pretty and vivacious.

"Winnie," she said, sharply, "go upstairs and help Mrs. and Miss Short; they are going. And you needn't come down again."

The girl flushed crimson. As she rose to obey, John Lamar held out his hand. "Good night, Miss Hampton. I hope we shall meet again soon," he said.

"Good night, Mr. Lamar," she murmured, hurriedly. She did not glance back as she ran up the stairs.

The next day, John Lamar stood before his easel, blocking in a life-sized figure upon a canvas. On a dais, Mabel posed in a self-conscious attitude.

She had addressed several questions to the artist without receiving a reply. She could stand it no longer.

"What is the matter with you, John? You look as cross as a bear, and you haven't had the politeness to answer my questions."

"You must pardon me. This is my workshop, and I cant work and chatter, too. What were the questions?" He spoke in a wearied tone.

"I just wanted to know if I'm all right. Have I kept the pose?" she simpered.

He barely glanced at her.

"Yes, you're all right," he declared, gallantly. "But I'm not! I cant seem to get it! The sitting's over —it's no use!"

But the next day, he seemed in better mood. Mabel posed and saw with satisfaction that his face glowed appreciatively as he worked. During the rests, he had the picture covered so that she could not see how he progressed; and he would not allow her a glimpse for all her entreaties.

The days went by and he painted with a passionate fury.

"What are you doing now?" she would ask.

"The folds in the skirt," he would answer, squinting toward her feet.

At another time she would venture: "What are you painting *now?*"

"The lace in the sleeves," would come the reply.

"Aren't you ever going to do *me?* You never look at my face!" she complained.

He smiled quizzically as he gave the canvas a few smart dabs.

"That will be all today," he said, laying aside his palette and brushes and drawing the curtain over the picture. "Tomorrow I shall have a few friends here to view the picture and give me their opinion. Naturally, you are invited, Mabel. The view is at eleven o'clock. Will you be here?"

"Will I?" she exclaimed, archly. "Considering that I am the inspiration, it would take a great deal to keep me away! *Au revoir* till tomorrow."

Shortly before eleven o'clock the following morning an automobile stopped at the Hamptons' door. John Lamar jumped out and ran

up the steps. Winnie answered his ring.

"Well, are you ready?" he asked.

"Just a minute," she answered.

She reappeared, ready for a drive. John took her hand, and together they ran down the steps and got into the



machine. John was bubbling over with mirth.

"Isn't it great!" he exulted, giving Winnie a squeeze.

"Y-y-yes," she assented, "but I'm a little bit afraid. What do you suppose they'll say when they find out that I've been out with you and at your studio?"

"Fiddlesticks! what do we care what they say!" he laughed boyishly. "We know what's going to happen to us—dont we?" he demanded, turning her blushing face toward him.

"Yes," she whispered, snuggling closer. He gave her another squeeze.

"Here we are, sweetheart!" he cried, happily. They went up to the studio and found Mrs. Hampton, Mabel and a number of friends just ahead of them.

"Oh, I'm so glad you haven't kept us waiting, John!" cried Mabel. "We are so impatient! Why——" She had caught sight of Winnie—Winnie, who should have been at home doing housework.

"Oh, I just called at your house, and, as you had already left, I persuaded Miss Winnie to accompany me and have a look at my picture before it goes to the exhibition," was his airy explanation.

Mrs. Hampton and Mabel compressed their lips in strong silence. There was something peculiar about Winnie. She didn't seem quite so unhappy and submissive as at home. They glared at her, then turned to their friends and ignored her.

John fussed around, getting the proper lighting to fall on the canvas. There were little, humorous curves about the corners of his mouth, and his eyes twinkled outrageously.

"Ready!" he announced. All eyes turned to the veiled picture. With a sweeping gesture, he drew the covering aside. There was a chorus of gasps and a moan from Mabel as she sank upon an ottoman. Before the astonished guests was a magnificent portrait of Winnie. Thru the pathetic and sweet wistfulness of the face there gleamed the wonder of a dawning happiness. Even Mrs. Hampton and Mabel, as they swept indignantly from the studio, could see the greatness of the artist's cunning.

"Well, old chap," spoke up one of the visitors, "I congratulate you! You've done a great piece of work! You've certainly realized your ideal in that!"

"And in this," answered John Lamar, drawing Winnie within his arm.

And as they looked at her, they saw again that wonder of a dawning happiness.

A Welcome Valentine

By LILLIAN MAY

There once was a lady so wise
Thought to give her small son a surprise,
  So she sent an "invite" for St. Valentine's night,
Then merrily downtown she hies.

The small boys began to arrive,
As she planned it, quite promptly at five.
  The tables looked gay—'twas St. Valentine's Day—
They said, "Say, we're glad we're alive!"

The candies and cake were like hearts,
There was ice cream, and jelly in tarts;
  Then an exciting game, as each boy took aim,
A Cupid was pierced full of darts.

Their hostess said, "Now, go and look,
'Twixt the leaves of each paper and book;
  There's something for each, all right within reach,
So find it, by hook or by crook."

They shouted "Hooray! What a treat!"
When they found little red hearts so neat,
  Reading "Take this and go, to the Grand Photoshow,
You will find it is good for a seat."

Soon the tumult and shouting did cease,
And this wise lady, sitting in peace,
  Said, "My blessing shall go, with the good Photoshow,
It has brought me a blessed release!"

A Tale of the Wilderness

(Biograph)

By ALLEN STANHOPE

THE solitude and loneliness of the wilderness, sooner or later, force to the surface of a man's heart the deepest passions that lie imbedded there. Some men are overwhelmed by a pressing call to bloody and lawless deeds. Such was the case of "Bad John" Tilton. Other men are oppressed by the solitude to the point of madness, their whole soul filled with a vague desire. Young Ben Tilton was one of this number. Still, these two men were brothers, living side by side, but working out the separate destinies thru which the wilderness directed them.

Bad John had come to this secluded dell, high up on the slope of a range of Kentucky mountains, more than fifteen years before, bringing with him, amid untold hardships, his brother, then a mite of four years. For this service, young Ben never failed to show the warm gratitude he felt. Bad John, in his rough way, returned the brotherly affection. But he never told the boy that he had fled to these mountain fastnesses, a fugitive from justice, and with a stain of blood across his name.

One morning the boy found his brother gone, even before he awoke. He determined to break thru his admonition and follow him. He hastily set out in pursuit, but, after two hours' walking, could find no trace of him. Besides, he found himself in



BEN JOINS THE SETTLERS



PETER WELCOMES BEN

an unknown locality. He was lost! Suddenly he heard voices to the southward, and hurrying thru the woods, he came upon a grassy plain. In the foreground was the strangest sight he had ever seen. Surrounding the wigwam-like thing on wheels were a score of *white people*. Many of them were not unlike his brother and himself, a few were such tiny mites as he remembered himself to have been a few winters back; but, most marvelous of all, were some white creatures, with bags about their legs and something different in their faces, that charmed his eyes and held his heart spellbound.

At length, with a wildly beating heart, he stepped out into the open, and walked toward the advancing company, the vague desire that had obsessed him for many years suddenly dropping away from him like a broken cord.

It was not until very late that night that young Ben found his way home. His brother was sitting by the fire, in evident ill-humor, so he said nothing about his discovery.



NELL MEETS BAD JOHN



EACH PAIL TOOK LONG TO FETCH

Weeks passed, and whenever an opportunity came for Ben to slip away to the new settlement, unknown to his brother, he did so. He had little fear of discovery, for he knew his path lay always in the opposite direction taken by John. Soon, tho he scarcely knew it himself, his entire path of life branched off from his brother. He had found the woman who was destined to make him forsake all things to follow her. She was Nell, the beautiful daughter of old Peter Bradley, the leader and mainstay of the little band of pioneers.

Tho the settlers had little present

fear of attack, they wisely built a substantial stockade about the principal log-house, and here Peter Bradley took up his residence. One of pretty Nell's self-appointed tasks was to carry water from a nearby spring, while the men were busy chopping down trees all day. It was noticeable, as soon as Ben began to help her carry the water, how much more water seemed necessary, how much longer it took to get each pail-

from him, and being faster of foot, outdistanced him to the stockade. She distinctly remembered the words he had flung after her:

"Run as fast as you want, little minx, *I'll get you,* and my little red boys will look after the rest of the young ladies!"

"What does it mean?" asked old Peter, turning to Ben.

"Hark! what's that?" interrupted Nell, in a terrified whisper.



BEN RESCUES NELL

ful, and how little fatigue the labor produced! The more serious the two young people became, the more old Peter smiled and nodded his head.

But one day, when Ben came to the settlement, he found his fair sweetheart in tears, and surrounded by an excited group of settlers. She had been met at the spring by a ruffian, who seemed surprised, at first, at the sight of her. A minute later, however, he began to grow offensively familiar to the girl, who broke away

They all listened intently, their hands raised to their ears to catch the faintest sound.

Thru the wooded slope, far down the mountainside, floated the faint echo of a man's voice raised in a halloo. They waited, breathless, a full minute. It was repeated.

The next instant a siren-like cry rose from the opposite slope, more distant than the first, yet more clear and piercing to the ear. It rose and fell several times in rapid succession,

keyed to an unearthly, inhuman note. One of the settlers, a weather-stained fellow, with keen gray eyes, gripped his flint-lock convulsively.

"Indians!" he said, roughly.

Peter turned toward his pretty daughter, a look of pain shooting thru his eyes and leaving a glint of moisture after it. Ben had stepped to the girl's side, and gripped her hand tightly.

"Never you mind, Nellie," he whispered; "I'm going to get that man who tried to hurt you!"

Again an echo reached their ears, this time increased in volume, as tho given by a dozen shrill voices in unison. It was nearer.

"Nellie," said Peter, his voice now calm and serious, "you get the women folks ready for an attack. Scare 'em as little as you can, tho. Bullets and bandages we want most—an' no tears! They make a man shoot crooked. Run along, girl!"

"Hadn't I better run," asked a big, raw-boned boy, in the excited group, "an' tell the Emmonses an' all their relatives to come?"

"Couldn't do better, Sam, and hurry—because the quickest they can get here is twenty minutes. And now, men," said Peter, turning a calculating eye about him, "I want five of you to follow me out in the brush to lay for 'em. Good shots I need, an' stout hearts. Here, Ben, you're one of 'em!"

"But——" protested Ben, giving a glance of apprehension in the direction of the stockade.

"She's safe there, boy. She needs you here." Peter laid a strong hand on Ben's shoulder.

"You're right," he said.

"We've got to ambush 'em! Fightin' 'em their own way, always puts fear in their hearts. It'll help, too, if there aint too many of 'em," he added, solemnly. "There's a good place over there, boys, on the bluff, where we can catch a few of 'em, no matter how sneaky they prove to be. Now, make bunks for yourselves, all of you—an' get your man!"

Despite their precautions, the Indians had stolen up on them. One of the bullets bent in the muzzle of his own flint-lock in such a way that it was made useless. At the same moment there was a sharp cry from the boy's nearest neighbor—George Thomas, a lanky youth, scarcely twenty—who threw up his hands wildly and fell back in the brush, dead.

For a couple of minutes the boy sat leaning limply against a tree, dazed at his first sight of violent death. When he looked about, he distinctly saw three dusky forms in guarded retreat. His first impulse was to rise boldly and rush over to the fallen boy and seize his gun, which alone meant his own deliverance. Instinctively, however, he raised his 'coonskin cap again on the battered gun-barrel. Three reports rang out instantly, and he felt a red-hot twinge pierce the fleshy part of his left leg. The crafty foe now saw thru his first effort to fool them, and had fired *low* the second time it was attempted.

But two of the three Indians who had shot at Ben never fired another shot, for, in their zeal to outwit him, they had exposed their position, as well as their bodies, to the fire of Peter Bradley and his two allies, all Indian fighters of old. This time every Indian within range took to his heels.

"Come, boys!" shouted old Peter; "we've got to run for it now. They'll be after us before we can get back to the stockade. Come, Ben, hurry!"

"I cant, Peter," cried Ben, trying in vain to rise; "I've been——"

"My God, boy—*my* boy!" Two or three shots rang out, the bullets singing close to them. "Down, boys! Now, listen! We'll have to leave George over there; I looked at him. But Ben here, I'm going to get to the stockade!"

"But, Peter, think of her——" began the boy.

"That's just what I *am* doing. Keep still, Ben; there aint no time for talk. You, Jim Dirk and Al Filks, put the boy over my shoulders,

an' keep about twenty paces behind us. Take my gun and poor George's; you'll be as good as four men. Up with him!"

The old man started off, walking upright where he could, creeping thru the clearings. The strain on all of them was terrible, yet not a shot had been fired when at last they arrived within sight of the stockade. Suddenly firing began between Jim and Al and at least twenty Indians, who, as usual, had crept up so stealthily that even the practised eye had not discerned them. It was well the two brave men had four guns!

Slow progress was made in the face of the now steady fire. At length the fugitives reached the open space extending for forty yards around the stockade. How to cross this exposed stretch under fire of the attacking party was the problem. To make matters worse, the two rear guardsmen crawled up at that moment with the ill tidings that the rapid firing had at last exhausted their ammunition!

The savages were drawing closer and closer all the time, until the foremost was now not more than fifty yards away, behind a tree. The outlook was desperate.

"By cracky!" exclaimed old Peter, suddenly, "I believe they are here. Say, boys, we're dumb. There aint been a shot yet from the stockade. Why? 'Cause they want to get the reds in range. What's more, they want us to draw their fire. Bend down a couple of those saplings. Now, wrap your coats and hats on 'em, an' let 'em go. Wait! If they fire from the stockade, help me with Ben, and we'll try to get inside."

Sure enough, when the secured coats and hats flew up in the air, they drew a fusillade from the enemy. This was followed by an effective volley from the stockade, and at least five Indians fell. Stunned, and with discharged weapons in their hands, they were obliged to witness the safe retreat into the fortified inclosure of the four pursued men.

The besieged swarmed around the survivors with murmurs and tears of gratitude at their delivery.

"Load your weapons and get on guard there!" cried old Peter, angrily. "If they think we are not on the alert—— Here, Nell, you tend to this fellow." He laid Ben at her feet.

"My poor, poor——" The girl was sobbing, half with joy.

"Are you all right, Nellie? I was afraid that——"

But this little love colloquy was cut short by a wild whoop that curdled the blood of the defenders. Twenty savages were flying across the open space in front of the stockade, brandishing tomahawks in one hand and wicked-looking scalping knives in the other.

"If your guns are loaded, take good aim. If they aren't loaded, stand ready to spatter their brains with the butts! If they get in once, they'll show no mercy. Get the women out of range. Here they come!"

Even as the old man spoke, an Indian's head rose above the palisade. In his teeth he held a cluster of human hair, sodden with fresh blood. It was the scalp of George Thomas!

The next instant, however, the savage fell, quivering, inside the palisade. Little Grace Thomas, the twelve-year-old sister of George, had fired the shot that put an end to her brother's desecrator!

There were but two more loaded muskets, and these each brought down a man. But at least ten Indians had got inside, unhurt. Then began a memorable hand-to-hand encounter. There were but fifteen combatants among the settlers. Four of these remained valiantly at their post at the loopholes, loading and ramming their flint-locks as fast as they could, until they had actually succeeded in repelling the second party of Indians.

This left but eleven fighting men to handle twelve fanatical savages, armed with the formidable tomahawk. Two of the settlers were brained before they could close with their antagonists. Several of the de-



PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK

fenders were wounded. The fight began to press unequally against them. Even with the four marksmen at the loopholes now added to the forces, they had all been driven to one corner and were fighting for their lives.

At this critical moment a war-whoop was heard outside the palisade, which was immediately answered by the now confident savages within the inclosure. They rushed in a body to the rude gates to release the poles that served as stanchions and bolts.

Then something unexpected happened that turned the tables in favor of the defenders again. It seems that all the while the life-and-death struggle had been going on among the men, the women inside the block-house, under the direction of Ben, who had had his wound dressed by Nellie, and could now bear his weight on one leg, were loading the score or more guns stored in the house. Their opportunity did not come until the Indians, in a body, rushed to open the gates for their confederates. They then formed a single, struggling target, that the worst possible marksman might have aimed at with certainty. Five Indians fell at the first fire, mortally wounded. Before the others could turn, either to flee or to revenge their fellows, they received another broadside. The three survivors were cut down by the settlers, who had now rushed forward.

"We are put to a desperate alternative," said Peter, turning to the brave little band of survivors. The old man had received an ugly scalp wound that came down into one eye, depriving it forever of sight; his left arm hung useless at his side. "We have them cowed for a while; perhaps after that they will be more cautious, and four or five rifles can hold them at bay. Anyway, there is the tunnel leading thru to the other

side of the hill. I want all the women and the few uninjured men to go. Our fire will keep them from suspecting your escape. There's a military camp twelve miles east. Sam Hawkins set out for there an hour ago, so you'll probably meet the soldiers. Maybe we can hold out till help comes—maybe. Watson, you'll have to stay, an' you, Ben, an' you, Filks. The rest of you go now, as fast as you can."

The party solemnly filed into the tunnel, old Peter keeping a watchful eye thru one of the loopholes. Some one touched him on the arm. He turned; his face was tear-stained.

"I didn't want to say good-by, Nell. It looked too much as if—as if——"

"But *I'm* not going, father," she said, simply.

"Nell!" the old man thundered, "I'm your father, an' when I say——"

"You *are* my father, and I cant desert you, father—nor Ben, either, the two people I love most in the world!"

"Come here, you two. Kiss her, boy! Now, God bless you—amen! Here they come! You ought to be able to plug one of 'em after that, Ben. I kin, I know. You load the guns, little girl!"

The attackers were now advancing firmly, under cover of a steady fire. One by one the Indians crept closer and closer. Soon it was evident that they were being directed in this procedure by a master mind. The besieged could hear the faint echo of a rough voice at regular intervals.

"If we can get that fellow, I think we might be safe until nightfall—when we, too, might escape," said old Peter. Not two minutes later he was rendered useless as a defender, when an enemy's bullet crushed three fingers on his right hand.

"It's your turn, Ben. You're the only shooter left!" he said.

The circle of Indians had now drawn as close as shelter would permit. There was a sudden cessation of firing.

"They're hatchin' hell now!" muttered old Peter. "I'm afraid it's all up, unless you get their chief devil."

"It's a white man!" cried Nell, suddenly.

"There he is — there's your one chance!" breathed old Peter.

The rifle trembled in Ben's hand and then fell to the ground.

The white man suddenly appeared in the open, leading the Indians on to the settlers' certain destruction.

"For God's sake, shoot!" groaned Peter.

"Ben—Ben! It means our life! Wont you shoot?" pleaded the girl, trying to place the gun in the boy's nerveless hands.

An Indian was mounting the palisade. He slipped and fell back.

"Ben, are you going to hand us over to be murdered?" whispered Peter. "Her to worse?"

"He's the man who insulted me! Oh, why dont you shoot him?" cried the girl, frantically.

"Because he is my brother!" said the boy, hoarsely.

The next moment Bad John Tilton's own ugly visage appeared at the top of the palisade.

Ben stepped forward before he could leap down.

"John Tilton, stop!"

"Ben!"

"There are only four of us, more dead than alive, left. I want you to save them!"



THE ATTACK



DEFENDING THE STOCKADE

"Back!" cried the man on the palisade to his followers. He said a few words, and then withdrew with the others to the woods again.

More than an hour elapsed before he appeared again. He was accompanied by a stalwart Indian, evidently a chief.

"You are to be taken captives," said the outlaw, simply. "It was the best I could arrange. Besides, they demand the death of a white man. Rest easy on that score, tho."

"Brother," cried Ben, limping toward John, "let me?"

"Ah, Ben, that you never knew, and I didn't spoil your life, is the only thing I'm happy over. I couldn't change your life, boy. You're one of God's gentlemen. The wilderness has proved us both for what we are. Forgive me, boy!"

How it all happened they never remembered, but at this point there had risen, just back of the stockade, at least a hundred soldiers. The air was filled with shouts and shots again. The survivors turned, tears of joy and gratitude in their eyes, the two lovers and the old father clasping hands in an overflow of happiness. The soldiers swept on, carrying everything before them.

Suddenly Ben turned, with renewed happiness, to where his brother and the chief had stood. The chief had vanished.

"My brother!" cried the boy, and then the tears rose in his throat, and his voice choked with a sob.

Bad John Tilton lay outstretched, with a tomahawk sunk in his brain. He had paid the penalty, as it was meet he should. There came to his brother, and laid her own tear-stained face against his, the girl who had satisfied all the yearnings of his lonely life.

The solitude and loneliness of the wilderness had forced to the surface of these two men's hearts the deepest passions that lay imbedded in them. It is ever so!

Alias Billy Sargent

(Essanay)

By MARJORLAINE MARCHANT

THE junior partner of the jewelry firm of Reid & Weston ran briskly down the steps of his brownstone mansion and turned toward the park, falling into the steady, swinging stride which was the envy of his older associates and marked him as a man whose college days lay not far behind him. It was his custom to walk to the office every day, and his "shining morning face" had grown familiar to more than one hurrying passerby, and particularly to a little brown-haired, brown-eyed, brown-clad art student, who dubbed him "The Man with the Fireside Eyes," and, drawing inspiration from his cheery countenance, delighted her fellow-students with daily descriptions of the pictures she saw in his eyes.

Who but an art student, continually on the lookout for the paintable—the sketchable—keenly alive to picture possibilities in everything, would have seen those pictures there? Who, indeed—unless it be a writer reading insatiably the stories writ in human faces?

You men who walk the busy thorofares of life, paint, therefore, with all care the pictures in your eyes! You women who stand in open doorways, or watch from lace-becurtained windows, choose well the colors for those pictures, that they may never fade!

"He's got a perfectly lovely house, I know," the little brown student had declared to an interested group of friends, "with a great library full of fascinating books, and velvety, pillowy window-seats, and deep, comfy chairs to curl up in. Then there's a fireplace across one side of the room, and a big, inviting sofa in front of it. In the winter evenings he probably reads aloud, while his wife sews, and sometimes (times when there is something special to plan for and remember—like Christmas, or birthdays, or the day they first met) they just sit and watch the fire and talk it over together.

"Then, I've noticed that he's awfully fond of children, and I've made up my mind that he has a little daughter, because this morning he passed a little girl and boy, just ahead of me, in the park, and he stopped to pat the little girl's head, but he let the little boy go by, with only a smile.

"He's probably awfully nice in his office, too—kind and thoughtful. He looks just like that sort of a successful, popular, progressive business man."

And the little art student was right. No cloud had dimmed his happiness—domestic, social or financial. Indeed, things seemed to be going unusually well that day, for in the forenoon a well-dressed customer, the broad astrakhan collar of his overcoat just matching his heavy Van Dyke beard, presenting himself as Mr. William Sargent, had pompously demand-



SARGENT EXAMINES WESTON'S GEMS



" 'TISN'T DADDY, NEITHER"

ed Mr. Weston, and had been shown with due ceremony into the Flemish oak and tapestry interior of the private office. There he had delighted Mr. Weston by examining the tray of unset diamonds with the microscopic eye of a connoisseur, and expressing a desire to purchase several of the choicest specimens. It was agreed that he should consult a certain lady in question and telephone her decision the next day.

Weston considered the sale as good as made, and in the exuberance of that fact left the office a little earlier than usual, in order to purchase a surprise for his wife in the shape of some theater tickets for that evening.

He had hardly left the office when Sargent telephoned, and, finding that he had gone home, immediately called up his residence.

"Oh! Mummie, let me answer it," cried little six-year-old Ethel, grabbing the instrument with both chubby hands. "It's Daddy, sure as puddin'. Let Baby talk with Daddy, please.

" 'Lo, Daddy! I knowed it was you. Oh, dear! 'Tisn't Daddy, neither. No, Daddy isn't home yet. I thought you was him. Mummie, quick! you come and answer."

"Hello! No, Mr. Weston isn't in. Can I take the message? Who? Sargent — Mr. William Sargent? Yes. Will meet him at the Arms Hotel tonight at eight o'clock? All right, I'll tell him. Good-by."

But, in the excitement of her husband's return with the theater tickets, the message quite slipped her mind.

The play proved all that they had anticipated, and upon their return, while his wife was preparing a little repast, Weston sat and watched the open fire. Perhaps he dozed. Suddenly the bearded face of the morning's customer rose before him. He looked anxious and preoccupied, and walked restlessly up and down a hotel lobby, alternately watching the door and consulting his watch, as tho waiting for some one. A telegraph message was brought to him, and suddenly, as he read it, all the assurance and self-possession of his bearing left him. He seemed to shrink within himself and grow perceptibly shorter in stature. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he glanced furtively about, as tho fearful of discovery. Then snatching up his bag, he fled precipitately. In the doorway he turned for one final backward look, and Weston noticed that his beard had slipped out of position. With a cry he started forward, but two detectives anticipated him and were already giving chase.

Just then Weston heard a voice saying, "What is it, dear? Dont you want me to get anything to eat? You



SARGENT GETS TERRIFYING NEWS

called to me to stop." And opening his eyes, he saw his wife leaning over the back of his chair. With an effort he roused himself.

"It's the strangest thing, dear. I must have had a sort of nightmare about one of our customers. I dreamed that detectives were after him. I dont understand why I should associate detectives with him now; I certainly didn't in our dealings this morning, for his bearing was unmistakably that of a gentleman and a connoisseur. He practically bought several valuable stones, and was to telephone me his final answer tomorrow."

"Telephone? Oh! that reminds me, Edward; I forgot to give you a 'phone message which came for you about six o'clock—and it was for this evening, too! Oh! I hope it wasn't important. In my excitement over the theater, I completely forgot all about it."

"Well, what was it, dear; anything of a business nature?"

"Yes, I think so. Some man wanted you to meet him at the Arms Hotel, at eight o'clock. Now, what was his name?—Sanders, Stratton—something that begins with an 'S.'"

"Surely you dont mean Sargent?" exclaimed Weston.

"That's it, Sargent—William Sargent!"

"Great Scott! Helen, how did you ever come to forget that message? Why, that's the man I was just speaking about! He probably wanted to clinch that purchase. Confound it! I've probably lost the biggest single sale we've had in two months!"

"Oh, Edward, dear, I'm so sorry! Cant anything be done? Why not go right down to the hotel now? He might still be there. Here, jump into your overcoat. I shall never forgive myself for this—never. Try and make your peace with him. Tell him all the horrid things about me that you want to; I wont mind, if you can only sell him those stones."



"I FORGOT TO GIVE YOU A 'PHONE MESSAGE"

Weston, now white with anger and disappointment, did not wait to see Sargent before expressing himself. The result was that he left his wife in tears.

If the observing little art student had been walking the streets of the great city, instead of lying tucked peacefully away in her hall bedroom, she would have seen a very unusual and disturbing picture in the eyes of her hero. Doubtless, she would have decided immediately that somebody was ill, and out of the kindness of her heart would have stopped him to inquire, and then it would all have come out that it wasn't illness at all—just business, mere buying and selling, mere getting of gold—and what a terrific blow that would have been to her!

In his anxiety over the lost sale, Weston had quite forgotten his dream, and was amazed to find everything in an uproar at the hotel—reporters swarming in the halls, men talking in excited groups about the lobby, and bell-boys running back and forth and increasing the general confusion. Threading his way thru the throng, he inquired at the desk for Mr. Sargent.

"Sargent!" shouted the clerk. "Why, man, dont you know that he's just been arrested? Detectives have been on his track for months, and only by the merest luck landed him here tonight! He's the Billy Sargent of Western fame, who has been robbing and swindling diamond merchants all over the country. Lucky thing that they caught him when they did, or he'd have been trying to swindle you next, Mr. Weston."

"Well!" exclaimed Weston, "I've had a narrow escape."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "and if the truth were known, your wife had a hand in his capture."

"What—my wife?"

"Yes, it was she who first gave the detectives the clue."

Weston was puzzled. He shuddered at the thought of how near he had come to that brink, from which his wife had saved him. He now sought for a detailed description of the arrest, and received the exact counterpart of what he had already seen in his dream, now most vividly recalled to mind.



SO THE WHEELS IN THE WESTON HOUSEHOLD RAN SMOOTHLY ONCE MORE

More than mystified at the course of events, he hastened home to tell his wife. A bedraggled, woeful little figure awaited him.

"Oh, Edward, is it all right?" she questioned.

"All right!" he exclaimed. "It's more than all right, little wife. You've saved me a small fortune. That man was a notorious swindler and was arrested tonight."

"I'm so thankful, dear, that no harm was done; but it has been a lesson to me, and hereafter I'm going to be as particular as a doctor's wife about writing down messages."

So the wheels in the Weston household ran smoothly once more, and the little brown art student had her usual feast of inspiration the next morning.

The Deerslayer

(Vitagraph)

By MONTANYE PERRY

From the Scenario of Larry Trimble

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Deerslayer.....*Mr. Harry Morey*
Chingachgook.....*Mr. Wm. Wallace Reid*
Hist.....*Miss Ethel Dunn*
Hurry Harry March.....*Mr. Hal Reid*
Thomas Hutter.....*Mr. Edward Thomas*
Judith Hutter.....*Miss Evelyn Dominicis*
Hetty Hutter.....*Miss Florence E. Turner*
Chief Rivenoak.....*Mr. Wm. F. Cooper*

PART I

It was between the years 1740 and 1745, when the settled portions of the colony of New York were confined to the four Atlantic counties, a narrow belt of country on each side of the Hudson, and a few advance neighborhoods on the Mohawk and the Schoharie. Broad belts of virgin wilderness touched the shores of the Hudson, crossed it, and stretched away into New England, affording leafy covers to the noiseless moccasin of the native warrior, as he trod the secret and bloody war path.

Where a vast, unbroken forest sloped down to meet the shimmering waters of the lake, known now as Otsego, but called Glimmerglass by the Indians of that day, voices were heard calling to each other on a cloudless day in June, when forest and lake lay bathed in brilliant sunlight.

"Hurrah, Deerslayer!" cried one. "Yonder is the lake at last. See where the beech stands close by hemlock, with three pines at hand, and that white birch with a broken top? There we shall find my canoe in a hollow log, or my name's not Hurry Harry March."

The speaker was a fine specimen of vigorous manhood. His stature exceeded six feet four, and his strength fully realized the idea created by his gigantic frame. The face did no discredit to his fine figure, and tho his manner partook of the rudeness of the frontier, a certain dashing grace prevented it from seeming vulgar. His reckless, offhand manner and a physical restlessness, which kept him constantly on the move, caused him to be known along the whole line of scattered settlements as Hurry Harry March.

His companion was a contrast, both in appearance and character. He stood about six feet in his moccasins, but his frame was slender, with muscles which showed unusual agility rather than strength. His face was remarkable only for its expression of guileless truth and earnestness of purpose. He had been raised among the Delaware Indians, who, for his quick eye and unfailing aim in the hunt, had replaced his family name of Natty Bumpo with the title of Deerslayer.

"Aye, here's the canoe," exulted Hurry, bending over the huge trunk of a fallen linden, and pulling away the bark which concealed a cavity. "Everything as snug as if it had been left in an old woman's cupboard. There! with two such paddles as yours and mine, fifteen minutes will carry us to the Castle."

"What is this Castle, Hurry?" inquired Deerslayer, as they shot out upon the placid lake. "You've mentioned it a score of times since we happened to come together on the trail. Is that what brings you to this region?"

"I'm a trapper and hunter, why

shouldn't I come here?'' answered Hurry, his boisterous laugh ringing out. ''But in truth, Deerslayer, there's another string pulling. Old Tom Hutter, who owns the Castle, has two daughters. Hetty, the younger, is simple-minded, but the older one is such a beauty as I'll warrant you never set eyes on.''

''And the Castle is built on the water?'' queried Deerslayer, smiling at his friend's frankness.

''Aye. Old Tom Hutter came to this region years ago, from a pirate life on the high seas, 'tis said, and made a home on these shores. Between the Indians and the hunters, he was burnt out three times, so he took to the water for safety. He built two water houses, the Castle, which is on piles and never moves, and the Ark, which floats about the lake at his fancy. No one can attack him without coming in a boat, exposed to his fire, and the Castle is built to be a tight breastwork. But there's the Castle ahead, see for yourself.''

Deerslayer saw that Hurry did not overstate the strength of the Castle's position. A good deal of art was manifested, too, in the disposition of the timbers of which the building was constructed, the effect of the ingenious arrangement being to give its owner a house that could be approached only by water, the sides of which were composed of logs, tightly wedged together, which were two feet thick in their thinnest parts, and which could be separated only by a laborious use of human hands.

''The place is empty,'' said Hurry, as they came near. ''They're off in the Ark. Well, 'twill be but a small matter to paddle around and find them. We'll go southward, toward the outlet.''



THEY FIND THE CASTLE DESERTED

But at the southern end of the lake they found no traces of the Ark. Hurry leaned upon his paddle, for a moment, puzzled, then his face brightened.

''I have it!'' he exclaimed. ''He's dropped down the river; it's a good trapping spot. Right at that rock is the outlet, tho you'd never guess it, it's so shut in with leaves.''

As the canoe advanced, sucked in by the current, it entered beneath an arch of leaves into a narrow stream,

lined thickly with trees and overhanging bushes. Keeping a sharp lookout, they passed turn after turn in the stream, then March suddenly caught at a bush and pointed, laughing.

"There's the old fellow, 'way below, grubbing at his traps; but for the life of me I cant see the Ark. The girls will be in the Ark. Jude's not trusting her pretty feet in this black mud. She's more likely looking in her mirror."

"Is the girl so vain as that?"

"Aye, and grows more vain and arrogant every day. The officers from the fort on the Mohawk stray often to the lake now, and the airs she gives herself with them is most unseemly."

"I fear you judge too harshly, Hurry. I doubt if this Judith is such an admirer of herself as you think."

"It's a pleasure to hear the truth from a man's tongue for once," cried a laughing, musical voice, so near the canoe as to make both men start; and a singularly handsome face was thrust thru an opening in the leaves within reach of their paddles. A second look explained this surprise. Unwittingly, the men had stopped alongside the Ark, which had been cunningly concealed in the bushes, and Judith Hutter had merely pushed aside the leaves which lay before the window.

As soon as the canoe could be got around to the proper opening, Hurry leaped on board, followed by Deerslayer, who was introduced to Judith with a woodsman's rough courtesy. It was quite evident that Deerslayer's defense of her had inclined the proud beauty in his favor. Deerslayer, however, was more interested in the Ark, which he began to examine with curious, scrutinizing eyes, not heeding Judith's pretty coquetries.

The Ark was a very simple contrivance. A large scow composed the buoyant part of the vessel, and in its center stood a low structure resembling the Castle in construction, tho made of material so light as barely to be bullet-proof. The scow had been put together with some skill, being comparatively light for its strength and sufficiently manageable.

Step by step, Deerslayer examined the singular abode, investigating its fastenings and strength, and ascertaining its means of defense, as if forewarned of his need for all this knowledge. Passing thru the cabins to the other end of the scow, he came upon Hetty, engaged in needlework, and he turned toward her with an interest which the beauty of Judith had not awakened. His education among the Indians had taught him to treat the simple-minded with more than common gentleness, and, as he looked into this girl's clear eyes, he felt that she, too, was beautiful, tho in a far different way from the brilliant Judith. The calm, meek, almost holy expression of little Hetty reflected the sweetness and purity of her innocent spirit, arousing a feeling akin to reverence in the beholder.

"You are Hetty Hutter, I know," he said, gently. "I have seen your sister Judith and Hurry Harry March; they told me about you."

"Yes, I'm Hetty," she answered, smiling at the stranger with a child's trustfulness. "I am glad you saw Judith. She is very pretty. I am not pretty, but I try to be good. I love beautiful people. Judith is beautiful, and so is Hurry. Dont you think he is handsome?"

The girl's pale face was flushing a little, and her eyes betrayed a strong emotion. Deerslayer regarded her a moment with some concern, then with a murmured assent he walked hastily to the other end of the boat.

"Ah, Hurry Harry," he muttered, as he went, "what have you done, with your handsome face? This comes of good looks. It's easy to see where this child's heart is."

"Come on, Deerslayer," called Hurry. "Here's Tom Hutter back, with news. There's been a runner thru to warn all the trappers that the Colony and the Canadas are in trouble. And just now Hutter picked up a moccasin in the edge of the swamp down stream. That shows they're close to us, and we've got to get out of here. This narrow stream is no place to defend ourselves."



DEERSLAYER IDENTIFIES THE MOÇCASIN

"Might I ask your errand in these parts, young man?" said old Hutter, abruptly addressing Deerslayer, whom he had been eyeing closely since their introduction. "In these times, we need to look closely to strangers, as you will understand."

"That's no more than your right, Master Hutter," said Deerslayer, gravely, "and I can soon tell you my business. I was raised with the Delawares, and one of their young chiefs, Chingachgook, is as a brother to me. Now, his ladylove, Wah-ta!-Wah—or Hist-oh!-Hist in the English tongue—was treacherously delivered into the hands of the Hurons, some time ago. He is coming thru these lands, seeking a chance to rescue her, and I have agreed to meet him at the foot of this lake, tomorrow at sunset, to aid in his undertaking."

"Your face is honest, young man," said Hutter, after another long look into Deerslayer's eyes. "I am glad to have you in our party. Now we must get under way, which is less of a task than it looks to you. My anchor lies now above the suction, in the lake, and here is a line to haul us up to it. Without such help it would be slow work forcing this scow upstream. Once we get on the open lake, we are fairly safe, these varmints having no canoes."

The slight fastenings of the Ark were quickly loosed, and the heavy craft swung into the stream. Not a soul on board heard the rustling of the branches without some feeling of uneasiness, for no one knew at what moment a secret murderous enemy might unmask himself. No interruption followed, however, and the Ark passed steadily ahead, propelled by Hutter and Hurry, while Deerslayer maintained a sharp lookout. The gloominess of the shaded river added to their depression, and when their eyes caught a glimpse of the broad, bright expanse of the lake, there was a feeling of general relief.

The Ark was in the act of passing the last curve of the leafy entrance to the lake, when Deerslayer glimpsed a terrifying sight. A sapling overhung the water, and on this no less than six Indians had suddenly appeared, evi-



"ALL BUT THEIR LEADER FELL INTO THE WATER"

dently bent upon dropping on the roof of the Ark as it passed beneath.

"Pull, Hurry!" cried Deerslayer. "Pull for your life, and as you love Judith Hutter!"

The scow suddenly shot forward, and glided from under the tree. The Indians uttered the fearful war-whoop and leapt desperately toward their fancied prize. All but their leader fell into the water; he struck the scow, just within the stern, and lay for a moment, half-stunned. At this instant, Judith, her cheeks blazing with excitement, rushed from the cabin and pushed the intruder over the edge of the scow into the river. Instantly, the arm of Deerslayer was thrown around her, and she was dragged swiftly within the protection of the cabin, not an instant too soon to escape the rain of bullets which the baffled savages sent pattering after them.

"There! We're safe for the present," said Hutter, thankfully, "and I must say, Deerslayer, that your quick eye and ready wit have proved themselves of good service. Now for the Castle, and the girls shall cook you some supper."

Tho the exterior of the Castle was rough, the interior, which the girls had fitted up tastefully, delighted Deerslayer's eyes. The comely young women flitting about the supper table added to his pleasant sensations, altho he was entirely unconscious that the fair Judith was paying him such marked attentions as to arouse the disapproval of Hurry. When the meal was finished, March and Hutter stood aside for a time, conversing in low tones.

"Come here, Deerslayer," Hutter said, finally, and as Deerslayer approached, the old man eyed him keenly.

"I suppose you know the Colony is offering a heavy bounty on Indian scalps," he began. "Will you be trying to get any of it?"

"I am a white man," replied Deerslayer, with dignity. "White men do not scalp."

"They will, all right, now that the Colony sanctions it," roared Hurry. "What's an Indian, anyhow, but an ugly beast?"

"God gave to each race their gifts," declared Deerslayer. "It's Indian natur to scalp, but agin natur for a



THE CAPTURE OF HUTTER AND HURRY

white man to. Being raised by the Indians, I respect their ways, but I'm white by birth, and I hold to the white man's gifts."

"Well, enough of this," broke in Hutter, impatiently. "The question is, will you come out and hold the canoe off shore, while we land and get a canoe that I've got concealed? I'm afraid the varmints will find it, and then they could get at the Castle."

Deerslayer agreed readily enough. His own nature was so honest that he did not suspect that these men were deceiving him about the real purpose of their errand. It was a hazardous undertaking to land and secure the extra canoe, but when it had been safely accomplished, Hutter directed their course along the south shore. Suddenly their eyes fell upon the flickering, falling light of a camp fire.

"That's not a warrior's encampment," growled Hutter. "I discovered that this afternoon. It's squaws and children. There's a heap of bounty right there. Set us ashore, Deerslayer, and keep off here to take us on again; we wont ask you to help."

Remonstrance was useless, and Deerslayer complied with a heavy heart. For some time he remained waiting, in an intensity of suspense. Then, the stillness was broken by a long, shrill, agonized yell. It was a woman's scream, and heart-rending terror was in the sound. A moment later, the breaking of branches and the fall of feet were audible, approaching the water. Five or six rifles flashed out, and the thrashing among the bushes began anew. Then the voice of Hurry Harry arose, filling the air with imprecations.

"Let up, you painted reptiles, let up," he yelled. "We're withed like saw-logs now; must we be choked, too?"

"Keep off the land, Deerslayer," came another call—Hutter's voice this time. "You cant help us, so fly! My girls have only you to look to now!"

Then the Deerslayer bent forward, condensing every faculty in the single sense of hearing; not another sound reached his ears. It was as if a silence that had never been broken reigned on the spot.

The morning sun had long been touching the lake into radiance when Judith and Hetty, looking out from



DEERSLAYER KILLS HIS FIRST MAN

the Castle, saw Deerslayer approaching with the two canoes—alone!

"Our father, where is he?" questioned Judith, with white face.

"And Hurry Harry, where is he?" added Hetty, piteously.

"They are captured by the Hurons," Deerslayer answered, relating the events of the night.

"You've told but half your story," said Judith, when Deerslayer ceased talking. "Where have you been all night, and what were you doing this morning? We heard shots—you have been fighting the enemy, singly, by yourself!"

"Yes, I've killed a human being, Judith, for the first time in my life. I left a warrior dead by the shore, but he wears his scalp. God gave me the victory; I couldn't fly in the face of Providence by forgetting my birth and gifts. The main thing is, I couldn't help your father any. But they wont kill them right away, and tonight, at sunset, Chingachgook will be on the rock at the foot of the lake. If we can get him safely off, there will be two of us to fight for you, and I trust we can sarcumvent the Indians somehow."

Deerslayer's prophecy was correct. Near sundown, the Ark, containing Hetty, Judith and Deerslayer, neared the appointed rock, which they had approached with many veerings and turnings to confuse the foe.

"See! There's a man on the rock," cried Judith. "An Indian warrior."

"God be praised, 'tis Chingachgook!" exclaimed Deerslayer, relaxing his hold on the boat's line, and



DEERSLAYER RECEIVES CHINGACHGOOK INTO THE ARK

letting it drift close. Then, as the young Delaware bounded lightly upon the scow, he instantly began to haul in again, bringing the Ark under speed at once. It was not a moment too soon. At the same instant the air was filled with the yells of savages, who came bounding down the bank toward them.

"Pull, Deerslayer," cried Judith, who was keeping the lookout from the cabin, "pull for life! The wretches rush into the water like hounds after prey! Ah, now the water is to their armpits—they are swimming—they are gaining—but now we are under way! You have got your friend, and we are safe at last!"

Chingachgook was now made acquainted with all that had happened, and entered at once into the discussion of plans to rescue the prisoners. The Ark was allowed to drift slowly up the lake, while they conferred. Evening drew on, and the stars crept out. Suddenly out of the growing darkness sprang a canoe, a solitary figure standing motionless in it.

"Hetty!" cried Judith, in amazement. "What are you doing? Come back!"

"No," replied the girl, "I am going to help father and Hurry. I shall read my Bible to the chiefs, and make them see how wicked they are. Then they will let father and Hurry come home with me."

"Oh, what can I do?" moaned Judith. "See, she is paddling swiftly, we can never overtake her. Poor, simple-minded girl, she thinks her Bible will prevail on those savages."

"The Indians will not harm the feeble-minded," said Deerslayer, "but the varmints will get possession of the canoe. Do you suppose now she will be far-sighted enough to push it off when she goes ashore, so it will float back to us?"

"I fear not," said Judith, sadly. But she underestimated her sister's sagacity. That part of their anxiety was relieved before many hours, by seeing the empty canoe floating toward them.

It was a troubled, sleepless night



HETTY LEAVES THE ARK TO TELL THE CHIEFS

for Judith, but by morning she had evolved a new plan.

"There is a great chest here, which father has never allowed us to open," she said. "Is it not possible that we might find in it something fine enough to ransom my father?"

"It might be possible," conceded Deerslayer, recalling Hurry's statement about old Hutter's pirate exploits, "but even so, how can we approach the treacherous critters to treat with them? Neither of us can risk capture when we have you to protect."

"Some way might open," replied Judith. "At any rate, let us search the chest. I must be doing something."

More to soothe the girl's nervousness by giving her occupation, than by any hope of success in ransoming the captives, Deerslayer consented. The great chest was opened to disclose treasures which made Judith and Deerslayer exclaim with wonder and delight. There were beautiful shawls, silken gowns, wee, high-heeled slippers with golden buckles, fans, feathers, all the essentials of a fine lady's wardrobe. Chingachgook looked on with impassive face at this display, until Deerslayer began taking out the pieces of a set of chessmen, made of ivory, much larger than common pieces, and beautifully carved. At this sight, the Delaware's Indian reserve broke down. The castles were mounted upon elephants, and it was these pieces which gave Chingachgook most delight.

"Good for Hurons!" he exclaimed. "These buy a whole tribe of them—almost buy Delaware!"

Then, ashamed of his enthusiasm, he turned hastily to the outer door. As it opened, Judith cried out in delight.

A raft, covered with green leaves, and propelled by a young Indian lad,



TWO ELEPHANTS ARE OFFERED FOR THE PRISONERS

was approaching the Castle. Seated upon the raft, smiling happily, was Hetty.

This was their opportunity to open negotiations, and Deerslayer showed the elephants to the lad, who viewed them with unfeigned awe and amazement.

"Go back to your chief with this one," directed Deerslayer, putting one elephant in the lad's hand. "Tell him if he brings the prisoners before sunset, he shall have two more of them."

The hours seemed to crawl while the afternoon sun sank lower and lower, and the girls gazed wistfully over the water. At last their watching was rewarded. The raft approached again, propelled by several warriors, and the prisoners, still bound, could be seen lying upon it. There were many formalities of exchange, but at last Hutter and Hurry stood upon the platform of the Castle, free men.

But it was not in Hurry's nature to let the warriors leave without an attempt to satisfy his vengeance. No sooner had the Indians turned their backs to the Castle—an act which showed how deeply they were impressed by Deerslayer's honest countenance—than Hurry seized a rifle and aimed it at their chief.

"Shame!" cried Deerslayer, springing forward and striking the weapon upward. "Shall white men stoop to break faith with an Indian?"

PART II

The little party in the Castle was complete again, but it was not destined to remain so for long. Ere the setting sun which viewed the captives' return had risen again, Deerslayer was a prisoner in the camp of the Hurons.

Hetty's first act after returning from the Indian camp had been to draw Chingachgook aside and tell him that she had made the acquaintance of his love, in the enemy's camp.

"I call her Hist," said Hetty, "because she is so pretty, and Hist is a prettier name than Wah-ta!-Wah. She told me to tell you that there is a bright star that comes out over the



DEERSLAYER EFFECTS A RANSOM OF THE PRISONERS

point about an hour after dark. To-night, when it shines, she will be waiting, and you must go for her in the canoe."

"Why must you go with your friend?" Judith asked Deerslayer, when the two men were about to set forth to meet Hist. "It is a dangerous mission."

Judith's face was pale, and her voice trembled. No one except herself knew how deeply Deerslayer's brave, upright character had appealed to her. Least of all did Deerslayer himself suspect it, and he looked at her in perplexed surprise.

"Why, that's what I came here for," he said, "to help my friend. Tho I dont care for ladyloves myself, I'm glad to help him get his."

Judith watched them paddle away, with anxious forebodings, which were fully realized when Chingachgook returned with Hist and reported that Deerslayer was a captive.

"Him heap good friend," said the Delaware, sadly. "Give himself to save us. We got Hist. She in canoe with me, Deerslayer on shore, just pushing off. Big Indian jumped onto his back. Deerslayer give big shove—sent us way out on water, out of reach. He prisoner."

Deerslayer was treated with much consideration by the Hurons. His cleverness and bravery, his skill with arms, and his fair dealing with them had aroused an admiration which was seldom felt for a white man. On the third day of his captivity, Rivenoak, the Hurons' Chief, approached him with a friendly face.

"Why should Deerslayer be slain when the Hurons love him," began the chief. "One of our best warriors has fallen by your hand. There sits his widow with her young children, crying for venison. Take her. So shall you be one of us, and your days be long."

"No, no, Huron," answered Deerslayer, " 'twould ill become me to take an Indian wife. If ever I wed, 'twill be one of my own color and gifts."

"Let the paleface brother reflect another hour," said Rivenoak, with impassive face.

A few moments later a light touch fell upon Deerslayer's arm, and he looked up to see Hetty close beside him.

"I came to see you," she whispered. "Judith sent me. She cries all the time since our father died, and I think she cries for you, more than for him."

"Your father dead!" exclaimed Deerslayer.

"Yes. My father and Hurry went into the Castle alone. Chingachgook told them not to go, that he could see signs of Indians there, but they wouldn't believe him. So they went in, and some Hurons were inside. They killed my father and scalped him, but Hurry got away. We buried father out in the lake, where mother lies, and I read the Bible and prayed for him. Now there is no one to care for Judith and me, except Chingachgook."

"But where is Hurry?"

"That's what they sent me to tell you." She put her face close to his and whispered softly: "Judith says do anything, promise anything, to cause delay. Hurry has gone to the fort for help."

"Has our paleface brother an answer for me now?" demanded Rivenoak, approaching; and, in spite of Judith's message, Deerslayer scorned deception, answering calmly, "I gave my answer once. If my hour has come, I must meet it as best I can."

Rivenoak summoned four braves, who bound Deerslayer to a tree, while the whole tribe gathered around, their savage faces gleaming at the prospect of torture.

But as the chief was about to give the signal to begin, suddenly a figure stepped out of the brush and advanced toward him, holding up a commanding hand. It was Judith, in a trailing silken gown, adorned with jewels, feathers, laces—all that would delight the savage eye. There was a low murmur of surprise and admiration from the warriors. None of them had ever seen the girl before, and all looked upon her beauty with wonder.

"I am a queen of the Colonies," announced Judith, in a sweet, ringing tone, "and I bring to you a message from our great king. He says, 'let all live in peace; release your prisoners; torture and kill no more. So shall great reward be yours.' Here are rich gifts to prove my words, and more shall follow when the king's command is obeyed."

She extended a hand toward the chief, smiling confidently, and offering some of the bright articles from her father's chest. But the shrewd Rivenoak was scrutinizing her beautiful face closely, glancing from Judith to Hetty, who stood near, not in the least understanding her sister's ruse.

"Tell me, Hetty," Rivenoak said, suddenly, "who is this beautiful maiden?"

"My sister Judith," replied the guileless Hetty.

With a look of quiet triumph, the chief turned to Judith, whose face had paled at Hetty's innocent betrayal.

"The wild flower of the forest is very crafty," he said, "but the eyes of Rivenoak are keen to catch family likeness. The paleface must meet his fate."

But as Judith shrank back, shuddering, her face suddenly lighted with joy. Tho the ruse was discovered, the delay had saved Deerslayer's life. Thru the green wood flashed scarlet coats and gleaming bayonets, as row upon row of English soldiers marched down upon the camp.

A scene of wild, indescribable confusion ensued. The Hurons were taken at a frightful disadvantage. On three sides of them was the water, while their foes cut off escape on the fourth. There was a futile attempt at resistance, but soon the shrieks and groans that follow the bayonet's use arose, and that terrible and deadly weapon was glutted in vengeance.

But, when the tumult had died away, the joy of victory was quenched by sorrow for little Hetty, who lay like a white, crushed flower, mortally wounded by a stray bullet.

Hurry had returned with the English troops, and it was in his strong arms that Hetty was taken back to the Castle. There the little party gathered around the bedside, while Judith knelt, sobbing, by the sister whose life was fast ebbing away.

"They didn't mean to hurt me," murmured Hetty. "No one ever meant to hurt me. I'll go to mother



THE INDIANS SEND HETTY SAFELY BACK

and father, Judith, and after a while you will come, but Hurry—where's Hurry? The light's so dim, I cant see him."

The strong, handsome man, who never had known, nor ever would know, of Hetty's great love, knelt beside her then, and she turned to him with a childish, caressing movement, nestling against his arm while she spoke the last words her guileless heart would ever prompt.

"Try to be good, Hurry," she whispered. "I leave my little Bible to you. Read it, and dont be cruel and wicked any more. Then you'll come to Heaven with all of us."

Then, with her bright hair resting on Hurry's arm, and a tiny hand clutching one of his great fingers, the white lids closed over the wondering, wistful eyes, and Hetty's unstained spirit fluttered softly away to its home.

The question of Judith's future had to be settled now. On the day of Hutter's death, Hurry had made her a proposal of marriage, which she refused, and now he renewed his suit with no better success. The captain of the troops, however, offered to take her to the garrison, where she could live under his protection until better plans could be made for her. Accordingly, Ark and Castle were locked and barred against intrusion, and the whole party crossed to the opposite shore, where the troops took up the trail to the fort.

"I wish to speak a last word to Deerslayer," Judith said, to the captain. "Will you wait for me a little way up the trail?"

As they stood alone by the quiet waters, Judith raised her lovely face to Deerslayer's, looking into his earnest eyes thru a mist of tears.

"Deerslayer," she said, pleadingly, "I must speak. I cannot go like this! Must this be the parting of our ways? Why cannot we stay here? The Ark is mine, and the Castle. I will never be proud and coquettish again, I will be your true and faithful wife."

For a long moment Deerslayer gazed down into the beautiful face, then he spoke, gravely:

"You are fair and sweet, Judith, and to speak your mind honestly is no shame, but a credit to you. But I am a child of the forest. The wild life calls to me—the rocks and the trees, the streams and the hills, the hunt and the chase are my life."

"I understand," said Judith, slowly. "You mean that you will not marry without loving, and you cannot love me. Is that it? Do not answer if it is true, your silence will tell me."

She riveted her bright eyes upon



THE DEATH OF HETTY

him. Then, as the silence was unbroken, the lovely head drooped, the flushed cheeks grew pale. With a silent, pathetic gesture of farewell, she turned and passed slowly up the trail, until the green forest hid her slender form from the honest, pitying eyes of the man who stood, solitary, by the shimmering waters of the Glimmerglass.

Fetterless

By GLADYS HALL

The lurid desert, tropical; abysmal grandeur of the snow,
Life moving, regal in the courts, or squalor-stricken 'mid the low,
War's clarion cry—the calm of peace—may be yours at the Photoshow.

Love, trapped in dress of centuries gone, knights and their dames of fair conceit,
And deeds of lion-hearted men who know no fear, brook no defeat;
Life, many-colored, vari-hued upon the Motion Picture sheet.

You who seek rest in bigger things—who weary for a broader way,
You who are heart-sick, sore distrest from petty trials of the day,
May sound the depths of all mankind at God's own gift, the Photoplay.

The Mortgage

(Méliès)

By ROY MASON

THERE are few things in the world more disheartening than boring for oil at that period when the conviction begins to force itself upon you that all of your boring is in vain. Down, down, down goes the great forty-foot drill into greater and greater depths. Each time it is withdrawn it is examined, touched, even tasted eagerly for signs of the valuable mineral. When none appears, the labor begins to grow anxious about its pay, in addition to the other troubles which confront the man financing the enterprise. This, in brief, was the situation confronting Tom Cunningham, who had staked his all on his belief that there was oil where he had now drilled to an almost unprecedented depth without striking a sign of it.

"Aw, cut it out, Tom," said his foreman, with rough familiarity. "There's nothing doin' here, and you know it. Why wont you admit it? Me and the boys aint goin' to hang on here till you go broke and cant pay us. Come on back to the city, and we'll all get drunk and forget it."

When a drill strikes oil the employees share the elation of their employer; but when a well fails, they are correspondingly depressed. It required but a few words from the fore-



"YOU FEED ME, ME WORK," SAID JIM



AND IN THE MEANTIME——

man to persuade them to leave. Only one hung back, an Indian, whom every one called Jim. Tom refused to give up hope.

"Come on, Jim," urged the foreman, seizing him roughly by the arm. "Come city. Big drunk."

Jim's eyes glittered, but he still hung back. Failing in his first attempt, the foreman resorted to primitive argument, and knocked Jim down. Tom sprang in between them before the big, bony foreman could succeed in his laudable attempt to kick the prostrate body.

"Get out of here," he commanded, fiercely. "Move! Quick! I may have to stay on this job alone, but there's oil down below, and I know it. If you fellows had stood by me I would have let you in for a share of the profits, but as it is, adios."

The men laughed contemptuously as they turned away. Tom steadied the great drill once more in its descent into the bowels of the earth, while Jim arose and waved a threatening knife in the direction of the departing foreman.

Noon found Tom sitting despondently in front of his cabin. He scarcely glanced up when Jim glided noiselessly upon the scene. The Indian raised his hand in formal salutation, and then very informally rubbed his stomach with it. Tom almost smiled at the vivid pantomime.

"You feed me," said Jim, who was never verbose. "Me work."

A ray of hope lightened Tom's burden as he took down a can of beans and some salt pork to set before his aboriginal friend. Perhaps—but no. What could two men do alone? The Indian's dark eyes had been roving around the cabin, and rested upon a photograph, Tom's shrine. He glanced at Tom's bowed shoulders and bent head, and nodded understandingly. His white friend was not a man to be so profoundly depressed over the mere prospect of poverty.

Presently he caught Tom's eye, and laid his hand upon his heart, directing his glance toward Anne's photograph upon the wooden shelf.

"Yes, that's the trouble, Jim," said Tom. "I wouldn't mind if it were just for myself."

Jim wolfed down his food with avidity, while his host left his share untasted. The Indian accepted a pipe and some tobacco, and sat puffing stolidly, gazing at the bowed head of his friend.

In a village home, now many miles away, a far greater crisis was taking place in a human life. To a young man poverty should be a joke, but to a young girl, the decision by which she must abide all of her life is a soul-stirring experience. Anne knew in her heart that she hated Harvey, the man who held the mortgage on their home. She also knew that her father was incapable, and had nowhere to turn if he lost the roof from above his head. Harvey knew this, too, and urged his advantage with a mercilessness which should have been sufficient warning to a father who was less selfish, and had his daughter's happiness at heart.

"It's no use, Anne," her father was saying. "Tom will never come back. I heard just the other day that he's out starving all alone with an Indian by that foolish hole in the ground of his. Harvey says that he will foreclose if you dont give him an answer. You cant put him off any longer. Do you want your father and mother to be turned out into the street?"

"Oh, if Tom would only make some money," moaned the girl, piteously. "I dont love Mr. Harvey, father. How can you ask me to marry him?"

"Love! love!" growled her father. "I'm not talking about love. I'm talking about food and shelter—what most girls marry for."

"Oh, father!" protested Anne's mother, but his long years of incompetency and failure had broken her



TOM STRIKES OIL AT LAST



"YES," SAID TOM, "WE'VE STRUCK OIL AND STRUCK IT RICH!"

spirit, and she combated him no further.

"Well?" queried her father, roughly.

"I'll—I'll do it, father, for your and mother's sake, and—and Tom hasn't written me for days."

Ah, Tom, Tom, if you only knew, out there in your rough wooden shack, that there are things far more important than your steady, plodding, hopeless, dreary work. A few lines would have kept that maiden heart from bleeding as it is bleeding now.

"Come in, Harvey," called out Anne's father. "The girl has seen reason. It's all right now."

Anne shuddered in his hard embrace.

Once alone again, she drew forth from her bosom a pendant, poor Tom's only gift, and kissed it tenderly before she began to write.

"—and so," she concluded, "I have given in to my parents. I had to. I will be married on Thursday, at noon. I can never forget you. Good-by.—ANNE."

The big drill came slowly to the surface once more, and for the hundredth time Tom leaned forward to inspect it. They had drilled far beyond where he had expected to strike the oil, and his attitude was apathetic. Jim stood watching him stolidly. Suddenly there was a lightning change from apathy to electric excitement. Tom's hand on the big drill had touched a damp, smooth substance. He bent forward and tasted it eagerly. The end of the drill appeared, and the oil gushed copiously from its cavity. The next instant Tom held Jim in a bearlike hug, and was capering excitedly about the drill-house.

It was a different Tom who swung off his horse and sauntered jauntily into the post-office to get his mail that afternoon. With a thrill of delight he recognized Anne's handwriting.



TOM DISPOSES OF HIS OIL RIGHTS TO THE FINANCIER

and eagerly tore open the missive. Then he turned deathly white, and glanced quickly at the calendar hanging upon the wall. Anne! Anne to be married next Thursday at noon! He turned to the rough counter and seized a telegraph blank, upon which he scrawled a hasty note:

"Dear Little Girl:—Wait for me. Have struck oil. Will raise the mortgage myself as soon as I can get home with the money.—Tom."

Tom's erstwhile foreman swaggered into the post-office, and surveyed his troubled countenance with an evil leer.

"You and your redskin friend done boring yet?" he sneered.

"Yes," said Tom, quietly, "we're all thru boring. We've struck oil, and struck it rich, and I'm on my way to Muckton to raise some money."

The discomforted foreman loudly voiced his disbelief, but other men crowded about Tom eagerly. Was it really true? At what depth had he struck it? Was it high-grade oil? Tom's answers were specific, and the foreman gazed thoughtfully after him when he finally rode away.

The clatter of the typewriter upon which the papers were being prepared was sweet music in Tom's ears. He sat with a bottle of the precious oil in his hand. That and his own honest countenance were all the proofs that the wealthy oil king had demanded. A financier comes to be an almost unerring judge of men.

"You say that you want part of it in cash?" he was saying.

"Yes," said Tom, "that's essential to the bargain."

"If I'd known how anxious you were I might have squeezed you a little harder," laughed the other man. He crossed over to his safe, and took out three packages of twenty-five one-hundred-dollar bills. Tom could scarcely wait for him to sign the check for the balance of $30,000.

Jim sat smoking placidly outside the cabin when Tom galloped up to

the door once more. Jim had finished all of the provisions, and hoped that his employer would be back within a day or two. Otherwise he must go regretfully elsewhere in the vicinity of more food. He raised his arm in greeting, and immediately pointed to his mouth. Tom stripped off a hundred-dollar bill, and thrust it into the Indian's hand. "Ugh!" said the latter, with the nearest approach to emotion he ever exhibited. "Big drunk." It has already been hinted that Jim's conversational powers were limited. Then he made a gesture in front of himself indicative of bulk. "Big feed." Having thus concluded his comments in their proper order, he moved swiftly away in the direction of town. Tom went inside the cabin, so did not see the Indian pause suddenly less than a dozen paces away. Swift and silent, as the shadow of a bird in flight, Jim disappeared into the brush.

The big foreman came swinging down the trail, and peeked cautiously in at the window of the cabin. He grinned sardonically, as he caught sight of Tom waving Anne's photograph aloft. In a half-packed satchel lay the three packages of bills. The next instant the doorway was darkened by the foreman's towering frame. Without evasion, he made a lunge for the money, and Tom cast himself in between. Thirty pounds lighter than his burly antagonist, Tom managed to hurl him back from his prey. But the big foreman came on again, and seized Tom's throat in an iron grip. Back, back he bent Tom's writhing body, until the latter lay half senseless across a stool. The struggle had been so intense and yet so brief, so fierce and yet so quiet, that it was all over and the foreman was outside, hurrying along the trail, before Jim's Indian caution allowed him to peek in thru the half-open door. In an instant he had bounded inside, and was raising Tom to his feet. One swift glance had revealed the satchel robbed of the bills, and the foreman's retreating form. An anxious moment, during which he delayed to assure himself by Tom's slowly returning breath and color that the latter was not seriously hurt, the flourishing of a threatening knife, and Jim was off on the foreman's trail.

The foreman was allowing no grass to grow beneath his feet, and was already out of sight among the hummocks when Jim emerged from the cabin. With incredible swiftness the Indian picked up the trail, but the necessity of taking observations delayed his progress, and they were a mile or more from the cabin before the foreman came in sight. Turning, as if an instinct warned him of the approach of a fresh danger, the foreman saw Jim, and broke into a run. But a man of his huge build was no match in a race for the fleet-footed Indian, and he was soon forced to change his tactics. As Jim approached, he picked up an armful of rocks, and hurled them at his pursuer. Sinuous as an eel, Jim fairly squirmed his way in among the shower of missiles, and was upon the foreman with a final panther-like bound. The big man swung him clear of the earth, but Jim clung to him tenaciously, and his burlier opponent was unable to dash him to the ground. A moment's foothold, and a skilful trip, and they were rolling on the ground together, struggling for the possession of the bills. Then the knife came into play, and the foreman dropped the bills with a sudden howl of rage, as he nursed his bleeding fingers. The Indian raised the knife on high, and the foreman rolled rapidly away from him. Jim rose to his feet, and walked unconcernedly away.

But Jim's placid demeanor was only assumed, for he was still panting with running, ten minutes later, when he burst in thru Tom's cabin door. The latter started back in dismay as he beheld the bills and the bloody knife. With a rapid gesture of the weapon across his own knuckles, Jim put his employer's mind at rest. In another instant he almost lost his reassumed composure, as Tom crushed his hand in a powerful grip and vowed eternal gratitude.



TOM ARRIVES IN TIME

Two pretty bridesmaids stood on either side of the pale and weeping Anne, and gazed upon her pityingly. She thrust the pendant and Tom's last note into the hands of her dearest friend.

"He said he was coming to save me," she sobbed, "but he has not come, and now—and now——"

"Come, Anne," said her father, impatiently. "Stop this foolishness. We must be off to church."

Her mother embraced her, weeping silently, as the girl tottered forward to the sacrifice. Then they nerved themselves to face the inevitable.

Swift hoofs were pounding over the country road, not many miles away. Tom's anxious voice was urging on his steed to redoubled speed.

Anne shrank back in the doorway of the little church. Harvey tugged at her arm impatiently, and her father urged her forward. One of the bridesmaids, Anne's best friend, pointed suddenly down the road, and then every eye turned in that direction.

"Come, come," said Harvey, angrily, "or——" He drew the ever-ready mortgage, which hung like a sword of Damocles over all their earthly possessions.

"Stop! Stop!" sounded Tom's vibrant tones.

He flung himself from his sweating horse, and thrust a sheaf of bills into Harvey's unwilling hands.

"There is your blood money," he growled fiercely. Then he turned with sudden tenderness to Anne.

"Dear heart," he said. "I was just in time, and now you can marry whom you will. Dont you think," he almost laughed, joyously, "that it is too late to stop the ceremony—with the proper groom?"

Anne gazed up at him with a great joy shining in her eyes.

Does the Photoplay Patron Prefer Comedy or Serious Subjects?

By ROBERT GRAU

THERE seems to be a considerable conflict of opinion among the potent figures of the film industry as to the preference the patrons of the Photoplay theater have for comedy, the majority stating that there are not enough laughter-provoking pictures.

To discuss this all-important phase of the Moving Picture, one must naturally turn to the stage for data, in order that such a problem may be fairly solved, and there is nothing to indicate that the playgoers of modern times have been attracted to the playhouse thru comedy offerings as they are to see and hear plays and players, and songs and singers, of a more serious character. Moreover, all the great records achieved in the amusement field indicate a trend of public taste for the dramatic rather than for plays of a farcical order.

"Ben Hur" has been before the public for twelve years; it has made a million for the producers, and there is almost a total lack of comedy in the portrayal of this epochal play. The most potent plays at the present time are nearly all serious: "The Return of Baron de Grimm"; "Mme. X"; "The Littlest Rebel"; "The Music Master"; "The Garden of Allah" and "The Price" have attracted solely for tear-making qualities.

Closer to Moving Picture requirements, a study of vaudeville records shows that the most enduring playlets were such offerings as "The Littlest Girl"; "A Man of Honor"; "A Romance of the Underworld"; "Frederic Lemaître" (in which Henry Miller enthralled vaudeville audiences), and only a few days ago Blanche Walsh held an audience spellbound in a one-act play that had not even a smile in it.

"The Woman," a Belasco success, draws large audiences without a star, because of the one compelling serious scene. "A Fool There Was" is considered the best "repeater" of modern plays, while Mrs. Leslie Carter has once more held her enormous clientele steadfast with "Two Women," a play without a single comedy line.

Shakespeare's tragedies always draw; his comedies are rarely given.

Comic opera has always spelled bankruptcy for the managers who would tempt fate with them, while grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House draws an average of $70,000 a week, at $6 a chair.

No comic song ever had the vogue of such plaintive ballads as "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home" and "After the Ball," all tear-compelling.

Even pantomime had its greatest vogue with "Un Enfant Prodigue," a veritable tragic poem without words.

No one will deny that the vogue of the silent drama is what it is, greatly, because such worthy film producers as the Vitagraph, Kalem, Biograph, Edison and others have realized that to cater to the patronage most desired, they must emulate the methods of the highest grade of producers of the stage, and they also are aware of the fact that the technique and philosophy of the silent drama is such that they are enabled to score even greater triumphs than the Frohmans and the Klaw and Erlangers, for the stage has its limitations, whereas the Motion Picture play is greatly enhanced by the verity and realism of nature's own vast resources!

Man carries under his hat a private theater wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.—*Carlyle.*

Chumps

A Fairy Story for Overgrown-ups

(Vitagraph)

By PETER WADE

Mr. Wild Masher, The Satellite.....*Marshall P. Wilder*
Mr. Bun Johnny, The Full-grown Star.....*John Bunny*
Terpsine, The Cause.....*Leah Baird*
Mr. McSorley, The Climax.....*William Shea*
George, The Dénouement.....*William Wallace Reid*

If you had happened into the red-walled card room of the Adelphi 'most any evening, you could have peered over the edge of a mountainous back in its swelling dinner coat, or, without effort, glanced down from above its diminutive seat mate, and have seen the cribbage board between them. Later in the evening this huge ton of a man and his scant penny-weight of a friend could be found, with puffing puritanos, drawn up before the open fireplace. These two, like ill-assorted mastiff and terrier in kennel, had been club inseparables, running thru the long years of bachelorhood. Now, the biggest Adelphian stayed by the fire to nurse a full-blown paunch and a face with features as overgrown as those fabulous ones on the moon. As the years had wagged, the littlest one, too, had shrunk into himself. What stood for mountains on Bun Johnny were dry valleys unto him. Beneath his Eton jacket of a coat were shoal cupboards of space, each rib a shelf. Upon both heads Time's hand had laid a ruthless shears, for each was shiny as a tonsured friar's.

As these infirmities grew upon them, their cavalier spirits but rose the more blithely. Bun Johnny pushed his way thru the crowd by majesty of bulk; Wild Masher slipped the more nimbly thru impossible spaces. Thus a friendly rivalry engendered between them. What mattered it if clubmates paired them as "udder and shanks"? When Masher had wriggled into a pin-head space, Bun Johnny, by stepping forth, made a room of it.

Now, from being the fly to his friend's spider, Wild Masher had come to feel his equal or supplement in all things. Were a subscription list going the rounds and Bun Johnny's name appeared for generous dollars, Wild Masher must needs double it. Did Bun Johnny, from the bigness of his heart, give a cast-off suit to the portly night watchman, Wild Masher must pry him into a skin-tight overcoat. He did not originate benevolences, but he always went one better; which is a good kind of old clothes morality, if you are tricking out a naked sinner. If Bun thought it not immoral to ease a hoarse beggar's thirst, Wild prodded down a square meal after it, often to the disgust of an alcoholic stomach.

So matters stood until the evening of that fatal pinochle game, which flaunted their rivalry in a shower of cards to the heavens. It is needless to say that Bun, taking realization by the ears, had studied it profoundly before challenging Wild. Wild, with a claw on anticipation's forelock, had primed deeply on the finer points of the game.

It was then, each gloating in his secret knowledge, the challenge was given by Bun Johnny and accepted by Wild Masher. Across the green-topped table, the rivals in skill were seated, quite like a duello. Over their chair backs, with glistening shirt fronts, their friends and seconds stood. With serious face and much punctilio, Wild dealt the opening pair of hands. Surely the goddess of luck must have breathed a kiss upon each one of these marvelous cards; for,

as the cards were held fan-wise, the partisans of Bun discovered a sequence, four aces, and several marriages to his credit. Just as much stir the backers of Wild made: he held four queens, two pinochles, and yes!—one by one, a sequence fell into ranks at his deft sorting.

After much smothered consultation, Bun made an opening bid of one hundred. Wild promptly doubled. With the solemnity of an alderman at a peace conference, Bun raised to three hundred. The partisans of Wild gathered round him like a pullet menaced by hawks. After much thumbing and computation, he said, in a level voice, "four hundred." Bun's basilisk eyes sought his for a searching moment. "Five hundred," he answered, with pursed under lip. Wild's friends again pressed round him like one wounded with small shot. It was such a laying on as Quixote or Brasenhead would have breathed deep over.

"I think I'll make it six hundred," came the thin Italian voice of Wild. "Done and done," promptly said his bulky antagonist. "The bid is yours."

And now, to press home his victory, the nimbler man now poised a trump, now thrust it home on that battle-ground of green. Kings and queens fell before the deadly onslaught of his trumps. As each thin card passed below his guard, Bun Johnny seemed a mass of blubberous wounds. Be not deceived! When the last trump had clambered thru the breach, and unimportant captive tricks lay bound in the camp of Wild Masher, the royal household troops, or sequence, of serried red were loosed by the wily defender. "What ho!" said a saucy knave, plumping on the table. "Can you take me?" The last trump had led from the little man's hand. His camp was defended by frightened, widowed queens. What a debacle there was! Bun Johnny cut down everything in sight. Each card was wrested from the nerveless fingers of Wild like green apples from a child.

The count was taken. "You are six hundred in the hole," announced the harvest-moon face, and then it fell to laughing and its body to quaking like seismic disaster.

The little man hopped from his chair as if his late opponent was about to roll over on him. With his two hands, one sawing back of the other, he made a most unmilitary and violent gesture. Bun Johnny understood. It was a silent challenge to premiership with the cue.

Once in the billiard-room, on that night of enchantment, their variant methods of play became very apparent. Much to the annoyance of Wild, Bun Johnny insisted on playing all of his shots from a sidewise position. There was cogent reason in this, too, if Bun's stomach had anything to say at all. Wild was used to climbing on a chair, which he dragged around with him, snail fashion, to draw his deadly parallel. These unusual tactics, to the merriment of everybody, caused much heated discussion betwixt the principals, or their backers. Knightly palavers held forth with much meat and reason. Finally the balls breaking badly for both of them, and interest lagging, the contest, with honors even, was adjourned to the pool table. Here, the toss of a golden coin gave the break to the unvanquished Wild.

With much chalking of cues and adjusting of cuff-sleeves, the breathless heroes fell on. The impish Wild, with poised weapon, approached the triangle of balls, as if life and lady-love hung in the scales. As an ancient matchlock weapon was aimed, so he sighted his wand. The swift stroke was delivered; the spinning ball went on its way. You have every reason to doubt me, but from the skillful impact, each ball sought its proper pocket. Clink, clink they dropped with solemn regularity. Not one remained out of cover, unless we except the cue ball, which, still spinning madly, danced slowly across the green in the direction of Bun Johnny. This worthy's eyes bulged from their sockets. He made a ponderous way

round the table and counted each pocketful of balls. Wild danced in glee, like fury in a brook. Surely a night of enchantment.

And now, after such bloodthirsty encounter, and swinging of weapons, a truce was, in order, declared. Bun Johnny pulled at a thick chain and anchor, known as his timepiece, and called off the hour. Resultant to these passages, some divertisement is due our heroes. Bun proposed the Théâtre des Variétiés. "The dancer, eh?" he whispered to close ear, "who is dancing with pink toe on the throat of the town." With top-hats set at knowing angles, they strutted forth in search of new adventure—and perhaps the enchantment would still hold.

Arriving at the playhouse, from the close vantage of a stage-tier box they viewed the various acts. Bun Johnny, in thick winter plumage of an owl, ruffled grandly at each song, or stunt, or posture. Wild Masher, with grizzled, terrier head scarce above the railing, cocked flapping ears and glowing eyes at each passing fancy.

La Belle Terpsine was announced. On she fluttered to mellow, open notes from the wood. Her gliding shape was covered with the slickest of tight-fitting garments, all bespangled like the scales of a holy lizard. From them and to them, she danced in opalescent color. Whiles, she was a waving shaft of fiery greens and reds; whiles, her arms, Carrara white, hung drooping, a soft arbor, over them.

Under the spell of her sinuous enchantment, our adventurers became her willing claque. Between each series of movements, wild applause came from the cave of the mismated ones. "Seraphic," murmured Bun. "Cherubic," sighed Wild. Had she been gifted with two pairs of eyes, each leveled at its conquest, the girth of the majestic one, the simian face of t'other, she could not have made more deadly execution. Their bright glances shot thru Bun's heaving fat like so much grease to her crossbow. Wild was snared quite as easily, like the poor little titlark he was.

When she tiptoed off the stage, like bubbles gone from wine, the show fell flat to them. It was then that a traitorous thought came to the large-minded Bunny: he would meet her, and alone! As money passes secretly, so his card slipped into the hand of the awaiting usher. Oh, foul, darkening deed! Had not your little friend discovered it, and added his too, what might have not befallen you, simple man, unfriended?

Back of the lush woods scene of canvas, they missed the friendly trees thru which she had flitted. Strong, unpainted walls of cotton goods held them in; yet they, waiting for her, preserved a certain dignity despite the disenchanting ghost backs of scenery. Oh, valiant lovers! Long must you wait. Behind the screening walls of a drop, the hands (of alabaster) of your fair enchantress are being held in flesh prison by still another; a tall and athletic one, who had amazed you on the flying trapeze. Had their ears



BEHIND THE SCENES

not been padded with love's fleece, they had heard him say, "Good-by, heartsweet; it's time for my train. I play Chicago next week."

Awhiles she enters to them, smiling evenly, Frou-frou, her dog and Cerberus, tucked under arm. It was then, that large dealer in doubles, Bun

Johnny, extended both hands to her, leaving nothing (of alabaster) for his friend to cling to. Have you ever led the young hound in leash as he springs round and under legs to be free? Just so the baffled one came at them from all sides. Could that wide, benevolent smile of Bun's endure? Would the electric current course thru finger-tips with that eccentric armature hopping betwixt them?

Supper was spoken of, and assented to, and a courtly way of three was made, between brick walls, to a waiting taxi. Wild Masher, each foot in position, flung open its door, and bowed to her like any Chesterfield. His nimble courtiership had won the first move. "Touché," he called to the backward Bun, coming up in the rear with Frou-frou bedding on his muffler.



THE REPAST IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED

As is given to the enchanted, this heroic swordsman essayed an attack in rear. Stepping in front of the beautiful lady, he blocked all entrance to the open cab door. Frou-frou was plumped into the extended hands (not of alabaster) of his rival. Then, like a whirling barrel, he whisked to the streetwards cab door, flung it open, and, with doffed hat grandly sweeping its privacy, bade his lady welcome. She entered this roomy home, and Wild and the dog looked mutely up at them. Let us hope she pitied the cur, and him some, too; for, with much slamming of doors and moving about of feet, a place was made for them on a little settle seat, by the magnanimous Bunny.

As the cab started, with a whirring of motor, thru the snow, Mr. McSorley, he of the true military bearing (a veteran, if you please, of the Londonderry bread riots), wiped an ungloved hand across his astonished countenance, and thereby destroyed the fine particles of cheese sandwich clinging thereto. "Who in the name of fairyland is he," you may well ask me, "crowding down the steps and spoiling our pretty picture?"

"Terpsy, ye spalpeen, are ye bein' abducted?" he shouted, in no uncertain manner.

Drive faster, electric charioteer! Away from this unnecessary parent, lest his hot breath spoil my castellated window frosting! Swifter, milk-white horses of romance, lest his heavy hand snarl thy tinsel trappings!

To a certain lobster palace, where the mirrored walls kept one's reflections merry company with oneself, our three lovers had betaken themselves. Here, in this castle of delight, amid the rarest of artificial flowers, the mad pursuit of gentle Terpsine continued. Bun Johnny was in his element. Countless fish and fowls he devoured to appease that slighted paunch of his; entrées and relishes disappeared under his nose as if by art-magic. Who shall say that love, requited, takes away the appetite?

Across that traditional property, a grilled lobster, he held a brimming beaker. "Sweet artiste of the toe reversed," he said, "a toast to that beautiful extremity." Forthwith, gourmand eyes cast down at her shining, buckled slipper.

Wild Masher, who had been picking offishly at a salad, at the withdrawal of her foot, looked up under her curling lashes. "A pledge," he said, "with me, that where grass, in dell or dingle, is brushed by that soft

member, it may to a luscious jungle grow."

Bun Johnny gulped down pledge and toast, without rancor. He had often toasted all his ancestors, and those failing, the royalties and rogues of Europe, in the dog-days of his thirst. A fresh bottle appearing, he seized it and murmured somewhat thickly: "I christen thee, Dreadnought," with a truculent flourish over the gravy-boat.

He did not hear the measured footfalls of the indubitable military man, who scowled with wound-like frowns over his rounded shoulder. La Belle Terpsine did, however, and looked up and squeaked like a scuttling mouse. The hearty naval commander turned his tanned face to look up into his brother's of the infantry. One shot from the eyes of him with the penchant for cheese sandwiches was enough. Bun Johnny slowly brought that leonine head back to eyes front, and stared at his table furniture with lack-luster gaze. While that horrid scene was being enacted, whereby Captain McSorley seized his daughter in rough hands, and almost dragged her from the place, Bun Johnny's eyes did not wander from his plate. Wild watched him, fascinated. "Aren't you going to crush him?" he asked the rapt crystal gazer.

"Lord bless you! no," Bun said, raising his eyes imperceptibly. "Spoil her evening further? I couldn't do it. Besides, the soldierly apparition must be a dear relative."

"We might as well call for the wine bill," Wild said, sadly. Bun concurred. As he rose to his feet that formidable armor-belt of fillet and canvasback about his midriff gave a most unseaworthy heave.

"I guess old Omar was right," he mused, with the long items of the bill dangling from his hands: "'A simple loaf, a jug of wine and thou.' By the way, Wild, do you think Thou was stringing us?"

"Why are you so infernally practical, Bun?" Wild expostulated. "If you want to know, I think we have been cast as gluttons and poltroons, in a very affecting situation. Besides, I've promised to send her a Bokhara rug in the morning."

"By all means let us keep up the illusion then," said Bunny, sententiously. "Who knows what the fairy godmother has in store for us?"

So saying, they parted on the first night of enchantment.

When that silvery hesitation, the dawn of another day, spread softly across leagues of tin roof, the charm was broken—at least, in the pit or organic parts of Bun Johnny's stomach; for many species of high-flying duck, each tied to a bottle, floated before his distorted vision.

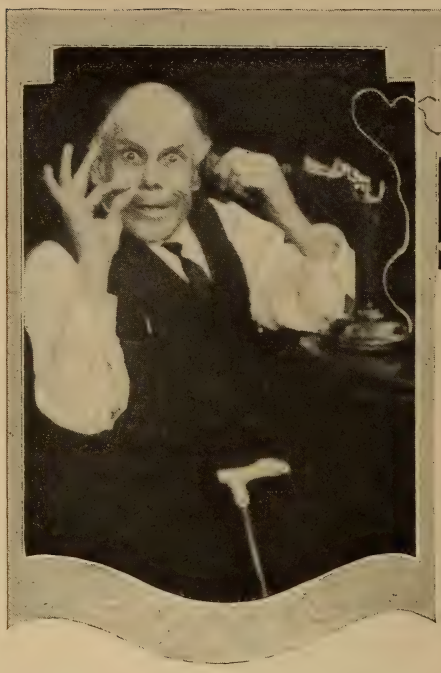
Little Wild Masher, in his distant apartment, had not gone to bed at all. Muffled to the ears in an oversized dressing-gown, he thumbed over the catalog of one Allah ben Gabhrit, setting forth the golden prices of Oriental rugs. Which was the smallest possible, commensurate with her sprightly *pas seul,* that would not dissipate a fortune in the giving? The peering sun found him still busy with a bankrupt's figures.

Now that daylight has shattered our enchantment, and both our lovers are suffering, each in his way, we must needs call in an artifice to hold the spell. And nothing could be more elfish than Puck, cloaked and braided as a messenger boy. At almost the same hour (such is his speed) he had delivered similar notes to our heroes, which read:

> MONSIEUR: You may call tonight at eight, as I am not working this week.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> LA BELLE TERPSINE.

"Work, pretty chuck," mused Bun Johnny, as he read the slender missive. "Surely that is not the word for thy poetry of motion."

"So ho!" chuckled Wild, over his reading. "My magic carpet has won the dainty creature. Alas (three times, boys) for poor wine-logged Bun! But I must not let him know that I'm going to see Terpsine tonight."





As Bun Johnny was shaving, his telephone rang, and the ensuing conversation (inspired by art-magic) occurred:

"Hello, Bun—that you? Had a date with you tonight—cant keep it. Am sick in bed—have a doctor and two trained nurses here."

"That's almost funny, Wild; but I'm 'phoning from my bed—doctors wont let me get up. I have three trained nurses here."

"Just a minute, Wild, till I dig a pillow out of my ear. Go ahead."

Thereupon, followed such a graphic recountal that Bun laughed uproariously with his hand over the transmitter of the necromantic sound-waves.

The rest of the day was given over to careful preparation for the storming of the dancer's heart and home by the two Adelphians. Bun Johnny stood before his wide cheval-glass and hung and rehung a silver medal (given to his late lamented stepfather for excellence in Sunday school singing contests, and thence, *ex aequo,* to Bun) across his immaculate shirt front. Wild Masher pressed his dress coat-tails until they stood out like the tail of a militant sparrow. The lighting of the electric signs along Theater Row, whence the mud and snow in the gutters gleamed as so much lace cast o'er plum velvet, and spotted white plaster "fronts" took on the appearance of soft marble, found him hurrying thru this magic region to the dingy "brownstones" beyond. There, in furnished rooms, dwelt Terpsine. Captain McSorley (or was he general? This has been so often disputed that I leave it to the reader) had long since departed to his favorite haunt, a very respectable back room to an ale-house. That two-sworded guardian of his daughter's honor having been sufficiently coddled, and his honor appeased without resort to the code, the walls (or front door) were unmanned to our hero's approach.

A ferret-eyed maid, taken on by the evening, ushered him into the enchantress' parlor. Here, holding a box of long-stemmed roses, fit to be his casket, he waited her coming. Much switching of silken underskirts, being put on or off, thru a thin partition, piqued his ardent attention. When the hands of his watch pointed to the ninth hour, and a night clerk's alarm clock, upstairs, had gone off with a clatter, a sliding door and a soft rustle announced her presence.

Wild Masher gripped his offering like a carpet beater's weapon, and stepped up to the radiant creature. "Queen of the nymphs," he began, "accept this humble offering for your vernal bower." What more his exordium might have contained was cut short by the wheezy sound of the door-bell. An interval of pained silence ensued, followed by the maid announcing, "Mr. Bun Johnny."



The victim to Aphrodite glanced about the setting with true lover-like wildness. The upturned top of a grand piano caught his eye. "I'm a very sick man," he gasped. "Cant stand Bun's conviviality—think I'll rest up a bit." She seemed to grasp the humor (or peril) of the situation, and as Wild climbed upon the instrument to hide along its length, she hastily covered him with sheets of music. A very proper covering for any lover's couch; for example, "Love among the Roses," which girded his coat-tails.

Bun Johnny, with the grandeur of a mitered bishop, swept thru the opened door. He carried a marvelously large box of bonbons. So large, my youthful readers, that he seemed quite like Prince Charming beside it; but this was a studied effect and has nothing to do with enchantment. He bowed so chivalrously over her hand that his scented ringlets almost touched the floor. (Pshaw! I had forgotten the bald head and the paunch.) "Beautiful Scheherazade," he commenced, "what sweets are sweet enough to pop into that rosebud, misnamed a mouth?"

She was quite delighted with this opening. "Try me," she murmured. They were no more than seated on a gilt (porphyry) tête-à-tête, and Bun Johnny had poised the first dainty for her coral lips, when the bell wheezed again. It must have had a singular distaste for true lovers, for, at its note, Bunny's plump hand hung lifeless in mid air. This time the maid announced no one, but a whisper passed to her mistress. "Mong Doo!" she peeped, in a very fainting manner, "he will kill me, this hated one."

Bun Johnny arose and struck a gladiatorial attitude, which held (like Mrs. Jarley's wax figure) till feet sounded in the hallway. "Have you a spare curtain, or something I can get behind," he said hurriedly, "until the villain can take off his overcoat? I will only set on him in proper fighting harness," was his explanation, as she folded him into a heavy hanging.

Enter George, the flying trapezist, who broke all the rules of romantic greeting. "What in thunder," he began, as she led him toward the window, and our heroes, out of earshot, were left (with much quaking from under sheets or behind arras) to supplement with lightning fears. For the good part of an hour the soft whispers continued. They would have gone on, maybe, in soft sibilants until all fairyland had been booed from the stage, for lack of action, had not a key grated in the front door, and the climactic Captain McSorley entered the corridor of his own mansion. For a terce of times that evening, we are compelled to do away with the man of the hour. Nothing better offered the athletic intruder than the scant inches



WILD MAKES HEADWAY——

under a couch, which went with the rooms free gratis. He had no sooner concealed himself thereunder, than the homing parent entered. "Bong swore," said Terpsine, curtseying. "Cut that lingo out," growled papa, "and get me some beer."

Now, while she was dutifully preparing entertainment for him, many enchanted things happened. If he had been an ordinary human being (instead of an ogre) he would have noticed that the sheet music on the piano danced about and trembled violently to the beat of their own furioso notes; the shoddy curtains of arabesque design bellied and fluttered like the rubber walls of a shower-bath; and the divan materialized with an extra pair of feet clothed in muddy shoes. Mr. McSorley's rocker, besides, had pinned down a protruding hand for several minutes, yet, such is art-magic, its owner did not feel the slightest pain or annoyance.

When things had come to this dreadful pass, Terpsine appeared, smiling, with a flagon of spiced wine (or was it only a pitcher of ale?), and the ogre fell to with hearty appreciation, and much smacking of lips when the quaff was done. Thereupon, he grinned contentedly, and, laying a bandana over his countenance, fell into a gentle doze.

Quite like Ulysses in the cave of snoozing Polyhemus, Bun Johnny drew aside his curtain and tiptoed to the friendly hall door. From the up-ended music, a smaller hero emerged, and danced across the velvet ply. A form, too, crept softly from under the couch, and, nursing a flattened hand, made for the hallway. I will not sing how each soloist found himself swelling this chorus of beaten lovers, nor their discordant looks resultant. To them, gently came Terpsine, fetching coats and hats and walking-sticks (and weapons, if you



AND SO DOES BUN

must have them). "Now, fellows, dont be angry," she pleaded, "but step in and meet my old man."

As the enchantment had not altogether run out, Bun Johnny and Wild came, willy-nilly (at one and the same time), under its dying spell. With canes cocked bravely and top-hats distended, they re-entered the room together. George, the dénouement, as was fitting, followed.

Polyhemus, by force of numbers, now lay an old man sprawling in a chair. Terpsine roused him, and Bun Johnny was most formally introduced. Offering his cigar case, he began: "Most honorable and courteous sire," then, remembering the ill luck of a similar commencement to the daughter, he abruptly ceased. Mr. McSorley mumbled the cigar complacently. "Gimme your mitt," he said. Wild made a better impression. "I am pleased to meet so well-known a person as the Captain," he said simply. That survivor of the Londonderry unpleasantness tried to help matters along. "If I had a-knowed you two gents at the feed station last night," he started to say in the nicest manner, but Terpsine cut him short. "Do hush up, dad—th' gentlemen knows you was riled." "Savor faire," she added, turning to them (with all her charm of manner).

The Captain began to feel quite at home in such simple society. "And who goes there?" he said, cocking a thumb at the dénouement.

The gentleman with the injured knuckles bowed in quite a timid manner for a trapezist. Terpsine, for the first time since her début (standing barefoot on a ladder of naked swords), was visibly embarrassed for an enchantress. "Dad," she said—quite hoarsely it sounded to Bunny—"this is George; we've been married for oodles of years."



A SOMEWHAT TRYING SITUATION FOR ALL CONCERNED

"Huh! The devil! Wot's yer givin' us?" shouted the Captain, then, remembering that his conversation was enchanted, he continued: "This is the most astounding of news items; pray proceed."

But the charm was broken. Bun Johnny had unwittingly ejaculated those scourging words, "the deuce," which drive all genteel pixies away. He felt Wild tugging at his coat, and turned upon him. Terpsine and all the beautiful trappings of the room were fading as from a screen. His little companion in adventure made the slightest of gestures suggestive of moving the pegs in a cribbage board. Thereupon, they both turned tail, and slammed the door of the good fairy behind them.

Scenario Advice

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE

To make a good scenario
Seems quite an easy task.
You dress up a good plot, and, lo!
A good price you may ask.

A real good plot is all you need,
A story not threadbare;
The consequences of a deed
Not dramatized elsewhere.

A situation quite intense,
Heroics for a star,
A bit of wit, some common sense,
A title—there you are.

To make a good scenario,
And earn a little pelf—
Just find out where the *good plots* grow,
Then go and help yourself!

The Stolen Nickel

(Edison)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

"Hi, Pete!"

"Hi, Billy!"

"What's that you got?"

"Come on over 'n see."

Billy promptly accepted the invitation and stood staring in undisguised admiration at Pete's latest acquisition. Pete was an embryo Barnum. His back yard overflowed with a miscellaneous assortment of pets, to the delight of his playmates and the despair of his fond mother. Stray cats and runaway dogs found a haven of refuge here; guinea pigs, rabbits, mice, even snakes took up their abode in Pete's yard and flourished or died, according to their nature and disposition. A lame crow held amiable converse with a disabled robin, and a gray squirrel ran sociably up to visitors, begging for peanuts. But Billy, not possessing the budding instincts of the naturalist or the nature faker, had never enthused over the collection. It was different today. His eyes snapped with pleasure and envy as he looked down at a huge mud-turtle, crawling laboriously up and down the graveled path. There was something about this queer new specimen which appealed to Billy.

"Where'd you get him?" he demanded, admiringly.

"Over to the pond, where daddy took me yesterday," answered Pete, plainly gratified by Billy's admiration for his new pet.

"Gee! he's the nicest thing you ever had. Wish I could have one," sighed Billy, turning reluctantly homeward as a call floated out shrilly, "Billy, oh, Billy; mother wants you!"

"Say," said Pete suddenly, "I'll sell him to you for five cents. I want to go to the Bijou; there's a dandy Indian picture there now."

Billy's face brightened, then fell again. How could he get five cents, when his mother did not believe in little boys having spending money? It was a rare event for Billy to have even a penny to spend as he wished.

"Will you keep him for me till after dinner?" he finally inquired; "maybe I can get five cents."

Pete obligingly agreed to hold the offer open until two o'clock, and Billy sped homeward, tumbling into the sitting-room, his eyes shining with excited eagerness.

"Mother," he began breathlessly, "can I have——"

"Dont say can I have, Billy," interrupted his mother; "say *may* I have."

"Well," said Billy, obediently beginning all over again, "may I have——"

"You didn't close the door when you came in," said Mrs. Harmon.

The door was closed and again Billy started his request.

"Mother, may I please——"

"Just see how you kicked up the rug, Billy. Go and straighten it at once."

The door was closed, and with a persistency which boded well for his future success Billy renewed his efforts.

"Mother, please may I have——"

"Billy, how many times have I told you to take your hat off as soon as you enter the house? Now you stand there——"

"Oh, mother," broke in Billy, in desperation, grabbing off his hat and laying a pleading hand on his mother's arm, "wont you please let me——"

"Now," declared Mrs. Harmon, sternly, "you are interrupting me. How hard I have tried to teach you that it is the height of rudeness to interrupt any one who is speaking!"

It did not occur to Billy's youthful mind to suggest the superiority of



BILLY IS REFUSED A NICKEL

example over precept in the training of children. He waited patiently until his mother's lecture was finished, then he started all over again.

"Mother, Pete has got the nicest turtle, and he'll let me have it for five cents. Wont you give me five cents to buy it?"

"Certainly not. What do you want of a turtle? What good would a turtle do you? I dont see where you get such absurd notions!"

Billy knew the futility of argument, and he turned away with his eyes so full of tears that he bumped into his father, just entering the room.

"Oh, father," he sobbed, "didn't you never want a turtle when you was a little boy? Why cant I ever have any money to buy anything? I do want the turtle so bad!"

He ran out of the room, ashamed of his tears, and Mrs. Harmon explained the case to her husband.

"I dont know, Mary," said her husband thoughtfully, "the boy is getting old enough to learn to handle a little money. Why not let him have the five cents?"

"Do you think that is the way to teach him to handle money wisely—to let him spend his first five cents on a turtle?" demanded Mrs. Harmon, in disgust. "He is too young to have any judgment. Boys get into all sorts of bad habits by having money to fool away!"

"Sometimes they fall into temptation by not having any money, too," reasoned Mr. Harmon, but, seeing signs of approaching domestic storm, he dismissed the subject with a hasty "Well, well, I presume you understand the child better than I do."

Out on the steps Billy moped disconsolately until little Bessie Smith came tripping along, her round face radiating pride and importance.

"Stop and play with me," suggested Billy, but she shook her head.

"I haven't time," she explained, patronizingly; "I have to do some shopping for mamma. See all this money I have in my bag. I'm to buy thread and buttons and soap, and then I can spend five cents for anything I want."

The tide of Billy's bitterness flooded back in full force. Bessie Smith was a year his junior, but she could have money. It was a mean shame! Suddenly a scheme worthy of a captain of industry formed in the boy's brain.

"Say," he began eagerly, "I know where you can buy a live turtle for a nickel. It's just the nicest turtle, and I'll let you keep it in my back yard, 'cause maybe your mamma wouldn't want it in yours."

"But I dont want a turtle; they're all dirty and crawly," protested Bessie.

"Aw, go on an' do your shoppin'!" snapped Billy. "I might have known that a girl wouldn't have sense enough to appreciate a turtle."

He gave her hand a little push, and the bag she carried dropped to the sidewalk, spilling out her money, which rolled in all directions. Bessie's lip trembled and Billy repented at once.

"Dont cry," he begged. "I didn't mean to do it. I'll pick it all up."

The coins were picked up and Bessie went on her way. Billy turned disconsolately toward the steps again,

when a tiny gleam caught his eye, in a crack of the walk. It was a nickel! He picked it up quickly and started to run after Bessie. Just then a thought came which made him flush crimson, and he hesitated, looking wistfully down at the coin. Why not keep this nickel and buy the turtle? He sat down to think over this idea.

"It's Bessie's money," urged a little voice; "go right after her."

"Maybe it isn't hers at all," he urged; "maybe it was there a long time. I asked her if she had all her money and she said yes."

"For shame!" counseled the little voice; "would you steal five cents?"

"It isn't stealing to keep what you find," he asserted; "findin's is keepin's," and so the argument went on.

Half an hour later the turtle was tied to the clothes-post in Billy's back yard, Pete was enjoying the thrills of Indian warfare at the Bijou, and Billy was trying to persuade his guilty heart that he was happy in his new possession. But his conscience nagged unceasingly. He feared his mother's questions, should she discover the turtle, and the turtle itself withdrew into its shell, making about as lively a companion as a stick of wood. Truly, the way of the transgressor is far from pleasant. Billy ate but little supper and went to bed early, pleading a headache. After the light was out he lay awake for a long time, staring into the darkness with troubled eyes. Suddenly Bessie stood at the foot of his bed, pointing a finger straight at him, while she held up her bag accusingly. In another minute Bessie's mother stood beside her, looking at him with shocked, scornful eyes, and in an instant more they were joined by a fat, blue policeman, who shook his club threateningly. Billy sat up in bed with a scream which echoed thru the hall and brought his mother upstairs, three steps at a time.

"What is it, Billy, boy?" she asked, turning on the light.

"Where are all those people?" gasped Billy, looking around fearfully.

"There's no one here; you were just dreaming," soothed his mother, and as Billy nestled beneath the covers again a resolve took root in his heart which caused the rest of the night's sleep to be untroubled.



BILLY'S SLEEP IS TROUBLED

The next day was Saturday, and Billy disappeared immediately after breakfast, first confining the turtle in a coal-bin in the cellar. He had determined to earn five cents, give it to Mrs. Smith and so lift his burden of shame and regret. To this boy, who never had been allowed to have any money, five cents was a large sum.

"I'll have to get it one cent at a time," he decided. "Of course no one would give me more than a cent for anything I could do. There's Mrs. Jones sweeping her piazza. Maybe she would hire me to do it."

Mrs. Jones looked surprised at his request, but his face was so earnest that she consented good-naturedly to give him a cent for sweeping the piazza and the walk, and he started in, much encouraged. Alas! his first act was to tip over a jar containing a huge fern, and tho the jar was not broken, Mrs. Jones was much disturbed.

"You're too little for such work," she scolded, taking the broom away from him. "I'll do it myself. But



BILLY BREAKS A CHOICE PLATE

here," she added, relenting at sight of his troubled face, "I'll give you the penny, and some day you can do an errand for me."

"Only four more," thought Billy as he ran down the street. "And there's old Mr. White carrying three big bundles. Maybe I can get a cent from him."

"Will you give me a cent if I'll help you, Mr. White?" he inquired. Then, at sight of the old man's surprised look, he blushed furiously. Billy was an obliging child, and on any ordinary occasion would never think of asking pay for such a favor.

"You see, I need money very badly," he explained, "or I wouldn't ask you."

"All right, Billy," said the old man, kindly; "you shall have your cent."

The third cent was obtained by beating a rug for Mrs. Johnson, and then it was dinner-time. At the table Mrs. Harmon plaintively referred to her club meeting that afternoon.

"I cant go," she grieved, "because I have so much to do. I'll be so glad when the new maid comes! By the time these dishes are washed it will be too late to go."

"I'll wash the dishes for a cent," spoke up Billy.

"The idea!" began Mrs. Harmon, but her husband interrupted her.

"If Billy is willing to do the work for a cent, let him do it," he said, decisively. "There is no reason why a boy who is willing to work should not earn money."

So while all the other boys were playing baseball, their yells coming in thru the open window tantalizingly, Billy washed dishes in the hot kitchen. He was not repining, however; he was glad enough to do it, for his mind was firmly set on restoring himself to the rank of a respectable citizen again.

"I saved an orange from my dessert," he thought, joyously, "and I 'most know Pete will give me a cent for it. Then I'll have enough. Hooray!"

He waved a plate exultantly in the air, but it was slippery with the hot dishwater, and in an instant there was a crash. The plate lay on the floor, broken into dozens of tiny pieces.

"One of the very best dinner plates," groaned Billy. "What will mother say? That's the very worst thing I ever did!"

The more he thought about this calamity, the worse it seemed to him. He could not bear the thought of facing his mother's angry eyes.

"I'll run away and never come back," he declared. "I'll go 'way off in the woods and die; then they'll be sorry. But I'll pay my debt first, and I'll leave a note for mother."

Like many another bold adventurer, Billy prudently decided to leave a way of retreat open. After much anxious thought and effort, he composed a note, which he left in a conspicuous place in the kitchen.

DERE MOTHER: I broke a plate and I am afrade I am going away forever but

if you are not mad hang a towell on the dore nob and I will come home.

Your sun BILLY.

Pete was glad to buy the orange for a cent, and in a few minutes Billy was knocking at Mrs. Smith's door. His cheeks were very red and his voice shook a little, but he looked Mrs. Smith straight in the eyes as he told



MR. HARMON IS PROUD OF HIS BOY

his story, and before he was done her own eyes were misty.

"Dont you worry another bit about it, Billy," she exclaimed, giving him a big hug as she took the five pennies. "Of course it was wrong, but you have made it all right now."

Then, being a woman of action, Mrs. Smith lay in wait for Mr. Harmon as he came home. "I'm going to give that man a piece of my mind," she declared. "They never let that blessed child have a cent, and they ought to be ashamed. Maybe now they will see what such a course leads to!"

When Mr. Harmon reached home that evening he was met by an irate wife, who promptly dragged him out to the kitchen to look at the wrecked plate and Billy's parting message. He read the note with sober face and then said quietly, "I think you had better hang a towel on the door, my dear. I am a little proud of my boy tonight, and I think we have been doing wrong by him."

Mrs. Harmon stared in amazement, but as she heard the little story of Billy's temptation, his fall and his hard struggle to right his wrong-doing, her eyes filled with tears, for, in spite of her mistaken discipline, she loved her boy dearly.

"I'll hang out the towel right away," she declared, "and I'll let him keep his turtle, and, John, let's give him five cents every week now to spend as he likes."

The symbol of peace had not flut-



THE "PRODIGAL'S" RETURN

tered from the door-knob for five minutes before Billy came flying in.

"Gee! but I'm hungry," he announced, "and I'm awful sorry about the plate, mother—aint you mad?"

"No," she answered, kissing him; "mother's not mad at you, and—and, dear, you can keep the turtle."

Whereat Billy, busy with his bread and milk, wondered greatly, but sleepily dismissed the problem as one of the unexplainable workings of the grown-up mind.



Radgrune

(Pathé Frères)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON



A PASSION ROSE was Radgrune, daughter of Baron Ildacre. In Toulouse she dwelt, a country noted for fair ladies, yet the nobles of her father's court and those for leagues around held her in high esteem for the reason that she was beyond their reach, other young ladies of fitting rank seeming commonplace. What gallants of high degree could have they did not want, yet they sang to Radgrune's soft eyes and fought for her favor because she held aloof. Tho her blood ran red, and left its sign on glowing cheek and crimson lip, she was pure of brow and so devoted to him who had carried her in his arms from babyhood to girlhood, her widowed father, that her great heart was true to him and seemed to pulse for him alone. She and her indulgent father were one in love and hate, in what stirs the deepest caverns of the heart.

'Twas she who contrived retaliation on Odobert and his princely son, Rolfe, after they had attacked her father's convoy and carried off his goods to grace their castle. 'Twas she who sent a dancing girl, a pretty, drifting creature who sang and played and had many a lure of eye and form, to catch the fancy of youthful Rolfe in compassing his abduction, and 'twas she who had the young prince dragged before her father's court to gloat upon, before he was imprisoned, to be heavily redeemed within a set period or put to death.

She and her inflexible father had good reason to detest Odobert—he was prone to take by force of arms what others gathered by patient toil—and right glad they were to send the princely robber tidings that they had gained more by wit than he by might. He would be sore to find that his handsome son, the pride of his life, was in grave peril from those never known to break a compact, fair or foul. The Ildacres were men of loyalty and women of chastity whose word was in reverence because never dishonored. But, when young Rolfe, in a stupor, was dragged before the court and held helpless between guards, Radgrune must show that she was a woman in truth as well as in exalted virtue, so fair was the prisoner to look upon. When his sad eyes fell upon her she was deeply moved.

"Too bad," she whispered to her scowling father—they and the whole court were scanning the human spoil —"that a wicked father's misdoing should be put upon a noble son!"

Baron Ildacre sneered. "Too bad," he said, sternly, "that one of crime's brood should be so comely as to turn thy innocent head!"

It was so. The girl held in high regard because of purity and loyal worth flushed deep with strong emotion when her soft eyes were held captive by those of Odobert's son. She quivered like one stabbed by pain. Her bosom rose to her chin as the prisoner was led away to short respite before sure death, then sank in a long, trembling sigh.

"Thou art stricken!" exclaimed Ildacre when they were alone.

Burning with the shame of new love, she clung affectionately to him. "Father," she begged, "I ask a boon."

He regarded her darkly. "A boon!" he exclaimed. "My death? I grant that rather than the life of Odobert's spawn. The father cast a veil of misery over our lives for years because I won the only pledge of love thy mother had to give."

Radgrune drooped in her father's arms as if the wine of passion had gone to her head. The glow of her neck and cheeks ascended to her brow.

"He is so young," she pleaded, timidly.

Ildacre drew a jeweled dagger and gave it to his daughter. "Use this," he commanded. "Strike deep into the bosom where thou hast been warmed these long and aching years. Thy head lay there in place of hers who was more dear to me than life until I grew to love thee, made in her image. I am so proud of thee that my eyes must forever close that they may not rest upon thy ignominy. Strike deep, not to leave me in wounded agony to see thy form crushed in the arms of an Odobert!"

Radgrune hid a flaming face on her father's breast. "It will never be," she whispered, faintly.

He strained her to his bosom. "Promise!" he dictated.

She trembled and grew weaker.

"Promise!" he insisted.

"I promise," she sighed, then raising her face to his in purest devotion, "upon my honor!"

So it was settled. Yet the pity that lives in woman's heart and keeps the world so sweet to live in robbed her of fortitude. Her arms slid away and she sank at his feet.

He was unmoved. "No," he said in anticipation of her request.

"Oh," she begged, "let him go!"

Ildacre raised his daughter to her feet and sustained her tenderly. "I love thee none the less," he told her, "for having heart so womanly, but let it throb for friends, not for those who hate us!"



ODOBERT, DISGUISED AS A MONK, GAINS ADMITTANCE TO ROLFE'S DUNGEON

Long used to his voice, she listened quietly while he strummed on her pride, but thoughts came to her other than those he inspired, perhaps sweet ones of hope, for after a while there was sunshine where had promised an April shower.

Rolfe, son of Odobert, had the folly of youth in his veins, otherwise he had not so easily fallen victim to the charms of a wandering dancer. Being of fine presence, he was wholesome,

and being wholesome, not sad, so four walls of a prison were not those of his hopes. He could not see what was beyond, but he could hear the birds cheeping, and one day a voice soft as a pigeon's coo. The song it sang was faint at first, but gained assurance until he smiled knowingly. Some one pitied and was trying to cheer him. Then he fared not ill in food and small comforts—some one was providing with womanly taste—so it came that he grew stronger while his prospects darkened. No ransom was forthcoming. More than once he spied the flutter of a lady's gown without the door of his cell, and as often a faint fragrance like that of field flowers came drifting in. Some fair damosel was interested in his fate. His term was closing swiftly when, one gloomy evening, a father confessor was admitted, a venerable man in monk's cowl and gown, who entered without high authority.

It chanced that Radgrune was watching when the priest passed in. A great scarlet cloak of velvet covered her gold-embroidered gown and herself, all roses, when she went peering about the corridor leading to Rolfe's dungeon, and the sight of a man so well concealed as the monk caused her to stand and ponder. An idea came. One hand on her jeweled dagger, she strode to the jailer and demanded entrance.

Within the cell the monk was curiously startled when the door closed behind a woman completely enveloped in a dark cloak, for he slunk away to one corner and turned his back in pretense of prayer.

Rolfe stood his ground and bowed in courtly fashion. "This is high honor," he said.

Radgrune started nervously. Without discovering her face, she said, "You have guessed aright; I am Lady Radgrune. Hate is rife between our families, but I have come to plot your escape, a messenger of peace."

The son of Odobert shook his head. "Peace there never will be," he answered in low tones, "not between those urged on by a feud of blood, but stronger than their hate will be my gratitude for what you have done in pure kindness. May I ask why you aid me?"

"I do not know," she answered—she drew her cloak more closely to cover her confusion—"I cannot tell. Only this, you must leave tonight."

He paled and turned slowly to where the monk was standing. "There is death in the air," he muttered; "you must go without further parley."

She caught him by the sleeve. "You must go!" she whispered. "Take his gown!"

Rolfe shook his head. "Impossible!" he declared.

The priest turned and confronted them. "She is right," he declared with determination.

Radgrune recoiled. "Odobert!" she exclaimed.

Prince Odobert advanced with great dignity and gently drew the cloak from Radgrune's face. "Tears!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Tears from an Ildacre? They are rare."

"Tears," Rolfe echoed, softly, "in the eyes of proud Radgrune? They are jewels!"

She caught her breath quickly. "You must both go," she gasped. She drew off her great cloak of scarlet and handed it impulsively to Rolfe. "The guard is soon to be changed—this one is in my employ. But my father—it is not in him to change."

"She is glorious!" said Rolfe.

"Hasten!" Odobert urged him. "She is giving you release from death. I came here to spare you that fate—to take your place—and I am willing to remain as hostage."

Rolfe drew her cloak about him and caught his father's arm. "With you I go," he said; "without you, never!" He took Radgrune's hand and lifted it to his lips. "Small wonder," he murmured, "that all men love you."

She hung her head until he released her, and when he started away with his father, stepped toward him with outstretched arms.

He halted at the door and turned.

Her arms fell, yet she stood watching him with flaming eyes.

"Au revoir!" he murmured.

"Au revoir!" she faintly echoed.

The door opened, and closed behind them. She stood beside it a long while, listening. Without, there was no other noise than the measured tread of the guard.

They had escaped!

As if exhaustion had followed supreme effort, she staggered away from the door and reeled about the chamber, clutching at the walls for support, as if, to her wild eyes, the cell was rotating. She swayed about, this way and that, like one who has lost her way, until she sank upon her knees and covered her face with her hands.

In the course of time there were voices without, and one of them, of authority, said sternly, "He dies at midnight!" She uncovered her face and rose to her feet, an expression of horror in her eyes. "He dies at midnight!" she repeated. Then she reflected and laughed mirthlessly. "He lives," she muttered, "while I—I," she cried in agony, "have promised—I have promised——"



SHE RAISED HER DAGGER ALOFT

She drew her dagger, as if in response to some new train of thought. "What I have promised is the same as death for a woman who loves! I have given my word, the word of an Ildacre. I have given my word of honor. Honor! How empty it sounds!"

Her eyes wandered vaguely about her and came back to the dagger in her hand. "I am absolved!" she cried; "my love absolves me."

She passed her free hand over her forehead, as if a great pain had centered there, then glanced about her vacantly.

"Where have they gone?" she asked, weakly. "Where art thou, Rolfe? Pity me! I am a poor beggar, asking for alms of love. Just a look from your eyes, just a kind word!" She raised her dagger aloft. "God have mercy on me!" She plunged the knife into her fair bosom.

"Rolfe," she murmured, "I am going to dream — to dream — of you!"

The editor desires to draw your attention to the announcement on pages 133 and 134. After reading these stories, and then seeing the characters move upon the screen, you will feel like applauding the players. You may applaud, but they wont hear; you may vote for them, and they will see the result and appreciate it.

The Oath of His Office

(Essanay)

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS

"ARREST me!" cried Jed Brown, dashing into the office of Sheriff Bob Graham. "Hurry! There's a gang of the boys comin' to kill me!"

The Sheriff rose slowly from his desk when this entreaty was made by a haggard-looking cattle herder, and hesitated as if all his natural instincts were bitterly opposed to his line of duty. Jed sank on his knees and extended his trembling hands in desperate appeal. His eyes were wide open with terror and his whole frame quivered with an agony of apprehension. Sheriff Bob glanced out of the door.

It was late afternoon. The shadows of tall pines were gradually lengthening where they fell aslant a deep aisle formed by the main highway of travel, and the floating clouds were beginning to show faint prismatic colors. All Nature seemed tranquil, but there was a flurry of dust down the road not raised by the spiritless breeze. The cattlemen were coming.

Sheriff Bob had been one of them. He knew that their half-formed ideas of justice were closer to the eye-for-an-eye pattern than that of our complicated body politic, and he acted as if unwilling to gather in the object of their eager pursuit. He snapped handcuffs on the kneeling man's wrists with contemptuous reluctance. He and many of his fellows were descended from those rude pioneers in Western development, who had stood like granite rocks against red floods of savagery, and naturally shared their inclination to lop off rather than nurse decayed branches of the human race. Young as he was, however, and new to his office, he had played the leading rôle in more than one fierce drama, and had already acquired a reputation for courage, quick penetration and energetic decision in tight places. He was able to count on himself in nearly any desperate emergency and controlled himself with a bravery much higher than that purely physical.

"What have you done?" he asked the prisoner.

Jed twisted his face into an expression intended to be one of pathetic regret, the muscles of his mouth and eyebrows twitching in nervous spasms, but utterance seemed to fail him completely.

"I'm holdin' nothing against yeh," Bob assured him. "Yer safer than if yeh hadn't married Grace. But fer her, I'd 'a' killed yeh long ago. Spit it out before the boys git here!"

Again Jed was seized with facial convulsions. He shook his head dolefully, until there was a sound of galloping horses without, when he crawled between Sheriff Bob and the desk. A bunch of cattlemen entered, but were halted by their leader, if not by the Sheriff's strong attitude.

"I've got him," said Bob, coolly.

The leader exhibited a rope. "You can yank him to hell!" he said. "We're after him for something worse than murder! He's been horsewhipping his wife!"

Sheriff Bob drew a sharp breath, and a deep scowl settled between his brows. "That's why," he growled, savagely, "he wouldn't tell what he'd done." He turned slowly and regarded his prisoner, as tho about to deliver him over to the mercies of men who respected rather than dishonored their mother's sex.

The miserable wife-beater cowered, but instincts of self-preservation seem strongest in those deserving extinction. He grasped a Bible lying on the Sheriff's desk and thrust it upon the representative of the law. "Your

oath!" he shrieked. "You swore you would protect a prisoner."

Bob suppressed what sprang to his lips. He turned to the cattlemen. "If you take him now," he said, "he'd get off too easy. Killin's fer men!"

"He ought to be skinned alive!" the leader admitted.

among Cæsar's old-world conquerors. And his blue eyes—those of the new-world gun men—turned glittering white. "Beat it!"

There was a general movement toward the door, a sullen demonstration of respect for a steel barrel that could flash swift death and for the determined officer behind it. The cat-



"That's what the law does," Bob argued. "Hold off a day."

"Till you get a gang," sneered one of the men. "We'll take him now."

"Nothin' doin'," observed Bob; his gun was out and ready for action. "Keep out of his class, or I'll send *you* ahead to tell 'em he's comin'." The Sheriff sniffed. He had a fighting nose, as aquiline as any ever seen

tlemen filed out, while Jed drew his first free breath. The lynching was postponed.

Without turning his head, Bob remarked to the kneeling prisoner: "It was in the roundup camp. You was sleepin' next to me. In the mornin' you was gone, so was the locket Grace gave me. That was long ago. I've had plenty of time to think it over.

You stole that locket and took it to her. She wrote me when she run away with you that I tried to break her heart. I've got it pieced out that you wrote her a note and signed my name?"



Jed waited until the cattlemen were out of hearing. "I done it," he admitted. "I was crazy."

"That dont go out here," said Bob, with vague reference to the interesting relation between crime and mental disorder. "You was sane enough to get the sweetest girl in this region —poor child!" The Sheriff's eyes softened, as if at a passing remembrance. "I let you live to make her happy. That's the way I loved her." His heart leaped to his eyes in a moment of passionate tenderness, then they turned cold again. "I was crazy not to kill you then, when I felt like it." He paused and sighed heavily.

"I'm sorry," Jed ventured, with a penitent air.

Lightning flashed in Bob's eyes—*all* his passion had not turned to dust. *"You!"* he exclaimed, with infinite scorn. "D'ye 'spose I'm keeping you alive to hold down my job? I'll pull the rope, if yer to swing! If yer to live I'll camp on yer trail until you'll wish I'd given you



up today!" He jerked the prisoner to his feet, hauled him along as he would a dog to his kennel, and thrust him roughly into a cell.

"Horsewhipped Grace!" exclaimed Bob, in a sudden flush of anger. He laid his hand on his weapon, glared savagely at the cowering wretch, then repressed his feelings by powerful restraint, and strode away. He left his office, locking the door behind him, and went, for the first time in his life, deception. She was like a wounded bird caught in the brambles.

Sheriff Bob quickened his steps.

Jed had married her, it was true, but it was doubtful if her situation would have been worse if she had gone as low as the poor creature who wept scalding tears at the feet of the Merciful One. The fallen can rise again, but this tender creature might never recover from being horsewhipped by a drunken coward. For a woman



to the home of a woman who had once promised to be his bride.

How hideous it all seemed! Simple enough to be easily fooled, she had in reality been the sweetest girl for miles around, as pure as the flowers she picked when they roamed the hills together, her joyous face unsullied by care. Her very innocence, her ignorance of the world, gave birth to the yielding and childish impulse which had made her such an easy victim to having a great well of natural affection to be attached to a man devoid of every natural attribute of his sex, except brutality, was worse than degradation or death.

The Sheriff reached her door and knocked.

No response. Time was when she would have flung the door wide open and taken him into her arms. They had loved, she with girlish indecision, he with no other image in his heart,

and believing that all life had to offer weighed poorly against one hour of true love.

He knocked again.

The shadows of the tall pines were growing longer, and the parting sun was richly gilding their lofty tips. Elsewhere color and light were creeping upward and dark phantoms gathering where the woods were deepest.

Listen!

Was that her voice or the far-off cry of a bird?

Sheriff Bob forced the door and entered the house. He passed thru one humble room to the threshold of another, and there stood with uncovered head.

She was lying, white and unconscious, in her bedroom, her face pathetically thin, her lips parted in voice grief, and her slender fingers drooping down helplessly.

"Grace!" he whispered.

Her face had ever been white as a summer cloud and had always worn an expression of pathetic sweetness in repose. It was this appearance and her dove-like tenderness that had drawn strong men thru their protective instincts. He had always told her that she needed sheltering.

"Grace," he called, softly, "dont be afraid! It's only Bob. The men would have killed Jed for beating you, but he is safe."

No reply.

Bob gasped and stared. There was something as uncanny in her motionless attitude as the intense silence. He advanced softly until he reached her side, then he sank upon his knees and touched her.

"Horsewhipped!" he cried. "God in Heaven, she has been whipped to death!"

Completely overcome, he bowed down, sobbing violently. Mingling her name with simple terms of endearment, he poured out the affection so long denied her and stifled in his breast by the unexplainable workings of destiny.

Her little story had reached its tragic end to no purpose. Her death had bettered no other existence, and there seemed to be no purpose that he could see in her life or his own, naught but final torture for her tender heart and unending sorrow for his own.

Suddenly he raised his tear-stained face and showed a hardening in its expression. It was as cold as some snow-driven peak set up against the sky in eternal defiance.

The murderer, the coward who had tortured this gentle spirit to the breaking point, was completely in his power!

There was a flare of soft light on the distant mountains.

His features softened, and he bowed his head in humility.

The murderer would now have to pay the full penalty of the law. He was already on the rack imposed by Nature, and, after all, he might simply be a poor wretch with a poisoned mind long groveling in the ashes of despair.

The One who made the flowers to bloom and yet to fade and bloom again, who caused us to live over the past ages that we might better live those to come, who seemed to have planted the tall pines to lift our eyes to the stars, only knew, and He knew when it was best to gather suffering children into His arms.

Sheriff Bob lifted his face in sudden recognition of the Power Invisible, and his eyes shone with a new light, as if his mind had been cleared of morbid thoughts.

To suffer grief in silence was to grow stronger—stronger even than hate—and it was ennobling to have truly loved and lost. Perhaps the one he loved had simply gone before to point the way—men are so slow to comprehend that service has other than immediate reward—and she might linger until he came.

Perhaps she was waiting for him somewhere
Beyond the cloud palaces in the sky,
Waiting in the purple dome on high.
The amber spires of pine were pointing there.



SCENE FROM "THE OUTLAW AND THE BABY"
(Méliès)

The Russian Peasant

(Kalem)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Prince Brogoff ..... *William Herman West*
Princess Olga ..... *Alice Joyce*
Lieutenant Gourkoff ..... *Claude Thorpe*
Andre Gordkin ..... *Knute Rahm*
Leo Andrevitch ..... *Christian Orff*
Dimitri Andrevitch ..... *Carlyle Blackwell*
Anuska ..... *Anna Oswald*

IVAN ZAVALSHEVSKY, otherwise Prince Brogoff, Governor of Kharkov and favorite of the Little Father, was giving a house party at his estate in the hills back of Solvini. It was high summer, and the mud had cleared from the wretched roads, giving his guests free access to this isolated estate. The ruts of the frosty spring were still graved in them, however, for discontent was abroad in the land, and little or no grain or timber had been hauled from field or hill.

It was the occasion of the announcement of his daughter's betrothal to Lieutenant Gourkoff, of the Imperial Hussars, a famous duellist, and, some say, rake, in the capital. Whatever else the provincial nobility, who had been arriving all day in antiquated coaches, could say of him, none were bold enough to deny that he was not handsome, gallant and brave to the point of foolhardiness. Those with marriageable daughters covertly envied the luck of the Brogoffs: surely a soldier can wine and dice and make love to young married women if he is discreet enough to parry a scandal?

Prince Brogoff had spared no expense or pains to bring the thing about, and even now that it was done, they were enjoying his prodigality. The broad terrace was banked with palms, Spanish bayonets, and exotic shrubs, brought in slow-moving carts from the coast. The road up the hill from the gates was rolled smooth as a priest's vestments; a gypsy orchestra, from a summer-house, played intoxicating southern music. Everything was in polished readiness for the expected officers.

The clash and tinkle of accouterments were heard coming up the interminable road from Solvini, and the guests ranged themselves in their chairs. Conversation dropped to low murmurs as Princess Olga and her father stood waiting on the terrace steps. Gourkoff, impatient lover, rode a horse's length ahead of the others. He was easily recognized by the imperial white and silver of his uniform, and the sun seemed to glisten more fiercely on his helmet.

As the groom seized his snaffle, he slid lightly to the steps and kist the Prince soundly on both cheeks. When he had done, and the guests had sufficiently admired his impetuous coming, he turned to Olga, who, slightly pale, with a wreath of cornflowers in her hair, permitted him to salute her hand. Their meeting was the briefest and sweetest of tableaux —a sweeping bow, a slender, raised arm, and a kiss of timid adoration as if knocking for alms at her heart. In a moment he was gone, laughing, on the arm of the prince, as he flashed, like a comet in dull heaven, from group to group of guests.

Olga patted the soft neck of the big Don cavalry horse, with his silver trappings, and her calm gray eyes looked into his brown ones. Somewhat of truth here, she might have thought, and a pumping heart in that

swelling breast; but red and gold and purple and bronze surrounded her and carried her, with clanking swords, a smiling captive, among the lush greens of the terrace front. The gypsy orchestra struck up the duet, "Give Me Thy Hand, Beloved," from "Don Giovanni"; corks popped along the terrace; the samovar, with the Brogoff crest, was quite neglected. Oh, artillery of love, pop merrily in this vernal fortress! Turn your contents stomachwards upon the stalwart besieged! For has not a young leader come out of the West to laugh in his sleeve at your genteel defense? But let us look yonder for a moment.

At the foot of the hill, where flat fields were cut in twain by a slow river seeking towards the White Sea, wheat and rye covered the lowlands, creeping up to the doors of cabin or hovel. A presage of fat harvests, you would exclaim, looking down from the hilltop upon the trembling greens; and, with the harvest, creaking carts carrying the surplus to mart and town. Come, hill-gazer! Get your delicate nose close to the ground. Must not the broadcast grain return tenfold as a pittance to the living? What are those bare spots in the waving grain? What are those stunted stalks? Short food for some, philosopher; starvation for the weaker. When the tithes have been paid from this slender crop to proprietor, government and priest; when the horse, or cow, or one's body-labor has been mortgaged against the long winter; when the merry whip of the uraidnik, taking toll, sounds thruout the frozen hamlet; when no seed to plant is laid by for fall or spring, then truly has Esau being tricked from his birthright, and the right to live denied to the many.

So it came about that while love, in the French tongue, was making progress on the hilltop, hate, in Russian, was lifting slowly from the valley. The seeds of rebellion were taking root at last.

In the confines of the park, under a sky as blue and caressing as a lover's eye, Princess Olga rode the Don horse thru a soft path of bottom land. How good it felt to run off from the guests for a breathing spell, away from the tropical shrubs and sensuous music! Nature's call had never felt sweeter or clearer to her than on this early morning. Here solitude held sway, and here a little creek babbled over stones and under thick foliage to its mother river. Coral pink were the wild flowers, ivory white the birches, with metallic green leaves from aspens swaying to her horse's feet. An hour's quick padding in this restful place, and she must turn about to receive her guests around the breakfast table. Andre Gordkin, the overseer, had been instructed to follow her and to warn her when the first early neighbor or yawning officer should show a face upon the terrace. She rode on, her clear eyes upon the colors around her, as if drinking an antidote for the tawdry reds and golds that had pressed around her overnight.

Brogoff had given the starosta permission to allow free access to the park during the festal days, and, at this early hour two peasants, Dimitri Andrevitch, with his sister, Anuska, were taking advantage of it. She was dressed as for a holiday, with checked petticoat and a crimson fillet on her faintly tanned forehead. As Olga, on her caparisoned horse, rode by, they drew aside and stared in childish wonder.

The girl's one arm was half-filled with sprays of lilac, glistening with dew; her hand, like youngsters in wonderland, was held protectingly by Dimitri. Standing so, somewhat withdrawn, the keen eyes of Andre, the overseer, fell upon them. In an instant, his face was flushed at the provocative sight: stealing flowers in the prince's park!

"So, my pretty ones!" he said, jumping from his horse, "you are destroying the bareen's property, eh?" He advanced upon them with his whip.

"But, batiushka, kind sir, the starosta came to our house last night and bade us welcome."

"Yes, yes," he said, wrathfully, "welcome to a taste of the whip!" The thick lash hung singing over them; but it did not fall.

"Andre," spoke a calm voice, "you may go!" Olga had ridden up silently and stayed his hand. She, too, dismounted, and, as they wondered, gathered up the scattered blossoms. "Anuska, dear," she said, smiling, "wont you take these as a remembrance of my betrothal? They are simple — such as your heart likes best." So saying, she placed them on the girl's breast and turned to the grazing horse. Dimitri and Anuska had never had anything like this happen before, and who can blame them if they did not answer or bow and curtsey as well-trained peasants should? As the big Don horse curvetted thru the trees, however, Dimitri, homeward bound, stepped more proudly, maybe, and Anuska's face was moist with tears of happiness. Thus a bone cast, or stray flowers, may turn a man from beast to god, or hate can flinch before love's gratitude: life is all little things well done.

In a cleared field, adjoining the communal woods, Prince Brogoff had marshaled most of his male guests. Trap-shooting at live pigeons was in order, and the fowling-pieces of the nobility vied with the smarter American or English shotguns of the officers. It was arranged so that the traps were released from mid-field, the marksmen standing with their backs to the woods. As guns warmed to the work, and the two piles of dead birds, fetched by willing spaniels, grew high, the rivalry between officers and civilians became more intense, for so they were teamed. Considerable betting backed their skill in arms; bank-notes fluttered across the gun table at each turn in the score. Prince Brogoff and Gourkoff captained their respective



PRINCE BROGOFF AND PARTY AMUSE THEMSELVES AT THE PIGEON TRAPS



DIMITRI AND HIS FATHER

teams, and their personal rivalry was intense. Both were expert shots, and neither had missed a bird.

The smoke poured from the prince's gun, and with it a pigeon turned sidewise in air and plumped to the ground. "A hit — a clean hit, Prince!" called his partisans. Gourkoff, in light undress military cap, stepped to his place. The trap was released, and the contrary bird turned, flew low and hard, straight at him, for the woods. Gourkoff fired his right barrel—and missed! The pigeon, without deflection, flew over his head like the wind. He turned, and his swinging barrels covered it as it entered the trees. His left barrel blazed—too late! They heard the shot cut thru leaves, followed by a drawn-out elrich cry. For a moment, no one spoke, then Brogoff started for the trees. "Follow me," he said, testily; "a moujik has been winged, I think. Phu! stupid fellows—always getting in the way."

They crashed thru the underbrush behind the prince, who was following a low, moaning sound. At the foot of a big cypress, they came upon the peasant, Dimitri, supporting an old man, his father, in his arms. The wounded one's corded hands were clutched tight to his breast, as if bent on holding something captive therein, perhaps life itself. His white beard lay spread out fanwise on his sunken chest. "Ai, ai, ai!" he moaned in rapid cadence. Dimitri did not notice their approach, or the circle forming about him. "Little father, little father," he said, softly, "open your eyes to me again."

Brogoff gazed at the pair with unpity. "Phu! Cant you see he is dying?" he said. "Here, take this rouble and run off to the priest!"

Dimitri looked up and took the coin. "Is he dying, then, batiushka?" he said. "I would like to get him to the 'red corner,' under the holy image."

He started to lift the old man, but a gush of blood spurted thru the clasped fingers, and the heavy head fell forward.

"Come," said Brogoff, "we have done all we can. Phu! Alex," he added, turning to Gourkoff, "that last shot was a beastly one. I lead you by one, I believe."

The marksmen turned back toward the open, and Dimitri pillowed the sinking head in his arms. The lips moved as if seeking words. Suddenly he stiffened and sat upright. "Christ's Mother, she is coming!" he called shrilly as to some one approaching, then lay back dead. Silence cradled the woods.

Then the roar of a gun cut thru them from the clearing, and a laughing voice said: "A hit—a clean hit! Mon Dieu, Alex, you are improving!"

In the meantime, elsewhere, discontent was in the air, among the peasantry, and an unusual thing was taking place. Piotr, the village carpenter, stood on a stump and addressed the assembled peasants. With much labor he had prepared a petition, which had been

reduced to writing by the pisar, or clerk, in Solvini. This he expounded, with much misgiving and by rote. The fundamental principle dear to all Russian hearts is "We are yours, but the land is ours."

"With the winter coming on," he said, "and the usurers pressing for their dues, the batiushka will be wanting his rents. As is just, many will be sold up and sent to wandering in the snow; perhaps a famine may have fallen on the land, and they will be turned from door to door.



DIMITRI'S FATHER IS WOUNDED

Therefore, I have drawn in petition, duly set forth by the pisar, that we ask a quittal of the rents, binding ourselves by body-labor and chattels, until such a time as we can get our seed under way for the new harvest."

When the homing marksmen rode thru the hamlet, they were pressed around from all sides and the petition held up to the prince.

Brogoff read it thru with a darkening forehead. "Who wrote this?" he growled over them. The carpenter was pointed out. "You gutter dog!" he thundered. "I give you until tomorrow dawn to quit lapping in my kennel!"

The carpenter fell on his knees. "B—but, your merciful excellency," he stuttered, "my wife is on a sick b—bed, with child!"

"So much the better; you can take the bed along too. Here is your answer," he continued, as a shower of torn papers fluttered over the crowd. "Now, Gourkoff, clear me the way!"

The officers rode into the crowd and cut out a passage for Prince Brogoff. Some fell, one woman lay with a splintered arm, but the pressing cavalcade swept on up the hill. Some one lit a torch, and by its light Dimitri was seen dragging his father along the road. The old peasant had been much respected as a God-fearing man in the hamlet, and when they beheld his body dragged in the dust, and the red smears on his white drawers, they picked him up reverently and bore him among them. When they had walked a little way, some weeping, Piotr, the carpenter, bade them lay him down. The man with the torch stood near him. "Now," said Piotr,

"we have suffered until our backs are breaking, and the bread is dwindling in our hands. Now, you, Dimitri, tell me, without lying, how your father came by his death."

Dimitri told them in a few words.

"Now, God be with us, this is not all right," said Piotr. Then he stood silent a minute, as if praying. The blood began to creep under his cheeks, and his eyes stood out, staring. He seized the torch from its bearer. "Now, cursed peasants! God has left you. He has told me, and has withdrawn from our midst, taking only this old man with Him. Burn! burn! Kill! kill!" he shouted, like one inspired, and they might have believed him the archangel. In an instant weapons appeared as from nowhere; scythes, flails, pitchforks were held aloft in waving arms. Hoarse rage, in thick monotones, came up from them, like steam from sweaty animals. Placid faces turned wolf-cruel. They were the scourge, the vengeance of God!

Dimitri saw that the pent-up storm was about to burst forth. He must stop it, and prevent a reign of terror. He must save the beautiful princess who had been kind to him. He slipped thru the crowd and started up the hill with the swiftness of a deer.

The palms had been moved to a *petit balcon,* or balcony, above the ball-room, and there the gypsy band held sway. An impromptu dance was being given to the returned marksmen, who were nothing loath after this luckless day. An officer disappeared from the floor, to appear again in a twinkling costumed as Harlequin. The ladies laughed at his entering antics. Soon Punchinello popped in, and the gay little dance took on the appearance of a masquerade. The gypsies, too, caught the frolic spirit, and as Olga, in the satin and swan's-down of Columbine, pirouetted across the room, falling on one knee before Gourkoff, they broke off to play the minor motif of "Pagliacci."

"How beautiful!" some one cried, and "How appropriate!" Yes, the air was appropriate—an undercurrent of subtle tragedy in its mocking notes. For just then a young peasant, with sweated hair, came running on the polished boards toward the prince and fell upon his knees.

"Vaciaso! they are coming up the road," he panted; "no one will be spared—they bring a tree to batter in the gates!"

Prince Brogoff made a signal to the mocking musicians, whereupon silence fell over them. A distant hum, like hiving bees, could be heard coming in the open windows. A similar sound had once been heard by Louis XVI, and from a similar cause.

"Gourkoff," cried the prince, grasping his hands, "stand by the doors—do what you can. Get horses —quick!" he shouted, "for the ladies."

The room was instantly in a turmoil. Dainty Harlequines stripped off their jewels or sobbed on the necks of whitened clowns. Gourkoff and the officers, with drawn swords, stood in motley clothes in the doorways. A household priest was praying under the balcony, and here others joined him.

The droning sound came nearer, increasing as it came. Hoarse voices could be distinguished, and their imprecations were terrible.

A crashing sound filled the room, and many feet, with noisy boots, clattered in the courtyard.

"The gates have given way," said Brogoff, grimly. Then, raising his voice, he said: "My dear guests and officers of His Majesty, and my lovely daughter, prepare to die, for death is near!"

An interval of silence, as if all had concurred, followed. "Bid the music strike up," he shouted; "something lively!" But the balcony had long since been deserted by the mocking musicians.

Another silence followed, with feet forming as in a mass on the stones below.

"They are preparing to rush the doors!" said Gourkoff.

The priest arose from his suppliant posture, and holding a small ikon before him, stole silently from the room. Suddenly a door opened, and a roar of crazy voices filled the ball-room.

"Good-by," said Brogoff, kissing his daughter, "till we meet again."

The voices stopped, and one shrill, piercing, commanding one went forth into the night: "By God's image, I command you to disperse and look not upon Him with murder in your hearts! Remember that God created noble and peasant in the fulness of His understanding, and that He will compensate between them. Be advised; your reckoning must come with clean hands! He will look into the heart of the batiushka, too, and, if it is turned to stone, He will make it soft again."

The effect upon the mob was instantaneous. Shuffling feet could be heard going down the road. When all but one had gone, that one being Dimitri, whom the princess had quietly detained, Olga took Dimitri's hands and kist him on the forehead.



THE PEASANTS ORGANIZE FOR AN UPRISING

"You, who were wronged the greatest, have saved us!" she murmured, in tense, impassioned tones. "God bless you! The voice of the little father was meant for us—a warning!"

"Yes, yes," said Brogoff, "she is right. We have looked at the back of the Cross too long! You shall stay and be of us, now, Dimitri!"

What is most lovely, the true image-maker will most love, and what is most hateful he will most hate, and in all things discern the best and strongest part of them, and represent that essentially, or, if the opposite of that, then with manifest detestation and horror. That is his art wisdom; the knowledge of good and evil; and the love of good, so that you may discern, even in his representation of the vilest thing, his acknowledgment of what redemption is possible for it.—*Ruskin.*

For the Cause of the South

(Edison)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

EVEN in the closing of the hall door Aunt Helen could read the vigor of youth under the restraint of love at its zenith. With a sigh she rose and moved to the window in order that she might see him as he strode down the path. As she drew aside the curtain her eyes were weighted with reviving tragedy.

At last the door of the room burst open, as she knew it would, and her niece stood before her, her hands behind her back, the ecstasy of revealed love still radiant in her eyes.

"Oh, auntie, auntie, auntie!" cried the girl. "Can you guess? Can you guess?"

For a moment the older woman looked half-smilingly into her eyes. "Yes," she said, "your eyes are filled with it. Let me see the ring."

"How disappointing you are!" pouted the girl, extending her hand, on the third finger of which sparkled the diamond of hope and promise. "And how sadly you receive the news. Oh, auntie, dear, dont—dont you really like—him?"

"Like him? Of course I like him, and I want to congratulate you with ever so many kisses, if he has left any."

"Aunt Helen," continued the girl, still chilled by the contrast of the other's vague unhappinesss with her own keen joy, "do you know that I would give up almost anything in the world rather than make you unhappy?"

"Even Robert? Come now——"

The girl paused, startled, then drew herself up resolutely.

"Yes, even Robert—if there was a just reason for it."

"Thank God, there *is* no reason for it. But you show yourself to be a true Leigh, dear. Fifty years ago you would probably have done as another woman of your family did—with cause. Indeed, I think you would be in sympathy with her."

But the girl had become gravely pensive. She was looking at her aunt's sweet face and gentle eyes, listening to the tones of her contralto voice, still rich and vibrant. On the threshold of her own happy step it now dawned on her for the first time that at some past day this woman, too, had been in every way like herself, except——

"Auntie, why did you never marry?"

The next moment she was almost sorry she had asked the question, so tensely painful became her aunt's sweet face.

"I shall tell you, dear—now—on this, the happiest day of your life. I had just been sadly thinking of the happiest day of mine—and the saddest. This photograph"—she gently removed the daguerreotype of a soldier from the mantel and gazed at it tenderly for a moment, then handed it to the girl—"you have seen it standing here ever since you can remember. But you knew you must not ask me about it—and you didn't. And this, too"—she took from the wall a heavy cavalry saber and pressed it to her lips—"I have not spoken of for more than forty years. It is the sword of a Yankee that has probably let loose the life-blood of more than one of our brave Southern boys, yet I kiss it, and hold it close to my breast! Fifty years!" The woman stood a moment with the weariness of a half century clinging to every line of her. "Fifty years ago, Edith, I was sixteen—he was twenty—and we, too, loved each other! Come, dear, sit at my knee. I am young again!" And, indeed, there did come into her eyes, into her gestures and into the toss of her silvery head the lilt of the girl again.



"ONE DAY I RECEIVED AN URGENT MESSAGE"

"When I was fourteen father sent me, as was the custom in those days, to a select young ladies' seminary. The one chosen for me overlooked the glorious Hudson River. Incidentally it overlooked the quaint gray buildings of the West Point Military Academy. The latter had much more charm for the eyes of us romantic girls than did the majestic river. Before I, in particular, had been at the seminary six months I was head over heels in love with Cadet Charles Dalton.

"Our love—for he soon declared his for me in the gallant, straightforward way that won him admiration on every side—grew and grew. It was given vent in the secret meetings held at a wooded spot lying between the boundaries of the two institutions. Here, too, there was an old hollow tree-trunk that served as a post-office for an almost daily exchange of sweet notes.

"By the middle of the second year we had planned it all. I was to leave school, return home, and, as near as possible to my seventeenth birthday, be married. No one was told, not even my roommate. Father should be the first one to hear of it, and then, before he should be able to express any regret over the loss of his daughter, whom he loved so much, I was to throw my arms about his neck and tell him what a fine, handsome son he was going to gain. This always amused my dear Charles extremely and never failed to elicit fresh marks of affection.

"We had scarcely settled on this plan, however, when one day I received an urgent message from my lover, asking me to meet him at an unusual hour. I managed, at the risk of discovery, to keep the engagement. I found him pacing up and down, a scowl marring his usually happy face.

" 'What is it?' I asked, rushing up to him in alarm.

" 'Helen, sweetheart, I leave West Point tomorrow night with a special commission——' He paused.



THE LAST MEETING

"'But isn't this extraordinary?' I asked.

"'Yes, dear. Helen, do you read the papers?'

"'No; we are not even allowed to see them at the seminary.'

"'Um—m.' He gave me a quick, troubled look.

"'Charles, something is wrong. Are you being sent away because of—of something you have done?'

"'I wish to God it were!'

"'You must tell me.'

"'Helen, I cant tell you. I am under sealed orders—and honor.'

"'Then I shan't ask you again, dear.'

"'My loyal little girl,' he cried, taking me in his strong arms with an embrace that by its vehemence seemed to express a secret fear.

"'Oh, Charles, Charles!' I cried, 'you do love me?'

"'While I live,' he assured me, 'or should I die,' he added as tho it were a second thought, and it clung horridly to me all the way back to the seminary.

"There I found a dispatch for me, which I carried, filled with an involuntary dread, to my room before I dared open it. It was from father:

DEAR LITTLE HELEN: It is evident that war with the North will begin almost immediately. I shall be needed for the defense of our country. Come home at once. Your loving

FATHER.

"I saw it all now. Charles was about to take up arms against all that was dear to me!

"All night long I lay struggling with the problem before me. By morning I had changed from a girl to a woman. If anything, my love had grown stronger thru the ordeal, but my heart turned to our dear Southland.

"I determined to see Charles once more before setting out by post for home.

"I went to our trysting place early. There was a letter in the tree. My anguish was too great for tears as I read it:

DEAREST HELEN: This will probably be my last chance to get word to you. Tho I am fighting for the North—and all your sympathies are with the South—yet, may heaven grant that our hearts will forever remain true to each other.

Your devoted

CHARLES.

P. S.—I shall come here with the hope of seeing you once again.

"I had just pressed the letter to my lips, thinking thus to salve my anguished heart, when he came.

"He was as gentle as a lamb, but so solemn I should scarcely have known him. He took both my hands, and for a long moment we looked into each other's eyes. We understood.

"'Helen, dear, I can see you know, and you dont need to promise me that your love will outlast this coming struggle between your people and my people—whether it be a skirmish or a long and bloody war!'

"'I shall love you always,' I said, simply.

"'Some day I shall come for you.'

"'But I shall not go with you, Charles, until there is peace. Then come for me—I am yours. But not before.'

"'And until then?' he asked.

"'I shall be on the other side.'

"'Good-by, my precious Helen,' he



THE DEPARTURE

whispered, clasping me hungrily to his breast.

"'And may God protect you, dearest Charles,' I said, now sobbing painfully.

"'Good-by, precious. Wait for me; I will come with a hungry heart. Good-by.'

"In another moment he was gone, and I was making my way back to the seminary thru a mist of tears.

"At home, I found everything in a turmoil. Many of our slaves had already run away, and the cultivating of our entire plantation had been given up for more urgent matters. Father was devoting every minute to recruiting a local company, besides drilling the half-filled regiment of which he had been made colonel. The Sunday following my arrival he took his departure to take command of his regiment, which, with one of Stonewall Jackson's brigades, was keeping a close watch over the encroaching Union lines, less than twenty miles away. You may imagine our excitement on being daily wakened by the boom of distant cannon. To us every report meant the death of friends and relatives. And it mournfully suggested to my mind the fate of Charles.

"The only intelligence I had had from him was this very photograph I have in my hand. You may see for yourself what a splendid specimen of a man he was. No one knew that I had received this except my brother Harry. And I had determined to keep it secret from father at any cost and not add this annoyance to his other worries. There would be time for that.

"But Harry, with a display of meanness unnatural to the Leighs, seemed equally determined to apprise father of my secret as soon as he should return home. Unpleasantness had existed between my brother and me as long as I could remember. He was now left master of the house in father's absence, and he had taunted me into declaring that it would have been more fitting for him to have enlisted in the defense of our home and country than his aging father, or at least to have accompanied him. In a roundabout way I called him a coward, and he never forgave me for it as long as he lived.

"Daily the sound of firing drew closer, and at length when the wind was favorable, we were able to hear occasional volleys of musketry.

"Unknown to us at the time, father had been selected, for his coolness and bravery, by General Lee himself, to carry an important dispatch to Stonewall Jackson that meant the immediate safety or destruction of Richmond. For two days he had been obliged to skirt the Union lines in the very teeth of their scouts and outposts. He was accompanied by a single aide, and reached his own camp on the second day of his perilous journey. Four o'clock on the morning of the third he set out again, his route lying not two miles from his own plantation, which he had no intention of visiting. While reconnoitering, however, on an exposed knoll, his aide was shot dead and he himself barely escaped with his life, only to discover in the valley a detachment of mounted scouts in hot pursuit.

"I was sitting in the east portico room, wrestling with the horrid dread



"FATHER HAD BEEN SELECTED BY GENERAL LEE TO CARRY AN IMPORTANT DISPATCH"

that now filled my soul day and night. Harry sat on the other side of the room, pretending to read, but in truth furtively watching me, and, as it later proved, studying out a way to make me unhappy. Suddenly we were both startled by the sound of rapid hoof-beats. We rushed to the portico balcony, scarcely daring to look and see who or what approached.

"To my infinite relief, I recognized father. But in the next instant my alarm grew apace. He was hatless, his long hair disheveled and waving. He sat three-quarters turned in the saddle, a smoking six-shooter in one hand, the other limply grasping the reins.

" 'The Yanks are after him! My God, they'll be here — murdering us——'

"I turned on my brother with disgust, which almost turned to pity, tho, when I saw his white, fear-stricken face.

" 'Harry, in heaven's name, keep your head. We are not to think of ourselves, but of father. Come, we must act quickly!'

"I dragged him, half-dazed, down the stairs.

" 'Run and bring Cæsar, Wash and Sam, I'll get Belle and Cynthie'— the only slaves left us—'they must barricade the house.'

"By this time father had dismounted and was staggering wearily up the veranda steps.

" 'Come, Helen—you and Harry fly!' he cried, hoarsely. 'This will be no place for you children in a few minutes.' Fortunately Harry was not by to hear this.

" 'Father, tell me everything!'

" 'Helen, where's Harry? Quick —go!' He was loading his two six-shooters and straining his eyes and ears across the weed-grown fields.

" 'Father, you know that Harry and I and the servants could not leave you alone, wounded and in danger.'

" 'Helen, you true daughter of the South! Perhaps you can help me— come.' He led me into the vestibule. 'I can trust you. Cut that packet out of my shirt. You must deliver it to General Jackson if——'

"'Yes, father, I understand,' I said quickly. I turned to secrete it on my own person and met the eyes of my brother gazing at it lustfully, as tho he saw escape and safety in its possession. A world of patriotism and loyalty to Dixie had suddenly welled up proudly in my heart, with so much of her fortunes hanging in my poor little grasp, and I secretly resolved to sacrifice my brother or any other thing in life that stood in the way of its safe delivery.

"The slaves had come and now stood trembling and almost helpless about us, all except old Cæsar, in whose eyes was that veneration and affection that would willingly lay down his life for his master or mistress. The women fetched water and linen and I bound up father's wounded arm, which he was able to use again after a fashion. I had just set them to work barricading the great entrance door with the heavy pieces of mahogany furniture and barring the windows leading to the veranda, when the roar of many hoofs beating our clay road was distinctly heard.

"'Father, if they capture you?' I asked.

"'They must not, for if we can hold out, the shots will bring some of my boys to the rescue, maybe.'

"'But if you are captured?' I persisted.

"'Death!'

"'Will they kill us all?' whispered Harry.

"'Not unless you take up arms. I alone must do that. Come to the portico balcony. I can hold them at bay from there for a while.'

"At sight of the blue-coated horsemen my blood fairly boiled. Instinctively I felt these men to be the enemies of my people, *my* enemies! I hated them! Conciliation lay in death alone. My excitement grew extreme, and father was obliged to caution me repeatedly to keep back, even after a volley of bullets had shattered several panes of the window.

"Then, for the first time, I began to see war in all its horrors, when father raised his gun and fired on a laughing young sergeant in the act of dismounting. He fell with one foot still caught in the stirrup, his leg giving forth a sickening snap under the strain. The last thing I remember was seeing his smile wiped out in a gush of crimson.

"When I opened my eyes again there was a deafening pounding in the broad entrance hall below, and I realized that the Yankees had broken into the house.

"Father was shouting to us: 'To the west room, facing the stairs—all of you! Run! We will cover your retreat and join you as soon as we can.'

"He and Cæsar stood at the half-open door, ready to fire.

"We scurried thru another door to the back hall, Harry in the lead. Firing had begun, and the roar of each discharge and the singing of the bullets was terrifying. We came to the point where the main upper hall intersected the back hall, and, as Harry stepped into it, three bullets came singing about our ears. Then we saw that three Yankees had taken up a position on the landing, out of range of father and Cæsar, and could not only prevent our passage, but were also preparing to advance in our rear and so catch us in a cross fire.

"I flew back to the two besieged men and apprised them of our peril.

"'We have them at a standstill here for a few minutes. Cæsar, you remain and fire whenever you see one of them. Here, let me tend to those other fellows alone.'

"But I followed him. I could hear the clink of spurs already in the upper hall. We could not even get to the cross hall now. But father's quick eye for strategy had discerned a vantage point. In several of the rooms were transom windows opening out into the main hall. He drew up a chair and poised his heavy pistol thru one of them. Suddenly there was a burst of flame, and the next moment I distinctly heard the thud-thud-thud of a body as it rolled down the steps. It was followed by the tramp of running feet.



"WE RUSHED PELL-MELL TO THE WEST ROOM"

"'We've got to run for it now, while they're off guard. Call Cæsar. They're going to fight in earnest now.'

"Father leading, we rushed pell-mell to the west room. One glance told me that this was the most inaccessible spot in the house. Part of the door panel was at once smashed with the heavy andirons, and thru the aperture two armed men could sweep the stairs and the surrounding halls and hold twenty at bay for hours. But the besiegers had heard us and were on their guard against the threatening dangers of our new position. Their plan of attack proved to be an audacious one. They were forming for a concerted charge. I trembled as I saw the young officer in command loosen his saber scabbard and throw it into a corner. Then grasping the saber in one hand and a Colt's in the other, he said a few low words to his men, who braced themselves in a mass behind him.

"'Father, they're coming—all of them at once!' I cried.

"'Get as far back as you can—lie on the floor, all of you. They're going to volley us first.'

"'And you, father!' I implored. But just then I heard the double command from the hall below, 'Forward! Fire!' There was a thunder of explosions, the door was shattered in a score of places and spent bullets dropped all around us. Smoke poured in thru the holes they made. Father and Cæsar had lain down too, but as the thump of the heavy boots and clank of spurs swept up the stairs they stood determinedly at the loop-holes. When the foremost man had almost reached the top step father cried, 'Fire! Both your guns—and all six charges!'

"'Go on, never mind me!' muttered a hoarse voice the next minute. I knew it was the gallant young officer.

"But they didn't go on; they retreated, our defenders giving the struggling mass of men the death-dealing contents of two freshly loaded pistols.

"I had heard the balcony balustrade being ripped away by the stress, followed by three well-defined thuds which I knew to be the impacts of bodies falling to the hall floor below. The house now resounded with curses and groans. The slaves rolled on the floor in the anguish of terror. It was several minutes before I became conscious of some one tugging at my sleeve. It was Harry. His face was gray, his hair wet with sweat, and his voice a hoarse whisper.

"'Helen—give up that paper—do you hear me? They'll let us live if we give it up, and if we stay here, they're bound to kill us and get it, anyway. Helen——'

"Swayed by an ungovernable fury, my hand swung out with all the force

I could muster and caught him across the mouth. A little trail of blood jetted from his lip and ran down his chin.

"I am sure my own brother would have killed me the next minute had not another volley been fired from the hall, and faithful old Cæsar came reeling between us, his hand clutching two crimson patches at his breast. In another minute he had crumpled up, dead at our feet.

" 'Harry — Sam — Wash! Come; you'll have to help!' panted father, his face and hands black as Cæsar's, except where they were streaked with sweat.

"Only Sam responded, creeping up like a dog and holding out a trembling hand for one of fallen Cæsar's pistols. Father looked around for Harry, but said not a word.

"I looked at the door, now a mass of splinters, and began to pray fervently, asking God to deliver us yet, and thanking Him for His goodness.

"In the haze that pervaded the room I scarcely saw Sam topple over. All I knew was that we could scarcely hope to hold out much longer. I drew closer to father, marvelling at his miraculous escape from injury. Then I saw that he could no longer stand, one leg lying limp, and that a little pool of blood had clotted at the bend of his neck. In that moment I was filled with the strange reverence that a hero or a martyr inspires. *I* now determined to help him. I had no sooner made the resolution when my dear father sprang up in convulsive agony, with a ball in his side!

"While the wound was not fatal, he was from that moment a non-combatant.

" 'Harry!' he called feebly. 'Harry, I—guess you'll—have to take my place.'

"But Harry only slunk farther in the corner.

" 'Coward!' I cried involuntarily, and seizing two of the pistols, which proved so heavy that it took all my strength to lift them above my waist, I proceeded to load them. Then grasping one of them firmly, I stole to the door and peered thru. Except for the groans of the wounded, all was silence. Suddenly, with a glad throb in my throat, I caught the sound of beating hoofs. They were running away, then! I felt a sudden happy relief at the thought that, after all, I should not have to shed blood.

"I went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Coming up the road at a furious gallop was a small body of troopers. They wore blue uniforms—they were reinforcements!

"My dismay was so keen that the tears trickled down my face. I stood there, fascinated by the spectacle. Now the troop was passing the cabins, now they were almost under the window. Still I stood there, inactive. There was something familiar about them. Now they had come close enough to see their straining faces. Then my blood fairly froze. The pistol slipped from my hand and I sagged with a shudder against Harry, who was trying to fathom the situation.

"*The officer in command of the reinforcements was Charles Dalton!*

"The men entered the house. They could be heard forming below. A voice rose that stirred strange, sweet visions and smote my ear in a way that caused my brain to reel.

" 'Helen, Helen!' It was father, who had crept to my side and was plucking at my skirt. 'They are going to charge again. Move more —furniture—in front of the door—and hold them off—another hour—and my whole regiment will be to the rescue. That's a—brave girl!'

"There came a volley that tore the walls about me. Still I did not move. Outside was my Charles—come to me *too soon!*

"I heard the voice, that had whispered sweet words in my ear so often, say, 'Now, men, I want you to follow me!'

" 'Child, child!' cried father, anxiously, 'they're getting ready to charge. Shoot their leader—that'll stop 'em!'

" 'She's afraid!' It was Harry. He had fathomed the situation and



"I HAD THE PISTOL RESTING ON A SPLINTERED PANEL"

now saw a chance for revenge. 'That Yankee at their head is her lover. If he says so, she'll give up your papers to him—she wont fire on him. She's afraid to. He's as good as got those papers now.'

"'My God, daughter!' moaned father, trying in vain to reach the fallen pistol. 'Haven't I made you realize what it means? I alone—in all the army—was thought worthy of this commission. With its non-delivery lies more than my death—my honor.' I had stooped now and picked up the pistol. 'That paper is the key to our fair capital city. Richmond will inevitably be taken if it falls into their hands—*perhaps Lee may be taken!*'

"But I had already reached the door and had the pistol resting on a splintered panel, my soul no longer in a panic, but cool and still in the clasp of its one desperate yet sublime purpose. My country and her fair cause lay on the pull of my trembling finger, even tho I was to cut my heart in twain by my deed.

"I heard the command, then I saw *him* coming on and on, and I could not seem to tear myself away from the notion that he came to take me in his arms as he had promised, tho he was aiming a murderous gun at my eyes.

"'You're afraid to do it—you're going to turn traitor!' whispered my poltroon brother, and these were the last words I recall. The taunt convulsed my hand, and the shock of the discharge threw me back senseless.

"There was a perfect babel of voices about me when I raised my head again. I had been removed to the parlor on the ground floor. A man in a gray uniform was leaning over me, holding a watch.

"'Ah, I knew that would bring our pretty little heroine around. Well,

little girl, you are a credit to the South. You have saved Richmond. We got here just in the nick of time, tho.'

"'You got here in time—you *did?*' I asked, bewildered. Then the shaft of my awful deed shot deep into my soul, where it has stayed, quivering, ever since.

"'It cant be true,' I moaned. Then, seeking the sure, tho wretched ground of truth, I whispered, 'Tell me —their officer——'

"'The Yank? Oh, you killed him all right—straight in the heart—you gave it to him——'"

A palpable silence fell over the two who now clasped each other with the sympathy of women who love, yet can sacrifice. There in the dusk their tears flowed into the same cup of understanding—half sweet, half bitter. Each could, with perfect understanding, look forward to the other's domestic felicity and children. Each could look back fifty years on the lover she had slain—such is the sympathy of women who have loved!

When the World Was Young

By JOHN WILLIAM KELLETTE

The world was very young when Adam fell,
When Sardanapalus felt the touch of death;
Swaddling-garbed, the Persian Cyrus roamed
Before Nineveh crumbled to a breath;
The Thebans felt the Alexander smite—
The Punic war of Hannibal had ceased
The budding hopes of Scipio, until
He hied himself Canusium-ward to feast.
The world was still quite very young, indeed,
When Italy felt Marius' sterling worth;
The world, war-laden, groaned adown the years
Preceding "Peace on Earth" and Jesus' birth.

And all we children of the long ago
Who pored thru pages, as a scholar's task,
Delved for knowledge thru a misty glow,
Because the printed letters were a mask.

The earth was very old when this was changed;
Ohio gave the race a wondrous son—
The peer of all inventors of his day,
And yet it seems his work has but begun.
From out the misty distances of years,
His brain created pictures fraught with life;
Had Edison arrived when Cyrus was a king,
A child could glean the lessons of his strife.
This wizard's art has opened up the graves
And called together tribes that fell to dust,
And brushed aside the mysteries of years
Before the world had felt the money lust.

And children of the future years will sing
Their songs of praise to Edison's name;
"Let there be light," said God, and light there was;
But things were dark till Edison came.

Things Are Seldom What They Seem

(Kalem)

By RALPH CONWAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jimmie Sharp, an Actor and Tenderfoot.....*G. F. Binager*
Dorothy Dix, a Ranchman's Daughter.....*Ruth Roland*
Handsome Burt, a Cowpuncher.....*Ed Coxen*
Salberta, a Mexican.....*Eddie Convey*
John Hart, Proprietor of Hotel.....*R. Chandler*

JIMMIE SHARP told me this story himself in the strictest confidence, which is one of the reasons why I am telling it. The other reason is that Jimmie has just cut me out with one of the only girls I ever loved, and has had the nerve to ask me to be best man. That's always the way. I am invariably the best man, never the principal.

Jimmie had read all the plays in the world by the time he was three, and at five he aspired to play the parts of Brutus and Othello. At fifteen he began to have misgivings. He was small and slight, without a trace of a beard. At twenty he was impersonating girls on a vaudeville circuit, and doing it so attractively that I tried to kiss him the first time I saw him in costume, and he punched me in the eye. By the time he was twenty-three, Jimmie was so tired of the glare and tinsel of the footlights, and the interminable boasting of his fellow vaudeville performers about "getting a hand" and the unequaled success of their special acts, that he decided to go out West for a rest. He said that he wanted to breathe



JIMMIE ARRIVES "SOMEWHERE BACK OF BEYOND"



"A BIG BUCK OF A COWPUNCHER WAS TAKING IT ALL IN"

some untainted air and see some lights that were not artificial. This is the time when his story begins.

Jimmie threw everything he owned into one small trunk and took a ticket to a town somewhere out in Montana, because he thought the name sounded attractive. That's just like Jimmie. When he reached the town he caught sight of a stage-coach, so he climbed into that, and, after an all-day drive, it delivered him somewhere back of beyond, and he took a room in a shack which was called by courtesy a hotel. He has never been willing to tell me just where the place is. I doubt if he knows. Jimmie never was strong on details. The only people living in the place, according to Jimmie's account, were the hotel proprietor and a Mexican named Salberta. Half a dozen more greasers lived on the edge of the town, and a few cowboys rode in now and then. That was the setting. There didn't seem to be much scope for action, but you can always trust Jimmie for that.

The first thing he did was to charter a horse from the hotel proprietor and ride out to look at some of those natural lights he had been yearning for. Inside of an hour he was lost, which is also characteristic of Jimmie, and inside of two hours he was asking his way of the prettiest girl he had ever seen, which is more characteristic than ever. Just on the strength of Jimmie's description of that girl I'd take the first train for that place if Jimmie could ever remember where it is. Dimples, you know, and fresh and sweet and womanly, and no artificial lights. The girl told him the way to get home from her ranch house all right, but by the second look that was the last thing in the world Jimmie wanted to do. He told me so himself, and I hope his bride will read this story. Jimmie asked the girl for a drink of water, and she led him back to the pump. Jimmie choked down all the water he could, which wasn't very much, and then sat down on the well-curb to rest from his exertions. If you dont know that the girl was presently sitting there beside him, it just



JIMMIE BECOMES "MILLY"

goes to show that you dont know Jimmie. He talked all sorts of nonsense to her, and he was a pretty good talker. Her beauty grew on him, he said, every minute.

Jimmie was getting along swimmingly when he became aware that there was some one else on the scene. He turned around and found a big buck of a cowpuncher, a handsome fellow too, taking it all in and not appearing to enjoy it. The fellow's name was Burt, Jimmie said, and it appears that he was engaged to the girl. Burt told the girl what he thought of her for flirting with Jimmie, and then went into the particulars of what he thought of him. Jimmie said that Burt had formed an ornate and interesting opinion of him, but that on the whole it was not flattering. The girl seemed to have lost interest in him, so he got on his horse again and rode away. In the course of time he accidentally stumbled upon the hotel again and retired to his room to cogitate.

Jimmie couldn't get the girl out of his head, and the more he cogitated the more infatuated he became. He had not been particularly infatuated with Burt, however, and the more he thought of the opinion of him, which Burt had ventilated, the madder he got. The upshot of his cogitations was that he was suddenly seized by a great idea, and decided to show up the cowpuncher to Dorothy. I forgot to tell you that the girl's name was Dorothy Dix, like the newspaper writer's. Jimmie had lost no time in ascertaining that. He pulled open his trunk and took out one of his most attractive girl costumes. Jimmie said that he had to do some sewing to make himself a divided skirt, but all the time he was working at it and sticking the needle into his fingers, he kept thinking of all the names Burt had called him, and that kept his heart up. Presently Jimmie told himself that his name was "Milly," and went downstairs to try the effect. It was instantaneous. Jimmie said that Salberta, the Mexican, nearly swooned with joy when he, or she, asked him a few simple questions about the country, and



MILLY CAPTIVATES SALBERTA

every cowpuncher in town banked up around him like needles round a magnet. Jimmie concluded that he had the goods, so that evening he finished his divided skirt, and the next day he put it on and went down and called for a horse.

He had a hard time shaking Salberta, who was hard hit and insisted upon escorting him, or her, wherever he was going, but he finally got rid of him and blundered out into the surrounding country in search of Burt. His luck was with him, and as soon as he caught sight of the handsome cowpuncher he got down and pretended to be fixing his girth. Burt rode up and volunteered his help, and Jimmie, or Milly, was very grateful. Jimmie draws a veil over what happened next, but I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that he flirted with Burt scandalously. When Jimmie takes up the thread of the story again, Dorothy Dix has just appeared upon the scene. Jimmie saw her before Burt did, and told the cowpuncher that his neckcloth was coming unfastened. He put his arms around Burt's neck to fix it, and that was the scene that Dorothy rode up to, full tilt. She turned around and rode away again just as fast as she had come, which was natural, but Burt was so taken with Jimmie that he didn't seem to care to the extent which an engaged man should. Oh, Jimmie was fine at making love. He threw a kiss to Burt as he rode away, and the cowpuncher just stood there, transfixed.

But Jimmie had seen the girl again, and he said that the second time he saw her she was even more beautiful than the first. His attention was diverted for a moment when he got back to the hotel, because Salberta was so crazy about him by that time that he was no longer able to restrain his amorous impulses, and tried to kiss him. Jimmie reflected that it wouldn't be ladylike to punch him in the eye as he did me, so he just shrieked for the proprietor, and the latter came out and drove Salberta away. The Mexican was pretty mad, and went away, swearing to be avenged. Jimmie can never see what he is framing up for himself — till afterward. When he got to his room, and had finished laughing at the Mexican, Jimmie says that he became mighty serious. The more he thought about it, he says, the less he could see how he could go thru the rest of his life without Dorothy. The upshot of it was that he got into man's clothes again and started off on horseback to find the ranch house. He didn't miss it by more than two miles, and then he caught sight of it in the distance and rode over there and found the girl. She seemed glad to see him, so he went and sat on the front porch with her, and told her what he had come for, which was to ask her to be his wife. She was game to flirt all right, but matrimony was a very different matter, as Jimmie soon found out. He had begged a flower she was wearing before he blundered into the proposal, but she pointed out to him that this was only the third time he had ever seen her, and flatly refused to consider him for a minute.

So Jimmie rode back to the hotel again, and took a thundering grouch up to his room with him to nurse it. Jimmie says that he thinks he would have been nursing that grouch yet, if it hadn't been for a peculiar incident. He had forgotten all about the impression he had made upon Burt till the proprietor came up and knocked on his door and handed him a note. It read:

> MILLY:—Kind'a thought you took a fancie on me; meat me at the old log on cross roads. BURT."

It didn't take Jimmie more than five minutes to climb into his female togs again, and he went downstairs to ask for a horse. Salberta was hanging about as usual, and he thought that this time he really would get a kiss. Jimmie had to call for the proprietor again, and this time the proprietor was pretty rough with Salberta, partly, Jimmie says, because he was getting rather dizzy

trying to figure out the sex of his only guest. It seemed to change every time the proprietor saw him, or her, as the case might be, and it was getting on his nerves. Salberta shook his fist after the proud lady, and rode off to the shacks at the edge of the town, where the other Mexicans were half asleep. There he proposed a kidnapping game and gave them each a little money, and they promptly agreed to help him. Half an hour later they were hiding in the bushes alongside of the road down which Jimmie was riding, "little conscious," he says, "of her desperate peril." They jumped out at him when he came abreast of them, and in less than two seconds they had him off his horse. Jimmie says that he didn't realize at first that he was just a fair lady being kidnapped, and he put up a pretty husky fight. In the tussle his wig was pulled off, and Jimmie says that Salberta has probably moved to another town by now. The way those other Mexicans roared at him, and the fun they poked at him was so excruciating that Jimmie says that he finally began to feel sorry for him and offered him the kiss that he had been pining for so long, but he says that Salberta didn't seem to want it, and called him more names than Burt had been able to think up, having the advantage of an extra language. Salberta finally became so violent that Jimmie thought it prudent to ride away, and left him there sputtering double-barreled Spanish oaths, which Jimmie says must have been fearful, judging from Salberta's emphasis and expression.



"YOU ARE THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS"

Jimmie found Burt waiting on the old log at the cross-roads and tethered his horse and got off and joined him. He gazed right into the cowpuncher's eyes, and inside of ten minutes he had him nearly crazy.

"You are the girl of my dreams," said the cowpuncher; "the only girl I could ever love."

"Alas!" said Jimmie, "I fear that you love another."

His fear was well founded, too, for along about then Dorothy had her field glasses bracketed on them. What she saw was Burt trying desperately to kiss an unknown female, and the latter coyly resisting, but apparently not much displeased. Jimmie says that he had to put up a pretty good fight to keep Burt from kissing him by force. Burt was about twice as strong as he was, and when Jimmie was nearly at the end of his rope help came from a most unexpected quarter. They heard the thud of approaching hoofs behind them, and the next thing Jimmie knew he was listening to Dorothy's unexpurgated opinion of him and his ways. Jimmie says that the only person left in that neighborhood who hasn't an opinion of him far from flattering is the hotel proprietor, and that when he finally left, the latter was trying to work out with a logarithm table whether he ought to charge Jimmie for two guests or one. Dorothy was Western trained and impulsive, Jimmie says, and when she got thru tell-



"LISTENING TO DOROTHY'S UNEXPURGATED OPINION"

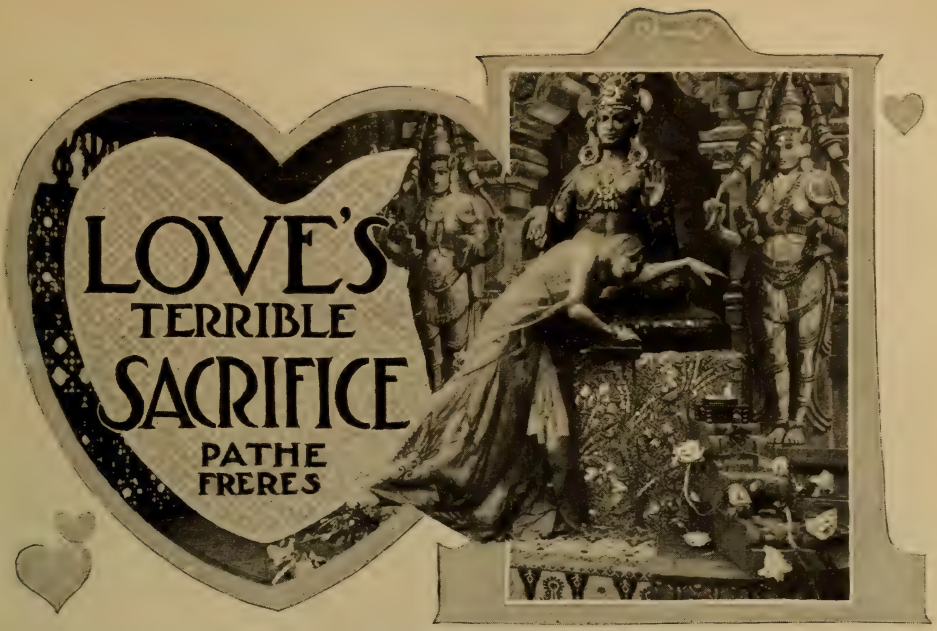
ing him what she thought of him she proceeded to demonstrate. She flew at him and climbed into his back hair, girl fashion, and nearly fell over backward when it came off at the very first jerk. Jimmie says that up to that time he had had to listen to only one unfavorable opinion of himself at once, and when they started a duet it was more than he could bear, so he mounted his horse on the far side, because Burt was fingering his gun, and rode away. He couldn't think of any particularly good reason for riding slowly either, which was fortunate on the whole, because Burt turned loose with the gun and nearly winged him. Jimmie says that Burt and Dorothy must have become sympathetic over abusing him, because, as he rounded the corner into the woods he turned around for one last look and witnessed the only real kiss in the story.

When Jimmie got back to his room he didn't waste much time throwing his things into his trunk, because he says that he could feel that he wasn't popular in the vicinity.

When he came to put on his man's clothes again he found the flower Dorothy had given him, in the buttonhole.

He says that he stopped and looked at it for a moment, but the more he thought of the way she had climbed into his back hair the more relieved he began to feel, so he finally did a cake-walk on the flower and went down and asked the proprietor when the next stage started back for civilization.

Have no fear of judging between Nature and Art, so only that you love both. If you can love only one, then let it be Nature; you are safe with her; but do not then attempt to judge the Art to which you do not care to give thought nor time. But if you love both, you may judge between them fearlessly; you may estimate the last, by its making you remember the first, and giving you the same kind of joy.—*Stones of Venice, Ruskin.*



By FELIX DODGE

PRINCE ACHILGAR had tasted all the delights of the Orient—the Orient, the lap, the bosom, the mother of luxury. The sweetest spices and costliest perfumes had begun to grow stale in his nostrils, the most luscious fruits sour in his mouth; the rarest ointments chafed his skin; and women—but had he not the most envied harem in all India; had he not the far-famed Ourvasi to beguile the ennui of domestic life? There was a time when the splendor of Ourvasi could make of the dulness of a hundred other wives a passable necessity. But, alas! even Ourvasi, the glorious, had begun to fade in his sated eyes. The core of life had indeed become hollow then!

But Prince Achilgar, the Hindu Sybarite, had taken account only of the fleeting delights of the flesh. The infinite joys of the soul lay, an unopened book, before him. He was Prince Achilgar, the rich and the mighty. His word was law; all men bowed and stepped aside at his approach; no sacrifice for the sake of his pleasures was unknown to him.

But the supreme joy vouchsafed to man the Prince knew not—sacrifice.

But this was not to be wondered at, when it is known that Prince Achilgar was yet a stranger to love, the goddess of sacrifice.

Ourvasi gave him pleasure. His eyes burned, his flesh quivered at the sight of her; her kisses intoxicated him. Such was his love for the courtesan, Ourvasi. But Ourvasi had had her day. The light of her power had gone out. To the blasé prince, Ourvasi, the once beloved, was dead!

But thru the veins of Ourvasi ran the fiery blood of a proud race. Her heart, once heated to the temperature of love, grew not cold, but, when spurned, became a white-hot core of jealousy that swayed her ardor toward cruel revenge.

Ourvasi knew her day had come—and gone. She waited, ready either to love and sacrifice—even her life—for her lord, or to hate and kill because of this same love.

Months passed, the Prince moving languidly about like one in a torpor. Everything bored him. His wonted pastimes were waved aside. Ourvasi, for all she had once been, was tolerated.

At length Ourvasi determined to make an almost superhuman effort to rouse her Prince and win again his affection.

There was to be a gala day thruout

the Prince's domain. A miniature Durbar was to take place in the cool of the afternoon; twenty rajahs, with their followings and luxurious trappings, were to make up part of the pageant. All this did Ourvasi plan for the awakening of her Prince's love.

Even the Indian heat, that sometimes swept in stifling gusts thru the palace courts, that day abated. The Prince was wakened by sweet-sounding cymbals and bathed in perfumed waters by his favorite eunuchs, his body anointed with the oil of rare flowers; his morning repast was of morsels that melted in his mouth, leaving sweet memories with his palate. The food was served on the richly carved and jeweled gold service given to his father by a potentate of Persia. But this was only the prelude. Behind the silken curtains surrounding the throne-room court were the sweetest singers of the realm, who sang love songs of the Orient, especially selected by Ourvasi. Strains of music, thrummed on silver strings, sifted thru from unsuspected places, until the very air was vibrant with haunting melodies. Slaves passed thru now and again, swinging smoking censers that left sweet odors in their wake.

Then came Ourvasi, robed in filmy silks that veiled her form, yet left all the glowing flesh tints shining thru. Like a diaphanous cloud of ravishing loveliness, she swept toward her Prince. Just in front of him — her bosom heaving with emotion, her eyes alight with love and promise, her lips a-tremble with expectation—she paused.

Prince Achilgar looked at her intently for many seconds and then smiled.

With a glad cry she sprang toward him, showering him with kisses, smothering him with caresses.

But the smile left him cold, and her kisses and caresses fell like blossoms on frozen ground.

At length, with a futile cry, Ourvasi stepped aside and clapped her hands sharply.

"Bring in the dancer—the music—the sound of laughter—or I die!" she sobbed, as two slaves appeared.

"Oh, my lord," she whispered to the Prince, who sat looking languidly at her, "has thy heart grown fat from overfeeding, while mine lies starved at thy feet?"

"Thou art my wife. Is it not enough?" said the Prince.

"So are many women, housed yonder, to feed on each other's hearts, and grow fat and ugly. I shall never become one of *them*. Never!"

"I care not!" said the Prince, calling for a cigarette.

But Viamallah, the dancing girl of the Goddess Siva, had entered and stood salaaming before the indifferent Prince. She was Ourvasi's last resort.

For a moment her graceful, slight form stood swaying to the opening swing of the sensuous music of the temple players. The music quickened, and her sinuous form responded in such harmony that she was moving about the room before one seemed aware that she had moved at all.

The dance had been planned to suit the occasion and was aptly called "The Awakening." The opening movement depicted Drowsiness throwing her filmy mantle over the head of the sleeper. The dancer's movements began to weave with such a somnolent motion that the onlooker grew strangely sleepy. Then the music ceased, and with closed eyes the dancer swept silently about in an undulating manner, suggestive of a sleeper's heavy breathing. Suddenly a bell clanged, and the wakening dance followed. The sleeping form expanded gracefully, like an opening flower, into all the beauties of life filled with the joy of living. As the dance proceeded, life and fire crept into the movements, the effect of which were heightened by occasional recourse to the muscle dance of the East. The music, rising from a lullaby, had been hushed to silence, then had burst forth again into a wild, laughing lilt.

Prince Achilgar had unconsciously followed the spirit of the dance. Color had come to his cheek, fire into

his eye, and a quick beating into his heart.

The Prince *had awakened!*

Without warning, the performance rose to a climax. The dancer's movements grew so rapid and spirited that the eye could scarcely follow them. Then the fair dancer gave a sudden cry and flung herself into the arms of the Prince!

But before he could clasp her, as it seemed he would, she was away



OURVASI SUMMONS HER SLAVES

again. Pausing for an instant before him and lifting her veil, she ran timidly into a curtained alcove.

Prince Achilgar rose and called, and slaves brought her again before him.

"Come, thou spirit of the air; the Prince himself will give thee a drink that he alone has tasted. Fill the gold cup, slaves, and depart!"

Prince Achilgar had truly awakened!

"Wouldst thou make a wife of the Goddess Siva's dancing girl?" cried a harsh voice.

The Prince, about to take the girl in his arms and press the cup to her lips, turned to find Ourvasi's gaze fastened on him, full of hate, her eyes strangely green, like those of the jungle snake.

"What is thy name, child?" asked the Prince, ignoring Ourvasi. An unctuous sweetness had crept into his voice, a winning softness into his eyes and a gentleness into his manner, that was strange to him. Languor had departed.

"Viamallah," she said, simply, and there was in her eyes a wonder of new vision as tho she, too, had just awakened.

"Go!" repeated the infuriated Ourvasi.

The girl departed, with the slow steps of one having a full heart. The Prince said no word, but his eyes had been the heart's tongue, and to these

two the hot words of Ourvasi were as nothing. The censure of the whole world would have been as nothing.

To stay longer in the Prince's presence meant only that she must kill, so Ourvasi hurried away, her heart scorching from pent-up fire within.

When she had gone, the Prince clapped his hands.

"Tell the danseuse of the Goddess Siva to tarry in the garden. It is the will of the Prince, and you, Gunga Da, guard her well. Go!"

In the Garden of the Golden Goddess he found her, trilling out some of the gladness in her heart to a pair of mating paroquets, that billed and cooed all the while, as tho they understood. She heard him approach, but did not turn until he placed a snow-white flower among the shining tresses of her hair, pressing it down with his lips.

The gay-plumaged birds flew away and left them.

"Viamallah," he said, softly, "Viamallah, my pretty flower!"

"My lord," she whispered, her poor little voice trembling with the throb of her heart.

"Nay, Viamallah, *thy husband,* from this day forth. I have said it!"

But Viamallah had begun to weep bitterly, and the Prince, with a distress the like of which he had never known, laid her tiny flower-crowned head on his breast.

"No—no! I cannot become thy—wife——"

"Viamallah!" In it was a world of gentle reproach.

"The woman—thy wife—has said as much——"

"The woman—no longer my wife—lies! Viamallah, come before the Golden Goddess. I shall betroth thee. A few matters, more or less, arranged, and thou becomest, Viamallah, *my wife!*"

There, before the Golden Goddess, did they become betrothed. Thus Prince Achilgar found the greater happiness.

But an evil spirit lingered in the garden, that was destined to add bitter dregs to their cup of happiness.

Ourvasi, suspicious of just such a procedure on the part of the Prince, had followed him. In a sheltered spot she had witnessed the compact that, according to Eastern customs, made Viamallah, the simple dancing girl, her successor.

Before the two engrossed lovers departed, Ourvasi had stolen away to her private quarters, on the canopied roof of the palace. She quickly summoned Gooluk, her devoted slave.

"Gooluk, thy mistress is about to be thrust among the sour-sweets, where thou wilt no longer be permitted to serve her and grow rich. Thou canst save her, mayhap. This dancing toy—thou sawest her today—will soon leave the palace for the Temple of the Goddess of Siva. Gather together several of the worst knaves thou knowest and bring this upstart to the cave of the Rhannakikh, the old sorcerer. Quick! thou hast but little time. Fly!"

All the festivities at the Prince Achilgar's palace had been forgotten. The Prince, in his new-found love, had little need of them. Ourvasi was bent only on a quest of hate and his downfall.

Less than an hour after Viamallah had entered the palace, a simple child seeking only the moment's pleasure of her ailing sovereign lord, she was carried, a helpless princess-to-be, into the cave of the vilest sorcerer in all India.

Ourvasi met the terror-stricken child with bitter taunts.

"So, little cat, with such pretty movements, they bring thee with thy claws bound so they cannot scratch the heart of the woman who would have helped thee! Pretty, pretty, pretty cat! But I have a way that will remove thy claws out of my heart and make thee ugly, so ugly that thy lover — oh, I know his ways — will scorn thy presence and throw thee from the palace to the dogs that scavenge the city, for the loathsome creature thou shalt be. Pretty, pretty, pretty — ugh! I hate thee — heart-stabber!"

Having delivered this terrible threat, Ourvasi turned her attention, with glowering eagerness, to the operations of the old sorcerer. Viamallah cowered like a rabbit under the surveillance of the three ugly creatures who had dragged her to this evil den.

Having mixed the powders and potions of his concoction in an earthen basin, the old priest built a fire of faggots before a battered idol of the God of the Underworld, and there he and Ourvasi stooped low over the boiling pot, altho the vile odor it produced sickened even the callous villains in charge of Viamallah, while she shrank farther and farther back, as tho she would lose her senses from fright.



PREPARING THE POTION TO BLIND VIAMALLAH

At length a green vapor rose from the pot, and the sorcerer sprang up with a few muttered words. Ourvasi rose too, a malignant glee in her eyes. Viamallah gave a little moan of horror as the three ruffians, at a signal from the priest, took a firm grip and raised her. He, with wonderfully rapid movements, was making a sort of poultice of the steaming green mass, taking particular care that none of it touched his flesh.

"*Now!*" he muttered to the waiting men.

The child gave a tiny shriek and then subsided into a convulsion of hysterics, laughing horribly. The priest approached carefully with the bandage, the others all drawing back. In her agony the girl threw back her head, exposing her pretty features, her large, pain-stricken eyes and her soft, pretty neck. With a dexterous movement, the priest pressed the bandage tight against the pretty vision!

She shuddered, uttered a little moan and then became mercifully unconscious. The men had dropped their burden with a cry of revulsion, as the smell of corroding flesh reached their nostrils.

They brought their fragile burden of disfigured flesh and laid it on one corner of the silken draperies of the

throne, before which, as the sylph-like danseuse with beautiful face and eyes like living pools of lapis lazuli, she had won the heart of a prince. Over her face still lay the same gauzy veil that had so tantalizingly hid her charming features from the Prince's enchanted gaze. But over the veil, now and forever, lay an impalpable blanket of darkness. She who had never known an unhappy moment, now held, wretchedly imprisoned in her young heart, the woes of a life's experience. She lay there, numbed

of one of Ourvasi's slaves with a letter in his hand.

Without a word, the Prince took it, smiling at the sight of his wife's handwriting. He read it thru aloud once, the significance being too remote from his imminent thoughts to realize at a glance.

"You despise my love and you love the dancing girl, whom I return to you disfigured.

"OURVASI."

A tiny moan reached his ear. He turned and saw the crumpled bundle,



THE PRINCE IS GRIEF-STRICKEN

with the physical pain and the mental torture of it all, when thru her dimmed perceptions came the realization that some one had entered the room. She repressed the soft moanings, that passed her lips with every respiration, and waited.

It was the Prince, his swarthy countenance wreathed in smiles as he communed with himself; his eyes lighted with lanterns of love as he gazed out on the city toward the Temple of Siva. His sweet reveries were disturbed by the sudden appearance

draped with tarnished silk. A sob escaped his lips.

"Viamallah—Viamallah!" he cried, hoarsely, tho in his horror he stood spellbound.

"My—lord—come not near me," whispered a little voice, grown more sweet in its depth of pathos.

"Viamallah—Viamallah!" He was now moving nearer, groping, tottering.

"Stay—oh, my lord—listen! Thou must not *see!* I am but a *thing* now. They have disfigured me! They have

blinded me! Thou lovedst the beautiful dancer—me thou couldst not love—disfigured as I am——"

"Poor little flower—my poor little flower! I shall never look on thy face again, my Viamallah, never again, for——"

"My lord!" she cried, her tone taut with apprehension.

"Nay, thou shalt be well taken care of—my Viamallah." He clapped his hands.

"Carry the Princess — gently as thou wouldst a new-born babe — to my lady Ourvasi's chamber. Then, quick! the best doctors in the city—in all India!"

"My lord"—the voice was bathed in tears — "wilt let me touch thy hand but once—just once?" And when they had brought her near and the fingers lay tenderly on his palm, he seized the hand, a sob bursting uncontrollably from his tightly pressed lips, that drowned the tiny murmur beneath the veil.

"I love thee, my lord Achilgar—I love thee! I go—*happy*—my lord!"

The bearers heard the sweetened words and left the room with trembling lips and eyes bedewed.

But the Prince was left alone—a broken man.

When the heavy curtains had closed and all was silence he took the golden-hilted dagger from its sheath. Absently fingering the sharp edge, he paused a moment on the brink of eternity. Then raising the blade aloft, he poised it above his neck, where the artery stood out like a whipcord, as tho bidding destruction.

"Farewell, Viamallah, my little crushed flower—farewell!"

But an overwhelming fear seized him, loosed his joints, brought his hand quivering to his side, and his body sank to the floor.

Cursing his cowardice, he rose to his knees, seized the dagger firmly and set his teeth. He raised the weapon slowly, gathering energy on the way. Suddenly his whole frame was animated by a wonderful thought that sprang into his face, animating it with the wild gaze of the zealot.

"Viamallah, *I shall not leave thee!* We shall be one in all things, for mine eyes shall see nothing but the remembrance of thy beauty, and our sympathy shall be eternal!"

Two quick and decisive strokes did it.

The sharp dagger-point pierced each eye-ball, and he sank to the floor for a moment in groveling agony. Then he began to creep, creep, groping his way, toward the curtain, his blood-stained, sightless eyes a memento of love's terrible sacrifice. But into his face had come peace. Behind the physical pain was the vision of the supreme joy vouchsafed to man—which the Prince at last knew—*Sacrifice!*

As he disappeared behind the heavy curtain, his cry rang ghostlike thru the great hall, "Viamallah, I come—wait, Viamallah!"

Too Wildly Improbable

By FRANK W. BOWLER

I've seen about a hundred things
  I never saw before.
I've seen big cannons spit out fire,
  I've almost heard their roar.
I've seen volcanoes spouting
  And icebergs mountain high,
I've seen the floating navies,
  And the airships in the sky.

I've seen the mighty business men
  Manipulate their schemes;
I've seen how artists went to work
  To realize their dreams.
But I never, no, I never,
  At the Motion Picture Show,
Saw an editor accept a poem
  For his magazine, you know.

Smiling Bob

(Méliès)

By LILLIAN CONLON



MOLLY'S dimpled elbows were resting upon the rough gate-post, and her dimpled chin was supported by two slender, dimpled hands, as she gazed out across the brown fields, toward the mine. For Molly was a creature all curves and dimples and sweet, merry ways. Her brown eyes looked out from their curling lashes with the clear radiance which dwells only in the eyes of a maiden whose ideals are yet unshattered.

As she looked, her eyes grew brighter, her red lips curved into a smile, and more dimples stole into the curves of cheek and chin. She threw open the gate and ran down the sloping path, up which two men were coming.

"Supper's all ready, Daddy," she announced, slipping a hand into her father's rough, brown one. "It's a good supper, too; I helped cook it."

"Then it's sure to be good, but where's my kiss? You haven't kist me yet." The man's fatherly pride and love shone out of his honest eyes as he bent to the girl's flower-like face.

"Where's mine? Dont I get any?" suddenly queried the younger man. His face and tone were laughing, but a close look into the earnest eyes would have shown that a wistful seriousness lurked behind the light words.

"Any supper?" laughed Molly, all her dimples coming into play, as she purposely misunderstood the question. "Oh, yes. Do stop and eat with us. It's a stew, and there's lovely, fluffy dumplings that I mixed up all by myself."

They had reached the gate now, and she leaned upon the post again, smiling up saucily. A quick impulse moved the man, and he bent toward her.

"No, not supper—a kiss," he said, but Molly sprang backward, nestling quickly against her father's arm.

"The kisses are for Daddy," she declared, "not for bold, bad young men like you, Smiling Bob!"

With a ringing laugh, she turned and ran up the path to the little shack which was her home. In the doorway she turned, with a little curtsey, shaking her soft hair back from her face. She lifted one of the dimpled hands and threw a kiss toward the gate.

"It's yours, if you catch it!" she cried, and vanished into the shack, while the two men looked at each other with amused, indulgent eyes.

To these two men—her strong, devoted father, and his friend, Smiling Bob—Molly owed the clear, trusting light which still lay in her young eyes. For, since her wan, gentle mother had laid her in her father's arms, and slipped away into eternity with a tired smile, these two had been one in their devotion to the child. The father had nursed her, tended her, guarded her from any contact with the rough life of the camp. Smiling Bob—who carried upon his handsome face the explanation for his nickname—had been her constant companion thru babyhood and childhood, her devoted knight when she blossomed into the radiant young womanhood which set her apart from the rest of the camp, like some fragile, vivid flower blossoming among a tangle of sturdy weeds.

"Do you think she cares for me at all?" asked Smiling Bob, after a mo-



PETE AND JIM QUARREL

ment's pause. His voice was steady, but his eyes grew tense as he leaned forward for the father's reply.

"Of course she does, Bob, but she doesn't know it herself yet. She is only a child, you know. Just be patient, my boy, and everything will be all right. She must have a chance to see other men a bit, then she will begin to appreciate you. I'm going to let her go to the dance tomorrow night. It will be a civil crowd, I think. Anyhow, with both of us there, she will be well looked after."

"What do you think of that Easterner they call Jim?" asked Bob, as he turned to go.

"Looks like a good fellow, I think. Dont you like him?"

"Yes. He'll make good. He had a fight with Pete today, up to the boarding-house — or would have had one, rather, if we hadn't held them apart. He's hot-headed, but he's got good stuff in him. Think I'll ask him to the dance. He's the kind it wont hurt Molly to know, and that kind are scarce around these parts. Good night."

It was a charming Molly, in a pink-flowered gown, who looked shyly into Jim's admiring eyes when Smiling Bob introduced them, at the dance.

"I'm sorry, but my dances are all taken," she said, regretfully, as she showed him her card in answer to his eager request. "See, every number is filled. I think it must be because we never had cards at our dances before. We're getting very fashionable in this camp."

She laughed merrily as Jim examined her card, his face showing his disappointment. But Smiling Bob interposed, generously.

"The next two are mine," he said, "and I'll give you the first one of them, if Molly wishes it, because you are a stranger."

So Molly and Jim whirled away in the next dance, which chanced to be a waltz, and Smiling Bob watched them without a thought of jealousy. His nature was too large for small suspicions to find a resting place, and his eyes rested happily on Molly's fair face, flushed with excitement and pleasure. When the music stopped, he strolled leisurely toward them, but was detained for a moment by some one in the crowd, and the music began again as he came up behind the



SMILING BOB SURRENDERS HIS DANCE TO JIM

young couple. Without noticing him, they whirled away again, plainly forgetful of his claim to this number. The bystanders laughed and one of the boys sang out, boisterously, "Better watch out for your girl, Smiling Bob!"

"Guess you're right," laughed Bob; "she's forgotten me, already." But his smile was as sunny as ever, when, after the dance, Molly came up, penitently, to apologize.

"That's all right, child," he laughed; "it must be a treat to have some new fellow to talk to, and Jim's a good fellow."

If Smiling Bob regretted his generosity, in the days that followed, no one knew it. Tho Jim went often to the little shack, and Molly's eyes shone with a new brightness at his coming, Smiling Bob looked on with no attempt at interference. Only Molly's father guessed the struggle that the smiling face concealed, and Bob, with a love which looked only for the girl's happiness, forbade any meddling with Molly's inclinations.

"I've loved her all her life," he said, simply, "and I want her to be happy. She must choose for herself."

At last, one evening when Jim's work detained him, Smiling Bob came up the path to the gate and found Molly leaning on the post, looking pensively off at the hills along the sky-line, a dreamy, far-away look in the lovely eyes. Very gently, then, Bob spoke of his love, and Molly listened in amazement, which deepened into grief.

"Oh, Smiling Bob," she sobbed at last, "you know I love you—I have always loved you. But it is just like I love father. You're a part of the home, and the camp, and I've always had you. You've been so good to me, but I never thought of—dont you see —it's just like——"

She broke off, and stood trembling, while Bob looked down at her, his face white and unsmiling for a moment. Then, as she lifted her tear-drenched eyes, he spoke very gently, with a brave attempt at his old smile.

"I reckon I understand, little girl," he whispered. "Now, dont be fretting about me. There's some one else, and it's all right. But, just remember that old Bob is here to help you, always, if anything goes wrong!"

Molly little realized how soon she should need the promised help. The girl's life had been so sheltered that she knew little of the mining camp which lay about her. But the wild life was there, with all its primitive ways, its disregard of conventional laws, its grim respect for its own ideas of justice.



THE INCIDENT THAT MADE TROUBLE FOR JIM

It was late in the afternoon of the next day that Smiling Bob rode over to the little post-office, where he sat upon his horse, opening a newspaper from back East, when he heard a faint, distressed voice calling his name. Looking up quickly, he saw, to his amazement, Molly running toward him, her face as white as her dress.

"Oh, Smiling Bob," she gasped, as he rode toward her, "you must help me! What shall I do?"

"What is it?" he began; "your father——"

But she interrupted him. "No, no, not father; Jim. Haven't you heard? They say he killed Pete! They have taken him off somewhere to try him. They will kill him——"

Bob pulled her up beside him, as she broke off, her whole body shaken with sobs.

"Tell me all about it," he said, "and tell it quick, Molly—I dont understand."

"I started for the mail, and I met some of the women from the camp. They told me that some men at the mine had seen Jim pounding Pete on the head with a great hammer. They rushed up and pulled Jim away, and Pete was on the ground, almost dead. Then a committee took Jim off, somewhere, and the women say they will hang him! Oh, Bob, they wont, will they? Dont let them! Where have they gone with him?"

She broke down utterly then, and Bob looked at her for a moment in helpless pity. Then he jumped from the horse, as he saw a party of men down the road, talking excitedly.

"Sit here, just a moment, alone, Molly. I'll run down and see just what I can find out."

His face was very grave when he came back and put his arm about the girl to lift her from the horse.

"It's no use, Molly, dear," he said, gently. "The men saw him doing it. You know, Jim had trouble with Pete when he first came here. They must have got to quarreling again somehow, and Jim lost his head. The whole camp has its temper up, and we cant wonder at it. Jim's an Easterner, after all, and Pete is all smashed to pieces. I cant do anything!"

Suddenly Molly's sobs ceased, and



SMILING BOB GOES TO RESCUE JIM

she straightened herself, lifting her head proudly and speaking in a new, imperative tone.

"Bob," she cried, "I know he didn't do it—he could never do such a thing. You must take me to him. I dont know what I will do, but, somehow, I shall save him! You know where they go at such times. Wherever it is, get up here, beside me, and take me."

"I dont know what we can do," he said, "but I'll take you."

To the girl's throbbing, terrified senses the ride seemed like some horrible dream. They galloped across the fields, brown with approaching autumn; up an interminable, rocky path; deep into the yellowing woods, where moss and fern gave up sweet, faint odors as they trod them down. At last they came out upon the little



SMILING BOB COMMANDS JIM'S RELEASE

Then, as the man still hesitated, her tears came back, and she leaned toward him, beseechingly.

"Dear Bob," she begged, "dear, Smiling Bob, help your little girl now! Take me to him!"

The man yielded. Well he knew the spot. Far across the fields, up a long hill, thru a thick wood, was a little clearing, where stood a tall, lone pine, with one bare, outstretched branch, ready for its gruesome burden. He swung himself upon the horse and turned its head toward the path.

clearing, and Bob gave a great sigh of relief. The outstretched arm of the lone pine was empty!

"There's an old shack back in the woods; we'll find them there," said Bob. They crossed the clearing and approached the hut quietly. It was roughly divided into two rooms. The first room was empty, and they entered it. Thru the open door leading into the other room they could see Jim, tightly bound with ropes. Half a dozen men were clustered in the center of the room, talking earnestly, their faces grim and determined.

Smiling Bob stood for a moment, unseen, taking in the details of the situation. Then he handed Molly his knife, leveled his revolver at the group, and stepped quickly to the door.

"Hands up!" he commanded. "Now, Molly, cut them ropes away from Jim."

So thoroly surprised were the men, that Molly's task was accomplished and Jim stood free, before any one spoke. Then, tho Bob's leveled revolver prevented any action, a storm of protest arose.

"What's the matter with you, Smiling Bob? Want to save a feller that comes up behind a man and hits him down with a hammer? Want to give your girl up to a sneak like that? You must be gone crazy!"

But Smiling Bob gave no heed to their remonstrances, tho his face was white and his lips set in a straight line as he motioned Jim and Molly to leave the little room. Then, still holding the crowd with his revolver, he backed thru the one door, slammed it shut, and dropped the heavy bar that held it securely. Yells of rage arose from the little back room as he hurried outside, where Jim and Molly were clasped in each other's arms.

"Jim," he said, laying a hand on the young man's shoulder, "tell me square, now, as you love this girl, did you lose your head and kill that man?"

"No," replied Jim, looking straight into the eyes of Smiling Bob, "a great beam fell on him. I saw it, and had just managed to get it off, when the men came up behind me, out of the mine. They thought I had been using the mallet on Pete, and they would not wait for any explanations. They were not to blame, really; it must have looked that way from where they were. Take them back to the mouth of the mine, and you'll find the beam there, where it fell."



JIM FLIES TO MOLLY'S ARMS

Smiling Bob drew a long breath of relief. "I believe you," he declared, "and now you two take this horse and get out of here, quick as you can! The men will be too mad to listen to reason for a while, but they have known me all my life, and, after they cool down some, I'll tell them how things were. Listen! They're shootin' the door down! It will take quite a spell, but you'd better get on your way." He paused, looking down at Molly, on his face the light of a great love and a great renunciation. "There's a minister, just over the border, you know. You'd better go to him; then keep away till I send for you. Everything will be all right."

But before Molly mounted the horse, she turned and threw her arms around Bob. "Oh, Smiling Bob," she sobbed, "I cant thank you, but all our lives Jim and I will love you and remember you!"

With a glance at Jim, which was met by a look of trust and gratitude, Bob bent over Molly. For a moment he looked at the pretty, tear-stained face, then he kist it reverently. An instant later, he picked the girl up in his strong arms, placing her upon the horse, beside her lover.

"There," he said, forcing the old smile back to his lips, "get away now, quick! Take care of her, Jim."

They sped across the little clearing and vanished into the leafy shadows of the wood beyond, while Bob's eyes followed them, yearningly. For a long time he stood, motionless, while visions of Molly—a tiny, stumbling babe, a wee, winsome maiden, a rosy, romping schoolgirl, a dainty, dimpled young woman — seemed to dance in and out among the stumps of the clearing. At last, with a long sigh, he roused himself and turned to listen to the yells, the poundings and hammerings behind the barred door.

"I reckon it's time I began pacifyin' them boys," he remarked, with the old, merry smile.

The Best Story Contest

THE contest, announced in the December issue, asking for the best letters, has been closed (December 31, 1911), and we cannot refrain from adding editorial comment to the list of winners, and a few of the results obtained. This little venture was tried, firstly, to get in closer touch with our readers, to learn their views and desires, and to be guided in good measure thereby; secondly, to reward a few whose thoughts showed exceptional merit. We thank the many thousands who have responded to our questions. A more lasting result, let us hope, will be the influence these opinions in classified form will have on the production of better films and stories in future. A further result has been a moral and mental uplift to us in reading many of these, sometimes beautiful, letters. We have had thereby, too, a cordial introduction to many unknown friends, whose friendship we hope will increase, as we shall frankly endeavor to win it.

The full list of prize-winners is as follows:

1st, Edna L. Riese, 71 Jordan Av., San Francisco, Cal.
2nd, Wm. W. Page, 16 Tenace Court, New London, Conn.
3rd, Stanley W. Todd, 327 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
4th, Ambrose W. Barratt, Scranton, Pa.
5th, Charles McCollin, 5447 Spring St., West Phila., Pa.

The prizes have been sent to these winners.

The favorite author proved to be Miss Stella Machefert.

The most popular story was "Arrah-na-Pogue," contested closely by "The Battle," "The Colleen Bawn," and "One Touch of Nature."

The majority prefer a long story, and would rather read it before seeing it on the screen.

A Love story appeals to the most; War, Western, and Historical to many. Every one seems to want a story that is clean, uplifting and humane; which goes to assure us that our readers come to us with clean minds and young hearts, which our prayer is to repay in kind.

The result of the January contest will be announced in our next issue.

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE PICTURE PLAYER?

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE wishes to present five handsome presents to the five most popular Photoplayers, and it wants its readers to determine who those favorites are.

You are therefore invited to cast your vote in our ballot box, for the most popular player (male or female), in the following manner:

On a separate sheet of paper, write the name of your favorite Photoplayer, place it in an envelope and mail it to "Editor Player Contest, M. P. S. MAGAZINE, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y." You may also add a few lines of appreciation in prose or verse, if you wish; and in future numbers we shall publish some of these. Each letter will count as one vote, but it must be signed by the writer, and his or her address must be given—but not on the coupon.

TEN VOTES ALL AT ONCE!

Below, will be found a coupon, which will count for ten votes. Each person may enclose as many votes, from friends, as desired, in the same envelope. Hence,

Get Your Friends to Vote and Boost Your Favorites!

THE PRIZES

The awards will be made within a few months, and the next issue of this magazine will contain a complete record of the contest up to the date of going to press. The player finally receiving the largest number of votes will be declared the most popular Photoplayer; the player receiving the next largest number will be declared the second most popular player, etc. The prizes will be elaborate and unique, a full description of which will appear later, together with the date of closing.

SEND IN YOUR VOTE AT ONCE!

That is the least you can do for your favorite player. You can applaud them, but they wont hear; you can vote, and they will see the result!

In voting for your favorite player, remember that a letter counts one vote; a coupon ten votes. You may send any number of coupons in one envelope, because you may enclose the coupons of your friends.

If you wish to vote for both a man and a lady player, two letters, or two coupons, may be sent—one for the man, and one for the lady. Only one name may appear in one letter, however, and only one name may be written upon each coupon. Be sure that your favorite player's name is written upon each coupon; otherwise, the ten votes may be lost, by the coupons becoming separated from your letter.

The Contest is young, but the returns are alarmingly large. Votes are flooding the office with every mail, and it has been impossible to tabulate and count them before this issue of the magazine goes to press.

The following players appear to lead the contest in the order given:

1. ALICE JOYCE
2. FLORENCE LAWRENCE
3. MAURICE COSTELLO
4. MAY HOTELY
5. G. M. ANDERSON
6. ARTHUR JOHNSON
7. CARLYLE BLACKWELL
8. FLORENCE TURNER
9. MARION LEONARD
10. ELSIE McLEOD
11. W. J. KERRIGAN
12. MARY FULLER
13. GENE GAUNTIER
14. MARY PICKFORD

About twenty other players have received votes.

Some of the letters we receive are excellent, and we wish we had room to publish many of them. Miss Nellie Hagans of Coshocton, O., writes as follows: "In my estimation, Alice Joyce is the most beautiful and accomplished of all the players, and I also think the same of Carlyle Blackwell." Frances Johnson, of New York City, has this to say of Maurice Costello: "I have seen him getting married so many times, that I dont like to vote for a man with so many wives; but, nevertheless, here's 11 votes for Maurice Costello." Mrs. William H. Beers sends some clever verses dedicated to Florence Turner. Miss Adelaide Hillman is in a quandary. She writes: "I wish to vote for Mr. Guy Hedlund, whom I consider the handsomest

player. I often tried to find who he was, but as he is with the Biograph Company, I could not. However, I did so by mere chance. While watching a picture entitled, 'The Coward,' a gentleman sitting behind me said that a certain player was Guy Hedlund, because he used to go to school with him in New London, Conn. I am glad to vote for him, for I think he acts splendidly, and with so much intensity, for one who appears so young. His acting always seems so real. I shall get all my friends to vote for Mr. Hedlund, and next to him, my favorite, Mr. Walthal." Miss Lena Hiken favors Florence Lawrence in the following:

"I love sweet Mary Pickford,
Marion Leonard I adore;
I am strong for Arthur Johnson
As well as Owen Moore;
But ask me who my favorite be
'Tis Miss Lawrence, all agree."

C. S. Brooks writes: "There is scarce a frequenter of the Picture-show who is not familiar with the picture of Florence Turner. The general public may not be acquainted with the names of the Picture-players, but they very soon become familiar with their faces. But Miss Turner is an exception to this rule, as a greater part of the regular patrons of the Photoshows speak of her as a personal friend. If, by chance, one who just drops in occasionally should not know Miss Turner, he can easily become acquainted with her by asking the person in the next seat. We also have a proof of Miss Turner's popularity, in your magazine, in the fact that you receive very few requests for her name. The public has not grown tired of Miss Turner, as they do of many players, altho she is seen as frequently as any of them." Mr. George W. Goodman, Dramatic Editor of the *Sunday Gazette*, sends a coupon for May Hotely, and says: "Miss Hotely is a prime favorite with Atlantic City audiences, and I take great pleasure in sending the enclosed coupon, hoping that she pulls out a winner." Henry Roden of Dallas, Tex., writes the following lines for Miss Alice Joyce:

"I gaze in awe and amazement at the posters outside the show,
And I wonder and I ponder—is she in it? shall I go?
Then I always, always enter, and sit with great expectation,
And nervously wait for the picture's presentation;
Now it's going—there's the title—what's it about, "A Boy?"
There she is—goodness gracious—I can scarce restrain my joy!
And now the plot progresses; she acts in all her glory,
The villain foiled, the hero—oh, if he were back in the story!
But now I gaze in sorrow, for the end is growing nigh,
The hero clasps her in his arms—she goes with a little sigh;
It's over now and she is gone, my brain is left in a whirl;
Not gone for long—she is in my dreams—my Motion Picture Girl."

Miss Josephine Dellea of Medford, Mass., writes as follows: "I love all the players, from G. M. Anderson to Yale Boss, and from Florence Turner down to Adele de Garde, but, believe me, the gem of them all is cute little Mary Pickford.

You ask me why I like her so?
Then listen, friends, if you must know.
She makes you feel the parts she plays,
And is so cute in all her ways.
It may be her looks, but I know for a fact
Everyone says 'She surely can act.'

Margaret Moore of Roxbury, Mass., writes eloquently about Arthur Johnson, and wishes that she could know in advance where to go to see pictures in which he is featured. Arthur Desmond sends a poem in favor of "Dear Alice Joyce," which is good, but too long to publish. Miss Wilbrid Leger writes that G. M. Anderson is her favorite, and she quotes the "Bachelor Maid's" opinion: "He makes you thrill and sit up and take notice." Mr. G. B. Yard is humorous, and wants to vote for all the players, but prefers Miss Turner, and says, in part: "Dearly Beloved Brethren, verily I say unto you, no scrub oak is found in the forest of Motion Picture talent. Permit me to record my vote for Florence Turner." Lillian McGreer of Antigo, Wis., says some very nice things for Gene Gauntier, but we have not space this month to publish her letter, nor hundreds of others equally interesting.

Clip the annexed coupon, fill in the blank, and send it in at once, addressed to "Editor Player Contest, M. P. S. MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

(N. B.—There is another coupon printed elsewhere. Can you find it?)

10 VOTES THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE **Popular Player Contest** (Feb.) **10 VOTES**

This Coupon Counts as TEN Votes for



CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS



FRANCIS XAVIER BUSHMAN, OF THE ESSANAY CO.

It had been reported to me that Mr. Bushman, the Essanay lead, did not take much interest in interviews, the same having become an old story to him; also that he was an athlete, amateur wrestler and physical culturist. "Suppose he insists on going thru a course of stunts with me?" I mused, feeling my flabby biceps, on his front doorsteps.

"Mr. Bushman is expecting you," said the maid; "go up to the gymnasium on the third floor."

"I knew it!" was my painful thought. An interview terminating in a boisterous manhandling and a broken collar-bone was the best I could hope for. Assuming a very sickly attitude and with a warning hollow cough, I entered the third floor door. The famous Essanay leading man was seated on a stout stool, dressed in duck trousers and a sleeveless jersey, from which the bunched muscles peeped forth in every direction. Instead of glowering at me and making passes like a wrestler, he was smoking mildly on a cutty pipe.

"Howdy do?" he grunted. "What will it be, a pipe, cigar, or maybe you chew?"

"You wont mind, I'm sure," I said from the edge of a chair, "if I stick to a troche—tobacco's so killing to the lungs."

"See here," he said, getting up; "let me look at the back of your teeth. There! I knew you were a smoker. Try one of these fat ones."

"So I have the reputation of being ferocious," he continued; "funny how old 'rep' gets around. In fact, I'm the mildest of men. Besides, a man has a right to keep his body clean and sweet. You see, I've gotten beyond the period when a stage hug is charged up to physical exercise.

"Now, to begin with," he resumed, toying with a heavy Indian club, "you are not going to write me up the way you did poor Howard Missimer? Poor chap, he's gone into a decline—work fallen off—because you took him so literally."

"Let bygones be bygones," I answered promptly.

"My people have been Virginians," he said, resuming his easy attitude, "for some three hundred years, having come from England originally. I was born in Norfolk, Va., and educated at Amendale College, Md. My friends have always called me 'Bush,' and from an early age I showed a fondness for the stage. Yes, my experiences have been quite varied. I started doing boy parts with the old Albaugh Stock Company of Baltimore, and then successively—and, let me hope, successfully—with the Fawcett, Casino, Temple and Lyceum stock companies. Between times I played on the road in the original 'At Yale,' 'Moulin Rouge,' and 'Going Some' productions, the latter under the Shuberts.

"As to my favorite parts, that's rather a poser, seeing that I have played something like 150 of them. Generally speaking, I prefer character parts, such as the convict in 'Lost Years,' produced in our studio. If a lead is good, and strong, and sensible, of course I like that too."

"Tell me something about yourself, personally," I suggested.

"Well, I'm five feet ten inches tall, weigh 176 pounds and like all kinds of outdoor work or play, no matter where they are. In spite of my alleged man-eating habits, I spend a good bit of my time here at home, sometimes reading, sometimes studying up my parts. Oh, I read 'most everything, with a liking, however, for the classics and the philosophers. Poe, Keats and Byron, of the poets, are an inspiration for any one."

"Did you ever do anything heroic, such as to cause newspaper comment?"

"Emphatically, no."

"How about that apartment house fire on Fifty-seventh street, New York, where, it is claimed, you saved the lives of three people?"

Mr. Bushman looked at me as if I had dug up something distasteful.

"My dear young man," he said, shaking his blond mane, "that was not heroic; it was the ordinary course of duty to our poor fellow mortals. My only regret is that there was no time to carry more of them out."

"Well," I said humbly, "there's no use making a hero out of you if you dont want to be one."

"Correct," said he.

"In politics I am a Democrat," he resumed; "can sing and play a little and attend the opera when I can. I must confess, too, that I miss the regular theater in some things. There is nothing in all the world like the murmur of many voices waiting on the other side of the curtain, the lights, the music, the laughter, the tears and applause. Why, even the smell from the paint-frame is good.

"Good-by; come again often," he said, showing me to the door, "and dont forget to describe me as an ordinary human being, even if I dont look tame and unheroic on the screen." THE TATTLER.

CHARLES M. SEAY

AFTER having haunted the front hedge of his cottage in the Bronx for several hours, I was informed by a suspicious neighbor that Mr. Seay spent a good bit of his spare time in the Zoological Gardens, not as an inmate, of course. Here I did succeed in finding him, and we walked back together to have our chat in his cheerful living-room.

"So you enjoy the Gardens?" I asked, as an opening question.

"They're great! Half my leisure time is spent visiting them, or the Metropolitan Museum. You see, I was born and educated in the South and we haven't so many of these wonderful institutions down there."

"Speaking of leisure, do you have much?" I asked.

"Yes. My work averages only about four hours a day. I thoroly enjoy it. Even the rehearsals are interesting. I consider the Motion Picture business educational and uplifting. What could be more instructive or inspirational than such plays as 'The Fall of Troy,' for instance, or 'The Battle of Trafalgar'?"

"You prefer Photoplay-acting to the regular stage, then?"

"My being in the business proves that. I played all over the United States, and for many years in New York, with regular companies, but this suits me better. Think of the millions of people whom the picture-player reaches, compared with the few thousands reached by the regular actor. Then, it is interesting to be able to visit a playhouse and watch my own acting—to see where I fall short, and where I can improve myself. I have played with only one company, the Edison, but have played upwards of a thousand parts."

"Which play do you think you have done your best work in?" I ventured.

"In 'Pigs is Pigs,' as Mike Flannerty," was the prompt response. "I was foolish enough to laugh at my own antics, when I saw it exhibited."

Mr. Seay is very fond of reading, his favorite authors being Maspero, Scott and Huxley. He also is fond of social life, enjoys dancing, the theater and music, but he does not enthuse over politics or baseball.

"Work interests me most of anything," he declared; "work, and the joy of living!"

He offered to walk part way home with me, and his long, active legs set me such a pace that further delving was impossible. I had good opportunity to study his face, however, and found it a fine type of unmixed American. A high, full forehead, faintly humorous mouth, pointed nose, and deep-set, observing eyes were features to be trusted in friendship and, maybe, feared in enmity or ridicule.

"I'm very glad I met you," he said, with twinkling eyes, as we parted at a subway entrance. "It's always a pleasure to be agreeable, you know. Your magazine is immense! Keep up the good work."

THE CHATTERBOX.

ARTHUR V. JOHNSON, OF THE LUBIN CO.

ON 'phoning to the Lubin studio in regard to interviewing their leading man, I was informed somewhat to this effect: "Oh, no! dont come to the studio; Mr. Johnson is a very busy man when he's here. You might catch him at home tonight; tho, come to think of it, when he's home he's mostly out." With this neat bit of fact to work on, I decided to run down to the studio and hang around until after rehearsal hours. I almost missed him, at that. Mr. Johnson is a rapid, businesslike walker when out of the studio; getting this habit, as he told me, from covering miles of prairie out in Iowa, where he was raised.

The first sight I had of him was a pair of energetic overcoat tails making homewards; my second was after a stern chase, when in a bewinded condition I finally overhauled him. You see, he is slightly over six feet, very athletic and not above being active.

"Do you want me to begin with my babyhood, infantdom, et cetera?" he said, smiling down at me. "Not so far back; not even ancestry, hey? Well, to give you the simple facts, I was educated in Kemper Hall, a military school in Davenport, Iowa. As no great war came along when I was graduated, I looked around for something to do in our town, and got pretty tired looking. A Shakespearean star, playing in Davenport, gave me my first opportunity. I was cast as Tybalt in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the scrappy part rather suited me at first. After a while I got tired of being killed off regularly in the third act and decided to come East. This little journey was only a trial trip, by the way, for I had come on to try out with a larger and better equipped company. In the course of my theatrical career—and you know what a wandering life it is—I played the lead in modern drama, melodrama and was leading man for Marie Wainwright and Robert Mantell.

"I dont just know what started me in the Motion Picture business; guess I saw its big possibilities. At any rate, here I am, and in this order: first with Biograph, then Reliance, and last but not least, if you know how busy we are, with Lubin.

"How do I spend my vacations? Dont take any. Oh, yes, I do get a good deal of fun out of reading your magazine; takes me all over the world and keeps me in touch with friends I haven't time to write to. How's that for a puff? I look forward to it as the best little vacation I can get, once a month.

"No, I dont like to appear before audiences in a cold-blooded way—looks too much like a bid for popularity—tho it should be done on rare occasions, maybe, for business reasons.

"Now, you really have asked me a double-jointed question," he said, stop-

ping on a busy corner, "and I'll have to answer it in my own way. I think I enjoy a good character part the best, and in acting a scenario before the camera I really like to please myself first—unless it be Miss Lawrence, and no one could help trying to please her. I never have the audience in mind, or how they may like the finished picture. However, when the artistic end of the work is done (here he grinned like a schoolboy), I am just as crazy as any one else to see the result. When I'm not at a theater—and Shakespeare is my hobby—I'm like a boy at a Picture show, waiting to see how my work will turn out and how the house will like it. Sounds like vanity, sure enough, doesn't it?

"Well, old vanity's a pretty good prod, after all. I might as well be candid, for I dont mind rehearsing, not a bit—the more the merrier. But life would be pretty dull if we didn't get a bit of appreciation now and then.

"Didn't know I was a curbstone philosopher, hey? Well, you come again when the busy season isn't on—take my word, it's always on—and I'll tell you more about yours humbly."

And then those long strides started up again, and I saw his well-dressed body moving thru the crowd. My boy, thought I, you're just a bit more honest, and just a mite more frank, and a good bit speedier than the average Philadelphian.

MABEL TRUNNELLE, OF THE MAJESTIC CO.

Miss Mabel Trunnelle, wife of Herbert Prior, is pretty, graceful and captivating, but she is not loquacious—at least not when she is talking about herself. It was only by persistent questioning that I acquired any information from this petite star, whose height is only five feet three.

Miss Trunnelle is of American ancestry. She was born and educated in this country and lives now in the Bronx. Up to the time she joined the Majestic, her acting had been entirely with the Edison Company, where she has played so many different parts that she "cant remember half of them." She declined to specify any parts which she considers her best work, seeming to feel that none of her work was worthy of special mention. But the public, familiar with her dainty, piquant and finished characterizations, knows better. She enjoys her work, even the rehearsals, but assured me that she had never performed any daring deeds, nor been featured in the newspapers.

"I love the seashore!" she exclaimed, in the longest sentence which she framed during our interview. "Swimming and boating are delightful, and sea voyages, too, if the weather is pleasant."

Miss Trunnelle does not care for society, but enjoys both the opera and the theater. Her favorite author is Ibsen.

"Your magazine is very good," she said, as we parted, giving me her hand with a friendly smile which atoned for her lack of talkativeness.

The Inquisitor.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

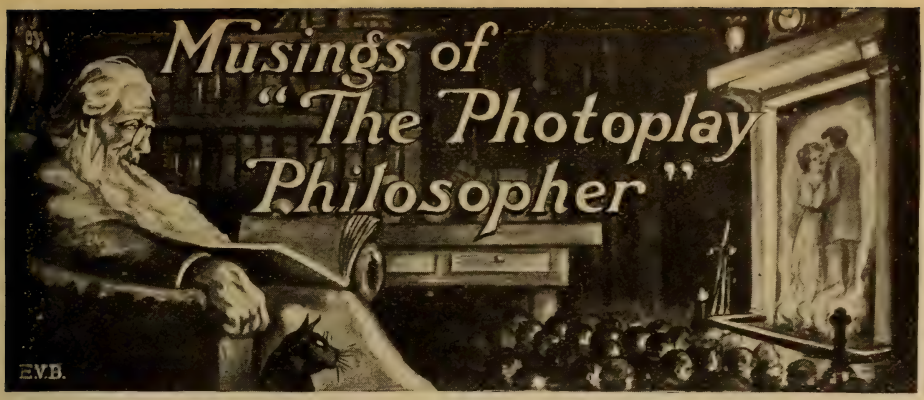
By MINNA IRVING

A lady from a New York suburban town, who attends the Photoshows nearly every day when she is at home, took a trip to Columbus, Ohio, recently and dropped into a theater one afternoon to see the pictures.

Mr. Costello is a favorite of hers, and, like many other Motion Picture fans who get to know the Photoplayers by sight, she has come to regard him as a living actor going thru his part in the drama on the screen.

She had been shopping and was tired, so she dozed while a rather hackneyed vaudeville act was on. When she opened her eyes again a Vitagraph film was being reeled off, with Maurice Costello in the leading rôle.

"Oh!" she exclaimed aloud, smiling delightedly, "is that you, away out here?"



Those students of sociological questions who are now busying themselves with the dangers of Motion Pictures are very welcome to the field, and it is earnestly hoped that they will have no difficulty in adjusting the various problems with fairness to the Motion Picture interests without sacrificing any moral considerations. Such people should not be looked upon as meddlers, but as public benefactors. That films are of a higher standard for having been censored is beyond dispute, and that all fair-minded investigations as to the conditions in the Photohouse should be welcomed by all concerned is equally certain.

When it is remembered that there are over 700 resorts in New York in which Motion Pictures are shown, and that some of these are conducted by persons of questionable character, and that some of the films are made by unprincipled manufacturers, it is not to be wondered that these resorts have caused suspicion and investigation. It is to the welfare of every person interested in Motion Pictures in any way to help uplift the business and to help weed out all objectionable resorts and films.

Every cloud has a silver lining. That which at present seems a calamity, often proves to be a blessing. Many a blossom of joy is rooted in the mold of a dead sorrow.

It is well to impress scenario writers that the United States Supreme Court has decided that Moving Pictures based on the scenes and incidents of a copyrighted book constitute an infringement of that copyright. Both the author of the infringing scenario and the producing company are liable in damages.

"An Exhibitor" sends me a list of questions to answer, among which are these: "Why will the director allow a beautifully kept turnpike to show in the production of an Indian picture supposed to represent frontier days? Why are officers of the Confederate army made to use bloodhounds to capture members of the Union army? Hounds were not kept. They were too scarce and food was too dear. What fool director allowed an old lady of the 60's to appear with a modern suit-case? Why does a certain *favorite* keep his trousers so nicely pressed when he is a 'lone miner,' and even when he is a cowboy?"

Thomas A. Edison, the great wizard, has devised a plan whereby the children will no longer shirk their duties, but they will "scoot to school." This will do away with the necessity for truant officers, he says, and with many of our school books. Of course the plan has to do with Moving Pictures, and we shall all await Mr. Edison's invention with pleasurable impatience.

Beauty is universally admired, and thousands of doctors, dermatologists, physical culturists and cosmetic manufacturers are getting rich trying to make homely persons beautiful. It is not the complexion that makes one beautiful, but the expression of the countenance. Pure blood makes a good complexion, and deep breathing of pure air makes pure blood. After that, a cheerful disposition makes a good countenance. Wrinkles are the fretwork of your disposition. An occasional smile will brighten up your countenance as will nothing else, and an occasional scowl will leave indelible blemishes that not even time can erase. Besides, the sunshine of your smile will lighten up the dark and weary way of all that come under its influence.

"A. M. B." sends the following, dedicated to Miss Mable Trunnelle:

Girlie, they may sing their praises,
Telling whom they think are best;
Rave of sweet and pretty faces,
Chosen out from all the rest;

But I know of none so winsome,
As a certain little lass.
Others' beauty may be dazzling,
But her charms none can surpass.

She with smile so sweet and saucy,
Laughing eyes, now tender, grave.
Really, she has bound me captive,
At her shrine, a willing slave.

Watch her as she softly passes,
To and fro, upon the screen!
Daintiest of picture artists—
Best to me you'll always seem!

Miss Kate Davis, of Wilkes-Barre, contributing editor of the *Mothers' Magazine,* is respectfully invited to call upon The Photoplay Philosopher and to go with him to a dozen Photoshows. If this invitation is accepted, an effort will be made—a Herculean effort—to prove that Photoplays are *not* training our American boys for the penitentiary and the gallows. I will also make an effort to ascertain what Photo-houses Miss Davis has been attending and what Photoplays, if any, she has been seeing. Some of these theaters should shut up, or they should see that certain critics do.

While there is altogether too much hue and cry against Moving Pictures by those who know but little about them, nevertheless there are too many films shown that are not intended for the young. Youth is like the film itself before it is exposed: it will take any impression. A picture may be decent and highly proper, yet harmful to the child mind. The producers should remember that the pictures are seen by children and grown-ups alike, and that as yet we have no way to separate the young from the old.

While New York is far behind the rest of the country in exhibiting Motion Pictures in a high-class way, it is slightly in advance in other respects. For example, the Commercial High School in Brooklyn recently inaugurated a series of grand opera pictures, with vocal and instrumental accompaniment, and it has proved a great success. It is only a question of time when Photo-opera will be a standard thing.

Never play cards for stakes. Avoid gambling in every form. The gambling bacillus has no antidote. Once give it a foothold, and you can never entirely get it out of your system. Only one gambler in a thousand ever comes out on top in the end. He may win once, he may win twice, he may win thrice, but in the end the dealer or the bookmaker will get all his winnings. Not only is it a losing game; it is demoralizing and unfits one for decent callings. Again, as everybody knows, money easily earned is quickly spent and money that costs the greatest effort lasts the longest.

We all hate poverty and worship prosperity, yet poverty has its remunerations and prosperity its evils. Prosperity spoils most people. When we are poor we work and struggle with the desperation of despair, we feel for our neighbor, we sympathize with the down-trodden and we endeavor to better conditions for our fellows; but when we become prosperous, and the wolf is driven from the door, we usually lie down and go to sleep.

A Chicago authority says that "on a Sunday night one-sixth of our population is packed into 466 Moving Picture shows." Another authority says that in the United States alone 8,000,000 admission tickets are sold daily in 15,000 Motion Picture theaters, which is about half the number sold in all other countries. This is the present status of the business which was started about twenty years ago and which some persons say is a *fad!*

"C. B. S." sends me:

A TOAST TO MY FAVORITE.

Here's to two eyes that sparkle with glee,
Here's to two eyes that would make scoundrels flee;
Two charming dimples, one in each cheek,
Give us a clue that his temper is sweet.
Who can he be, this handsome Debonair,
With fine chiseled nose and black wavy hair?
I'll give you three guesses to mention at random,
The name of this hero, this modernized Samson.
Who else can he be, this artistic fellow?—
Three cheers! and let's shout—Maurice Costello.

I have received a copy of a bulletin issued by the Police Department of Detroit, addressed to film manufacturers. Of all idiotic documents ever issued, this comes nearest to the prize. The bulletin states what the police object to and what they do not object to, among the former items being "Firebranding buildings unless it is done by Indians or soldiers." Among the items to which they do not object is "Western Pictures, and if the characters are in costume, they may display firearms." They object to "Drinking, tottering drunkards, gambling and display of black-hand letters, strikers, etc." If these rules should become universal (God forbid!), the film makers, artists, historians, moral teachers and newspapers may as well retire. One might expect such from our Puritan forefathers in those dark, unenlightened days when they burnt innocent people as witches, but not from a civilized people in the twentieth century. The Detroit theory is that if a child sees a picture of a tottering drunkard, that child will at once want to become a tottering drunkard; and if it sees a man smoking on the street outside, it will also want to smoke; hence, keep your children at home and let them not hear a word of what is going on in the world. All of which reminds me of the foolish man who thought it unwise to tell his children of the dangerous things in the world, including the poisons in the closet, and who, consequently, became childless.

When the Lord made man He thought He was improving on the animals that preceded him in the creation. But some of us are sheepish, some are foxy, some viperish, some kittenish, some hoggish, some vulturish, some catlike, some pigheaded; some are blind as a bat, as slow as a snail, as sly as a fox, as treacherous as a snake and as hypocritical as a 'possum, but very few of us have horse-sense.

My daughter has rather a good idea. Some time ago she bought a pretty, leather-covered blank book, which she ruled with two colors of ink, and in which she enters at the top of the page the title of each Photoplay she sees, and beneath the title a record of her ideas of the play, together with her opinion of the work of the players. She also pastes in the book various pictures cut from this magazine. Perhaps, if somebody should manufacture some sort of a record book of this kind, there would soon be quite a market for it. In the meantime Photoplay enthusiasts will find a similar book of their own manufacture the means of giving them much pleasure.

But few men attain recognized greatness this side the grave. Fame is the sweet perfume of discovered greatness, and, like most perfumes, of short life. It is easier to slide down a ladder than to climb up. And, once up, it is easy to fall down. And, the higher we rise, the harder will be the fall. Sad is the lot of most great men. First we toast them, then we roast them, and then we give them a monument and boast of them. We stone them when they are living and give them a stone after they are dead.

Senator William Joel Stone, senior United States Senator from Missouri, is a real Motion Picture "fan." It is a standing joke in the Senate when Senator Stone is wanted for a roll call to order the sergeant-at-arms to visit some Photoshow to find the much-needed absentee. There is a small Moving Picture theater on a side street from Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington which Senator Stone frequents daily during the sessions of Congress. Here it is that he concentrates his thoughts for an important debate. He declares that he communes more closely with the muse when he sees the active cowboys sprinting after a culprit. He says that his historical knowledge concerning the Indians is refreshed, after viewing an Indian picture, and that he is in a better position to discuss the affairs of the first Americans. He is a firm believer in the educational value of the Photoplay, and it is a standing joke among his colleagues that he would rather see a Photoshow than grand opera or a Shakespearean tragedy. When at home in St. Louis, it is a common thing for Senator Stone to attend two or three shows in one night, and he will not remain if the show is interspersed with vaudeville and songs. "I pay my money to see pictures," he said recently, "and not to hear some woman sing nor to see some hamfatter trying to outdo Lew Fields as a German comedian." At midnight, one night recently, when the lights were out at all the Picture theaters, the Senator remarked to his guest, B. H. Rucker, of the State Committee, that it was too bad that the Picture-shows closed so early in a metropolitan city like St. Louis.

I have received and read with pleasure "The Motion Picture—Its Making and Its Theater," published by the Electricity Magazine Corporation, Chicago, and those who wish to learn all the details of the industry will find it in this book, which is sold for $1; paper cover, 50 cents.

Mrs. E. F. E., who subscribes herself "An Inquisitive Brooklynite," writes:

> I am looking for a man, whose face I know quite well;
> He does not pose as a soldier brave, in war with shot and shell,
> But always as a lover on the screen his face is thrown,
> To win the maidens' hearts, you know, as he has won my own.
> It is long since I have seen him, and my thanks to him who'll tell
> Who the hero of "Two Orphans" was that Selig did so well.

The answer is Tom T. Carrigan.

Lawyer Cull Walker, of Troy, Ala., sends me the following eloquent lines, entitled

A CONTRAST.

I walked uptown with sullen face,
I frowned at friends upon the street;
With knitted brow I took my place
To solve the problems I should meet;
The cash got mixed at moments when
The tearlets fell from sorrowed eye;
I counted dimes as nickels, then
I rose and swore that figures lie.
A master's music clove the air,
The swish of female silks was heard,
I told my boss-man then and there
That life was but the spoken word;
That life at best was full of care,
That music was the knell of death;
And then I sought the ambient air
To snatch a transitory breath.
And lo! across the dismal square
My sunken eyes beheld a sign,
Which stood in splendid grandeur there,
In contrast with that life of mine.

. . . . . .

I walked into my office then and donned my fading hat,
And strode across the sun-lit square to where that sign was at;
And there I bought a ticket just to see the Photoplay,
Where Alice Joyce was moving in a mystic dream to me;
I dont know what the suicide has pressing on his brain;
I dont know what the robber thinks before he strikes for gain;
But as for me, when mad with life, I think I've found the cure;
I think I've found the dope that's sound, the medicine that's sure:
Whene'er the frizzled edges of this life that's handed me
Come forth to cast their shadows where my simple labors be,
I walk across the sun-lit square to see the Photoplay,
Where Alice Joyce is moving in a mystic dream to me.

The next time there is an outburst against Motion Pictures, and we may expect one every few months, let this question be put to the objectors: "To what particular film or films do you object?" If they specify, then ask them why they do not seek to have that film suppressed. If they say that all films are bad, then it is clear that they are persons unworthy of notice. If they say that certain films are bad, then make them name those certain films, and let us see whether they are objectionable or not. If they are, let us all unite in suppressing them; if they are not, let us all keep still.

A thing that's worth doing is worth doing well. If it isn't worth doing, dont do it. It is the sum total of things that you do that make the foundation on which your future is based. They dig deep for the forty-story building.

When we have learnt the lesson of taking things as they are, we have learnt much. That which cannot be cured must be endured. Complaining, grumbling, brooding over our troubles is a fool's folly. Every cloud has a silver lining, and if we never had a storm we could never fully appreciate the sunshine. Every rose has its thorn and every joy its corresponding sorrow. Joys and sorrows never come unmixt, and it is for us to enjoy the former while enduring the latter. Bees extract honey even from the bitterest flowers.

I attended a Photoshow last week where they had a record audience. The reason? Why, instead of a piano they had a phonograph.

Miss Ella Peterson, of Greenport, N. Y., who is only twelve years old, sends the following verses and wants to know if they are good; the fact that we print them is proof that they are:

I like the girl, I'd have you know,
Who acts in the Moving Picture show:
She used to ride on the horses fast,
But not at the time I saw her last.

Her face is fair, has pretty hair,
Is graceful, sweet, and debonaire.
It's Edith Storey—now you guess
What made me say I like her best.

From time immemorial Health has been the great Philosopher's Stone which all have been seeking, and this endless hunt has resulted in an immense number of *isms* and *ologies*. At first they used charms and talismans to keep off disease, then they used to bleed the patients. Later on, drugs came into common use, and for thousands of years Health has been invited and Disease repelled by means of various combinations of minerals, herbs and roots. Of late years, a large class of drugless healers have come, some of whom manipulate the vertebræ, some the muscles, some the mind, and all—the wallet. Some diseases yield readily to mental suggestion, but in most cases it will be found that a moderate use of drugs is necessary.

I wish I could induce some of those prudish censors to try this, just once: Take a copy of any large daily newspaper and jot down the headlines on a piece of paper. Then, on another piece of paper, jot down the titles and leading scenes of an equal number of Photoplays. Then, on still another piece of paper, jot down the titles and leading scenes of an equal number of regular plays and vaudeville acts. Next jot down the leading scenes from the leading novels of the day. This done, I would then submit these four sets of items to any preacher or teacher of public morals, and let these determine which set contains the largest number of objectionable items. I will stake my reputation that the Photoplay will have the best record of the four.

Schools and Photoshows are not enemies, but co-workers in education. Neither is complete in itself: the text-book needs the film and the film needs the text-book. There are some things that books cannot bring home to the child mind and there are some things that the film cannot show. Children see Photoplays with pleasure; they read text-books with pain.

There are only two paths to travel—the right and the wrong. They lie so far apart that they never touch each other, yet they are so close together that no man may walk between—we must walk in one or the other.

Do not think for a moment that M. P. manufacturers approve of everything that goes on in the Photoshow business. As a rule, the manufacturers take the position that it is their duty to produce good films, and that after that it is the duty of the theater managers to see that those films are properly and decently exhibited. Mr. F. J. Marion, of the Kalem Company, recently said, in an interview in the *New York World*, "Conditions in certain sections of New York are deplorable, and the time has come to take the matter in hand most vigorously. In every other section of the country, the shows are high-grade and are patronized by the best class of people. Here they are cheap and combined with vulgar vaudeville that keeps decent folks away. Our great aim, and I speak for the entire Association, is to put the business in New York on a wholesome basis."

The Onward March

The city of Winnipeg has no less than thirteen public playgrounds for boys and girls whose homes are too cramped for outdoor exercise, and in summer Motion Pictures are exhibited free.

The *Western Christian Advocate* calls attention to the fact that at first the churches were much opposed to the stereopticon, just as they are now inclined to frown upon Motion Pictures; whereas the stereopticon is now conceded, even by the most puritanic, not to be possessed of devils, and the M. P. machine is doubtless no more satanic than the stereopticon. The *Advocate* thinks that the experiment of introducing Motion Pictures in the churches is worth trying, and so do we.

The Baltimore *Sun* says that "Motion Pictures are for the most part innocent and enjoyable, and in many instances are educational as well." Which proves that all editors are not bad, and that some look before they leap.

The International Union of Stationary Engineers at Wheeling, W. Va., have installed a Motion Picture machine for the purpose of more quickly familiarizing the young engineers with the parts of their engines.

It is hard to believe, but statistics show that about one-tenth of the population of the United States attends the Photoshows every day. According to the report of the Superintendent of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the cinematograph has created 15,000,000 new theatergoers in the United States within a few years.

It is quite clear that most of the criticisms of Motion Pictures, such as Kate Davis's lecture on "The Evils of Moving Pictures," are written in a cozy chair before a warm fire in a comfortable home. Those who spend a reasonable amount of time in going out among the M. P. houses, are the kind that usually write the other kind of criticism.

The Hearst papers take issue with their neighbor, the *World*, and ably defend Motion Pictures. The *Evening Journal* recently published a masterly editorial by Arthur Brisbane, entitled, "Show Children the Real World; the Moving Picture—the Great Educator of the Future," which has been widely copied and which should be read by every parent and every educator in America.

The following is part of an editorial that lately appeared in the *Oklahoma State Register*: "Since the large public is to receive in the future a large per cent. of its entertainment by Moving Pictures, a serious effort should be made to present a greater variety of matter and higher elements of art and life. For instance, the highest types of men and women of the world should be presented to the audiences as samples of the achievements in literature, art, music, science. This would draw the beholder's admiration for the culture and intellect of his own country, and have an elevating effect. The greatest dramas and books, historic epochs, works in sculpture and painting and architecture, should be presented. The arts of industry of every country should be made visible, as they have been to some extent to all the rest. This would, then, present to the eye of those who have not had the inclination nor industry of reading the larger life that now only those of special culture are able to enjoy."

All of which is perfectly true, but the question arises: When will the editor of the *Register* wake up? And when will he find time to go around the corner and see his dream realized? The very things he urges have been done time and again, and are being done every week.

The Hamilton (Ontario) *Spectator* says, editorially: "There is a tendency to go to extremes in this wholesale condemnation of Moving Picture shows. Properly conducted, there are many opinions worthy of respect that do not class them as unadulterated mediums of evil. The bulk of the films shown are a combination of instruction, wholesome amusement and the inculcation of moral precepts. Those opposed to their existence are unconsciously playing into the hands of a baser element. The average worker craves entertainment after toil, and, deprived of this source, many would likely seek it in the saloon. Is there any comparison in favor of the latter?" Very good, but what is true of the worker is true of the employer; and what is good for these is good for every other class. The fact is that the worker is really in the minority at the average Photoshow.

And now comes the city of Haverhill, Mass., a city containing an unusual number of points of interest, which is to advertise itself by means of Motion Pictures.

The Civic League of Birmingham, Ala., after a thoro investigation, has come to the conclusion that the immoral effects of the Photoshow houses are not due as much to the films shown as to the evil characters who attend, and that most objectionable of all is the cheap vaudeville where coarse jokes and cheap music are featured.

The Dallas *State Press* now goes on the roll of honor. In a recent editorial it said, among other good and true things: "The Moving Picture shows gave the moralists a great fright at first. Like all new and popular movements, they caused the sociologists to view with alarm. But the result is altogether favorable to the pictures. They fill a long-felt want."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* recently published a long editorial which is in keeping with the good sense that characterizes most of their opinions. It began with "The criticism now being brought to bear upon the volunteer censorship of Moving Picture films is typical of minds which can see a fly on a barn door, but cannot see the door," and ended by comparing the Photoshow with the regular drama, much to the discredit of the latter.

Will our readers please make note of these editorial rules?

1—Always write on one side of the paper only.
2—Always give name and address, and if you do not wish them used, write them in the lower left-hand corner, and add a pen-name or initials at the end of the article or under the title.
3—If your communication has to do with more than one department, write each item on a separate sheet. For example, if you wish to subscribe, or to vote for your favorite player, or to compete in a contest, or if you have a question that you wish answered, a separate sheet must be used for each item. Otherwise, the letter is sent from one department to another, a copy of each item has to be made and entered, and some part of your letter is likely to be neglected.
4—If you wish your communication returned, or answered by mail, always enclose an addressed, stamped envelope.
5—Dont expect your contribution or letter to be published in the very next number of the magazine. Some parts of a magazine go to press several months in advance; hence, your contribution may not appear for several months after it is received. Unavailable matter is usually returned within a week or two. If you do not hear from us within two weeks, you will know that it has been accepted, or that it is being held for further consideration.
6—We are trying to find room for a department of "Letters to the Editor," but we must insist upon brevity. Furthermore, we cannot hope to print one-half of the letters received. Only letters of unusual merit or interest will be considered.

The freshmen at Columbia University are to be taught rowing by means of Moving Pictures.

The New York *World* recently printed the following dispatch from Berlin:

Emperor William is deeply interested in the development of the cinematograph. But then he is engrossed in everything novel and progressive.

When he is in his palace at Potsdam the Emperor causes to be shown to him regularly all the newest Moving Pictures of important events at home and abroad. During the Morocco crisis he kept himself informed steadily by Moving Pictures of life, character and incidents, on all parts of the African coast in which Germany, England and France were concerned in a dispute so threatening.

The little German cruiser Panther, which was sent to the port of Agadir, Morocco, was armed with a cinematograph. By the Emperor's order, films by the dozens of yards were hurried from Agadir to be exhibited to him.

"Such pictures really hold the mirror up to Nature," the Emperor is quoted as saying. "They are more convincing than all the despatches from my Ambassadors, more credible than all the telegrams the newspapers publish."

The Empress and the other ladies of the Imperial household take a lively interest in the Moving Pictures. At great public functions the Emperor always used to make certain that the photographers were well placed. Now at parades and receptions he takes equally good care of the Moving Picture makers and orders that they return to advantageous positions if the police shove them to one side.

Following in his father's footsteps, the Crown Prince recently halted some military manœuvers and ordered a regiment of cavalry to repeat a charge so that the cinematograph operators might get better pictures.

Theatrical managers here have been trying, indirectly and vainly, to persuade the Emperor that the extraordinary increase of cinematograph shows is not conducive to public morals.

"Those managers might have known what they would get from the Emperor," laughed a leading cinematograph proprietor today.



Getting Into a Picture Company



By The INQUIRY EDITOR

"How can I get into a Moving Picture company?"

That's a letter THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE gets in every mail. If there is no such letter, we send the carrier back to the postoffice to get it, because we know there must be one there, and there most always is.

In the Answers to Inquiries we have replied to this question every month, but space there is limited, and this is written as a general reply to literally hundreds of inquiries, and the answer is:

"It cannot be done."

There was a time, and it is not so very long ago, that the established actors looked with horror on the disgrace of working for the Moving Picture makers. Even then some level-headed and far-seeing players of real repute, such as Charles Kent, of the Vitagraph, then one of the leaders of the dramatic stage, realized the possibilities of the business and quit the stage for the studio, disregarding the pitying comments of their fellows and working to the end that even now has not yet fully come, but most players shunned the pictures.

There had to be some players to people the mimic stage, and eight or ten years ago each of the few picture companies maintained a sort of studio-school. Novices who gave promise were coached, experience brought finish, and with increasing skill came a standard of merit that attracted better material. Now and then some actor, desperately destitute, would take up the work as a makeshift, concealing the fact from his fellows, but the work was uncertain and paid for only when performed. Dark days were dark indeed for the player who needed the money, for he got $3 or $5 a day when he worked and nothing when he didn't.

It is less than five years ago that the first stock company was formed. The Vitagraph found that it was training clever people, only to lose them when some dramatic engagement offered a regular salary, and some of the best were told that they would be paid for six days a week, whether they worked or not. Other companies followed suit, and now players are divided into "stock" and "jobbers," the latter working only when they are needed and being paid only when they work.

Few dramatic companies stay on the road for the forty weeks that once formed the theatrical season. Now thirty weeks is a long season and a twenty-week tour is not unusual. The engagement is prefaced by from two to six weeks of rehearsal without pay, there are heavy expenses for hotel tips, sleepers and the hundred details of the road, all of which are escaped in the studio, while on the other hand the smaller salary paid is paid fifty-two weeks a year. It was only natural that the players should turn to this new departure, and instead of the companies having to urge players to act, they suddenly found themselves overrun with applications for positions. The boot was on the other foot with a vengeance.

Not all players are found available for picture work. They must have a good photographic face, regular features, good eyes, a pleasing mouth and mobility of expression. There is a little line running from the base of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth that has kept scores of clever women off the Photoplay stage, because it ages the face.

Then, too, there are matters of stage technique that unfit some of the most experienced players—for example, the size of the stage. The dramatic actor is taught to move about the forty-foot set as tho it were a twenty-foot room. He acquires a largeness of gesture, a length of stride that handicaps him when he comes to the small photographic stage that is even smaller than the twelve to eighteen foot box sets of the studio. The photographic stage is only about eight feet wide and perhaps six deep, and some veteran players find it impossible not to "fall out of the picture."

Still, many acquire the tricks of the Photoplay, and their stage experience is put to good use. They know how to act, they have the quickness of perception that enables them to catch the director's ideas from a word or two, and they bring to their work the finished art of the trained actor. Naturally, these are preferred to the untrained novice.

In the first four months of the current theatrical season more dramatic companies came to grief than in any similar period in the history of the drama. As this is written (in late December) there are probably 7,000 players out of employment, and many of them are in sore financial straits.

One company recently declared that, had it not been for the uselessness of the proceeding, the names of more than 4,000 applicants could have been registered on the waiting list. The director for another company told of a well known

comedian, who fairly pleaded for a chance to earn $18 a week in the studio, tho his stage salary is never less than $100 a week, and at times has been better than $150, but he cannot pay his board bills with what he used to get. A "stock star," whose salary ranges from $75 to $125 a week, would be glad to do "jobbing" at $5 a day, in the hope of paying her expenses.

The average company employs from thirty to fifty players on salary. This means that from 1,200 to 2,000 players are employed, not counting the cowboy riders in the Western pictures. Most companies try to hold their practised players, so that few changes are made, and, to supply these changes and the new demand, there is a surplus of some 2,000 fully experienced dramatic players available, who require only the slight coaching that will familiarize them with studio work.

Under these circumstances it will be very plain that the little girl from Florida, or the stage-struck boy from Maine, stands a very small chance of getting into a company, when an advertisement in the daily papers will bring hundreds of extra people for mob scenes, and postal cards will bring experienced players glad to work for as little as the beginner, and who do not require the months of training that are needed to fit the novice for the work.

With a reserve of two thousand, why should any company consider for an instant the extended education of the little girl who knows she can act better than Miss Florence Lawrence, if only she is given a chance? Perhaps she can, but the chances are that she cannot. She will start with minor rôles, but even if she plays only the maid she must play it well and with a due regard for the requirements of the picture stage. In dramatic work the beginner who comes on and falters out that the carriage waits, does not seriously affect the performance, but in pictures all the playing must be natural. More than this, the beginner may, by some variation from the stage directions, spoil a scene running from fifty to one hundred feet and make it necessary to take the entire picture over again, and this may happen not once but a dozen of times, each with its penalty of spoiled film, delay in playing and the discomfiture of the older players, that will have its effect on the screened picture.

There was a time when the picture-makers were glad to have any one come and learn who would pose in the pictures, but that day has passed, and now experience on the professional stage or in some other picture company is absolutely essential. Experience in amateur work or a dramatic school is worse than useless. The director wants players who have had actual experience in playing parts.

The other day a correspondent was advised that the only way to get into a Photoplay studio was to go up in an airship and fall thru the skylight, and that seems to be the only way for a beginner. Playing in Photoplay is not as easy as it looks. Apart from the studying of lines and the monotony of their repetition, it is harder work than dramatic acting. Perhaps once in a thousand times some star might be developed from the amateur applicants, but she or he will not be good enough to make it worth while bothering with the other 999.

This article is not written merely to discourage the Photoplay aspirant and head off the letters referred to in the opening paragraphs, but to explain why it is utterly useless to try and get with a picture company in the hope that you will be spared the labor of writing applications, the expense of postage and the nerve-wearing waiting and hoping. It is not a snap judgment, but the result of careful study and an intimate knowledge of inside studio affairs.

Goin' to de Play

By L. M. THORNTON

I's gwin to ax my lady
Fo' to come along wid me,
When de night gets kind o' shady,
An' I'll tell her dat we'll see
A glimpse ob ole Kenticky
As it looked long time ago,
An' de darkies pickin' cotton—
In de Motion Picture Show.

I 'spec' to sit beside her,
An' we'll both ob us keep still,
As we listen to de music
Till our hearts wid rapture thrill;
An' watch de scenes go changin'
From flowers to driftin' snow,
An' from Maine to California—
In de Motion Picture Show.

I's gwin to ax my lady
Fo' to come along wid me;
'Cause it only costs a nickel,
An' it's suahly boun' to be
An evenin' full ob pleasuah
Dat it's mighty good to know;
Wid de whole big world befo' us—
At de Motion Picture Show.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The increasing pressure upon our columns and the length of time that of necessity elapses before a question can be replied to in a magazine which must remain on the press almost a month, has led us to extend the usefulness of this department.

Hereafter those questioners who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. A stamp alone will not be sufficient. It must be affixed to an envelope bearing your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper and use separate sheets for replies to the contests or inquiries of the business office.

The magazine cannot undertake to guarantee replies, but every effort will be made to obtain the correct answers to all legitimate questions clearly stated.

LIZZIE J., and NAN D. (who seem to be the same person); "INQUIRER" (this particular one from Reading—there are others); F. M. H., MISS MARION S., V. A., ESTELLE R. C., MONROE O., W. R. S., H. H., VISILIA, STAR, R. A. K., JEAN, LITTLE MISS ALLISON, C. L. W., LUCILLE D. J., BILL C., MISS D. McK., BABE, CHOW CHOW, F. A. R., "INTERESTED FEMALE" (it's Mary Pickford), MISS C. B., INQUISITIVE (of San Antonio), MISS BROOKLYN, J. J. G. (make it Kay-lem, with the accent on the first syllable); H. C. M. A. C., R. L. P., R. R. M., MRS. V. E. Y. (who seems to know the answers to the questions she asks); M. K., L. F. P., "VITAGRAPH ADMIRER," B. B. J., BEN S., D. H., INTERESTED (who talks of dark men like a fortune-teller, but is not definite); FANETTA, "LILLIAN WALKER'S ADMIRER," M. Y. and A. S., MISS L. E. R., M. A. P., "VICKSBURG M. P. FAN," E. R. M., "SNOOKUMS," ROBERT W. M., M. W. S., A. E. J., A. G., FANNY MAY, N. L. F., M. N., L. M. (who asks: "Is he married?"); MRS. S. W., E. M. T., E. T., B. W., F. E. J. (another "Is he married?") W. D. C., EDDIE N., TOPSY GOLDIE, INQUISITIVE (of Ogden), "ADMIRER," D. E. L. (who does not state a question properly); M. B., FRANCES, CARL S. C., GERTRUDE, ROLAND D., "DOROTHY," PATRICIA, R. M., M. H. N. (information not available); MISS B. A. H., TWO M. P. FANS, R. M., S. S. S., MISS J. W., MISS H. B., H. M. D., EDNA A., MISS M. E., MYRTLE R., "AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER" (No. 693); G. S. J., HENRY K., "QUEEN," G. E. and L. B., MRS. R. J. M., L. M. C., MISS G. W. T., MRS. F. T. Q., "MONTREAL" (4 and 5 are); A. W. (send stamped envelope for cast); E. W. SMITH, A. X. B., C. W.—H. C., ANXIOUS W. S. A. STUDENT, A. I. W., P. A., "ADMIRER" (San Antonio); B. R. I. M., MISS G., M. H. N., BESSIE, D. G., A. N. M., "STAR," M. B., "BROWNIE," "AN ADMIRER," "MISS NOBODY," "SAN ANTONE KID," AND OTHERS, are informed that for various reasons their letters remain unanswered. Many of these questions were answered in the December and January issues, others refer to forbidden topics, and still others do not give sufficient data. So long as space permitted we answered all questions, but even with seven pages we cannot comply with all demands, and must confine ourselves to questions of more general interest.

SOME CHANGES.—Miss Florence Lawrence has left the Lubin company and is supposed to be enjoying an automobile tour. As this is written she has not formed any new connection. Albert McGovern, Ethel Elder and Jack Hopkins have also left that company. Please make note of these facts and save later inquiries. When Miss Lawrence makes another connection, that fact will be announced, but in the meantime questions as to where she is will remain unanswered. Miss Gladys Fields is no longer with Essanay.

DEATHS AND ACCIDENTS.—The widespread report that one or more Biograph players were killed in an automobile accident, that Miss Leonard was killed by a train last summer, that Maurice Costello is dead, and similar chronicles, are all the inventions of gifted prevaricators. Miss Edna Fisher, of the Western Essanay company, was hurt in a runaway, but not seriously. Save your stamps.

MADALINE, ANAMOSA.—We dont know any reason why you should not see Miss Pearl White in the Pathé Photoplays, unless it be that you are not getting the right reels. If you are getting Max Linder it would seem that you are using back numbers, possibly made while Miss White was with Lubin. Mr. Linder has not been seen in the Pathé releases for some time. (2) We imagine that the Lubin actor you are trying to place is Harry Myers. He seems to answer to your rather vague description.

MISS HAZEL, NEW HAVEN.—Gracious! Of course Mrs. Julia Swayne, the Vitagraph's Lady Godiva, was not nude. She was wearing what is known as a living-picture suit, and was as fully dressed as a circus gymnast or the hobble-skirted woman. Then think of her all-concealing hair. It really was more decorous than the opera or the bathing beach.

SAN FRANCISCO M. P. FAN.—There was a full-page portrait of Marc McDermott, of the Edison company, in the June issue. Maybe you missed it on account of the lack of the fuzzy little moustache. Every time he gets that moustache to a point where it begins to look like something they go and cast him for a smooth-faced rôle, and there is another sacrifice to art.

MRS. J. W. C., OAKLAND.—The Photoplay has been popular some six years or so, being an evolution of the shorter subjects. The first was the Edison, "The Great Train Robbery." (2) Miss Lillian Walker had the feminine lead in Vitagraph's "The Willow Tree." She has been with the Vitagraph for some time, but we do not place her before her connection with that company, tho we understand she came to the Vitagraph from the dramatic stage.

GOOD LUCK.—We do not place "The Lady of the Lake," but we are inclined to think it has been made. (2) Projection machines licensed by the Motion Picture Patents Company carry a stipulation that the machine shall be used only with licensed film, but pending the high court decision on certain cases on appeal this restriction is not rigidly enforced.

FLORENCE B., BROOKLYN.—Miss Florence Turner has not been in any automobile accident outside the fertile imagination of some Photoplay ushers.

J. C. T., BALTIMORE.—Honestly, did you ever hear of an Indian by the name of George Gebhardt? No, the Bison leading man is not of Indian blood, but is a painted sham. We dont know why he uses make-up and the others do not, perhaps it's because he gets a larger salary and can afford the paint. (2) And we pass up the questions as to why the squaws wear 1911 skirts. We've noticed a sort of harem skirt effect in some of the pictures, but we thought that it was the regular Indian pantalette effect that antedates the modern fashions. (3) As to the catching the automobile running backward at "breakneck speed," the answer is simple. They are not running backward but forward. It is the camera that is being run backward, either by standing it upside down or reversing the gear, according to the camera used. (4) B—— is running backward, too, when he says that the camera is turned very fast to make the pace. The reverse is the case where this expedient is employed. The camera, instead of taking sixteen pictures a second, may take but eight. Now, when the film is put into the projection machine and run thru at the standard rate of sixteen a second you see in each second two seconds of the actual picture. If an auto were advancing thirty feet a second it seems to be going sixty feet a second, because it goes thirty feet every time eight pictures are shown. The more slowly the picture is taken the more rapid is the action on the screen, but it is not usual to cut to more than ten or twelve pictures a second when this trick is employed. Most of the fast riding is fast riding. Your other questions have been answered.

H. C.—Just because you have not seen Miss Lillian Walker in recent Vitagraphs it does not argue that she has left the company. She is still with them.

G. J. R.—You state that it is vitally important that you be able to get in touch with a certain player, but you fail to give an address to which the information might be sent. As it takes at least two months to get the magazine thru the press we imagine that the rush is over. In emergency cases it is better to write the company employing the player.

O. P. W. B., SAN ANTONIO.—We do not know about Joe and Bill, but the Méliès company was disbanded in November on account of over-production, and information as to the make-up of the new company is not yet to hand. Write to G. Méliès, 204 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York City, for information as to their present whereabouts. They might know.

PORTLAND PICTURE FAN.—Miss Pearl White is now with Pathé Frères. We have not heard that she has been injured. Usually the report has it that the player has been killed, but we understand that she is appearing regularly in the company's productions. (2) Harry Walthall was with Pathé Frères but a short time, returning to the Reliance company.

E. P. F., BUFFALO.—The Nestor company has several times refused the names of the players in their "Mutt and Jeff" series, but the Jeff in the stories we have seen is not Martin Healey, altho Jeff is a dwarf. (2) Most of the producing companies have lists of extra people trained for mob work, but in a pinch they advertise. In field work local people are employed for mobs, as it would not pay to transport a train-load of extras. (3) The Vitagraph's "To the Ends of the Earth" was made in the Adirondacks. (4) The Pathé American studios are located in Los Angeles and at 1 Congress Street, Jersey City Heights, N. J. All of the printing is done at the laboratories at Bound Brook, N. J.

H. P. F., WASHINGTON.—Miss Gene Gauntier was the Spanish girl in Kalem's "In Old Florida." (2) State question correctly.

C. P., AMITYVILLE.—The Essanay "A Western Redemption" was made in San Rafael, Cal.

H. J. P., NORFOLK.—Miss Ormie Hawley was Norrine, and Miss Irene Crane was Jessica in Lubin's "The Scandalmongers."

M. L. P., NEW YORK.—Georgie Oliver and Miss Lamp played Bess in Lubin's "Bess of the Forest." Miss Lamp also played the mother of the child Bess. The lover was Frank Crane.

M. E.—Jack Standing was Jack in Lubin's "The Mexican." His photo is not for sale, as he is no longer with that company.

J. A. H.—Leo Louis was the boy in Lubin's "Willie's Conscience."

MRS. G. B. W.—Romaine Fielding played the Mexican in the Lubin film of that title. It was his own hair, not a wig; and he is a young, not an old-time actor.

J. M. K., BROOKLYN.—The Lubin studio is in Philadelphia. (c) Earle Williams was the aviator in Vitagraph's "An Aeroplane Elopement" with Miss Storey. He is a regular Vitagrapher. (d) They flew.

H. U. H.—Mrs. Julia Swayne had the leads in Vitagraph's "Hungry Hearts" and "A Message from Beyond." Miss Gardner had the lead in "Regeneration." We pass up the question of clothes. Usually the company furnishes costume clothes and the players modern wardrobe. A gown may have been loaned to meet an emergency, but why make a scandal about it? It's the acting that counts.

M. L. P., WASHINGTON.—Mr. Bosworth is still on the job with Selig. (2) Miss Edna Fisher was the girl in Essanay's "Outwitting Papa." The real dentist in the same production was Henry V. Goerner, who also played the gambler in "The Sheriff's Decision," instead of either of the two you mention.

TEXAS ENTHUSIAST.—Miss Mary Pickford played in both the I. M. P. films. (3) Miss La Mond was the Lubin "lady with the curls" in the "Scandalmongers." (4) Miss Joyce was Ethel in Kalem's "A Prisoner of Mexico." (5) Miss Lawrence was Myrtle in "A Rural Conqueror."

C. L. W.—Gracious! It's Sidney Olcott with Kalem. Chauncey is an opry singer. (2) Earl Williams was the lead in Vitagraph's "By Way of Mrs. Browning." (3) Harry Myers was Will's friend in Lubin's "His Stubborn Way." (4) Marc McDermott was the lead in Edison's "An Island Comedy."

A. W., NEW YORK.—Gertrude Norman was the mother in Pathé's "The Coward." (3) Yale Boss was the boy in Edison's "An Island Comedy." (5) The Biograph made "Wilful Peggy," and "Peggy" still poses.

MAY C., NEW YORK.—Martin J. Faust painted Briston's shirt in Lubin's "The Cure of John Douglas."

W. H., MIDDLESBORO.—Beulah Binford was brought to New York immediately following the Beattie trial. She is said to have posed for some pictures in one of the independent studios, but they have not been publicly shown, and will not be. The idea was evolved by two men not connected with the manufacturing end, who were forced to bow to public opinion. Since then a somewhat similar attempt to exploit court notoriety has been quietly stopped.

MISS H. L., TOPEKA.—The pay of the Photoplayers is apt to be less than the pay they would receive for stage work, since stage salaries are based on the season of about thirty-five weeks' work in a year, and allows for the expense of traveling. Relatively stage salaries are higher, but actually, Photoplayers receive more money and are saved the expense and discomfort of travel, and the worry as to engagements lasting the season out.

MISS AL., CENTRAL FALLS.—Darwin Karr was the artist in Edison's "The Ghost's Warning."

MISS C. B. P., BROOKLYN.—You seem to have reference to Edison's "The Panama Canal in 1911," released May 2nd.

DR. MANETTE.—An inquirer, whose name we have mislaid, is informed that Charles Kent was the Dr. Manette in Vitagraph's "Tale of Two Cities."

H. S. M., NYACK.—In Lubin's "The Test," Albert McGovern was Harry Thorne and Miss Lawrence the Miss Gillman.

C. B. D.—Nellie and her brother in Lubin's "His Exoneration" are Cleo Ridgley and Jack Standing.

ESTELLE H., LANCASTER.—Miss Mabel Trunnelle was the Mary of Edison's "Mary's Masquerade."

W. L. D., LYNN.—Send a stamped and addressed envelope for "places to sell scenarios" as advertised at the head of this department.

E. C. MCG., MONTGOMERY.—See answer to W. L. D., just above.

DELTA, GREENVILLE.—Carlyle Blackwell was the artist in Kalem's "The Wasp."

S. L. H.—Jack Standing had the lead in both "Romance of the 60's" and "The Ranchman's Daughter."

EMM-ESS.—See the advertisements for the Kalem photographs. Miss Gauntier and Mr. Olcott will have started for the Levant by the time this gets into print. The company will make plays in Egypt, Arabia, the Holy Land, Turkey, and so to Northern Europe. They will be gone until fall at least.

C. H. F., SAN FRANCISCO.—You evidently mean "The Girl Spy," produced by the Kalem company, in which Miss Gauntier has the lead.

L. H. R., BOSTON.—Nicholas Cogley played the milkman in Selig's "Old Billy."

FANNY R., BROOKLYN.—Mr. Johnson did not play in Lubin's "The Mexican." Romaine Fielding had the title part. Other questions have been answered.

M. M., ANTIGONISH.—Charles Ogle was John Armstrong in Edison's "The Winds of Fate." Miss Lawrence has acted for Vitagraph, Biograph, Imp, and Lubin.

WESTERN FRIEND.—"Mme. Rex" was a Biograph, not a Vitagraph, so Miss Turner was not in the cast.

H. C. W. D.—Mr. Johnson has played with Miss Lawrence in Biograph and Lubin films. He was with Reliance while she was with the Imp. He has never been with the Vitagraph company.

INQUISITIVE BETTY.—Miss Evangelyn Blasdell is the Vitagraph player you are trying to place. We have no data on the other question.

MRS. E. S. O., ALAMEDA.—Guy Coombs is with the Kalem company.

H. C., NEWARK.—Repeat the question and send a stamped envelope. (2) The Vitagraph snowstorm pictures were made last winter in the Adirondacks.

"THERE ON MOVING PICS," OKLAHOMA CITY.—Harry Myers didn't go to Eclair, but remains with Lubin. Some of your other statements are correct, but none enlighten our dense ignorance on the personality of the Biograph players and that "are they married?" stuff. Our ignorance is purely theoretical; not actual. This goes for several others who are trying to enlighten us on the same topics, bless their innocent hearts.

OLNEY, PHILADELPHIA.—See above for Harry Myers. Guy Oliver is with Eclair, and Miss White with Pathé. Miss Ridgley is with Eclair, we think.

R. L., NEW YORK.—The Essanay players are located at San Rafael, Cal. G. M. Anderson is the player you want to identify.

THELMA, BALTIMORE.—Helen Gardner was Alice in "The Death of King Edward III." Lillian Walker is still with the Vitagraph. Miss Turner and Mr. Costello have not played in the same cast recently.

A READER, SAN FRANCISCO.—There are a number of English players in the American companies. The Urban-Smith company is a London concern, but there is a distinct American Kinemacolor corporation with offices in New York. (2) Mary Pickford is the actress you seek to locate.

G. W., NEWARK.—Adele de Garde was the little girl in "Billy's Valentine."

B. M. E., HOUSTON.—Reliance, American, and Imp are all "independent" companies, and their films are not shown in conjunction with the licensed pictures. (2) You'll find your other questions answered elsewhere.

F. B., BROOKLYN.—You will find Mr. Anderson's picture in the April issue, and this one.

HANS.—Address the Essanay company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, for the desired photographs. Your other questions have been recently answered.

F. G., BROOKLYN.—Elsie Glynn was the lead in Lubin's "The Nearsighted Chaperone" (Lubin), and Gwendolen Pates the lead in Pathé's "A Puritan Courtship."

K. E. LA S., GALVESTON.—Miss Pearl White had the lead in Pathé's "The Terms of the Will."

"BIG DICK, OF ATLANTA."—Cleo Ridgley was the Betsey in the Rex "The Return," and Gertrude Robinson in the Reliance "The Trackwalker."

REGAL, HUNTINGDON.—Earle Williams was opposite Miss Turner in Vitagraph's "One Touch of Nature." Edward Boulden was Trixie's lover in Edison's "Cure for Dyspepsia."

B. LE V., RICHMOND TERRACE.—E. Johnston and Anna Neilson were the leads in Kalem's "The Engineer's Daughter." Other questions answered before.

G. M. K., LANCASTER.—Jack Standing was Bud in Lubin's "A Cowboy's Love," and Florence La Badie and Ed. Genung Prospero's daughter and the son of the King of Naples in Thanhouser's "The Tempest."

H. M. AND G. T., CHICAGO.—Miss Elsie McLeod was May in Edison's "The Bosun's Watch." The studio is in Bedford Park, New York City.

E. K. R., NEWARK.—Guy Coombs, now with Kalem, is a former Edison player.

G. W., PITTSFIELD.—James Young Deer played in Pathé's "Red Deer's Devotion." He is director of the western section of the company. Chas. J. Brabin played Lincoln in Edison's "His First Commission."

H. H. H.—The Kalem company advises us that the section of the company headed by Miss Joyce will winter at Glendale. See O. P. W. B. for Méliès.

HAZEL, BUFFALO.—We believe Miss Lawrence has some stage experience. See December "Chats with Players." Miss Dorothy Phillips was with Essanay following her Selig engagement. Harry Myers sticks to Lubin. The same people do not play the Edison and American films. They are more than 3,000 miles apart.

V. T., ROCHESTER.—Sydney Ayres was the second husband in Selig's "Capt. Brand's Wife."

M. L. P.—Herbert Bosworth is still with Selig. In that company's "Slick's Romance," Sydney Ayres played Slick.

C. H.—Betty Harte played opposite Sydney Ayres in Selig's "Outgeneraled."

A. M. R.—See above.

W. G., CHATHAM.—Selig's "How Algy Captured the Wild Man" was made in the Santa Cruz islands, Southern Pacific. Tom Santschi was the wild man.

LILLIAN MARY, ANTIGO.—Selig's "Lost in the Arctic" was made in Labrador. Miss Columbia Eustinuck, an Eskimo, was the orphan, and Wm. V. Mong the Davis.

F. F., BENSONHURST.—Selig's "Western Hearts" was made in Colorado.

L. T. W., NEW YORK.—Miss Kathlyn Williams was the maid, and Chas. Clary the Locksley in Selig's "The Inner Mind."

L. F. B., BROOKLYN.—Romaine Fielding, Miss Frances Gibson and Jack Standing were the leads in Lubin's "Love's Victory."

SIS, NEW YORK.—In Lubin's "A Blind Deception," the players were Arthur V. Johnson as Nelson, Miss Lawrence as Miss Fullerton, and Leo Louis and Master Nelson as Bert and Hal.

H. H. VENTURA.—Judson Melford is with one of the western sections of the Kalem company. George Melford was Daniel Boone and also played David Blair in "A Cattle Herder's Romance" by the same company.

L. G. T., NEW YORK.—In the Reliance "The Greater Love," the leads were Mace Greenleaf, Henry Walthall and Gertrude Robinson.

J. C., VALLEJO.—In the "Last of the Mohicans" (Thanhouser), the elder sister was Florence La Badie. Dark Cloud, son of an Algonquin chief, was the father of the last Mohican.

T. B., LIBERTYVILLE.—King Baggot was the villain in Imp's "Thru the Air."

W. H. K., NORTHUMBERLAND.—G. M. Anderson and Miss Gladys Fields were the leads in "The Corporation and the Ranch Girl."

PHOTOPHIEND, MONTGOMERY.—In Essanay's "Two Men and a Girl," the men were Francis Bushman and Frank Dayton, and the girl was Miss E. Dolores Cassinelli.

N. B. B., NEW YORK.—In Essanay's "He Fought for the U. S. A.," Francis Bushman and Bryant Washburn were the two brothers.

ADMIRER.—In Essanay's "A False Suspicion," the children were Doris and Kenneth Kelcey.

I. R. L., NEW YORK.—Sydney Ayres was the artist in Selig's "The Artist's Sons."

E. LESTER.—Miss Gene Gauntier was the Kalem actress in "The Colleen Bawn." Miss Turner is a Vitagrapher.

F. S., HUNTINGDON.—Mrs. Clarke, of the Kalem company, is the mother, not the wife of Jack J. Clarke.

H. K., NEW HAVEN.—You have placed James Gordon correctly.

LITTLE NEMO.—Bigelow Cooper was the husband and Miss Miriam Nesbitt his wife in Edison's "The Awakening of John Bond." Miss Fuller is correctly placed. "Saved by the Flag" is American made.

M. H.—Miss Flora Finch was Priscilla in Vitagraph's "The Gossip." Other queries answered elsewhere, except that "Is he married?"

S. R. A., NEW YORK.—Miss Alice Joyce assuredly did not play in the Edison production you mentioned. She is in California and the Edison company in New York. See elsewhere for "A Blind Deception."

LEON G., MINNEAPOLIS.—Reliance and Bison were formerly parts of the New York Motion Picture Co., but they are now two distinct companies with separate heads and organizations. We dont believe that Selig and American have photographs for sale. The Pathé "Passion Play" is a French product. We presume you mean spectators in street scenes. In most instances men in the company are posted to warn off passersby. Sometimes a friendly policeman assists.

C. G. M., NEW YORK.—May Hoteley was the mother-in-law in Lubin's "Some Mother-in-law."

C. P. D., PROVIDENCE.—This magazine is on sale in most Motion Picture theaters and on news-stands. (2) When the picture is stopped several times during the run it may be the fault of the operator, the machine, or due to the bad condition of the film. It would take a couple of pages to explain all the causes. We believe Miss Storey is in California.

E. B. W., CHICAGO.—The dog Jean is the property of Lawrence Trimble, one of the Vitagraph directors. Mr. Trimble is not an animal-trainer, but trains Jean for all pictures.

H. K., NEW YORK.—Surest thing that Yale Boss is going to be in some more pictures. We saw a couple the other day where he has the whole show, and they are great. Get a look at "The Stolen Nickel," the story of which is in this issue. Gladys Hulette is back with Edison, too. Did you know that?

BETTIE B., MONTGOMERY.—You have correctly placed the late Verner Clarges. Others than you have missed his finished acting.

M. L. S. AND A. L. S.—The Thanhouser Kid has no other official identity. Leo Louis is the only Lubin child regularly on the rolls, but many other youngsters are occasionally employed. Judson Melford is the Kalem boy. See elsewhere for Stephanie and look in vain for that "Is he married?"

F. G., VALLEJO.—We still do not know where Rita Davis is. The children in "His Sister's Children" are the daughters of Maurice Costello. The Vitagraph's Western studio is in Los Angeles.

MISS O'N., BROOKLYN.—Mr. Blackwell and Miss Joyce are still members of the Kalem company.

J. R. H.—See M. L. S. above.

D. W., ROCHESTER.—Miss Marie Tener and Miss Elsie McLeod were the art students in Edison's "No Cooking Allowed."

AN INQUISITIVE KID.—Adele de Garde was never a Biograph player. The half-breed in Vitagraph's "The Half-Breed's Daughter" is Eagle Eye, and an Indian. We do not place the Biograph story.

L. J., EAST BOSTON.—Miss Gladys Fields and G. M. Anderson are the players you ask for. Do you mean "Too Much Mother-in-law" by Selig, or "Some Mother-in-law" by Lubin? Write again.

A. J. B., NEW YORK.—The Pathé and Essanay players are not the same person. Your other questions have either been answered or cannot be answered.

A. M. A., NEW YORK.—Mr. Gilbert M. Anderson's picture was run in the February and April and the current issues.

L. J. AND E. J., NEW YORK.—It's bad luck to ask thirteen questions.

BOBBY, BROOKLYN.—Your question seems to indicate Miss Mary Pickford, now with the Majestic.

O. W., LOS ANGELES.—The character you ask for was not cast in "The Black Arrow."

M. B. R., SAN FRANCISCO.—Zena Kiefe is the cabin boy in the Vitagraph of that title.

C. L. W.—James W. Morrison was the son in Vitagraph's "A Message from Beyond."

B. E. O.—The Vitagraph story, "The Code of the Hills," was released under the title of "Beyond the Law," which is probably the reason your Photoplay friend failed to find it listed.

R. M. S., NEW YORK.—Carlyle Blackwell's photograph was run in the January issue. Mr. Melford's was run in June.

C. L. B.—We do not settle bets, but Mrs. Julia Swayne played the title part in Vitagraph's "Lady Godiva." Miss Lawrence is the former Imp star to whom you refer.

INTERESTED FRIEND.—Miss Miriam Nesbitt was Stephanie in Edison's "The Ghost's Warning," and Miriam in "An Island Comedy."

W. G., MARBLEHEAD.—We believe that some of the Nick Carter stories have been filmed, but do not recall the titles. Write the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Co., 111 East Fourteenth Street, New York, enclosing stamped envelope for the reply. (2) We do not reply to questions asking trade secrets.

ANXIOUS, NEW YORK.—The effect you ask about is a camera trick that we do not care to explain, but any photographic friend should be able to enlighten you. The numbers to which you refer simply give the date, as should be patent to you.

N. B., INGRAM.—Mrs. Julia Swayne and E. R. Phillips were the leads, and Adele de Garde the child in Vitagraph's "Regeneration of Carr." Miss Kathlyn Williams was badly scratched while "Lost in the Jungle" was being made, but not so badly hurt as to stop the picture. The leopard jumped short and landed on her instead of on the chicken that was to be the reward for good acting.

PICTUREFANO.—Mr. Delaney, the lead in Vitagraph's "The Cabin Boy," is not the brother of Maurice Costello. The cabin boy was a girl. See answer to M. B. R. You beat the rest of the inquirers. Most have only one Biograph player killed, but you've busted up the troupe. There is no truth in the report.

J. C. S., CALUMET.—John R. Cumpson was the Edison "Bumptious."

J. F. C., MILWAUKEE.—Why use two names? The Vitagraph is East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Essanay, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for the entire list and save yourself the trouble of thinking up twenty-three more names.

F. M., CAMBRIDGE.—We have not published "Only a Squaw" in fiction form.

M. B. G., CINCINNATI.—Jack Hopkins was the man in Lubin's "The Nearsighted Chaperone."

MISS DIXIE.—Harold Shaw was the uncle in Edison's "Mary's Masquerade."

E. M. P., NEW YORK.—We have no data on Jimmie. Miss Mabel Normand was Miss Prue in Vitagraph's "The Curing of Mrs. Nagg." Miss Mary Fuller was the mother in "Trading His Mother" (Edison). (4) We pass. (5) C. G. P. C. stands for the European product of the Pathé Frères. The rental price of the film runs from about $30 on the day of release to $1 sixty days after.

A. E. A., FOND DU LAC.—Send a stamped and addressed envelope to the Essanay Co., 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, asking for hints to scenario writers.

P. D. V., MONTGOMERY.—We do not know whether Miss Joyce posed for an underwear advertisement or not. Kenneth Casey is an orphan. We do not know about Adele de Garde's relatives.

INTERESTED, COLUMBIA.—Jack Standing was opposite Miss Ridgley in Lubin's "The Gambler's Influence."

M. P. FRIEND, WHEELING.—You are asking for Robert Gaylord, of the Vitagraph.

L. L. V., MOBILE.—Albert McGovern's picture was in the April issue. He is not with the Lubin now. The Lubin company has stacks of photographs, but is not yet ready to offer them for sale.

M. S. V., ANDERSON.—The Majestic company is working in Chicago as this is written, but we understand that it will be brought to New York. "A Good Turn" is a Lubin, not a Vitagraph. Jack Standing played the lead. See answer to Florence B.

TRIXIE AND TRAY.—Send stamp for complete list, or pick up addresses from other answers, this issue.

M. MCF.—The Vitagraph player you admire is Earle Williams.

G. K., BROOKLYN.—The actress in Edison's "Home" is Jeannie McPherson. Henry Walthall has been back with Reliance for some time.

R. E. B., ST. LOUIS.—The aunt in "Forgotten" and the lead in "Regeneration" are both Mrs. Julia Swayne.

A. L. W., ANTIGONISH.—Mr. Walthall was once a Biograph player. Leo Delaney was the Darnay in Vitagraph's "A Tale of Two Cities." Max Linder's picture was in the October issue.

L. OF M. C.—Miss Turner has the lead in Vitagraph's "One Touch of Nature." The rabbi's wife is Mrs. Mary Maurice. She was in "Quaker Mother." The Imp's "At the Bottom of the Sea" runs about 2,000 feet. The original of the "Monopol Inferno" is about 7,000. There are scores of two-reel and three-reel subjects. Stage children work at night under conditions not always healthful. Photoplay children work perhaps a couple of hours in daylight under rigidly sanitary conditions. Legally, the Photoplay children come under the factory laws and not those applying to the stage.

L. M., READING.—Arthur Johnson was Miss Lawrence's opposite in "Her Secret."

W. S. M., WASHINGTON.—Mr. Costello did not play in vaudeville last summer or at any other time.

M. O'B., BROOKLYN.—See answer to Sis.

M. M. W., GREENPORT.—Kenneth Casey is still with the Vitagraph. Adele de Garde and Edna May were the children in "Forgotten." William Humphrey was the father. There is no Beth in "His Sister's Children." Helen was Miss Rose E. Tapley. Miss White is with Pathé.

M. M., ST. LOUIS.—If you can prove Photoplay experience you might be able to get on, but for goodness' sake, in what part of Scotland did you find a picture company? If you cant do better than that dont try. The salaries run from $25 upward, but beginners "job" at $3 or $5 a day. Miss Turner is visiting the Vitagraph field company in Los Angeles at present.

R. H. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Harry T. Morey was the Anse in Vitagraph's "Auld Lang Syne."



DONT forget to vote for your favorite player, announcement of which will be found on another page. Be sure to write on a separate sheet of paper. Several communications or votes, however, may be enclosed in one envelope. You cant *applaud* your favorite photoplayer, but you can *vote!* Dont miss this chance to show your appreciation of those who have done so much to entertain you.

The Motion Picture and Grand Opera

By S. WHITNEY TODD

THERE is considerable of promise in the possibility that the Motion Picture will also give its assistance to the cause of Grand Opera. The experiment has been tried, and fell short only of complete success, because no effort had been made to harmonize the film story with the music that should accompany it. Musicians, however, appreciate their opportunity, and already a movement is afoot to make the co-relation of the two instruments of the art more apparent.

The dominant feature of grand opera is the music score. Were it necessary, that could be interpreted by a chorus and orchestra, unaided by any of the elaborate costuming or staging that must accompany an actual performance to receive popular attention. But the standard of acting by the great singers usually does not measure up to their vocal interpretation. Not always is the good singer a good actor. No man can serve two masters, namely, the vocal and the dramatic arts. The Motion Picture actor is devoted alone to the art of acting. In grand opera, thru the Motion Picture, he must leave that to the singer actually before the audience.

The spectacular in grand opera can easily be furnished by Moving Pictures. There is nothing more convincing or stirring than a film production of an impressive scene, accompanied by suitable music. The Motion Picture has already made use of the grand opera stories, and epitomized and dramatized them. The story of "Aida" has been given in Motion Pictures, also "Faust," "Trovatore," and others, and they readily lend themselves to film production. The witchery of "Hansel and Gretel" is much more effective in Moving Pictures than in the actual stage version. The recent experiment was not a complete success, because an attempt was made to combine the Motion Picture version of the grand opera with the actual score of the opera presented, and as each traveled along its own lines of development, the union was not a happy one.

But the experiment served to suggest the possibilities of co-operation and co-ordination between the two. Motion Picture reels depicting before the eye every scene in grand opera as given on the stage, could be made, so as to follow every aria in the musical score. Soloists and a large orchestra would be required to care only for the interpretation of the musical score, for the spectacular could be left to the skill of the Motion Picture. There is no reason why this arrangement should not succeed. A further trial awaits only public demand, for the Motion Picture caters to the public taste, and that alone.

The benefit that the Motion Picture would bring to grand opera in this way is incalculable. What is now an entertainment for only the wealthy would be brought within the range of the slender pocketbook of the poorer citizens. The music makes its appeal to the ear, but the Motion Picture seeks to engage the eye. The combination of the two would certainly prove to be a fortunate one, of the sort that always makes for higher ideals, education and culture.

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High art consists neither in altering nor in improving Nature; but in seeking thruout Nature for "whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are pure"; in loving these, in displaying to the utmost of the painter's power such loveliness as is in them, and directing the thoughts of others by winning art and gentle emphasis.

Modern Painters, Ruskin.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Man:—Have meant to write this for a fearful long time, but—well, now I am. It's all about your magazine. Now, listen:

Once upon a time there was a little girl who knew good reading matter a mile away, and one day she caught a glimpse of a MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE (February issue) in the coat pocket of a friend.

She reached out gleefully and captured it (after a blood-curdling wrestle with the friend) and devoured its pages as only a "literature hungry" mind can.

But, alas! Such a prize could not come into her possession with such little work for it. I have said—the wrestling match came first. A maddening rush to the nearest book stores and magazine stands came next. But, alas! some more. All the store and magazine men shook their heads "no," heartlessly, and one wretch informed her that they handled "the leading magazines only."

As she indignantly reddened (that's "bookie," dont you think?) she hurled icy retorts—no, I think heated retorts are better, because the truth mustn't be shaken by the "bookishness."

But she didn't give up. Oh, no! She was running after something that was well worth her energy and efforts. So at last she came to a little magazine stand at the southwest corner of Broad and Erie Avenue, Philadelphia, and entreated the man—implored almost on her bended knees to try to get it for her. The kindhearted man, seeing her pitiful condition of mind, promised, and several times daily for the next few weeks that girl would call at the "little stand 'round the corner" for a report as to how chances were for a regular subscription. At last, one day, the man, wildly waving a book in her face, informed her that he had been successful, and that hence she would be able to secure it every month. She hasn't missed a month since, and has noticed that *all*, not only the most prominent, but *all* the dealers carry it now, and she feels just a teeny bit like patting herself on the back. *She* has recommended it to a host of friends and dealers, who now are regular "fiends" for the *best magazine in the world—no exceptions.* She wishes it, with her friends, all the success attainable. I always did say "The proof of a book is in the reading," and I should know, 'cause I'm the heroine of this story.

MISS DOTTIE HARVEY, Darby, Pa.

Dear Editor: There is nothing that helps to make a Motion Picture show more interesting and real to the audience than appropriate music. Let any one go into a picture house where there is a mechanical instrument of some kind playing a rag melody while a death scene is being shown on the screen and they will then see how a beautiful or pathetic scene may be absolutely ruined by the instrument not playing the right kind of music at the right time. On the other hand, go into another house where there is a small orchestra and notice the contrast between the two. A scene of a wedding is being shown and the orchestra is playing the familiar strains of the wedding march. A picture of an incident of the Civil War is now being shown, and the merry strains of "Dixie" quickly followed by "Yankee Doodle" works the audience up to a high degree of enthusiasm. Then comes an Indian picture, with the sound of the tom-tom (or Indian drum) mixed with the strains of an old Indian melody, which thrills the audience and carries them back to the days when this tribe of people once inhabited our land of America.

Then the Western picture, with the sounds of the pistol shots and the beat

of the horse-hoofs heard in the distance, makes one feel for the time like they were on a ranch out in sunny Texas. A picture of a terrible fire is on the screen now, and the sounds of the fire-bell mingled with those of the fire-whistle and the hoof-beats go to make one almost come in direct contact, and he, or she, find themselves lost for the moment in the scenes of the terrible disaster. Then all is still, and in the distance is seen an old-time steamboat, slowly approaching, like a white swan from down the river, and the sound of its melodious old whistle, mingled with the strains of " 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River," makes you lose yourself in the true atmosphere of the Sunny South in the days of the 'sixties. And the audience leaves the picture show that is handled in this manner feeling that they have been highly entertained and satisfied. I like your magazine very much, and hasten to get one every month as soon as they are out. Yours truly,

HAMILTON P. CALMES, Meridian, Miss.

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Signs of the Times

By HARRY LEWY

I may as well begin, and tell
Exactly who I am,
For a line or two will soon show you
I'm a Moving Picture Fan.



When I feel blue, as I often do,
I look for a comedy "Indian Head,"
Or I may, perchance, see one from France,
That bears the mark of the "Rooster" Red.





Then again I may, the very same day,
Enjoy a film with the Monogram "E,"
And I always feel that I cant miss a reel
That follows the sign of the "Winged V."





A tale of the West, often seen at its best,
By the orange "Diamond S" I can tell.
And for bushels of pleasure (that is, in a measure),
I'll search for the "Liberty Bell."





When things go bad, and I feel sad,
The "Turning Sun" soon cheers me;
And I must say this, I never will miss
One that ends with the Circled "A. B."



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SOME SNEEZE

An amusing incident happened in one of the large Photoplay houses in Baltimore recently. A comedy picture was being presented in which a burglar hides himself in a clothes closet that has just been saturated with camphor. The odor getting in his nostrils, causes him to sneeze, a very humorous scene in itself, but when, just at the third sneeze, the film broke, and the machine automatically shut off the picture, the effect was most ludicrous, for it gave the appearance as tho the last sneeze had blown out the light in the machine room, seventy-five feet away. The house fairly roared.

REDUCING THE COSTLY PERCENTAGE OF FAILURE DUE TO OUR EYES

By ROBERT STUART, M.A.

THE age in which we live is putting an extraordinary tax on human machinery. No one who looks about at the multiplying activities of modern life can doubt that our ancestors were subjected to no such strain.

We speak of "the strenuous age." Each of us is made to feel that life is more complicated than it used to be. And each of us is made to feel that "keeping up with the procession" calls for more energy, more concentration, more nervous force than ever before. Not to realize this is to fall behind—to be reminded in dollars and cents, as well as in physical failure, that we are letting Opportunity pass us by. Certainly it never was truer than it is today that we cannot afford to be less than our best.

Cross a busy city street. The clang and rush of traffic illustrates the growing excitement of living.

That delicate fabric, our nervous system, is hammered by a thousand sensations where one fell a hundred years ago. The conflicts of business have become fiercer. Social life is more nervous and exhausting. The very "improvements" of modern days are new taxes on the brain.

People read more than they ever read before. Scholars did the reading in the past ages. Today everybody reads—and reads everywhere, on the trains and street cars, in all sorts of varying and shifting lights.

Did you ever look over a modern child's heap of school books? Once the child had but to learn the three R's. Now a score of sciences are crowded into its head. Thus, at the very beginning of life, the modern creature is made to feel the increasing pressure of things.

What is the result?

We have the same old machinery to get along with. We have the same senses, the same nerves. We have the same ambitions to excel—the same personal and family need to "win out" in the life-struggle. The changes in life have come and we cannot get away from them.

Two facts are to be accepted. First, we must adjust our body machinery to the new conditions, learn to *use* life to our benefit and happiness. Second, we must look to the body machinery itself, find how we may correct the disturbances caused by new kinds of strain and friction if we are to maintain our effective power in the world, if we are to meet higher costs of living and the keener competitions of the hour.

And here we come to a remarkable discovery of science in its recent study of the ills that the flesh has inherited and has acquired in these hustling days. It was easy to guess that nerves in general were going to rebel and that the rebellion would show itself in manifold ways destructive of our efficiency. But it was only the step by step scrutiny of science that discovered the far-reaching effects of *eye-strain.*

We live through our eyes. They are the capital of our consciousness. They are the most delicate and wonderful feature of the body machine. Darwin, when he explained man's development from the first living particle, admitted that the eyes were harder to account for than anything else in the whole evolution theory.

Life could not be complicated without putting the heaviest burden on the eyes. The vast growth of the reading habit is only a part of this burden. The jerk and glitter of city streets, the tremendously increased pace of traffic in city and country, the blur of the automobiles, the swish of scenery past the train-window, all contribute to the burden.

It was easy to guess this, but only the deeper investigations of science revealed the relation between various maladies of today and the growing strain on the eyes.

Fully to appreciate what this strain means to the average person, we must remember that the eyes are really little cameras—exact counterparts in every particular of the camera. There is the lens with the iris opening, enlarged or contracted according to the amount of light. There is the dark chamber corresponding to the camera bellows, and the retina corresponding to the sensitive plate or film. Delicate muscles turn the eyes in any direction; other muscles control the iris; still others operate the focus.

These many muscles weary of their task when the strain is too heavy. You know what happens to an old camera bellows?—it gets flabby. The same thing happens to old eyes, or eyes prematurely aged. The result is failure in easy focus, perhaps total failure. The focussing muscles do their best—and the tax of doing it affects the entire bodily system—lowers the vitality. And low vitality too often means low spirits—and low salary.

To the general public, it was, indeed, astonishing to learn on the highest authority, that not merely headaches and nervousness resulted from trouble with the eyes, but that eye-strain which *did not always display itself locally,* in a way to be recognized locally, was responsible for sleeplessness, over-drowsiness, irritability, indigestion, a sense of nausea that affected the appetite and directly diminished the working power of the human machine.

"I had never thought that it might be my eyes!" How frequently the specialist has heard that exclamation!

As a writer in the *Delineator* puts it: "Nowadays, the wise doctor, having an

obscure stomach trouble to deal with, in the absence of other explanation, looks to the eyes. Eye-strain has a most potent and far-reaching influence on digestion. I know of one case of chronic dyspepsia, of a year's standing, completely cured by a change of eye-glasses."

"A change of glasses"—there you have one makeshift that brings temporary relief. It might have been a prescription for a first pair of glasses. Glasses are not to be despised. They are a great invention. So are crutches. But it would be better than crutches to enable a man to go about on his own legs.

Glasses, however we may regard their disfigurement, do not really answer the great eye questions: How can eyes be made stronger to meet the strain of modern life? How can troubles resulting from eye-strain be corrected or ameliorated? The crutches, yes—if you must. But just as new science in physiology has done wonders in correcting deformities and crippled conditions that formerly made mechanical support necessary, so has a new science met this problem of the eyes. And this new science reached difficulties that *no glasses* can aid.

How does it do this?

First, by recognizing the intricate structure of the eye system. Second, by meeting and treating the defective conditions brought about by strain—strain past and strain to come.

"Eye-strain" is the strain on the muscles of the eye, and as Douglas C. McMurtrie remarks in his "Conservation of Vision," eye-strain is "the most widely spread of all disorders of the eye." This author adds: "It is likely that the effects of this form of eye trouble are greater and more disastrous than all other forms put together." Scores of specialists in Europe and America might be quoted to the same effect—have shown that unsuspected eye-strain is hampering the progress of thousands of ambitious men and women.

How shall these strained muscles be helped and our full body-power be restored?

How do we help strained muscles in other parts of the body? By manipulation—by massage that stimulates the normal circulation, suggesting new life to the tired muscles. Doctor de Schweinitz of Philadelphia, professor of ophthalmology in Jefferson College, speaks pointedly when he calls attention to the fact that in treating, without the knife, even so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eyeball "has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening of the anterior chamber." The *Medical Record*, speaking of the same condition, insists upon the value of "any means that would bring an increased blood supply," and urges that "the most feasible plan seemed to be properly applied massage."

The formidable difficulty of attempting to accomplish this massage with the hands seems to have been successfully met by a simple appliance invented a few years ago by a New York physician—a device that accomplishes safely and efficiently, on scientific principles, that delicate service impossible to mere hands.

All great inventions seem simple and obvious when once they have been accomplished. It may without exaggeration be suggested that no great invention ever was more *timely* than this, for the tired eyes of the world never needed an eye help as they need it now. It is equally safe to assume that thousands more spectacles will be discarded when this more natural, reasonable and effective aid to the *real defects* has begun to do its wide work in the world.

The possibilities of this method of restoring health to the machinery of the eyes will be suggested when you remember the condition in which the unhelped eye so frequently falls. The loss of true form in the eye, resulting from tired or flabby muscles and poor circulation, means failure of focus and all the distresses of "near" or "far" sight. Hypermetropia, or far sight, is simply a flattening of the eyeball. Presbyopia, or old sight, is but a debility of the ciliary muscles ordinarily met by "stronger" and still stronger glasses—crutches for the eye which natural health in the muscles would entirely obviate. Every such failure of duty in the eye muscles and tissues tempts disease. You cannot put new muscles in an eye as you would a new belt on an engine, but you can restore health in these muscles, help them to a renewed strength that assures the doing of their natural work.

This is the function of the device to which I have alluded—to give the eye the chances for its own health that we give to other parts of the body. Your eyes need this help, whether you have gone the length of wearing glasses, debated the need of them, or have only found in yourself a loss of bodily power inevitably following the prevalent overtaxing of these priceless servants. Used once or twice a day for a few minutes, this device is an adjunct of healthy activity held in enthusiastic esteem. It means vigor at the capitol of the conscious body, a buoyant, an energetic command of the forces that keep us up in the procession.

The device and the system of eye massage, made possible by its use, are described in a highly interesting booklet by Dr. Pinco, of Dept. 17, 134 West 65th Street, New York, who will send it without cost to those who may be interested. I think you will thank me for calling your attention to it.

At all events, I shall personally be gratified if I have awakened your interest in this great and neglected question of eye-help, to its bearing on your capacity as an individual, and consequently to its certain effect, not only on your ambitions and fortunes as a producer, but on your comfort and happiness as a well-equipped social force in a strenuous world.

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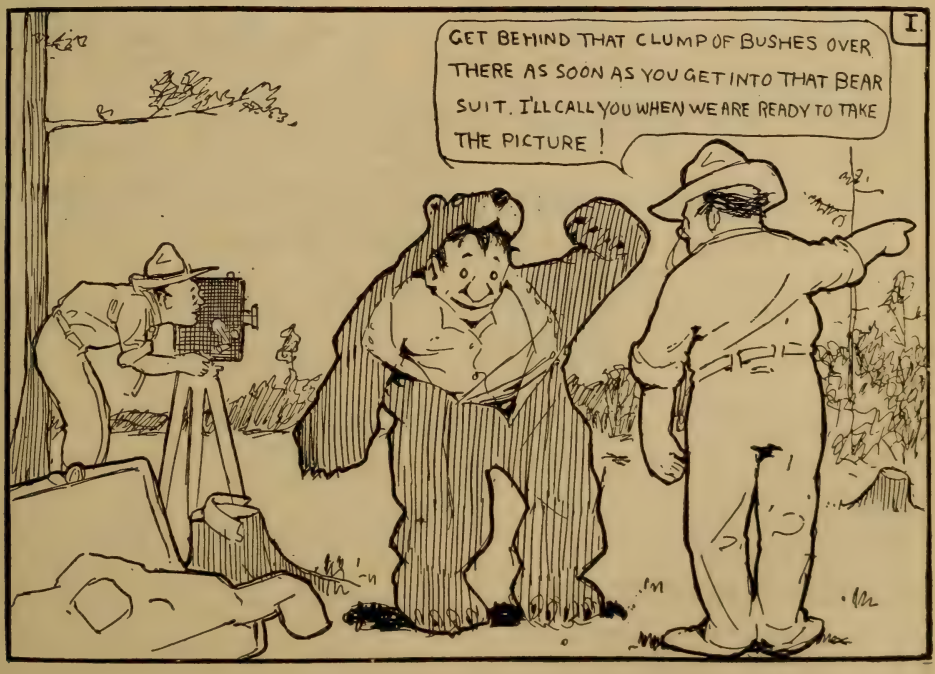
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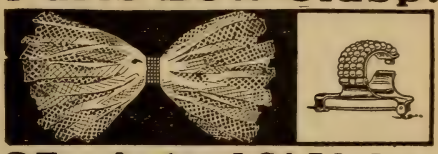
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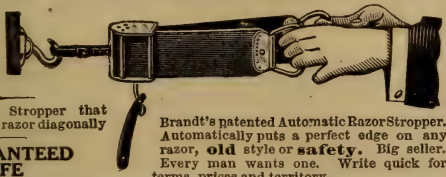
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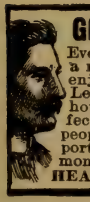
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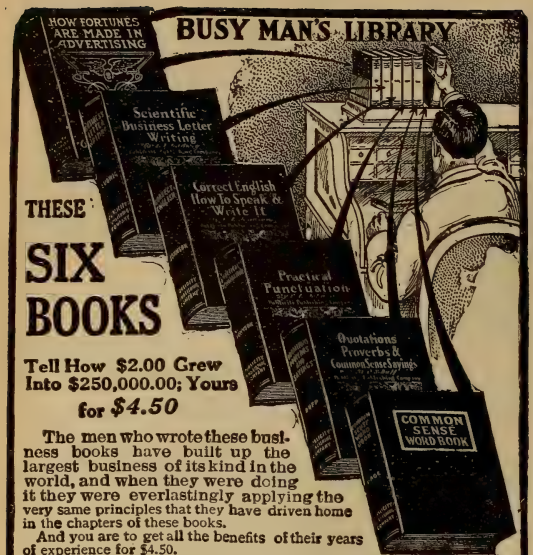
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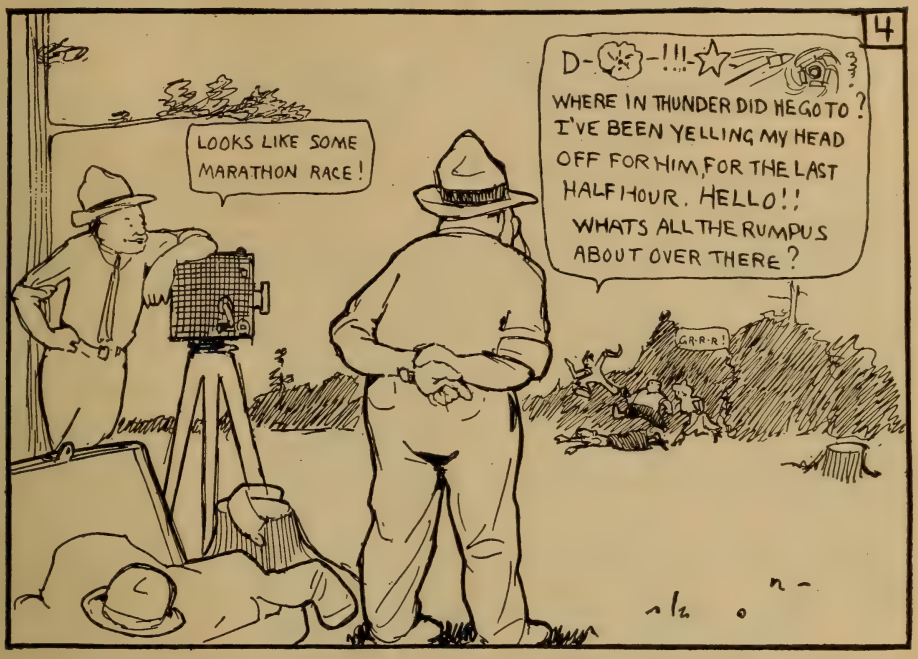
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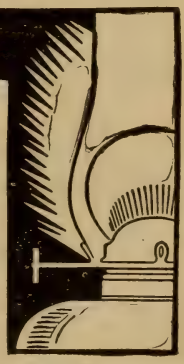
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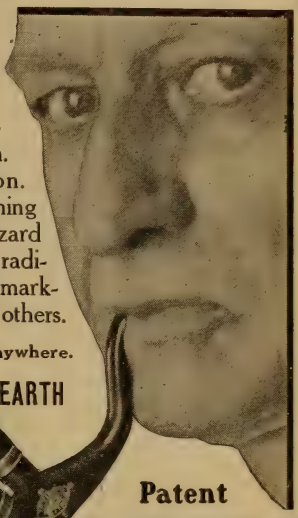
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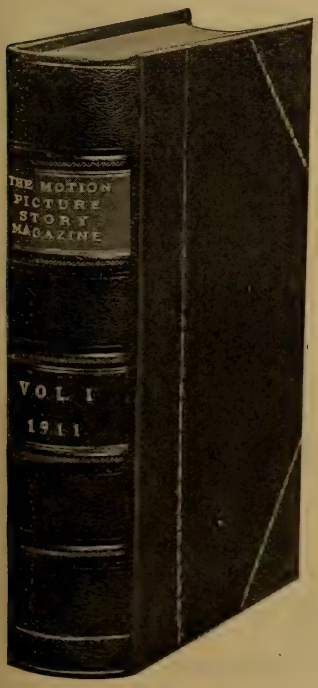


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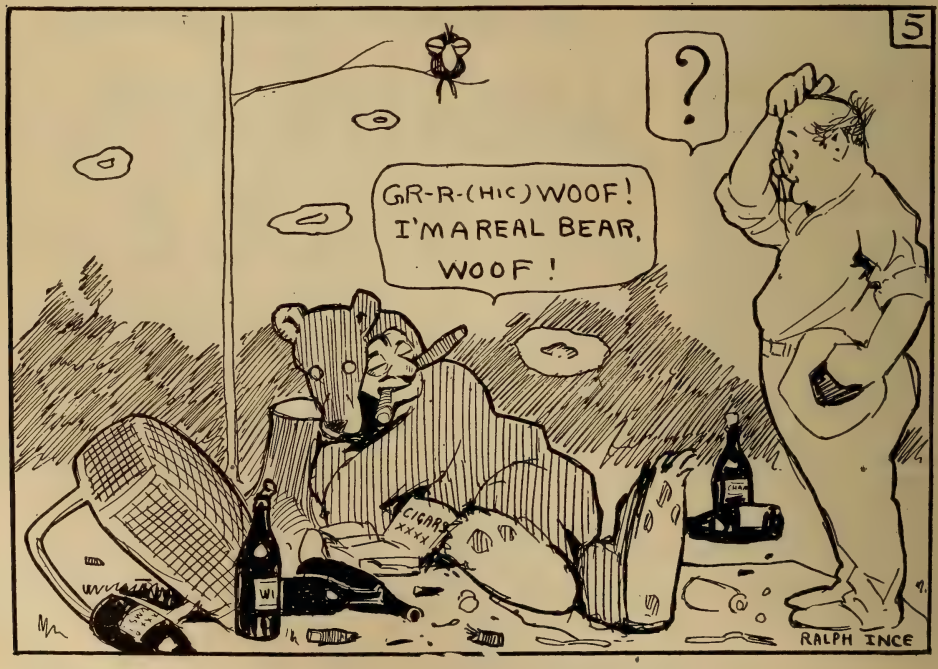
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster ..... Managing Editor
Montanye Perry, Edwin M. La Roche } Associate Editors.
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V. H. Kimmelmann, Advertising Director

Western Advertising Representative:
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GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



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(Méliès)



MAY BUCKLEY
(Lubin)



FREDERIC SANTLEY

RUTH ROLAND
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PART OF THE KALEM COMPANY VIEWING THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO, ON THE WAY TO THE HOLY LANDS

J. P. McGowan, Alice Hollister, Jack J. Clark and Gene Gauntier in the foreground, and Sidney Olcott to the right, rear

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. III MARCH, 1912 No. 2



A Blot in the 'Scutcheon

by John Olden

(Adapted from Robert Browning's Drama)

Biograph



WHERE the avenue, flanked by ancient beech trees, turned sharply from its straight course, seeking an entrance to Tresham Park, a snow-smothered cot lay. Its broken panes and twisted thatch, with an atmosphere of general neglect, were silent witnesses of decay in this once pretty and consequential place—pretty, because it had lain snug and warm against the massy gates and trees of the entrance; important, as the dwelling of the gate-keeper to the park and demesne within.

The dispositions of time and the changing of the entrance by the lord in tenure had made the place of absolutely no importance, except to the aged tenant, who continued to dwell in it. He was very old, very feeble and somewhat simple-minded, this Gerald, the warrener, and whose game and fisheries he had housed or tended was beyond the memory of the present villagers. There was reason in this, as some two score years gone, with the incoming of the younger line of Tresham, there had been an exodus of the older tenants and new ones brought on the land from a strange county. Only Gerald, the warrener, remained, held by some warp of loyalty.

Now the ancient relic lay in his attic on a heap of musty straw, and held on to what life there was left in him, without railing, complaint or a calling to God to witness his good deeds.

"Lift me up, apothecary," he said, "that I may look down the avenue, for the last time, to where the yew trees thicket the castle."

It was done. The heaped straw held his head level with the narrow window, and the worn-out servitor looked out with the eyes of full memories.

"I have long wanted to tell the tale," he resumed, "and have asked the boon of God whilst the warm blood still coursed in me, for many things might have been set right thereby. But I remembered my age, and how the villagers would have cried out upon me as a loon or zany, so I have hoarded it until the time that it will do harm to no one, nor my door become the haunt of curious gossips."

He lay as if casting back thru the years for a point of beginning. Then,

straightening up determinedly, he began, and here follows the tale that he told:

Yes, I remember her first as a little brown girl of seven, whom I led among the startled deer-herd, and taught by daily practice to feed the fawns from off her hands. Always an elf child, motherless, and loving the cold exterior of her brother, Earl Thorold of Tresham. She lived in the woods o' days with me, on my rounds of pheasant thicket, hatcheries and warren, or else alone, running hither and thither thru the shaded places with her fancies.

As the shy creature, partaking of the nature of the woods, grew to slender, supple girlhood, her fair looks blossomed into a wondrously beautiful woman. So untamed, so bold, so clear-eyed and pliant, yet so innocent, that princes would have been undone at sight of her swift coming.

Rood by rood, with the borders of Earl Thorold's demesne, measured the forests and close of young Henry, Earl of Mertoun. Tho their lands touched for many leagues, their hearts had been parted by the differences of their fathers, on opposite sides when the Prince of Orange came. The families were as strangers. Both the younger and the older nobleman were contained and distant one to the other, but each had conned the other's ancient lineage and blameless bearing, and held respect where friendship did not enter.

Yet an entrance there was, as you shall hear, a secret entrance, the postern of young love's folly, which in the end laid lower than the dust these three clear lives.

Mildred, my lady of Tresham, was in her sixteenth year, known and endeared by constant usage to all the denizens of wood, dell or tree-top. The crake of a swan in the fens, the drumming of a sheltered partridge, the woodcock's evening hymn were the open book to her of a living, breathing life into which no man of court or countyside had thrust a smiling face.

One day, as she wandered far, near the tangled borderland, a scolding hen-pheasant, deep in the bracken, attracted her attention. She stood to listen to its calls, and soon the cause of its voicings crossed her path: a wounded hawk half walked, half fluttered thru the open places. In the thickets beyond she heard the sharp rustle and snapping of branches as from a hurried passage.

She had not long to wait. A tall, dark young man, in the doeskins of a hunter, broke into her opening and followed the errant bird. Mildred gave back, for if it were a poacher he were risking his life by her witnessing of his trespass, but when the eager hunter caught a glimpse of silvered velvet skirt behind a tree trunk, he stopped in his eager chase, at a loss what to do.

As if fascinated by such an unusual appearance in the forest, he approached the concealing tree. Such her eyes were discovered to his, their boldness was most alarming, and as clear blue depths illy hid her fear.

"Be not alarmed, gentle lady," he said, with a timid sweep of his little cap, "for I did but search after a wounded goshawk of mine own."

Her wide eyes questioned his identity with childish wonder.

"I have heard speak of the time," he resumed, "when these broad forests were held in common friendliness, and the fallow deer lay down or started to the horn in a park that knew no boundaries."

"You say truly of an old time," she concurred; "tho why a huntsman should be so versed, I do not know."

He seemed surprised that she did not know him, or else played her part so well.

"Truly you have discovered that I am Henry of Mertoun," he said, gravely, "and that a mischance has brought me beyond my lines?"

At this she clapped her hands in pure glee, and took in his fine shape with eyes now full of curiosity. "A gentleman of whom I have heard much," she said, "and been drilled to both fear and admire." Whereat

she made a rounded courtesy, with dropped lashes, and held it until he wondered at her suppleness.

"You use strong words," he said, smiling, "for such a child, yet I cannot but trace their origin. Sure, no one but Thorold of Tresham could have taught you their belief and utterance."

"I am of that house," she confessed, turned serious at her brother's name, "and a sister to him."

Then again the trespasser looked upon her long and earnestly, a rush of new thoughts in his brain. The wounded hawk was quite forgotten; a beautiful, frank creature, unafraid, held him captive in the half-light thru the trees.

As if drawn together by the long reserve of years, and a fate which would make of them her willing instruments, the pair strolled thru the silent places, now laughing, now studying the unguarded charms of the other; children of the woods, who could feel its great heart beat, and but aped the formal words which they gave back and forth.

As the shadows deepened and song birds already sought lodgings in the boughs overhead, he left her to make his way back unseen. Thus their meeting came about, and with it their ill-starred love had a beginning, to become so exalted and to end so tragically, as you shall hear.

Now, altho no rendezvous was mentioned, nor any one by means of message or word taken into their unconscious confidence, Mildred and Lord Henry Mertoun met again, as if by chance, in the great chamber beneath the limbs of the beechwood. And, meeting again, her eyes softened to his first words, his voice to her tell-tale blush. The story was told to each other, yet lips and looks must linger over each new-found detail and go halting on its way, for strong love is ever timid and deep love ever slow.

Many covert meetings, each with a deeper and sadder parting, took place between them. A regard, without advisement, concealed with difficulty, gripped them until they came together on the morrow.

All this may have been leading up to a reconciliation between the two houses, whom pride had held awkwardly apart, had but Henry come out in the open and declared himself to Lord Tresham at the proper time.

A time did come, however, when the young Lord Mertoun, now ice at thought of an interview with her brother, now on fire with hidden love, took it upon himself to bring about



EARL THOROLD POINTS WITH PRIDE TO THE FAMILY RECORDS, WITHOUT A BLOT IN THE ESCUTCHEON

a meeting. His pretext, a right of wood-cutting, or entry, or some such feudal inheritance that galled between them.

Lord Tresham received him courteously, but coldly, an armed salute to his fair advances, and his tongue got no further than the formal business. He turned away with his confession stifled in his breast, turned to loosen his horse outside the gates and to steal into the woods to her.

Again remorse, at a later day, overtook him at thus creeping his way into the Earl's close by means of the now infatuated girl, and he summoned up every reserve of flagging courage to unburden himself. So it came about that, tortured by his duplicity, he hit upon a happy expedient.

The dawn of the day following his belated plan, found a cavalcade of gaily dressed horsemen putting out from his courtyard and winding down the long avenue that led to the high-road. Some sat awkwardly on horse as they rode behind the impatient young nobleman, his pale secretary and pages being unused to the sport; but the long feather trailing out like a pennant from his cavalier's hat, kept them ever in a straggling line.

By eight of the clock, the party had made the long, roundabout way to the gates of Tresham Park, which gave back slowly before them. By nine, Lord Tresham himself, bareheaded, as he stood on the terrace steps, met the oncoming horsemen. Grooms sprang to horses' heads, silver trappings sparkled like jewels in the pathway, and the windows above were filled with curious retainers. Quite apart, in a deeply embrasured casement, Lady Mildred leaned her flushed cheek against its walls to watch this stately adventure, with mixed feelings of fear and joy.

Lord Thorold's younger brother, Cornet Austin Tresham, a fledgling officer, stood beside his elder brother, as if to accentuate their welcome. It was given and received most ceremoniously. Then, turning, the three entered the castle, and by passageways, thru drawn-up servitors, came upon the principal saloon of the place. Here Guendolen Tresham, a cousin of my lord, and betrothed most happily to Austin, came forward to receive them.

The quartet, come so uneventfully to the great chamber, broke as if by signal into two groups, Guendolen and Austin withdrawing to one side to become the listeners to Lord Mertoun's proposal.

He stood embarrassed for a moment, as if his wits had left him, but no admittance and welcome could be more disarming than that of Thorold. "Welcome yet once more, Lord Mertoun," he said, "to this roof of mine, and it were idle to add that thy name and noble reputation can always gain thy presence here."

"My lord," said Henry Mertoun, "your words but do embarrass me the more, for what I have to say may turn in its fine scales your estimation of me to most indignant ends."

"Speak as frankly and as truly as you may, Lord Mertoun."

"Then in unimpassioned words will I tell you," said the younger, "that I love your sister—as you'd have one love that lady. Oh, more, more, I love her!"

Lord Thorold stared at him as if he had scarce caught the low utterances. Guendolen leaned forward at the warm words, then, turning to her lover, "These are words, Austin," she whispered, "such as *you* cannot speak. Why, this is loving!"

For a while all were silent, whilst Thorold gathered his composure. His mind was fair, mind you, tho warped by his high sense of family honor.

"Be you seated, my lord," he said, at length, "and let us digest this strange thing to its end. You have my best of words toward your encouragement—but Mildred's hand is hers to give or to refuse. And she not knowing you, nor the high honor you would do her, I had best prepare her unseasoned mind. And, by the way—your words are frank and heart-spoken—where have you seen the Lady Mildred?"

It became the turn of young Lord

Henry to look awry, like a fox caught in quarry, as the family watched him again.

"I—I—our two demesnes, you'll remember, touch. My favorite hawk, deep in the woods, had trailed its broken wing—I after him. 'Twas then I came upon her, like a lily, unawares, and gazing, feasted, and feasting, yet starving, come to you to make my suit."

"Now I like him not so well," said Guendolen aside, "this silent feaster, who steals upon her and away again!"

"Ah! then you do not know her," said Thorold; "you have but lookt upon a picture, it seems. You cannot know the good and tender heart, its girl's trust and its woman's love—how pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind. Can I say more?"

"No more—thanks, thanks—no more!



THE MEETING OF THE LOVERS

You advocate from a heart more critical than mine and hold before me unguessed treasure. My lord, I can but wait in the direst of suspense her own dear answer. And so, farewell."

He turned and made his way rapidly from the chamber, seemingly overcome by some deep emotion. Guendolen courtesied low before him till her curls brushed against the cheek of Austin. "I take it back," she whispered fiercely; "the man is like a priest, who suffers with his love, but cannot speak it. 'Tis you, reversed, who speak, but do not suffer as you should."

I am now come to the part where my unhappy surveillance and its telling, afterward, led up to the most fatal consequences.

The young lord had gone, the sun had set, and I by nightly custom took my range upon that narrow path of yews that gives upon the castle's wing. Of late a stag had broken thru the closure, tho deep in the woods I found the marks where his prone body had been dragged across the moist earth. Some deviltment had been afoot, and as I paced the silent trees I longed to loose the taut string of my black cross-bow and send a silent bolt of retribution into the night prowler about our fair demesne.

The moon was unusually white that night, casting up the tree trunks like ghosts with black shadows across my slow-paced path. When the lights of tower and hall had gone out, one by one, and no noise stirred save an occasional whirring of wings from some discontented fowl in the branches above me, I happened to glance along the black pile of masonry to the farther wing, where dwelt the Lady Mildred. A yellow light shone plainly from her window, and as I ruminated, it moved slowly and upward until it rested behind a purple pane. What's

amiss? I thought—and then the answer came. Along the woodside, close among the trees, a cloaked figure crept, and there, where the left tree ends the avenue, it stopped and looked about, all wary and on tiptoe.

I felt it more than strange, this covered man, and I could not but connect it with the purple light that had seemed to conjure him forth. And as I stole softly up, with finger on bent bow, I saw him glide away toward the wing—and then from out the shadow the rustle of leaves, violently stirred, proclaimed his hold upon the clinging ivy that grew all about her window. I held my bow at aim and waited for a better sighting.

He must have been expected, for with the working leaves a flood of freed light came from behind the dark glass, softly opened, and my Lady Mildred, with her dark curls jetting and blowing in the night airs, leaned forward to welcome him.

"Who stirs this even," she said, so



GERALD BEHOLDS THE LOVERS——



THE SIGNAL



THE CLIMB



THE MEETING

low I scarce could hear, "and breaks the composure of my midnight hours?"

Then his voice rose to her in a snatch of confident song, so different, yet so much like that faltering one we had heard in the hall: *"There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest, and her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's the surest,"* he chanted as he rested below her. Then the talking leaves began again, and his head came up level with hers.

You can guess that I had fathomed his identity by this time, and my heart quaked at the boldness and duplicity of such a love that stopped or drew back at nothing.

As his tall shape folded her in his arms, he called out joyfully, "My very heart sings, so I sing, beloved, for the very meeting that appalled us both has come and gone."

"And what begins now?" she asked, looking up to him as would a child.

"Happiness such as the world contains not; a love sanctioned and sanctified; a future as bright as your maiden's eyes; the houses reconciled by my expected marriage with you. Is this not enough, my glutton?"

"My brother, does he know——"

"That we love secretly? I could not tell him, for it would kill all."

"Henry, my falcon," she said, with troubled face pressing close to him, "for reparation, at least, this we owe him. He is so proud, so stern, so tender under all!"

"Dear dove," he answered, "whose pinion I have rashly hurt; flower I have plucked, shall I not care for thee? Bloom o'er my crest, my fight-mark and device! Mildred, I love you and you love me."

"Go, dear beloved," she said, "nor tempt rash fate further. Be that your last sweet word until our formal meeting."

"One more night, sweet one," he pleaded, "then shall noontide blot out the purple light forever!"

I turned away with a heart that beat dolefully out of tune with these misguided lovers, and when I looked again 'twas dark against the face of the castle.

Whatever came over me to reason

as I did on resuming my sentinel, the devil alone has taken count of. But from my maze of muddled thoughts, one duty stood out plain: my Lord Tresham must be told in full the following day.

I came upon him in the great hall, and seeing that I was ill at ease and red-eyed from sleeplessness, he bade me follow him to a privy chamber or private closet.

"Out with it, old Gerald," he said, turning to me not unkindly. "What old wife's whim has fastened on you now?"

Then cruelly, swollen with the bigness of my tale, I blurted out the midnight story to him, nor noticing his pallor or stillness as the thing unwound.

I had scarce finished when he made a wolfish leap and barred the door against my going out. "Now, tell me," he said hoarsely, as his fingers wound around my throat, "tell me that you lie!"

"I'll speak God's truth!" I gasped; "the man had certain access."

"Be still!" he sneered; "no wide word like that."

"Along the woodside," I chanted again in terror, "the figure crept, as far as the great yew——"

"His face, you liar, his face!" he screamed to the tune of his strangling fingers, and ere my heavy tongue could drag forth its surmise, he had flung me from him and dashed out of the room.



THOROLD WRINGS A CONFESSION FROM MILDRED

Now as to what happened between brother and sister in the long hour that he, swift as a homing arrow, had sought her chambers, I have never been able to arrive at with exactness.

It must have been a terrible scene between the frenzied man and the child-woman that she was, and one that left them both exhausted from its strain, for he came forth from her rooms as pale as death itself and fell to a rapid biting of his lips till little spurts of blood stood out all over them. And his satisfaction could have been small, too, and next to nothing, for I heard his quick breath rasping in his throat, and the look of a beast who had been beaten off kept glinting from his eyes. Now had the baffled man bitten off one end of a secret and could neither get it up nor down.

The family held aloof from him as a proud man who must wrestle with his pride alone, tho I could see Guendolen, that velvet Magdalen, steal softly thru the halls to the door of the wounded dove who would never need her more than at this hour.

A great quietness had fallen over the house, reaching even to the servitors' and servants' quarters, and as I passed thru them toward nightfall, I took notice of a standing away from me as if I had fallen out of favor. So quickly does an ill wind seek thru a mansion, wailing and moaning at every one's locked door.

As for myself, sadly out of sorts, much shaken in body, and feeling that the invisible evil had but glided by, tapping us on the shoulder in its passage, I took up my watch again in the yew path, resolved to remedy where I had been amiss.

Toward eleven of the clock, the walls of the castle showed nought of light from within, tho I watched it ever so closely. As on the previous night, a great moon came up in the sky and cast a pure whiteness over everything.



THOROLD GOES TO MEET MERTOUN

It was then I first noticed a still figure standing in the orchard, one who faced the great yew tree at the end of the avenue, and he watched the clear light come down thru its branches. It was my lord himself. I could tell him from afar off by the peculiar lifting of his head—and he was watching the same spot as I!

By now a yellow stain stood out from the wall of buildings, and slowly, as it mounted, turned to a deep purple. She was waiting for him again, then!

With its placement and the signal color, the cloaked figure stepped forth under the great yew tree, and my man in the orchard gave a weak kind of scream and started to running toward it.

I, too, with a sob or something in my breast, took to running, and came up close as I dared.

"How now?" I heard the cloaked one say. "Unhand me, peasant. Here's gold, if you'll have it; 'tis a mad freak of mine to prowl at night and pluck blossoms beneath the casement wall."

"Into the moonlight yonder," commanded the other; "come with me—out of the shadow!"

"I am armed, fool!"

"You're armed; that's well. Declare your name. Who are you?"

The cloaked man hesitated a moment, as if meditating a wild dash back among the trees, then spoke with a good resolution. "I do conjure you, Lord Tresham," he said in a round voice, "not to ask my name, nor seek me farther. Suffer me to pass unrecognized out of your closure. But no," he shrilled, as the other drew close upon him, "I fear your white, inexorable face—ah! too late—you know me!"

The cloak dropped and the calm, white face of Lord Mertoun looked upon the other.

"Mertoun!" my lord gasped. "Draw!"

I saw their swords shine like angry serpents in the moonlight and writhe blade against blade, hissing for an opening. And my two square toes were as spiked to the ground.

Suddenly the young lord's blade went wide, and he staggered as the answering flash of steel seemed barely

to touch him, and back on guard again.

"What, not hit?" fleered Thorold, but the other giving back, and his knees slowly sagging, he waited the outcome with his weapon at rest.

Lord Mertoun's sword fell on the gravel with a clatter, and his two hands fumbled with the cloak over his heart. Of an instant he gave a little, choking cry, and fell, huddled, at the feet of the brother.

Thorold, like one moved in a dream, bent over him. "Not hurt? It cannot be!" he muttered.



THE DUEL AND THE RESULT

The boyish shape of the other half-raised itself, facing toward the signal lamp. "What right was yours," he said fiercely, "to set the thoughtless foot upon her life and mine? And see, my signal rises. Mildred's star—I never saw it lovelier than now—rises for the last time!"

Thorold got upon his knees and pillowed the nodding head across them.

"Tresham, her life is bound up in the life that's bleeding fast away. I must live——"

He fell into a fit of choking that almost shook him from the supporting lap.

"Tell her that I breathed *'I love her!'* he gasped very faintly. "Say that loving her lowers me down the bloody slope of death with memories!"

As Tresham was about to ease his pillow, he said: "Turn me not from her!" Then his body composed like a tired child done with its play.

It was then my feet came to life, and I ran forward, stumbling and calling. "My lord," I exclaimed, falling at his feet, "this is a terrible night's work!"

He looked at me absently, as one who saw something a great ways ahead. Presently he spoke. "Get help—bring his body into the castle," then turned, that look still upon him, and walked toward the small door that led to the corridor of Lady Mildred.

Had I taken careful notice of the thick speech of my lord and the glazed look in his eye, all that which followed might have been prevented. But my mind was confused with the troubles that had already fallen upon us that night, and I had still to dispose of the young Lord Henry.

Lord Tresham had gone straight to the room of Mildred, where, after a gentle tapping, he was admitted by her, fully dressed.

"Thorold," she questioned him, "why are you so pale? Why do your hands tremble so—and that fixt look in your eyes?"



BLOOD UPON THE SWORD

THOROLD TAKES POISON



"How idle some men's thoughts are, and futile—dying men's," he said, as if recalling something. Then pulling himself together, he laid his hands upon her shoulders. "Dear Mildred," he said, with all emotion quite gone from his voice, "this night I took upon myself an office—I did more—it's finished and——" His voice trailed off brokenly into space.

Mildred's eyes grew large with the terror settling behind them. "Let me see your hands!" she demanded; "your cloak, oh! your sword!—what's on it?"

He held the blade out, and where a red smear ran along its point her large eyes fastened. Then the awful truth bore her down with its solemnity.

"Oh, Thorold," she said sadly, "was it not rashly done to quench that blood on fire with youth and hope and love of me?"

The Earl made a great effort and aroused his clouding brain. "Why, as he lay there," he mused, "the moon on his hectic cheek, I gathered all the story ere he told it. Did I but hear him—had I let him speak——"

"Thorold, Thorold," she said, almost joyfully, "as I dare approach that Heaven which has not bade a living thing despair, I forgive you—and bless you!"

She held the crimson sword-point against her breast and gently pressed it in. "I have his heart, you know," she whispered in his ear. Then her head sank softly on his shoulder.

Quick footfalls sounded in the corridor, and Austin and Guendolen came into the hushed chamber. For an instant they looked on brother and sister in the embrace of death.

"Speak, dearest Thorold!" implored Austin.

The heavy-lidded Earl stirred his head in recognition. "Something weighs down my neck besides her weight," he muttered. "I was saying, just as I drank the poison off, that there are blind ways provided the heart-weary player in this



THE DEATH OF MILDRED

pageant-world to drop out, letting the main mask defile by the conspicuous portal."

"Death is close, Austin," sobbed Guendolen.

"I see you, Austin—give your hand," went on the flickering voice. "Now I feel you—and yours, too, Guendolen. You're Treshams, and you're lord and lady now."

For a long while he held them thus, and they thought he had quietly passed away. The pressure of his hands tightened a moment. "Austin," he called, "hold our 'scutcheon up! Austin, no blot in it!"

"He's gone; oh, I'll believe him every word!
I was so young, I loved him so, I had
No mother; God forgot me, and I fell.
There may be pardon yet: all's doubt beyond,
Surely the bitterness of death is past."

The Guilty Baby

(Thanhouser)

By JOHN ELLERIGE

ADMITTING Kiddo's guilt, there was a mystery involved that came near being a matter of life and death in its solution.

Kiddo was a remarkable child. She never tried to stick her entire fist in her mouth, because she realized that her thumb, while equally lacking in nutrition, was more reminiscent of past milk-shakes. Before she was twelve weeks old she exhibited a tendency to pick pockets, her little hands fumbling in every aperture she could find about the clothing of sundry individuals who undertook to hold her on their knees, and her fingers never touched any object without grasping it with a tenacity worthy of a trust magnate. She wanted everything she could lay hands on, and wanted it all. Any attempt at removal would meet with tightwaddo instincts, probably intended to prepare her for true womanhood—the one that never lets go when it lays hands on anything worth keeping.

When Kiddo came to study human nature she would gaze steadily at a person with her utmost look of intentness, and an expression not unlike that a grown woman's face exhibits when she turns around in the street to sneer at what some other one wears. In that way she learned that grown-up kiddos were fond of stringing bright objects about their necks.

She was five months old when it became plain to her mother, Mrs. Ferme, that her daughter would probably be a connoisseur in *objets d'art.* She would reach out suddenly for a gem in Dresden china, or other delicately constructed and fragile ornament, and she never missed her aim. She promptly corralled it, and tried to hide it down her throat, or other convenient aperture. Her tastes developed in the line of bright objects until earrings, watch fobs, and other small articles of jewelry became her specialty.

She was fully six months old when she learnt to clasp her hands around her foot and set the family audience wild with joy by a wonderful contortion of sticking her toes in her mouth. Investigation and trial convinced her that she could not do the same thing with her ears, but she made more than one desperate attempt to pull the back skin of her head over like an orange-peel to shield her eye-slits the day Mrs. Mawruss called with her new rhinestone collaret in evidence. Mrs. Mawruss instructed Kiddo in the clasping art—not the one at the end of picture plays—and actually fastened the circlet of bright stones around baby's neck.

The child was not to be blamed for setting up a howl when deprived of what had the appearance of being a permanent addition to her attractions, nor did she forget the episode. The moral at this point is that no girl baby should be encouraged to wear jewelry. She needs that sort of encouragement about as much as a male infant does to eat; but the fault was not with the inherent sex love of the beautiful and costly, but with lack of judgment on the part of her sure-fire mother.

Mrs. Ferme was one of those wise women who rush frantically after a full street car when there is one half empty a few seconds behind it; who stand up, staring indignantly at the gentleman absorbed in his paper, directly before her, when vacant places occur in other parts of the car; and who, when anything went wrong in her apartment house, directed her suspicions straight at the janitor if her maid-servant happened to be out. She returned hurriedly one day from a call, entered her boudoir, and proceeded to demonstrate that her mind was not one of those capable of being

tied down by concentration on one object at a time. She tried to unfasten her veil, notice what a workman was doing to the pipes in her bathroom, kiss Kiddo, and open a box of candy at the same moment. She nearly succeeded, but unfastened the catch of her necklace, and she allowed it to fall in order to pick up the little creature she had brought into existence to forget only during intervals

derstand her children long before they say "by-by."

The nursemaid was equally apt in compliance. "Yes, mum," she responded. She did not act immediately, however. There came a ring at Mrs. Ferme's telephone desk, and she hastened to reply.

"You dont say!" she exclaimed, while the maid became intent on a possible disclosure of a scandal. "She



MRS. FERME HASTENS TO THE TELEPHONE

of bridge whist, bargain sales and bromo seltzer.

Kiddo had succeeded in pulling a knot of loops from an ottoman, and, finding them unpalatable, had decorated her head and shoulders, with the careless abandon of a Spanish fandango dancer, and was sitting with her legs straight out and her feet turned in, sole to sole.

"She wants to go out," declared Mrs. Ferme to the maid, with that wonderful apprehension of sign language which enables a mother to un-

did? The i-de-a! I always knew that would happen. It was only the other day that I told Mrs. Grim that there was no use of talking, the things that are going on these days are enough to get on any one's nerves."

While this edifying exchange of confidences was going on over the wire, with other listeners than Mrs. Ferme's maid, Kiddo laid hands on the necklace, tried to eat it, to break it in two, and finally attempted to clasp it around her neck as Mrs. Mawruss had done, with the result that it

disappeared beneath the neck of her dress and slid down to a comfortable resting place on her plump abdomen. This triumph of predatory instinct took place near the dresser, and the maid was standing near the entrance when Mrs. Ferme rose from a protracted séance at the phone. She immediately handed Kiddo over to the maid, and instructed her to take her out for an airing.

John Boyd, at work in the bathroom, was not only a poor plumber, but an unfortunate one. Nearly all that he earned had to be diverted from family maintenance and the education of his little daughter Mary to a sick wife, a woman of highly organized and nervous temperament, broken by a lifelong struggle against adverse circumstances, and suddenly laid low by a debilitating fever. It devolved upon her husband to nurse her at night, and take day jobs when he could find them, to keep the wolf from the door and meet doctor's bills. Under a condition of mental stress from the tax imposed on his own nervous system, he had instructed Mary to follow him to Mrs. Ferme's house, and inform him of any change for the worse in her mother's condition.



KIDDO SECURES THE NECKLACE

John was busy, working at cross-purposes to his thoughts, when he glanced out of the bathroom window and saw his little daughter in the street, coming for him. The bare sight of her led him to fear the worst. Overcome by distracting impulses and emotions, he abandoned his job, gathered up his tools, and made a hurried exit thru the boudoir as Mrs. Ferme returned to the telephone for the purpose of making further inquiries. Suddenly she thought of the unclasped necklace, and instituted a hysterical search for it. She began by studying the pattern of her boudoir rug, then she turned up the corners of it, and continued excitedly by poking her fingers in crevices scarcely large enough to admit them. She opened and shut all possible drawers in the furnishings, and even glanced out of the window, as if the necklace had taken wings. Then it all came to her. In the distance was John Boyd, hurrying away as fast as his legs could carry him.

She phoned to the nearest police station, giving the plumber's name and address, with full particulars.

There was a tragedy going on in John Boyd's home while Kiddo was being wheeled out to the park in a new baby carriage. The overwrought husband was adding his efforts to those of a kindly physician to keep a frail life this side of death's threshold, when bluecoats, of stern aspect, and heartless indifference to conditions, entered with the dread statement, "You're wanted." Protests were in vain—the law is supreme—and the man engaged in desperate struggle collapsed, the accusation proving to be the deciding blow, the straw that breaks the camel's back. Added to the distress of the situation, and its humiliation for his child, was a conviction of her father's innocence. The little girl, unconsciously or in-

stinctively, recognized a great principle, that those willing to work and sacrifice themselves are the last to entertain a criminal impulse, yet they are the first to be accused.

Mary left the house with an undefined plan in mind, yet one worthy of a more highly developed mind than she had acquired. Perhaps she was guided by a process of direct suggestion, for she walked back over the course she had taken when summoning her father to her mother's sick-room, and loitered near the scene occasionally staring a passing dog out of countenance, and uttering exclamations of delight when she attempted to kick out the dashboard of her carriage.

Presently the maid joined a group of other be-capped and be-aproned delights of the bluecoat, and Kiddo was given opportunity to expand her limited vocabulary of earthly origin in conferring with other tiny messengers from heaven's flower garden. She "da-daed" and "goo-gooed" and "ga-gaed" for a while, and then confided



WHILE THE NURSES CONFER OVER THE MYSTERY, KIDDO MAINTAINS AN ATTITUDE OF INNOCENT REPOSE

of his alleged crime. Laboring under excitement commingled with childish fear of the consequences of Mrs. Ferme's accusation, she went as far as the house to make a plea of her own devising, but faltered at the entrance and walked away toward a neighboring park.

Kiddo was surprisingly indifferent to the fact that a valuable piece of jewelry lay as comfortably nested on her tummy as it had ever been in a satin jewel-case. The baby was principally occupied in gazing up thru the tree branches, with wonder and interest at the blue canopy above them, to the one nearest her, while trying to open the neck of her dress and display her latest acquisition at less than marked-down prices, "ga-neg," which is heavenese for "got the necklace."

It might have been that Mary, wandering near, overheard this confession, and not being so far removed from baby-talk herself, grasped its suggestion, if not its full meaning. She walked to where the nurses were discussing the appointment of Tim O'Shaughnessy to the force, and gazed down at the baby who had talked too much.

Mrs. Ferme also approached. She

was in an irritable frame of mind over the prospect of appearing at the police station to make an unsupported accusation, and was not mentally healed by coming upon the plumber's daughter. As she approached, Kiddo succeeded in rending her robe at the neck sufficiently to dig out the necklace. Mary leaned over to ask the maid an identifying question, and a dramatic moment arrived.

"You stole it!" Mrs. Ferme declared, bitterly, on perceiving her property in the maid's hands—Kiddo had yielded gracefully, or from a sudden twinge of conscience.

"She did *not!*" replied Mary, with spirit. "I saw it in the baby's dress."

"*You* put it there!" cried Mrs. Ferme, in feverish disregard of previous, random accusation.

"She did not!" the maid asserted, with indignation. "I felt something there when I put baby in the carriage."



THE PLUMBER GETS A CLUE

Kiddo's face flushed with shame when the facts came out during the clash of excitable temperaments that followed. Kiddo's face flushed—it may have been from a caress of the passing breeze—but it was beyond her powers to remedy matters. Workingmen may go to jail under false accusations, their sick wives die, and their children grow up deprived of maternal tenderness, but ladies with necklaces have their property rights, and what are laws for, anyway, if not to protect property?

Kiddo gave it up, closed her eyes, and let her thoughts wander far away beyond the skies, absolutely indifferent.

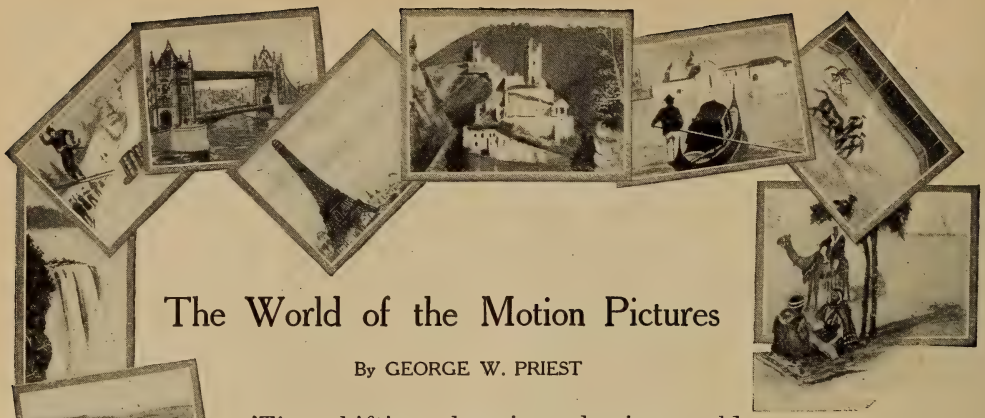
There must be softer hearts out yonder.

Moving Picture Queen

By F. M.

Kathlyn, my Moving Picture Queen
And Duchess of Pantomime,
Thy sylph-like movements on the screen
Have inspired me to this rhyme.
Like a fairy goddess to me you seem,
Yet, in ancient lore or modern dream,
No fairy was so sublime.

Wherever a picture show is seen
Is the limit of your realm;
Look down, in majesty, from your screen,
Let us steal you from your film.
I'll weave you a wreath of garlands green
And crown you, for all time,
Most beautiful Moving Picture Queen,
Sweet Duchess of Pantomime.



The World of the Motion Pictures

By GEORGE W. PRIEST



'Tis a shifting, changing, pleasing world
By the films unrolled, on the screen unfurled;
With frequent thrills, and with lives impearled
In the toiling, hoping, busy world.
Oh! men strive long, from dawn till late,
For love of child, or love of mate,
Or to reach ambition's final gate;
And brave men die, in endeavor high,
In the good, bad, sad, mad, merry old world.

The pictures change and the action's whirled
To a gentle, kindly, peaceful world,
For children play sweet hours away,
And a babe's in its mother's arms enfurled,
While she plans long on for the tiny one—
Oh, tenderest blossoming in the world!
The child lauds self, and the youth seeks joy—
Self-sacrifice oft finds its real employ
For clutching wee fingers, trustful curled.

The Ballad of 8.15 P. M.

By HARVEY PEAKE

The orchestra begins to play,
  The lights are low, the playhouse dim,
Extended coupons on display
  Are seized by ushers with a vim.
  Each red-plush seat with brass-bound rim
Falls with a snap that says, "It's mean
  To be sat on by gay or grim,
Six nights a week, at 8.15!"

Hat-pins are drawn in hurried way,
  And many a shape with flaring brim
Comes down to please the folks who pay
  To see the screen and not its trim.
  Quick pulls at silk-clad nether limb
Adjust loose pumps, make gloves unclean;
  Still, in gay smiles and talk they swim,
Six nights a week, at 8.15!

"Who's that with Maude in section A?"—
  "I wish that I were tall and slim"—
"He's run the business since last May"—
  "The Smiths have named their baby Jim"—
  "Here comes an usher, I'll ask him"—
"It looks like common silkaline"—
  Thus talk runs on, coy, spiteful, prim,
Six nights a week, at 8.15!

ENVOI

O Audience, whose way I limn,
  I watch you with an interest keen.
You're half the show! I note each whim
  Six nights a week, at 8.15!

The Little Black Box

(Essanay)

By LULU MONTANYE

"GOOD MORNING, fellow laborers; why do you look so glum? Cheer up, the sun is shining!"

The two clerks, working over their books in the office of Russell's Jewelry Company, looked up at the laughing, careless youth who had just strolled in, thirty minutes late. The older of the two, a serious, spectacled, young man named Boardman, frowned at the newcomer, and went on with his work, but the younger one smiled back at the delinquent, as he glanced toward a door marked "Private."

"The boss has been out looking for you, Hale," he said, rather anxiously. "He was pretty mad, too. Said you were to come in the office as soon as you showed up—said you were supposed to be here in the morning, same as other folks."

"'Tis always morning somewhere,'" quoted Hale, lightly, divesting himself of a stylish overcoat and hat, and carefully brushing the dust of travel from his clothes.

"When you lose your job, you wont think it so funny," growled Boardman. "Why dont you show your good sense by getting around on time? Cant you get up in the morning?"

"Get up?" drawled Hale, still good-natured. "My dear fellow, how can a fellow that doesn't go to bed till the gray dawn creeps in at his windows, get up early? I might as well not go to bed! I had company last night. The sacred duties of hospitality cant be neglected. I played poker and mixed fizzy drinks—and my head feels like a barrel. Hello! here's an expressman. I'll just sign for it and take it in to his highness. May as well get what's coming to me, and have it over!"

"He's a perfect fool," declared Boardman, as the door of the private office closed on Hale. "I dont know what Russell keeps him around for. He's careless and dissipated and untrustworthy, in my opinion. First thing we know, something will be missing."

"That's where you're wrong!" answered Sumner, quickly. "Hale is careless, and does not take his business seriously enough, that is true, but he'd never do a dishonorable thing—any one can see that, to look in his eyes."

And while the two were arguing about Hale's character, he was having a bad quarter of an hour in the office of his employer. He was somewhat accustomed to reprimands, however, so while he listened with outward meekness and contrition, his eyes were ardently admiring the pearl necklace which Mr. Russell had taken from the express package.

"I warn you, Hale, it mustn't happen again," thundered Mr. Russell, carefully replacing the necklace in its little black box, and closing the cover. Then he banged his fist down on the table, as if aware that Hale was not giving the matter the serious attention that his demure looks betokened. Whether the bang had any effect on Hale, is a question; but it upset an ink bottle, which drenched the table with its contents and spattered the banger's immaculate hands with black stains.

"Here, now, clean all this up," ordered Russell. "No, you needn't, either; you'd only make things worse. Get out of here, and send Sumner in."

"You're wanted, Sumner," announced Hale, nonchalantly, entering the outer office. "The boss has splattered up his desk and his papers and his nice clean hands with black, slimy ink. And now he's in his dressing-room, saying naughty words, while he scrubs his fingers. That's what it is to have a bad temper! Run



MR. RUSSELL EXAMINES THE NECKLACE

along, Sumner, before he gets any madder. And, say, while you're in there, take a peep at the pearl necklace in the little black box. It's a peach!"

Whir-r-r, went the telephone bell, on the desk of Thomas Walsh, Chief of Police. He listened intently for a moment, made a note or two on a pad, then hung up the receiver and summoned Detective Dayton from the next room.

"Just had a call from Russell's jewelry place," he said. "There is a pearl necklace missing. Russell got the necklace by express, unwrapped it and looked at it, then put it back in its box. In a minute, he spilled a bottle of ink over the desk and his hands. He sent out for a young clerk to clean up the desk, while he went into his dressing-room to wash his hands. When he came out, the clerk had just finished putting things to rights, and was placing the little black box, which held the necklace, back on the desk. A few minutes later, Russell picked up the box and it was empty. He has said nothing to any one in his office about it—just called me up, quietly. Looks like a perfectly simple case. Go up and attend to it."

It was only an hour until Detective Dayton returned, bringing a white-faced youth, whose blue eyes had a dazed, uncomprehending look, as if he but half realized what had befallen him.

"It's a perfectly simple case, as you said," reported Dayton. "No one but this boy had been in the room. Russell actually saw him with the box in his hands. There are two other clerks in the outer office. Here's their addresses, if they are wanted for witnesses. This lad's name is Sumner, and I've been trying to get him to confess, for his own good, but I couldn't persuade him. Perhaps you'll have more luck."

But Sumner avowed his innocence and stuck to his avowal, until the Chief lost patience and turned impatiently away.

"Lock him up, then," he said to Dayton. "Maybe he will see reason when he has thought it over."

"If you'd only admit your guilt, boy," he urged, turning around suddenly, "and tell where you concealed the necklace, you'd get off so much easier."

The boy lifted his clear eyes, looking at the Chief with sorrowful appeal.



SUMNER IS ARRESTED



SUMNER PLEADS INNOCENCE

"I didn't do it, sir," he said, brokenly, "and, oh, sir, I beg of you only that you will make further investigation. The truth must come out, somehow, I am sure. Only promise me that you will continue the search. It cannot be that I must suffer for a crime I did not commit. I have a mother, ill at home. This will break her heart. Please, please make another effort to get at the truth."

The lad was led away, but the Chief sat for some time, silently puffing away at his black cigar.

"There's something in that boy's face that makes me feel he is no criminal," he muttered, at last. "It seems like a straight case—but those eyes look honest."

He touched a bell. "Dayton, give me that boy's address, and the addresses of those other two clerks. And I'll be out for an hour or two."

It was a frail, wan, little woman who admitted the Chief at the first address, and said that she was Mrs. Sumner. She wilted pitifully under the blow of his errand.

"He has been my sole support for five years," she sobbed. "Never a better lad lived—so good to me, so kind to his little sister—so self-denying and patient, always. Oh, sir, I beg that you will make further investigation—the truth must come out somehow. It cannot be that my boy must suffer for a crime that I know he did not commit!"

"The very words the boy used," thought the Chief, "and if ever a woman looked honest, this one does. Possibly we have made a mistake."

He comforted the poor mother, somewhat, by promising to make every effort to bring the truth to light. Then he betook himself to the next address, which was Boardman's. The landlady readily showed him Boardman's room, babbling meanwhile the praises of her lodger.

"Such a nice, quiet-spoken, young man as never was," she declared. "Just look at the books he has, and he sits night after night poring over them, and never going out of the house. And pays his rent that regular I never have to mention it."

"Hm-m," mused the Chief, as he left, "that doesn't look like the room of a suspicious character."

But at the next call, things began to develop. Hale's room was shown to him, protestingly, by a sharp-tongued woman, who declaimed in shrill tones about her lodger's habits.



HALE'S ROOM CAUSES SUSPICION

"I'm ashamed to show his room, sir, it is all upset and dirty; but I'm leaving it that way, so I can point out things to him tonight, and tell him why he has got to leave. I wont have such a character in my house, drinking and gambling all night long, and keeping decent folks awake."

"Hm-m," mused the Chief, smelling an empty bottle, and glancing about at the scattered poker chips and matches, "that will be about all, and I'm much obliged, my good woman."

Straight to Russell's office went the Chief, where, for a few minutes, he asked questions about the two clerks who were working in the outer office.

"Boardman is a model employee," declared Russell, "steady and reliable, never a minute late, and attends to business strictly. Hale is a little inclined to be frivolous, I fear, and I had to reprimand him pretty sharply only this morning for his persistent tardiness; but, on the whole, he is a valuable man, quick and accurate, and always ready to do overtime work in emergencies."

"Hale was in your office this morning, then, after the necklace was unpacked?" queried the Chief quickly.

"Yes, but not alone; I was here every minute."

"I see," said the Chief, waiting thoughtfully for a moment. Then: "Have you any more little black boxes just like the one the necklace was in?"

"Yes; here's a couple of them."

"I'll take them," said the Chief, rising to leave. "Of course you will not mention them, nor this conversation, to anyone. Good-by."

"Too bad about Sumner," commented Hale, as he glanced up from his books to find Boardman watching him.

"Yes, it is sad that one so young should fall into such sin," replied Boardman.

"Stuff!" flared Hale. "I didn't mean anything like that. I dont believe the youngster touched the necklace. He hasn't got it in him to do a thing like that. I tell you that lad is honorable, and there's a big mistake being made!"

"Well, what became of the necklace, then?" asked Boardman, angrily.

"I dont know, but I'm dead sure that it wasn't taken by Sumner. Hello! Here come a couple of agents. I'm going to beat it. You can entertain them—it's my lunch hour."

Only one of the agents entered the room, however, and he went straight to Hale, who was struggling into his overcoat, in haste to escape.

"Just one minute, sir. Can I interest you in the complete works of Tolstoi?" he began.

"None for mine," interrupted Hale glibly, "but my friend here is an inveterate bookworm. Try your little spiel on him. It's sure to make a hit there."

He made for the door, with a laugh, and as he stepped into the street the other agent, whom he had seen from the window, approached him.

"Could you give me a match?" he asked, and Hale, always good-natured, handed him one.

"Thank you, sir. Have a cigaret?" offered the stranger, and as he held out a little black box filled with cigarets he looked keenly into Hale's face.

"Thank you," said Hale carelessly, "I believe I wont smoke until after lunch."

As Hale ran down the steps the stranger looked after him with a queer smile.

"The Chief's a sharp one, and he may be right in his theory, but if he's guilty he's a cool one; he never turned a hair at sight of that box!"

He paced the hall, puffing his cigaret, until his companion came out, saying hurriedly:

"I've got Boardman busy looking at the books—I asked to be excused for half a minute. What did you get out of young Hale?"

"Nary a thing. I believe the Chief is mistaken. Hale didn't look as if he ever saw a little black box in the whole course of his existence."

"So?" returned the other, plainly



BOARDMAN IS SHOWN TWO LITTLE BLACK BOXES

puzzled. "It would be a funny one if the good and studious youth should be the culprit. Anyhow, we'll finish up the job. Somehow, I dont like this Boardman's looks—he is too smooth for my taste. Now listen. I'm going to ask him over to Hyde's to lunch with me. You just run over there, and when we arrive you wait upon us, and we'll see how the little black boxes will affect him. See?"

Boardman accepted the invitation to lunch, and thruout the meal he discussed books and authors with ease and enjoyment.

"You're surely a great student," observed his host. "Dont you ever feel that you'd be almost willing to steal for the sake of having money to buy all the books you wanted?"

Boardman gave a quick start. The man's eyes were fixed keenly upon him, and the attentive waiter bent forward at that instant, holding out a little black box.

"Wont you have a cigaret now, sir?" he asked.

Boardman's face blanched, and his fingers trembled as he reached for the cigaret. He flashed a quick look at his host, who was smiling quietly, leaning across the table to offer another little black box, exactly like the one the waiter held.

"Have a match?" he asked.

Boardman swayed, and a frightened, wild expression sprang into his eyes.

"What do you fellows mean?" he cried angrily, springing to his feet and glancing toward the door.

"There, that's enough. Just take it quietly," advised his host, throwing back his coat to display a glittering badge. "Come along, and you may as well confess on the way."

But Boardman, altho he was cowed and almost paralyzed with fear, suddenly developed a streak of stubbornness, and refused to utter another word. He would not tell where the necklace was; he would not confess. He set his lips in a thin line, and said nothing.

But the Chief, after listening to the report of the two detectives, with a grim smile, dismissed them with a word of commendation. Then he turned to Boardman, and thrust out a chair.



THE THIRD DEGREE

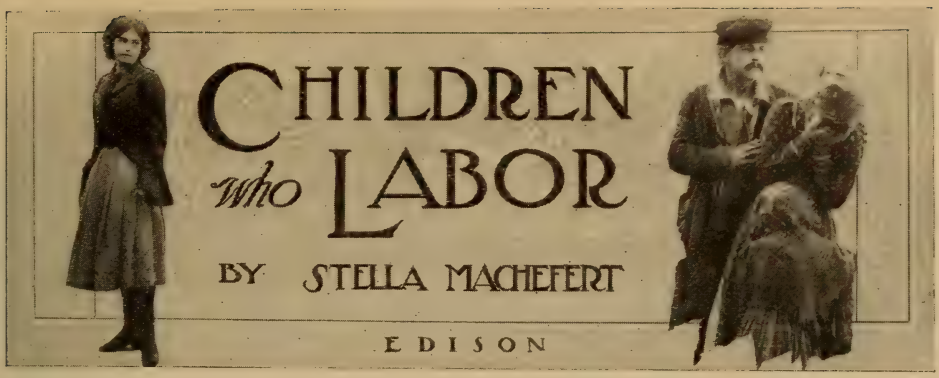
"Sit down," he said.

Boardman sat down, tensely prepared to be questioned, but the Chief quietly turned to his desk and began to read the morning paper.

Five minutes passed silently; ten, twenty, half an hour, an hour. Still no word from the Chief, no glance, even, toward the stubborn figure in the straight-backed chair. Another half hour, another hour, and no word was spoken. Boardman's face was ashy white, and his eyes were rolling restlessly now, but the Chief read on, unnoticing. Another hour dragged by. Boardman's lips were dry and parched, like those of a man long ill with a fever, his breath came shortly, the muscles of his face were twisting into grotesque shapes, his fingers worked nervously; in another instant he would scream, and begin to rave—but the Chief glanced up just before that instant arrived.

"Now," he said very quietly, pointing a finger straight at the almost gibbering culprit, "where is the necklace?"

"Well, my theory wasn't correct in all its details," mused the Chief, a half hour later, "but it accomplished its end, and results are what count. The real thief has confessed, the necklace is back in its owner's possession, Sumner is home with his mother, and Russell will raise his salary to atone for his unjust accusation. Not such a bad day's work!"



(*From the Scenario of Ethel Browning, produced in co-operation with The National Child Labor Committee.*)

"No," replied Mr. Hanscomb, "I am afraid you cant change my point of view. I'm on the other side of the question, you know, and I really cant see how such a proposed reform will ever be brought about. The poor we have always with us, and always will have, and the children of the poor must work or starve."

Mr. Heath shook his head, disapprovingly.

"There would be no need for them to work or starve," he said, "if the factory owners paid adequate wages to the fathers and mothers of these children."

"They are paid what they are worth and what the manufacturers can afford to pay them," was the emphatic retort.

"What they can afford?" took up Mr. Heath, quickly. "They amass their millions from the enormous interest on their investments. They got the protection of the tariff on the pretense of being compelled to pay higher wages than foreign manufacturers were paying. And now they refuse to give their employees a decent living wage and they take in children, mere babies, in order to cut down their payrolls!"

Mr. Heath was known as "the children's friend." A man of means, he had been able to devote much of his time to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and especially of the helpless children of the poor. His great, compassionate heart ached at the sight of the hardships suffered by these little ones, at the burdens heaped upon their frail shoulders.

"It seems to me," retorted Mr. Hanscomb, "that if the parents want their children to work, it's none of our business. What right have we to meddle in their affairs?"

"This has ceased to be a family affair, Mr. Hanscomb," said Mr. Heath, impressively. "Do you realize that there are over a hundred thousand children of tender years — children destined to be citizens of this great and glorious and enlightened country—who are being deprived of the rights of childhood, who are deprived of everything that makes for health, for physical and mental and moral development? They are growing up in ignorance and ill-health and hopelessness — if they ever do grow up. Does that mean nothing to you and to others of your wealth? If the humanitarian side of this iniquity cannot touch you, can you see the economic and sociological aspect of it? What of the future? What sort of a race is to come from these exhausted and ambitionless parents?"

"I dont see that that concerns us, either," coolly declared Mr. Hanscomb. "They herd by themselves in communities."

"And every such community is a plague-spot and a disgrace to our boasted progress and civilization!" exclaimed Mr. Heath with indignation. "Besides, your theory is false, for it is statistical that the majority of the derelicts who eventually become a charge upon municipalities, and fill the institutions for indigents, have drifted from just such communities. Thru the sapping of their strength when children, they have be-

come listless, ambitionless and unemployable while still young in years. So, eventually, you see, it does concern you, for you are paying for these institutions where they are being cared for."

Mr. Hanscomb smiled skeptically. "You are bound to prove that it interests me, aren't you?"

Mr. Heath drew some photographs from his pocket. "I want you to look at these," he said, simply. He spread them upon the table.

"This," he continued, "is a picture of a group of children, mill workers. Look at those peaked faces, those haggard eyes, those emaciated bodies. These children work from ten to twelve hours a day, and for this sacrifice of their childhood's birthright, for this blighting of their minds and bodies, the mill owner pays them an average of two dollars a week! Look at the photo of this little girl, taken just before she went into the mill. Eight years old was little Aggie when she began mending threads at a spinning frame. This photo was taken a year later, and this one yet a year later. Would you guess that it was the same child? A little, haggard, old woman is Aggie at ten years of age!"

There was an exclamation behind Mr. Heath's chair. He looked up quickly. Mrs. Hanscomb had come into the room, unheard. She was looking at the pictures, aghast at the story they told.

"Do you mean that those poor little mites work all day long in a mill?" she demanded.

"And some of them at night," answered Mr. Heath.

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, turning impulsively to her husband, "isn't it terrible! Cant something be done to stop it?"

"There are laws," he answered, "and the employers keep within their provisions as far as they are able. It is the parents who are to blame for sending the children to work at illegal age and lying to superintendents and inspectors."

"No, the parents should not bear the strongest blame," asserted Mr. Heath. "They are ignorant, and, for all their toil, they cannot lift themselves out of the direst poverty, so when a mill owner or superintendent asks for child help, the wretched parents cannot resist the temptation of the additional pittance. Or the superintendent, as often happens, will promise more wages to an adult if he or she will 'throw in' a child to help. And then there are desperate times when men are turned off from work and children are sought to take their places. At such times, what are the frantic parents to do but send their children to earn the daily bread for the family?"

Mr. Hanscomb was about to make an impatient rejoinder, when his attention was diverted by the noisy entrance of a beautiful little girl, who was manifestly in high spirits over her escape from her governess.

"Oh, mama!" cried the child, breathlessly, as she rushed to Mrs. Hanscomb, "do I have to do any more lessons? Cant I stop now and go out to the park?"

Mrs. Hanscomb, her arms about the child, smiled and looked questioningly at her husband. "Shall we waive discipline this once?" she asked.

"This once?" he laughed. "It seems to me that we do nothing else. I am afraid," turning to Mr. Heath, "that we have a spoilt little daughter. Mabel, dear, this is Mr. Heath, who is very fond of little girls."

The child shyly gave him her hand, and, after kissing her father and her mother, ran from the room. Mr. Heath looked after her and then back at Mr. Hanscomb, who still wore a softened expression as a souvenir of his child's embrace. "The children's friend" gathered up the photos from the table.

"May I count on your influence to put our Child Labor Bill thru the Legislature?" he asked, quietly.

"No; I think I have made my attitude in this matter quite clear," answered the other man firmly.

"Mr. Hanscomb, loving your child as you do, how can you think of the

suffering and the degradation to which other children are condemned, without wishing to help them? Imagine your child, thru some unfortunate and unforeseen circumstances, brought down to the hopeless misery of those others."

"That argument is preposterous and insulting," resentfully declared the proud father. "My child is of a different class, a different race!"

of appeal to her husband, but he discouraged her with an upraised hand, and to Mr. Heath he vouchsafed a single word—"Nothing!"

When the door had closed upon the visitor, Mr. Hanscomb sat down at his desk and made out a check to a noted lobbyist, enclosing it in a note of instructions to defeat the Child Labor Bill. He then told Mrs. Hanscomb to prepare for a little pleasure trip.



HANSCOMB REFUSES TO HELP PASS THE CHILD LABOR LAW

"Your child is but a human being, like those others! She is but an expression of the Great Infinite, as they all are. But for the accident of birth —or, as John Bunyan would say, the 'grace of God'—she might be even as one of them!"

Mr. Hanscomb rose haughtily and said: "I think that there is no occasion to talk further on the subject."

"Then I can expect nothing from you?" persisted Mr. Heath.

Mrs. Hanscomb made a movement

The train had been speeding northward from New York for some hours, and little Mabel Hanscomb was very fidgety. By her volley of questions, she had reduced her mother and the maid to a state of silence, broken monosyllabically, now and then, by "yes" or "no." Then, even that meager satisfaction was denied her, for Mrs. Hanscomb, absorbed in thought, looked out the window, and the maid snatched the opportunity to bury herself in an exciting novel.

Mabel went to the water cooler, purchased an individual drinking cup for a penny, and got herself a drink. It was only a step from there to the door. She looked thru the glass at the car ahead as it swayed and lurched; she glanced back into the Pullman—she was not being watched. Turning the knob, she opened the door and slipped out on the platform and across to that of the car ahead. Just then the train began to slow down. A mischievous plan was suddenly brewed in the active little brain of the spoilt child.

"When the train stops," she told herself gleefully, "I'll jump off and run and get on the other end. Mama wont know where I am, and she'll be awful scared, and then I'll run in and say, 'Here I am!' and she'll be so s'prised!"

Off she jumped and started up the rough, cindery path to the other end of the car. But the stop had been momentary and the train immediately started up again. In the noise made by grinding brakes and crunching wheels, the child's frightened shrieks were not heard, and the last car whirled by her, showering her with dust and cinders and leaving her alone by the side of the tracks on the outskirts of a dingy-looking town. Crying forlornly, she ran in the wake of the train until her little legs ached. Some one was coming toward her now. As she drew nearer, Mabel saw that it was a girl older than herself and very poorly dressed. The girl stopped and stared at Mabel.

"What-a matta?" she asked.

Mabel, between sobs, told what had happened. The girl did not seem to understand it all, but she could comprehend that Mabel was lost and in need of protection. She was trying to comfort the little stranger, when a woman, with a small child, joined them. The girl began chattering in a strange tongue, while the newcomers stared at the sobbing Mabel. Then the woman took the unhappy child in her arms and tried to convey in a soft, crooning voice that they would take care of her.

"Ma mudda say you come in our house," explained the older girl. "Den, mebbe, your mudda come soon an' tek you. Yes?"

Mabel nodded and went with her new friends to a house nearby. It was an old frame building, so shabby that Mabel drew back at the door. The interior was still more depressing, with its sordid evidences of poverty everywhere. Mabel had never seen such a place, and her wretchedness increased as she looked about her. There was a man in the room, a swarthy man, ill-dressed and gloomy-looking. But as Mabel watched him apprehensively, while her presence was being accounted for, she noticed that his glances were kindly and that he spoke to his wife and children in a gentle voice. She understood that she was welcome to the shelter of that humble roof and to a share in the frugal meals. Thus this pampered child of fortune became a member of the Tavlo household, and learnt full soon the bitterness of the crust of poverty.

Luigi Tavlo had been but a short time in this country — not long enough to learn its language and its customs. The store of savings which had passed him thru the immigration inquisition had melted away in living and traveling expenses, as he and his family roamed from place to place in search of work. He had found jobs, but nothing permanent. Hearing of the big mills at Dering Falls, he had brought his family on in the expectation of securing steady work. Day after day he had applied at the mills. Men were not wanted — but had Luigi any children? There was work for them. He ignored the suggestion until starvation stared them in the face. Then he let Nedda join the line of little girls that filed into the mill at six o'clock in the morning, reappeared at noon, was swallowed up again to be disgorged at six in the evening.

Nedda had been working two weeks, and her small earnings were the sole income of the family, for Luigi was still unable to get a job. There was



TAVLO IS OBLIGED TO SEND MABEL TO WORK

barely enough food to go around. Luigi returned to his wife after one of his fruitless applications for work.

"It is useless; they do not want men; they want only children. Have you thought of the little stranger? No one has come searching for her; she is now one of us. Why should she not go to work with Nedda?"

Reluctantly, the good woman assented. They must have food. Mabel's pretty clothes had already been exchanged at a second-hand shop for garments designed for long and hard wear. So, when she accompanied Nedda the next morning, and shrinkingly entered the factory that was beginning to hum and vibrate, there was little to distinguish her from those who pressed about her.

It is doubtful if the two detectives who had been inspecting the children as they came in would have recognized in the pale, forlorn, calico-clad little girl the rosy-cheeked and mischievous Mabel Hanscomb, for whom they were searching. But they had passed thru the loft before the new worker was led to her place at a spinning-frame and instructed in what was expected of her tiny fingers.

At first she was very clumsy, and her eyes wandered to the little girls working about her. The noise and the whirling bobbins bewildered her, and the reek of oil sickened her. But, after a reprimand or two, she fastened her mind on her work, and, in dull hopelessness, mended the threads as they passed from the swift little spinning-wheels to the spools underneath.

Hour after hour she stood, growing benumbed and losing track of time. That first day was a sample of those that followed. The child was fast developing the outward signs of the mill worker. The toil was accomplishing its disintegrating effect in this gently nurtured child more speedily than in those born to a stolid acceptance of hardship. The coarse



CHILD LABOR CAUSES TROUBLE AMONG THE WORKINGMEN

and scanty food, the discomforts and sordidness of her surroundings, the longing for her mother and her father, her helplessness among people who could not even speak her language—all these had their force to add to the devitalizing nature of her toil.

She had been at the factory barely a week when, one afternoon, the warm and reeking atmosphere seemed more oily and nasty than ever, when the roar and the clatter and the vibration seemed to be within her head, threatening to burst it open, and the cotton fluff floating about the room seemed to get into her throat and strangle her. The bobbins, and the little wheels, and the spools, and the thinning threads seemed to come right up into her aging baby face and then to glide away from her. She made a convulsive movement to detain them, but her arms fell powerless to her sides. Then there was a crash—and then everything was calm and quiet. Nedda rushed to her little companion and tried to lift her up. Some men came and ordered the onlooking children back to work, while they picked up the limp little body and bore it out into the air. But Mabel did not revive, as they expected, so the doctor ordered her taken home on a stretcher. As the men carrying it passed out of the gate, a sad-faced, elegantly dressed lady in an automobile inquired what had happened. The child's face was turned from her, so that she could not see it, but she observed the weary relaxation of the little body, and her heart was touched.

"Where does the child live?" she asked one of the men.

When he told her, she thanked him and remarked that she would call there later to inquire after the child.

"Who is she?" inquired one man of the other. "I never saw her before."

"Why, she's the new boss's wife—him what's just bought the factory—Mr. Hanscomb."

It was indeed Mabel's mother, and a strange combination of circumstances had brought her hither to witness the almost fatal result of child labor methods in a factory that was now the property of her husband.

When Mrs. Hanscomb had discovered Mabel's disappearance, she left the train at the next station and telegraphed to Mr. Hanscomb. He had joined his distracted wife as quickly as a special could make the run, and together they went thru that part of the country searching for their child. But no one had seen her. The Tavlos, being strangers in the neighborhood, had talked to no one of finding the little girl.

Discouraged and grief-stricken, the parents had hastened back to New York and employed detectives to trace Mabel.

As the days passed, Henry Hanscomb's sorrow had turned to a rankling bitterness, which was not the more endurable for his wife's tendency to ascribe a retributive meaning to their loss. But, when he purchased the mill at Dering Falls, he little dreamed that he was becoming the careless, if not cruel, employer of his own lost child.

There was great sadness in the home of the Tavlos, for the little girl, whom they had grown to love, was ill. She lay upon a cot with a very white face, and with big, dark eyes that seemed always asking for what they could not give.

It was evening, and Nedda was back from the factory and lovingly trying to make her little friend more comfortable. Luigi Tavlo and his good wife hovered about, bewildered and terrorized by this new calamity. They were startled by the unusual occurrence of a knock at the door. When it was opened, a beautiful woman entered, followed by a footman, carrying a basket heaped with food and delicacies.

The visitor addressed a few gracious words to the Tavlos, then went directly to the cot where lay the sick child. The recognition was instantaneous. With a cry, she sank to her knees and gathered the little one to her breast.

"Mabel — mother's baby!" she sobbed, and, with a glad cry, the child threw her thin little arms about her mother's neck and pressed a pale little cheek against her mother's now red one.

"Oh, mama, dear!" she murmured weakly, "why didn't you come before?"

The footman drew near.

"Is it really Miss Mabel, ma'am?" he asked in awed tones.

"Yes, James — our baby's found! Go quickly and get Mr. Hanscomb!"

While he was gone, Mrs. Hanscomb drew from Mabel an account of what she had been thru, and the woman of wealth realized that this brief acquaintance with misery had raised the curtain upon scenes of which she had been ignorant, but which, in the future, she should make her special study.

Mr. Hanscomb arrived with a doctor and a police officer. His joy at again holding his little girl in his arms could not obliterate the memory of his sufferings, nor could it overrule his resentment when he noted the change wrought in her.

Pointing to Luigi, who stood by, dazed at the succession of events, and unable to understand what was being said, Mr. Hanscomb ordered the officer to arrest him.

The officer took a step forward, but Mabel held out her hand, reproachfully. "No, no, papa!" she exclaimed, with a flash of animation; "Mr. Tavlo was very kind to me. He treated me just like his own little girls. You mustn't hurt him, papa. I——"

"Yes, Henry," interrupted Mrs. Hanscomb, "from what Mabel tells me, these people found her and gave her a home and shared their food with her, when they had barely enough for themselves."

"Ah, that's different," commented



HANSCOMB PROMISES TO REWARD THE TAVLOS

Mr. Hanscomb, thoughtfully. "They wont lose by it. I'll see that they are looked after immediately."

Poor Luigi and his wife were made aware that good times were dawning for them, and they received the gratitude of the Hanscombs with brightening eyes.

As Mabel was about to be carried from the house, she made an appeal to her father.

"Papa, wait a minute! I dont want to go back to my beautiful home and leave these poor little girls here. They haven't any of the things I have —no pretty clothes, no dolls. And they never play—they work all day in the mills. Cant I take them with me?"

Mr. Hanscomb looked around at a group of children who had gathered at the news of something going on. The shell of egoism had scaled from his heart, and a poignant emotion stirred him as his eyes rested on the oldish faces and the shrunken bodies. Taking his own child's hand, he said:

"Father will take care of all these little children, dear. They wont go to the mill any more, and they shall have lots of time to play."

Mabel smiled upon the wondering group and feebly waved a good-by as the auto sped away.

In the course of a few weeks great changes had taken place in the mills at Dering Falls. The signs, "No Men Wanted" and "Children Wanted," had been taken down. In their stead was one—"Men Wanted."

There were no weird little figures creeping about the spinning frames. When the factories were humming and vibrating, the children passed by on their way to school.

Mr. Heath, "the children's friend," on a tour of investigation, found that even his benevolence had nothing to suggest to Mr. Hanscomb, who, his senses quickened by the flaying of his own flesh and blood, had heard and heeded the pitiful cry of the army of CHILDREN WHO LABOR!

The First Woman Jury in America

(Vitagraph)

By ALMA WEBSTER POWELL, A.M., B.M., LL.B.

THERE was no time for fooling in the offices of the San Francisco *Ledger,* as the time for the latest issue arrived. Copy flew like magnified snowflakes, and the air buzzed with the pleasurable excitement always present in the journalistic mind at a time of accepted articles reeking with abuse and unpleasant irritation. A successful newspaper must first shock the sensibilities of the public, then work on its heart-strings, and, lastly, bring real news; and Albert King, the enterprising editor of the *Ledger,* was no baby in his knowledge of the psychological needs of his readers. He was bent low over his desk, reading with smiling eyes the slashing editorial in yesterday's issue, which had so angered the hundreds of members of the great semi-charitable relief institution.

"Holy mud!" he gasped inelegantly, "that was a corker! Funds unaccounted for; illegal elections of executive members; falsified annual reports; double lives of some of the directors! Well, it was risky, but the public is ready to believe anything of a concern which handles so much money, and the accusations are, I believe, true. Nevertheless, nothing short of the absolute stagnation of the news market of the past week would have justified the risk. Not a single murder, not a children's picnic calamity, not a fire with a decent loss of life list can be scraped up out of the city's moral sweepings. What is a desperate editor to do? If our boys could only have lured that woman reformer, Anna Gray, into some damaging remark, we might have made a story, or if that last nosey reporter could only have succeeded in getting old James Richman on the track of his wife's suspected love affair, we could have worked up a fine social scandal. But no, news is dead as a door-nail, and this did stir things up!"

He turned to the stenographer.

"Take this, please." Miss Margaret Dunlap took the copy, gazing prettily into the handsome face of her employer. All typewriters are pretty, or they suggest prettiness, for what of beauty does not appear in the face is sure to allure in the head-dress, hair, figure or dress. And how can a typewriter be anything but vain and shallow in a life in which original thought is debarred? Copy—copy—copy! Her poor mind feeds only on prepared subject matter, and her only relief must be in the little emotional experiences that can be tucked in between the taking of copy and the handing back of the finished product.

The editor was in a fine humor today, and every muscle was alert with a sense of well-being. He smiled at her and said: "I suppose you women feel mighty elated over the suffrage triumph, eh?"

"What triumph do you mean?" she asked, innocently. He laughed harshly.

"Well, if that isn't like a woman! And dont you know that your exalted sex has attained to the dignity of voting like men? Why, you have typewritten hundreds of sheets about it before and since that blow to Californian pride."

"I never noticed what it was all about. But"—sweetly—"I'll look up the news and be enlightened, if you wish me to."

"Oh, dont trouble yourself, pray! A female woman will be a rarity in ten years, and too much political knowledge just ruins complexions."

He turned away, while Margaret Dunlap gave him a queer little glance, at the same time drawing from her pocket a copy of the last law about woman suffrage. She smiled and mut-

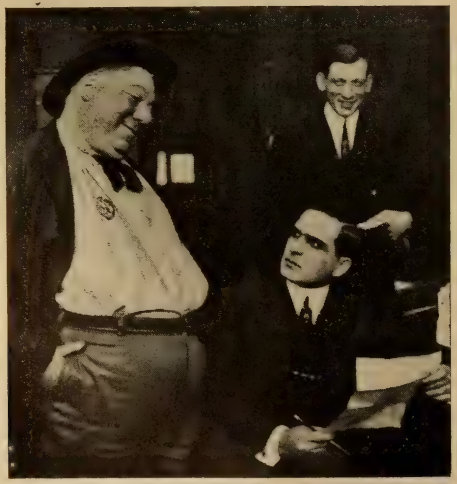
tered: "What chumps men are! They actually believe that a bald spot is a better covering for brains than a curled and healthily thick frizz. They are shallow enough to think that powder and a touch of rouge are less worthy signs of mentality than a shaved, massaged and powdered face. Oh, you men!" and she drew the code from its hiding place to prepare for the evening class in law, the study of which science seemed little hindered by the presence of a dainty vanity bag hanging from her belt. She opened the legal book to the section dealing with libel, and then to herself said:

"Our good-looking editor had better keep his eye peeled for trouble. He either is gambling with his journalistic luck or he is wofully lacking in legal knowledge." Then, as a new thought struck her: "What a sign of the times it is that we women can unconsciously assume the critical attitude toward men!"

A timid knock at the office door seemed to silence the noise within, and a mild, stout man entered with a beaming face. "Is Mr. King here?" he asked, as tho he were a simple messenger bearing an unimportant letter.

"Yes, I am he. What do you want?" said King, advancing.

"I have this for you, sir," handing the editor a paper, "which I inform you is a warrant, and that it is now served upon you!"



KING IS ARRESTED

King opened the document with a scowl. Sure enough, it was the beginning of a suit for libel, and he felt suddenly that he was in the meshes of the law. He put on his hat and coat and went out with the detective. At the door he caught the eye of his pretty typewriter. She smiled roguishly and almost whispered:

"Women love good-looking men. What's the matter with a female jury?"

King banged the door noisily, but the two words "female jury" kept his mind busy, and any good-looking man knows the value of personal appearance where women are the judges. "Female jury" he kept thinking. A battle between beauty and reason! But he could not help the degrading suspicion that he was about to step fully into the despised female rôle of the person who buys favors with smiles—a deeper and more contemptible fall for a man who has other and nobler means of securing advantages. But such is the man-god. So long as his higher qualities will gain his point, he despises the weaknesses of feminine tricks; but get him in a hazardous situation and he will pull himself out, and the woman in, by her own meanest snares. So our dashing editor, accustomed to the cowardly ink murders of reputations from the safe precincts of the journalist's office, could hardly be expected to emerge from such an inspiring life work with heroic qualities, and the soft warfare of glances. Flattering words seemed to come quite naturally to a nature accustomed to "hitting fellows who are down" and only those who cannot hit back, for such is the noble labor of journalism in our sensational America!

At the station-house the editor was subjected to many questions. His pedigree was taken by the sergeant and written into a large book. Thruout the entire humiliating examination King kept repeating to himself "female jury" until frizzes, puffs and petticoats began to get on his

nerves. The detective finally informed him of the legal rule requiring personal search, at which a fine smile crossed the lips of the editor, who said:

"If you find any money, I'll divide with you," knowing that just that afternoon he had used the last cent he had in his clothes, and had fortunately destroyed his papers. And, in fact, the only articles found upon him were a pocket knife, a bunch of keys and a match safe.

The court was in session. The judge had on his usual indifferent expression, and the court clerk wrote absorbedly, with his nose almost erasing the inky words as they left the pen-point. The prosecuting attorney rose and read the statement of the case against the defendant. After he finished reading, the judge, following the custom, asked King:

"Are you guilty of the charge against you or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," responded King, firmly. Due entry was made, and the final question as to the jury came before the court. The usual male jury was naturally the point considered, when King amazed the court by his assertion that he wanted a female jury.

A hush fell over the court. A female jury! Such a thing had never before offended the gallantry of these courtly officers. And, amid the silence of shocked intelligences, King declared:

"By my right, under the new law of California, I claim the privilege of picking my jury from the female voters."

The prosecuting attorney laughed; the judge smiled; the court clerk raised his head and grinned from ear to ear. Then the prosecuting attorney, all at once realizing the motive for escape which was prompting this choice by the editor, and feeling suddenly the weakness of the prosecution, with all its proofs, if it were to be blocked by a female jury, cried:

"Your honor, this is not a fit place or time for jokes, and the defendant is surely not inclined to bring upon himself the ridicule of the entire State by such an unmanly choice!"

"Hum!" said the judge. "The choice in any other situation could hardly be called unmanly, yet here, where the petticoat has only appeared in a state of subjection, this new rôle is rather disconcerting. Yet the law, gentlemen, the law is the law, and we as men were unable to keep female influence out of it, either before or after the granting of the ballot to women. If the defendant insists, therefore, against the advice of those who still honor the dignity of justice, then the right of the defendant to a female jury must be paramount to any objections."

"I insist upon having a female jury," said King.

The judge screwed his face up as tho he had swallowed lemon juice. The prosecuting attorney made a very wry expression and said, turning to the defendant:

"Sir, allow me to suggest that a mixed jury be tried. Women are notoriously unjust."

"Granted," replied King, "but they are notoriously unreasonable, and my case is safer where reason sleeps."

"Such expressions," put in the judge, "are not fitting in the presence of justice. Be more appropriate, if not less womanly, in your sentiments."

King clinched his fists, but subdued his anger. The shot struck home. Yes, he was taking woman's weapons to fight a man's cause, weapons forced upon woman by her countless generations of subjection, when only her charms counted as effective shields against tyranny and injustice, while man roamed the earth at his own sweet will, developing himself as he wished and subduing Nature and Art by the freedom of his will. All at once he wondered how many generations of masculine subjection it would take to bring the male back to his original brute manifestation, and he felt that, after all, high traits of character were, like other elegancies of

cultivation, merely outer ornaments of the mind, which man shakes off with surprising ease when they are in the way. At least he was honest with himself as he muttered:

"I'm going to play off my personal charms, like any silly *cocotte,* against the susceptibilities of the opposite sex, and in this I shall be descending to the lowest of feminine ideals. I shall probably win, and the female jury will be doing just what many a male jury has done before in acquitting an attractive defendant of the opposite sex. Are we inferior to women? Are we superior? Well, no. I fear we're very much alike, after all."

The judge dockets the choice of the defendant and indicates to the editor that a female jury is so ordered.

It is Monday morning, and wash-day in the modest home of Matilda Jones, who is immersed to her elbows in the warm suds that nearly fill the tub. John, her husband, has been out of work for three months, and, poor as is this home, with its curtainless windows and air of struggle against hunger, the face of Matilda lacks nothing of force for occasional want of luxurious food, and her strong, lean arms show the muscles of oft-exerted energy, and would do honor to an energetic policeman, if such there are. John was sitting in his red flannel shirt-sleeves before the stove, smoking a short pipe and reading the paper.

"Here's the editor of the *Ledger,* Mat, in some mix-up," he said.

"So?" replied Matilda. "It's all th' same to us. I guess you'll get no job from him."

"Who said I wanted one?" snapped John.

"Well, then, it's time yeh was wantin' some kind of a job!" she replied, sullenly. "What kind of a husband are yeh, anyway, to let a wife be keepin' yeh?"

"Aw, I dont know, Mat," quietly returned John; "them notions went out when the wimmin took to wearin' the pants."

"Well, what d'ye think o' that?" said Matilda, withdrawing her arms from the tub, "and is that the sentiments that's gittin' into yeh?"

"Yeh see, Mat," and John stretched his legs comfortably, "I'm willin' to work for a woman, but I'll be darned if I see the fun o' workin' for th' new kind o' thing what calls itself a female sence th' wimmin vote came along."

"So that's th' reason I've had to take in washin', eh? Well, we'll have to settle this point now. When you brought in money, didn't I give yeh the equal amount o' labor in th' house? Didn't I scrub, wash, cook, sweep, mend and give me full strength at this end in change fer yer own labor and wages at th' other end?"

"Sure, but that's a woman's place an' dooty," said John.

"Yes, an' now who's bringin' in the money an' still doin' the home work? Me, aint I?" and her threatening figure towered up above John in a new dignity.

John was silent. He had bitterly resented the woman's ballot, and his determination not to work for a while was in accordance with the new attitude of revolt taken by a few of the offended husbands of the district.

A knock broke the stillness, and, without waiting for an invitation, a burly, putty-faced man entered. He was stout and jovial in appearance, wearing a loose shirt having its flabby collar held by a dirty tie and its folds gathered at the place where a waist line ought to be but wasn't, and a narrow leather belt. He beamed upon Matilda. " 'Mornin', Mrs. Jones. Somethin' for you—important," and he held out a paper which she, after drying her hands and arms upon her apron, took. As her hand closed upon it the sheriff—for he it was—said:

"Take notice that this is a summons to serve as jury-woman in the case mentioned within."

Retiring to a far corner to await developments, nearly knocking the chair from under John as he intentionally caught his foot in the rung in passing, the sheriff stood, smiling blandly.



MATILDA PREPARES TO SERVE ON THE JURY

John looked at Matilda, who was reading the summons.

"Who's the rough-house kid just now?" he asked, sullenly.

"Him?" answered Matilda. "That's the deputy sheriff, and I am summoned to act on the first wimmin jury that ever was."

She drew up her shoulders and began to pull down her sleeves and untie her gingham apron.

"Pooh!" said John, jealously, "the fun is beginnin'. Go it, ole girl! Go it, female California!"

"See here, you fool of a man!" and Matilda jerked her apron to one side like a whip and threw it over her shoulder, while she grasped her mocking spouse by both arms, "stop that sort o' gab and git at that tub in two jerks of a lamb's tail! I'm summoned to court, and to court I go, while you are playing a lower kind of man-drone than I'd care to imitate! You git to work at them duds in the tub, else there'll be no soup in your stomach for many a day! No one, be it man or woman, has any right to eat if they dont work for it. You'll do your share o' this pardnership or clear out, d'yeh hear?"

John heard, and while she ordered him to roll up his sleeves, she tied the apron about his waist, and meek as a lazy person should be, he set to work. Thus Matilda showed that she was the better man of the two and that the vote was in better keeping with her than with him.

Meanwhile the deputy sheriff entered, upon the same mission, into the neat living-room of Miss Priscilla Simpkins. Her prim little corkscrew curls bobbed about her withering cheeks in the most delightful manner, each wiry ringlet proclaiming its owner to be the woman of the old school, unused to the modern influence of changed conditions upon the old ideal of what a woman should be. Only one object in life seemed worthy of attainment to the dear old baby, and that was—a man, a husband on whom she might lavish her old-time



PRISCILLA IS QUITE WILLING TO SERVE

adoration. And as the ringlets turned gray, and the heart grew old, the mind refused to harbor the new ideals engendered by woman's enlarged field of action, and a man still held her ambitions—any man, be he young or old — and the ballot in women's hands made no change in this prim maiden's heart. Woman suffrage was too young to revolutionize female character. As newly wielded instruments are necessarily hard to handle with wisdom and grace, so newly acquired power, being an instrument of the mind, must take time to handle with useful results to others.

Priscilla read her summons with pride, and immediately upon the exit of the sheriff she hastened to her mirror, thinking first of all of her curls. What a blessing it is that we never see our age as others see it, that we are ever perfectly in accord with our most flattering photograph and indignant with the photographer when he shows a truthful likeness! After all, these human vanities are but skin deep, and no less prominent in the male than in the female character, if you only know where to look for them. Priscilla did not care two straws for the legal question involved, but only of the fact that she must face men and women.

We hope that vanity will not entirely desert the new and fortified woman voter, for it is the only thing which has saved men from being brutes. Pride of possession stimulates civilization, and when woman's possessions grow into big interests, her little personal interests and vanities will merge into larger interests and larger vanities. It is doubtful whether big vanities are any more noble or elevating than little ones, however.

So the twelve jurors were summoned; twelve simple, newly fledged citizens with voting power; twelve hearts which were to acquit or condemn a human being for the first time in female judgment.

If twelve men had been set to wash and dress twelve newly born babies for the first time, they could not have approached the ordeal with more awkwardness than did these women, using their home-bred minds in an unaccustomed occupation. Yet all acquirement begins at this point, and women are quick learners, and skillful wherever they set their wills.

The court-room was crowded with men and women, curious to see the first female jury act. Mr. King sat near his attorney, and the jury-box, with its two rows of chairs, six in a line, yawned for its victims. The court clerk was ready at his desk, as was also the deputy sheriff, and the nervous women who were to be empaneled were anxiously awaiting their call.

"Miss Priscilla Simpkins," called out the deputy sheriff, rising. Priscilla rose and was directed to a front seat in the jury-box.

She took her place anxiously. The prosecuting attorney asked her several questions, which she answered calmly and sensibly. She was just beginning to congratulate herself upon the dignity with which she had played her part before all those people, when a

blow fell as from out a calm sky and stunned her into silence.

"What is your age?" Ah, that was it! What! tell her age to that gaping crowd? Never! No, not if she died for it!

"What is your age? Answer the court!"

She swallowed, gasped, choked and flushed, while the court-room resounded with laughter.

"What is your age?"

"None of your business!" she finally almost shouted, and the laugh subsided at her resolute tone. A short conference is held, and it is decided that Priscilla's age does not matter, the point in question being that she is old enough, and that is evident. She is accepted as a juror.

Next comes Matilda, with an expression of supreme importance lending majesty to her strong features. A very fat woman is also accepted, and so on until the twelve jurors shock the masculinized benches of the time-honored jury-box, and the jury is complete. But now a buzzing of twelve disturbed voices is heard, and the judge is about to call the jurors to order when one of the women steps forward and asks:

"Judge, are we allowed to wear our hats?"

The judge registers his opinion that hats may be kept on, and the trial proceeds. The prosecuting attorney rises and presents the case, when Priscilla catches a first glimpse of the defendant. At sight of his handsome face her silly old heart nearly thumps itself out of her breast. Ah, she loves him directly! Her heart chases its prey, as it only does when prey is few and far between.

The prosecuting attorney, after the direct examination, proceeds to cross: "Did the business firm of complainant give its advertising matter to your paper?"

Defendant—"No."

"Did you resent this?"

Def.—"No."

"Did you accept hush money from one of the directors as alleged?"

Def.—"No."

"Did you threaten the director in question, as alleged, if he refused to advertise in your paper?"

Def.—"No."

"Is it true, as alleged by complainant, that you tried to take stock in the company, in return for space in your paper?"



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY PRESENTS HIS CASE



BALLOTING IN THE JURY-ROOM

Def.—"No."

"Is it not true that the daughter of the director refused your hand in marriage?"

The question was objected to and ruled out, but Priscilla's heart beat with the fury of jealous rage. He caught her eye at this moment, and he smiled at her in a charming, discreet manner, carrying to her foolish thought the idea of a new-born love for her, just bursting into bud in his own bosom. The prosecuting attorney continued:

"Is it not true that you have held a personal grudge against the president of this concern for several years, and that you have shown it at different times in public?"

Def.—"No."

"Yet you admitted that you and he do not speak when you meet?"

Def.—"Yes."

"Is this your way of showing friendship?"

Def. (confused)—"Yes."

The stenographer is called in rebuttal. She takes the oath and stands unabashed, and, after the preliminary parley, the district attorney asks:

"Have you ever addressed letters of a threatening nature to the director in question?"

Stenog.—"Not exactly threats. Merely suggestions."

"In what language, for instance?"

Stenog.—" 'If I do not receive a favorable reply to this proposition by tomorrow night, you may expect some discomfort in ink.' "

King scowls, and the jury look all kinds of anger at her, twelve hearts having already gone out to the handsome editor, who, seeing his case under a dark cloud, flirts constantly with Priscilla, binding her to him with each glance.

After some tedious legal quarreling, the case is submitted to the jury.

The counsel for the defense addresses the jury in the most flattering terms, winding up his soft phrases with: "Every woman upon this jury is most intelligent, and all are beautiful. My client was first to advocate in his paper the cause of Woman Suffrage, and, reminding you that the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world, he confidently submits his case to you." He bows to each and every juror with deep respect and admiration, and the smile he receives in return from each flattered woman assures him of quick victory.

The judge orders the jury to the

jury-room, and in passing out, the glances of the prisoner meet those of the fascinated old maid, and Priscilla determines that he shall be free if she can accomplish it. No smiles for the prosecuting attorney: black looks of dislike flashed at him from those twelve pairs of feminine eyes!

The deputy sheriff led the women thru the corridor to the jury-room. Priscilla carried a small handbag, and when the jurors entered the jury-room and seated themselves on the wooden chairs, around a center-table, she glided behind a screen, and after a moment emerged, clad in a kimono wrapper. She held a half-crocheted hood in her hands and was preparing to make herself comfortable. The other women had opened their bags and were busied with their puffs, powder pads and other feminine instruments, and a lively buzz of conversation filled the room, among the expressions of which one heard:

"Did you see that fright of a hat Mrs. Jones had on at church last Sunday?" From the end of the table came the savory remark: "An' she fried 'em in lard; I allus use cookin' butter."

Priscilla rapped for order and spoke:

"Now, ladies, I am foreman of this jury. That editor is just perfectly lovely, and I'm going to sit here and knit until you find him innocent, if I sit here until Gabriel blows his trumpet!"

But tho Priscilla's heart was now dead to conscience, the other jurors were less blind to the facts disclosed by the evidence. Long and tedious were the reviews of the testimonies given, and tho the bows of the counsel for the defense were still refreshing the spirits of the ladies, and the handsome editor sent his magnetism thru the closed doors, it was hard to make these minds, unused to justice, bestow anything but justice to a prisoner recognized as guilty. But Priscilla, as the ballots were placed in the hat, knew that but one vote registered "Guilty," and that came from Matilda Jones, and Priscilla, distracting the attention of the others, substituted one marked "Not guilty" for the offending ballot.

When the jurors are finally led back thru the corridor, returning to the court-room from the opposite direction from that taken in leaving the jury-box, and when they are seated, the judge rises and asks: "Ladies of



THE DEFENDANT GETS OUT OF ONE DIFFICULTY, ONLY TO FALL INTO ANOTHER

the jury, have you arrived at a verdict?"

Priscilla rises and hands a sealed envelope to the deputy sheriff, who in turn hands it to the judge, who breaks the seal, and, after reading it to himself, hands it to the clerk, who reads it aloud to the assemblage as follows:

"We, the jury in the issue joined, find the defendant not guilty, and we think it real mean that he was ever arrested at all. So there!"

The editor, in joy, shakes each juror by the hand, and when he comes to Priscilla, she surprises every one by embracing him rapturously, attempting to kiss him.

He in horror, his case now won, pushes her violently from him, crying: "Not on your life!"

The women laugh at Priscilla, who, mortified and awake, now realizes how badly she has used her first grasp of power.

Poor women! Your futures would be sad were it not for the consoling fact that women can only equal men in the misuse of the voting power; they can never surpass man's misuse of it.

At the command of the judge, the deputy sheriff raps for order and adjourns the court. The judge enters his consultation room, leaving the victorious editor to plan new sins, on the hope of female leniency.

But do not be too sure, gentlemen of the mocking minds!

There are women and women, and the condition of civilization today is producing few of the Priscilla type and more of the heroic, noble natures which are the "fittest" for survival.

Priscilla natures belong to the past age, in which she also had but a low place. The best of the past will always be the best of the future, where character is concerned, and the smiles will turn to wonder when woman, true woman, speaks!

Dream Pictures and Real

By MARION P. BARTLETT

I sat by the fireside dreaming of days of long ago,
And pictures seemed to form in the midst of the embers' glow;
But faded e'er I could catch them, the coals to ashes died,
E'en as my hopes had perished and the heart within me sighed.

I left the dying firelight and the lonely, cheerless room,
And wandered down the avenue, seeking to lift the gloom;
When I heard the sound of music, saw countless lights agleam,
And, suiting an idle fancy, I entered as in a dream.

I entered into darkness, but sudden, before my eyes,
On a curtain of white came pictures, and I stared in mute surprise;
Pictures that moved! In wonderment I quite forgot my pain;
Pictures that lived! And with them I lived my youth again.

The North, the South, the East, the West were all at my command;
The whole world came before me, at touch of an unseen hand.
Ah! the pictures by the fireside may fade and die away,
But those on the magic canvas live anew for me every day.

Oil

(Méliès)

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS

BELIEVING only half that her smooth husband said, and suspecting everything that he did, Mrs. Morton regarded him with open distrust when he seized the molasses jug and started to make a bee-line for the general store, and she called him back. Morton had a jovial face—he was of cherubic build and seraphic intentions—but he had never been guilty of buying a drink even for home consumption or for cholera morbus, and his wife had no other grounds for imagining him guilty of ulterior design than a degree of stealth accompanying his immediate act and remote conduct of a mysterious nature. She was not a lady of uncertain temper—it was so certain that she never lost a chance to let Morton know that it was not in cold storage—but the sight of him sneaking out with a jug of homely utility for no declared purpose was too much for the Mother Eve that was in her.

"You think you're slick!" she snapped with a got-you-dead-to-rights gleam in her eyes, "you slippery old fraud, but I am not such a fool as you think I am. A woman dont have to be much to see clean thru a one-suspender investor in thistle pastures like you. We're so land-poor that there's scarcely a bite to eat in the house, and I'm making over Bertha's last-year calico, so she'll have a decent rag on her back when John calls. With your women looking like scarecrows, you chase around buying more land and talk about putting up a lightning-rod on the house when we cant afford a carpet for the parlor. What are you going to git in that jug?"

Her question did not admit of his usual non-committal reply, a favorite phrase used to gain time and drum up laggard conclusions. Morton, therefore, contented himself with a warning "sh-h" and put a chubby forefinger on his lips.

"Dont stand there, making secret signs!" his wife snapped, "nor make me ask the same question over a dozen times while you're thinking up an answer. What are you going out for?"

"Out for?" Morton repeated, then, with a flash of humor, "I am out for the money!"

"Money!" Mrs. Morton exclaimed in disgust. "You talk money, but it never talks to us; you dream money, but it is only a dream for us. All that we do is to listen in rags and look at your one suspender holding up the cast-off trousers Uncle Daniel gave you when he moved to town. You're going to fill that jug with molasses, I s'pose?" The questioner's arms were now akimbo and her lean jaws squared for action.

"Not yit," Morton chuckled — his opportunity to use his non-committal defense had come.

"With rum, then?" she sneered.

"Not yit," he replied, with exasperating cunning. He had parried many an interrogative thrust with this simple evasion.

She bent her brows upon him with dark distrust, her face wearing the tragic expression of a wife on the verge of discovering her husband's worst sin—the one she most desires to fathom because she is sure that it will break her heart. "What then?" she asked, hoarsely.

He allowed a dramatic period of silence to intervene before replying. Even then he glanced about him like a villain on the stage gazing into the wings. "Oil!" he whispered.

She threw up her hands in disgust. If it had only been some deadly poison. "Oil!" she snorted. "Why, you fat tub—that's right, stand there grinning like an idiot—you've only



MORT GOES ON A MYSTERIOUS ERRAND

to strike a spigot into yourself to get all we need. We eat so much hog and hominy that the lard oozes out of the creases of your fat neck on sunny days, yet you go 'round telling the neighbors that the reason we never invite any one to supper is because all your money is in your wife's name, and she's saving to send Bertha to Europe to finish her musical education, tho everybody knows the poor child can only play chop-sticks with one finger on the melodeon, and John never *will* propose unless we buy her a white muslin, with a pink ribbon in her hair. For land's sakes alive! what do we want with a jug of oil?"

"Keep a-thinkin'," said Morton, with a far-off light in his eyes, as if foreign shores were looming up within his distorted vision of the future. "Keep a-thinkin' of all the clothes you 'n' Birdie need, 'n' a horse and buggy to go to market in, but quit a-talkin' about yerself. The neighbors 'll do that for you. I'm out for the money. Watch me!"

She did. She neglected her dried-apple pies to stand in the shadow of her own door and follow the dumpy figure of her husband until he entered the store at the cross-roads, then she sighed heavily, probably thinking of something she had neglected to ask him, and went back to the weary routine of household drudgery. She knew, as others did, that her husband was able to take care of himself in any deal requiring native cunning, but along with it went an aggravating tendency to compass his ends with so much secrecy that he was generally known as "Foxy Mort."

As Foxy Mort he was greeted by the coatless crowd at the store—some of them boasted two suspenders—and he proved his character by deliberately showing the label on his molasses jug to the "cattle" herded in the place before giving the storekeeper whispered instructions to "fill her up again with the same stuff."

The storekeeper managed to have a quiet word with his customer after he

had delivered the goods. "What's doin'?" he asked, nonchalantly. "I hear you took options on all the no-good pieces of land 'round that old thistle-patch of yourn."

"Keep a-thinkin'," smiled Morton.

"I bin a-thinkin'," said the storekeeper. "Cant I come in on the deal?"

"Not yit," Foxy chuckled; "but dont talk. Let them fellows do the talkin'—that's all they're fit for."

The storekeeper beetled his brows and pursed his lips. "Tryin' to corner the market," he guessed, shrewdly.

"Not yit," said Morton. "Far as the land's concerned, I buy it to keep my folks from eatin' up all I make."

The little fox back-tracked to his house, then, true to his nature, slipped around by a devious route to the property in question, and there remained most of the day.

His wife noticed that evening that the jug *smelled* of oil, but contained none. "See here," she said to him, "when you've made that fortune you're always talking about, and we quit sopping corn-bread for a spell, you can drink that kind of oil Uncle Daniel puts on his lettuce by the quart, for all I care; but we're not going to starve while you're filling yourself with coal oil every day and getting as fat as a flaxseed poultice, doin' nothing but sit around and think. You couldn't think if you tried, no more than a child unborn; if you could, you'd attend to that beeswax I asked you to git last week. Are you livin' on oil?"

"Not yit," said Morton. "Dont talk so much, but keep a-thinkin' yourself, and you'll see things comin' around our way before long."

She did not have to vex her soul with famished curiosity very long. On the following afternoon her only child, Bertha, just arrived at the carefree sweetness of girlhood, with a longing for care-burdened womanhood, burst in upon her father and mother with the announcement that a young man, distinguished from ordinary mortals as "John," had obtained a job with some exploring Easterners, and had at last proposed to her.

"He wont do it twicet," chuckled Morton. "Bertha wont give him a chanst."

"That's enough from you," his wife decided. Then, oblivious of her daughter's enthusiasm, "What is an Easterner, dear?"

"A man with good clothes on," Bertha explained. "John introduced me and called me his fee-aunt-say, then we all shook hands, and they asked if pa was in."

"Who's they?" Mrs. Morton inquired, coldly.

"The Easterners," Bertha pouted —her engagement seemed to be of minor importance. "They were on the thistle pasture, digging up earth and smelling it and putting some of it in boxes. John told them pa wouldn't sell the land for a thousand dollars——"

"Did he say 'pa'?" inquired Morton.

"He said *my* pa wouldn't," Bertha sighed in vexation.

"Oh!" Morton reflected, "I thought John was gittin' a leetle forehanded."

"A thousand dollars?" Mrs. Morton inquired. "Why did he say that?"

"The Easterners asked what pa would take," Bertha went on. "They said they were only agents and could not offer more than five thousand——"

"You mean five hundred," her mother corrected her.

"Five thousand!" Bertha persisted. "That is exactly what they said."

Mrs. Morton was indignant. "They were making fun of you," she said. "That's the trouble with those Easterners. If I see any of them around here, putting on airs, I'll give them a piece of *my* mind that they wont forget. The idea!"

"But they *are* coming," Bertha expostulated. "They will be here in a few minutes. I came down to tell pa that they will pay five thousand dollars on a speculation. They have been over the ground all morning, and



THE BARGAIN IS CLOSED

John says they have been all over the neighborhood with a drilling outfit."

"What's that?" Mrs. Morton asked, with sudden alarm. There was a sound of voices outside.

"To bore holes with," Bertha explained. "They are boring—dont tell anybody—they are boring for oil."

"Oil," Mrs. Morton gasped. She gazed at her husband, as tho beginning to sink a drill into the depths of his infamy, but he was unmoved. If he had any conscience, the surface indications were lacking.

"Keep a-thinkin'," he said to her in low tones, "of what you need and haven't got. Take Bertha to town and buy her white *satin,* not muslin, and a black silk for yerself with figgers all over it, and a suit for me that John and I can play checkers on, but *dont talk!* If wimmen folks wasn't so fond of hearin' their own voices, no preacher could make me b'lieve there's any other heaven than where we men folks hang our hats, but they bust right out, and we're sorry for it afterwards. That's me." There was a vicious gleam in Foxy Mort's usually twinkling eyes that warned his wife into temporary suppression of her customary vocal exercises as he rose and went to the door in response to a knock. "Stay where y' are," he indicated with a push of his pudgy hand, and made his exit, closing the door behind him.

Outside, his future son-in-law greeted him with effusion and introduced some gentlemen with whom he had become associated in the exploration of nearby territory. They had found oil deposit marks in the thistle-patch, but could not afford to go to the expense of deep exploration, unless Morton would sell the land outright. They were willing to pay ten times its present value as a gamble—it was not worth over five hundred dollars as it stood—or they would move on to less promising territory. John admitted that they were favorably impressed, but not disposed to risk more



MORT CONFIDES IN HIS LOYAL FRIEND

than five thousand, cash down, for a full and clear title to the land.

Morton ran his thumb up and down beneath his one suspender. "Not enough," he smiled.

John now presented his employer, a Mr. Johnstone, and the latter produced a small book of certified drafts. "I have made out a check to your order," he said, "for five thousand dollars, but I can strain a point. How much do you want?"

Morton hitched from one foot to the other. "The land," he said, "may be worth hundreds of thousands, but I aint no hog! Ten thousand will do me."

The door behind him opened, and his wife peered forth.

"We will split the difference," said



THE NOW WEALTHY MORT IS CONGRATULATED

Johnstone, magnanimously. "There *is* oil on the surface, but it may take thousands of dollars to find that there is *none* below. I will give you seven thousand five hundred."

"Not yit!" said Morton, firmly. "Now that you've found the oil, there'll be others comin' along."

"Good day, Mr. Morton," said Johnstone. "There are other thistle pastures than yours in this region."

"You fool!" came his wife's angry voice. She pounced forth on him. "D'ye think I am going to slave all my life in this old shack? If the Angel Gabriel came down and blew his trumpet in your ear, you would never wake up. Do you want me to bring out the molasses jug and break it over your head?"

"Not yit," said Foxy Mort. "If any more is said by you, I'll go up a thousand a word, until I reach what the land is worth. Eight thousand is bespoken; above that, there's a thousand each for you and Bertha in what I'm askin'."

Mrs. Morton subsided, and John went into conference with his employer. Foxy Mort fixed his gaze upon some far-off castle in Spain, and seemed to enjoy the prospect. There was a long and serious conference among the investors. They were not only in dead earnest, but seemed to know what they were talking about, and the upshot was a proposition that brought all present into relations of mutual satisfaction. Johnstone tendered certified drafts for eight thousand to Morton and two of a thousand each to his wife and daughter, and Morton was as good as his word in conveying his well-oiled thistle pasture.

That evening he announced his intention of paying Uncle David a long-planned visit—he appeared to be glad to get away from the scene of his good fortune—and the women sat up most of the night figuring out a shopping orgie that would turn old friends and neighbors pale with envy.

For the next few days Morton was

a very busy man, moving about the neighborhood on mysterious errands of his own, settling old accounts and driving some bargains with characteristic shrewdness, but he was in a high state of glee when the time came to put the scene of his high financing behind him, and left the forlorn settlement without a shadow of regret on his smooth countenance.

Many long months elapsed before the Mortons were again seen in the neighborhood, and, meanwhile, the face of Nature was deeply pierced and scarred on the old thistle-patch. There were derricks, engine house, pumps and tanks on the ground itself, and the cross-roads had taken on a dusty, bustling activity that usually presages a boom. Trade in suspenders had become bullish in the general store, and many of the loungers now wore store clothes in forlorn imitation of the Easterners, when Morton, converted by the tailor's art, and his wife and daughter, radiant in becoming gowns like those in the fashion periodical illustrations, drove up to their old home, with a just-back-from-the-continent air that was crushing to those still living in hopes of release from poverty's serfdom. But Morton's reception at the general store was not without marring incidents, in spite of a generous handout of five-cent cigars. There was an ill-suppressed tendency to jeer at the former owner of the oiled land, and one hanger-on went so far as to seize an empty can and give an imitation of a man manufacturing surface indications.

The blushing "fee-aunt-say," in company with her mother, visited the office of the new works, where John was installed in a managerial capacity, and brought him back to the old home to supper with mixed emotions.

The company had struck oil!

According to John, they were only waiting to perfect certain arrangements that would raise the value of their property to a half million.

A half million of dollars!

They were approaching the old home, and Mrs. Morton's bosom was swelling to the bursting point with indignation.



MORT DESTROYS HIS NOW USELESS KEROSENE JUG

Out near the woodpile was her husband with an ax. On a stump before him stood an inoffensive molasses jug. He swung the ax vengefully and smashed the jug to smithereens!

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Morton as a preliminary toot before her train of thought started from the station.

"Pa will catch it!" Bertha prophetically confided to John.

Pa's limited irritability seemed, however, to have been entirely exhausted on the polished jug, for his face was as smooth as its one shining exterior when he greeted his prospective son-and-heir-at-law.

"I jist heered the good news," he observed, cheerfully.

"We have the oil," said John, with becoming modesty; "millions of gallons, but we are compelled to wait a few weeks for enlargement of territory and right of way until certain options expire that some one took on land all around us."

"Too bad!" Foxy Mort commiserated him with sympathy that trembled in his voice. "I wonder who dun it?"

There was a moment of strained silence, during which he met his wife's stony stare with one of innocence undefiled. When she spoke, she addressed her children, immediate and prospective. "What I dont *know* about my husband," she observed with sad resignation, "I suspect!"

An "Initial" Introduction

ACROSTIC, BY JOHN S. GREY

T ales of the Photoplays, comic and sad,
H uman and natural, somber and glad—
E very film that's a popular fad.

M any a drama, inspiring and clean,
O ffered at first on the picture show screen,
T hen written out as a story so fine,
I nterest-bearing in every line;
O riginal, striking, with photographs too,
N ovel, and told with fidelity true.

P hotoplays, too, that have *never* been shown,
I mpressive, appear in this monthly alone.
C omplete as a story, expressly arranged
T o herald the coming of films to be changed.
U nusual stories of interest keen,
R eady to show, as new plays, on the screen,
E ducational series, and pictures so grand,

S o simple the youngest can well understand!
T he pictures and stories of travel as well,
O f life and adventures these photo-films tell,
R tales of all countries, all nations, all climes,
Y et brightly brought down to the most modern times!

M ore stories of players—with photos to boot,
A galaxy monthly of stars of repute,
G ood verses by poets of national fame,
A nd jokes by the best of experts at the game.
Z est in its pages, its pictures, its art,
I mpress one that this is a monthly, apart,
N ot like any other that ever was seen—
E xclusive, alone, a unique magazine!

Everything Comes to Him Who Waits

(Edison)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

"HEINIE, Oi'm up ag'inst it! Oi've got to have a job!"

Cud McGiven leaned up against the bar of Chris Heinrich's clean little family liquor store and spoke with a kind of regretful solemnity.

"Vell, vhat for shouldn't you vork, alreaty?" sputtered the plump little individual addressed as "Heinie." "Other folks haf got to vork or starve! Look at me now. I vorks me my ten, twelve hours a day still, und I owns me mine store und three houses yet."

"Yis, Heinie"—Cud's face was sober, but a twinkle lurked far back in the gray-blue eyes—"sure it's a known fact that yer match is nivir to be had when it comes to worruk. But think of me—a man of me well-known talents—that can juggle an' box an' lick anny man in the Tinth Ward—an' has proved it to most of thim."

"Vell," scolded Heinie, his round, red face expressing his disgust at this reasoning, "suppose you can lick efry one of 'em? Does it pay any money to you? Has anybody you've boxed or licked paid any board bill for you alreaty yet?"

"Divvle a wan of 'em," returned Cud, composedly, "which is the thing that's turnin' me hair gray with care and anxiety. Oi'm down to me last dollar, and it's the busy life fer mine. Now, Heinie, what kind of a job would ye be after advisin' me to thry?"

"Try? Try vhatefer kind of a job you know how to do. Vhat vas the last job you had?"

"Sure, that were a beautiful job!" declared Cud, grinning reminiscently. "It was tendin' a pool-room. I took up the money fer the games—sthrictly in advance—and whin the game broke up in a row, I put iverybody in the room out onto the sthrate, on gineral principles, whether they was in the game or not!"

"Vell, if you like so fool a job, vhy didn't you keep it yet?" queried the disgusted Heinie.

"Oi was too willin'," explained Cud. "Oi was so eager to be at my arjuous task that I started in a puttin' of thim out, wan night, before anny row had begun. Thin the boss, says he: 'Cud, ye're drunk,' says he; 'ye're fired,' says he; 'git out,' says he. At that, my hot Irish blood b'iled up in my veins like a seltzer fizz, an' I resigned, thin and there, and walked out from under his nefayrious roof, nivir to enther there anny more."

"And vhasn't you drunk?" demanded Heinie.

"Oi'd had nivir a thing but beer. Good, honest German beer! Heinie, I put it to ye straight—kin a man be drunk on nothin' but beer?"

"I dont know," growled Heinie. "Beer is a goot thing, in moderation. The German people, they are moderate. Men dont get drunk in my place. I drinks me mine fifty, sixty glasses of beer efry day; I dont get drunk. I dont know how it be if a man make a tamn hog out of himself!"

Cud burst into a roar of laughter that shook the rafters of the low-ceiled little room and brought Gretchen, Heinrich's fat frau, from the kitchen, to inquire into the commotion. When the case was explained to her, she pursed her red lips for a moment, pulling reflectively at a strand of her straight yellow hair.

"Your brother is wanting a waiter man," she said, finally. "Give Cud a note, to get him a job there."

Heinrich reflected, anxiously.

"You mustn't be gettin' drunk, if I gif you one recommend to mine brother," he warned.

"Sure, Oi'll be as moderate as a German," promised Cud, gravely.

Armed with his letter of recommendation, Cud approached the restaurant-keeper, who was a counterpart of his brother.

"Vhat for you want a waiter's job?" he asked, suspiciously. "Haf you had no experience alreaty?"

"O'im a smashin' good waiter; Oi've waited many and many a year," answered Cud. He did not consider it necessary to state what he had been waiting for, and the Dutchman's mind was not nimble enough to catch any subtle play upon words.

"Me ould mither—the saints rest her sowl!—used to say 'Ivrything comes to the man that waits,' and I suppose that's why Oi'm a waiter," Cud explained further.

"To work you go right now," decided Heinrich, suddenly. "One dollar a day do you get. All breakage comes your wages out. Mind that!"

"It's me that's a foine juggler," observed Cud, airily balancing a plate on his forefinger. "Many's the prize Oi've lugged off for jugglin' clubs in the Grand Theayter on amachure nights. Thrust Cud McGiven to be able to juggle the dishes!"

"Vell, you remember, I say all breakage comes your wages out," reiterated Heinrich, as the head waiter led Cud off to instruct him in the duties of his new position.

Half an hour later the new waiter's duties began with a rush. Heinrich's table d'hôte dinner, "fifty cents, with beer," was famed in that section. Stout, hungry German clerks, released from the day's work, settled down with a sigh of relief and turned their undivided attention to their eating. Buyers for little stores in upcountry towns were led in impressively by hook-nosed men, who assured them volubly that this was "a swell place to feed." Here and there, a pretty girl, with elbow sleeves and immense willow plumes, fluttered and laughed coquettishly while her sweetheart ordered the waiter about with lordly manners.

A fat, placid man waited calmly



CUD HAS AN ACCIDENT

for some attention, while his thin, nervous wife fumed and fussed with the menu.

"Here," she called sharply, as Cud hurried by with two plates of steaming soup, "we've been waiting a good deal longer than those people! Give me that soup!"

"Surest thing ye know," retorted Cud amiably, depositing the soup before the irate woman, regardless of glowering looks from the next table.



CUD'S IRE IS AROUSED

"What will ye be afther havin' next?"

He hurried away with the order, running into the kitchen with an armful of dishes, his mind confusedly struggling with the problem of keeping five orders straight.

"Oi've got four drummers at wan table, and a woman with a temper at another," he remarked to the cook. "The drummers 'll give me a good tip, if they're pleased; the woman 'll give me thunder and lightnin', if she aint. 'Tis between the divvle and the deep blue sea I am!"

"Tip nothin'!" drawled another waiter. "Dont you never read the papers? The Drummers' Union has declared again tips. There aint a drummer tipped nobody in this place since January first."

"Then you just watch me!" declared Cud. "If they're givin' me nothin', they'll git their money's worth!"

The next drummer whom Cud approached gave a sudden start and a sharp exclamation. Some hot soup had been slopped upon his hand by the zealous waiter. "Sure, accidents will happen," was the wily Cud's apology, even as he spilled some icy water down another drummer's neck. After this pleasing interlude the drummers finished their soup and waited long for the next course. Cud was devoting himself to the nervous lady and her placid spouse. In vain did the knights of the road gesticulate, rap upon the table, and call vigorously. Cud remained calm, oblivious to their distress, until they appealed to the head waiter. Then, receiving that dignitary's remarks with due

meekness, he came up, all smiling attention.

"It's a foine spread ye'll be havin' in less than a second now," he assured them. "Oi'll be back with yer orders in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

He was as good as his word. In an instant he was back, spreading a heterogeneous assortment of dishes before the expectant men, whose complaints rose at once above the rattle of the dishes.

Heinrich, from the front, heard the commotion and hastened toward the kitchen.

"Mine Himmel! It is that new waiter!" he groaned, as his eyes fell upon the scene of devastation. "I haf been watching you, sir; you are all blunders. You spill the soup—you spill the water—you are slow—you knock against every one—you are no goot! Now you break all these dishes! It comes your wages out, remember. I go now and figure up how much. Ach, these Irish! Why do I hire them efer?"



CUD PROVES HIMSELF A "SMASHING WAITER"

"Here, I didn't order beef!" "Where's my fowl?" "There's no tartar sauce with this crab!" "You've brought mint sauce with my pork!" came the concert.

"Sure, I'll have to begin all over ag'in. I'm that mixed up and nervous, I cant remember at all, at all," lamented Cud, the twinkle in his gray-blue eyes belying his sober face.

Sweeping up the whole assortment of orders, he started toward the kitchen, but at the door he encountered two outcoming waiters, laden with heavy trays. There was a crash, a great smash, and a wild confusion.

He trotted away, waving his hands in despair, and the head waiter started in to finish up the reprimand.

"You clumsy, butter-fingered, redheaded——" he began, but his words were cut short by a pitcher of water, which came straight into his face. The pitcher went with the water, and fell with a shivering crash to the floor. A perfect fusillade of cups followed. Cud's fighting blood was up, and the dishes flew right and left. As the head waiter dashed from the

kitchen, the proprietor rushed in, waving a long, white paper.

"Look, here is it, the bill!" he cried, failing, in his excitement, to notice the signs of tumult. "You haf smashed dishes worth eight dollars. The drummers have got mad and gone without paying—that is two dollars lost. Eight and two is ten. One dollar I owe you for this day. Nine dollars, then, you owe me alreaty yet! Vhat is it to be by the week's end?

fusion and terror, became fresh targets for the rain of dishes. As the supply of plates ran low, the fusillader caught up a tray full of heavy coffee cups, and, amid a storm of these missiles, the whole crowd rushed into the street, shrieking for the police.

For a few moments, Cud McGiven, waiter for a day, stood alone in the deserted room, gazing about at the wreckage with a grim smile.



CUD FINISHES THE JOB WITH BECOMING DEXTERITY

Ach, get out of here now, while I have a dish or a customer left!"

For a moment Cud gazed at the fat, gesticulating little man, at the sneering triumph of the head waiter, at the scandalized faces of the rest of the help. Then his plan of action formulated and matured with great swiftness. He caught up a tall stack of plates on his left arm, and, with sure and deadly aim, he launched them, one by one, in the direction of the group. They fled, thru the dining-room, and the guests, rising in con-

"I must owe that Dutchy a thousand dollars by this time," he reflected. Then, as a sharp clang sounded thru the street, he started for the kitchen.

"Ivrything comes to the wan that waits—even the police pathrol," he chuckled, "but I'll not be afther waitin' for thim. It's out the kitchen windy fer mine!"

" 'Twas a short job and a merry wan," he murmured, as he closed the window behind him and sped off into the darkness.

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"A picture is a poem without words."—*Horace.*

The Motion Picture and the Lecturer

By STANLEY W. TODD

THE Motion Picture has come to the rescue of the lecturer, who finds that his stereopticon no longer attracts the throng it did in the days when Moving Pictures were unknown. The falling-off in attendance at the free public lectures may be largely attributed to Motion Picture shows. At the little theater, for a nominal price of admission, the people may enjoy two hours of virile, constantly changing scenes. They go not alone to be amused, but also to be instructed. Tho they are willing to learn, they refuse to be bored. They object to prosy and uninteresting talks on subjects which are in themselves tedious and dry. As a result, they prefer the little Motion Picture theater around the corner, to the free lecture hall.

That is not a fact for commiseration. Many lecturers have seen the light. They have found there is nothing that can take the place of the Motion Picture in vitalizing a talk on travel or on any other topic. The greatest orator in the world cannot describe a scene in a foreign land with the effectiveness of the moving film. There is no affectation or stage or climax in the views from other lands. The audience at the lecture is given a glance thru a wonderful telescope, which can bring to their view, time and time again, the same identical scene. The foreigners seem to be looking into the vale at their future audiences. Events now in past history can thus be recalled from the great Motion Picture text-book at any time. Rapidly changing scenes are what the people demand. Any lecture can be made doubly interesting with the aid of the Motion Picture.

And what is the result of such an innovation? The great popularity of "travelogs" and "travel talks" is the best answer. Motion Pictures, announced as a feature or an incidental, will assure an overwhelming attendance, where otherwise a slim audience would be a certainty. The people hunger after knowledge—those who attend lectures. But the knowledge they get thru the Motion Picture, which is nothing more than a mirror to nature, by far exceeds that which they can secure thru the stereopticon picture and the lecturer's necessarily poor description of sights and scenes it is the function of the Motion Picture to present. No better evidence of this can be desired than the proved ability of Moving Pictures to attract just those people who have so often been bored by poor "still" pictures and tiresome lecturer—and have kept away ever since. The Motion Picture is in reality nothing more than a wonderful implement in the hands of the men who can now realize its possibilities. It is for the educator and the lecturer really more than it is for the showman.

Mother Goose Up to Date

By LILLIAN MAY

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Will you to the opera go?"
Said Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
"I prefer the Photoshow."

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Why do you like that best?"
"Because it cheers and entertains
And gives your purse a rest."

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
You're just the girl for me;
I'll be the luckiest man alive
If you my wife will be!"

Said Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
"I'll name our wedding day,
If you will take me every night
To see a Photoplay."

Cardinal Wolsey

(Vitagraph)

By MONTANYE PERRY

It was when Henry the Eighth, known thruout his kingdom by the title of Bluff King Hal, sat upon the throne of England, and Queen Catherine still sat by his side.

The entire English Court had but recently returned from France, where a treaty of friendship between the two nations had been celebrated by the wonderful pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Thruout this pageant, which was one of unprecedented magnificence, one figure had been dominant—that of Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, Chancellor and prime favorite of Henry the Eighth. His had been the moving spirit in the treaty; to him were accorded the honors of its celebration. Amid the golden, glittering spectacle he had moved with proud grace, as richly appareled and as deeply honored as the King himself.

He sat now in the royal apartments, engaged with the King in a game of chess, while the Queen looked with interest at the game's progress. Occasionally friendly comments or light badinage showed the familiar intimacy which Wolsey enjoyed with the royal couple.

The dark-eyed Catherine, who had been a princess in the sunny land of Spain, had the grace and beauty of her homeland. If her high-bred manner was marred, sometimes, by an air of petulance, if her delicate brow was darkened by lines of care or dissatisfaction, who shall blame her? The wife of a reigning sovereign in those days lived a life of unrest and fear, which did not tend to keep the roses upon her cheeks nor the glow of youth in her eyes. Perhaps the four wee graves, long lying side by side in the royal burying ground, cast their shadow upon the mother heart of Catherine. Or did the consciousness of her fleeting youth and beauty bring a whisper of dread to her heart, which knew full well the fickleness of the monarch's fancies?

The game was unfinished when a courtier entered, and, with a murmured apology to the Queen and Cardinal, bent for a whispered word with the King.

"I must leave you, Wolsey," cried the King, rising hastily. "Methinks a monarch has never a moment for his pleasures, but some interruption comes. Stay, you, and converse with the Queen. Perchance you may enliven her heart. I like not her dull looks of late. A Queen should be always gay!"

"Always gay!" repeated Catherine, bitterly, as the doors closed behind the King. "How can one be always gay, when——" She stopped, her dark eyes meeting Wolsey's in sudden, passionate appeal.

"Your Majesty is not well — you have some trouble?" ventured the Cardinal, with respectful interest.

"Yes—no," replied the Queen, irresolutely, as if impelled by conflicting emotions. "I fear — and yet I scarce know what I fear. Perchance it is only that I grow fanciful as youth passes. But the King is capricious; my beauty is fading; who knows——"

The Cardinal interrupted her hastily, as if afraid to let her impulsive spirit reveal itself further.

"True and faithful hast thou ever been to His Majesty," he demurred, gently. "I doubt not that he will ever keep his kingly faith with thee. Do not vex thy spirit with these restless imaginings."

Yet, in spite of his reassuring words to the Queen, the Cardinal's face was troubled as he crossed the court and proceeded toward his own palace.

"A woman's mind is ever swift to

detect the slightest variation in one she loves," he murmured. "Can it be that the King's mind is turning to a new favorite? I have heard no rumor of it in the Court."



ANNE BOLEYN IN THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS

Could Cardinal Wolsey have seen the King at that moment, the look of worriment upon his face would have deepened to consternation. Henry the Eighth, monarch of the great English empire, was peeping thru the curtains which screened the apartments of his Queen's ladies-in-waiting! His leering eyes were fixed in eager delight upon a graceful young girl, who was playfully executing a few steps of a minuet, before the other maidens.

"Who is she?" the infatuated King whispered softly to the courtier who called him from the game of chess.

"It is Anne Boleyn, the young girl who was sent to France with your Majesty's sister, some years ago," returned the courtier, plainly delighted with the effect the girl had produced upon the King. "Now she has returned to live among the Queen's maidens. When I saw her rare beauty, I bethought me of your Majesty's request."

"You shall be richly rewarded," chuckled the King. "But when can I meet this beauteous damosel? It must be soon, for I wot my heart is enraptured already!"

"The Cardinal hath bidden all the lords and ladies of the Court to a ball tonight," suggested the courtier. "It is a masked ball——"

He paused, as if fearful of presuming too far, but the King, with a coarse laugh, gave the man's shoulder a resounding slap.

" 'Tis well!" he cried. "Bring me tonight the dress of a shepherd, and let eleven of my lords accompany me in the same costume. So shall we go, a merry band, to the Cardinal's ball, and I promise thee that the fair Anne shall be wooed right ardently by a royal shepherd."

The masked company were making merry in the Palace of York when the Cardinal entered the room, clothed in his full robes of state. Responding graciously to the salutations of his guests, he proceeded toward a small throne at the head of the room. When he was seated beneath the canopy of cardinal velvet, he lifted his hand as the signal for the musicians to begin. But, as the first silvery notes stole forth, there was a commotion outside the entrance, and a herald, bowing low, approached the Cardinal.

"How now? What is't?" queried the Cardinal.

"A noble-seeming troop of stran-



"THE MASKED COMPANY WERE MAKING MERRY"



THE QUEEN DISCOVERS THE KING AND ANNE BOLEYN

gers are without, in dress of shepherds," answered the herald. "They pray me to tell you that, having heard of this fair assemblage, they have left their flocks and crave leave to join the revels."

"So be it. They have done my palace grace. Bid them take their pleasure."

A moment later a troop of twelve shepherds entered the room and began to make laughing selection of their choice from the assembled ladies. One went straight to Anne Boleyn, who was standing near the Cardinal, and he bent over her slim hand, saying: "This is the fairest hand that ever I touched. Oh, beauty, till now I never knew thee!" At the sound of that voice, Wolsey started: it was the voice of Henry the Eighth!

All the Queen's forebodings recurred to the Cardinal instantly, and as the dance went gaily on, his gaze followed the King with brooding doubt and dread. For years this proud, ambitious Cardinal had toiled ceaselessly to intrench himself in his monarch's favor. No feat of diplomacy or intrigue had been too difficult for him to undertake—if it meant the Empire's advancement, and hence his own greater glory. His success had been great. He was looking for still greater power and reward. What would the outcome be, should the King form a strong attachment to this fair Anne Boleyn? With Catherine, his influence was secure. Should this newcomer win the King's heart, what would follow? She might turn against the Cardinal, and all his carefully laid plans would be overthrown!

Out of this tangle of confused thought, Wolsey's mind emerged with a fixed purpose: to keep the King's favor, at any cost, but, by skillful diplomacy, to nip in the bud this new entanglement.

"Tonight I will, by fair words and courtesy, strive to gain Anne Boleyn's confidence and friendship," he thought. "Tomorrow I shall confer with the Queen, and together we will devise a plan to draw the King from this fair enchantress."

But, to Wolsey's surprise and dismay, the Queen, when he approached her the following day with news of her husband's infatuation, refused utterly to listen. Womanlike, she could not bear to hear criticism of her beloved, tho she could give it freely.



THE QUEEN IS OBDURATE

She flamed instantly in her lord's defense.

"And thou callest thyself the King's friend!" she cried, scornfully. "He trusts thee as his truest counselor, and ye come here to me with these tales of him. Begone!"



Wolsey left the castle in much perturbation. Here was Catherine vexed with him. If her anger led her to repeat this interview to the King, Henry's wrath would turn upon him. His efforts to ingratiate himself with Anne had met with no success. Truly, a Cardinal's path was beset with difficulties!

But Catherine, tho she was a Queen, was only a woman, after all; and, altho she had defended the King so stoutly, she brooded in secret over her wrongs until jealousy and resentment gained the ascendancy over her better nature, and she angrily accused the King of his unfaithfulness. A bitter quarrel followed, and when the King, in wrath, left the Queen's chamber, she sank upon a divan, sobbing despairingly.

It was thus that Wolsey found her, when he sought another interview, and she looked up to find him regarding her with a strange smile.

"Come," he said, quietly, "I will show thee whether my words were true!"

Treading softly, he led the trembling Queen thru a corridor to an ante-chamber of her own apartments. There, thru a half-open door, she could see the King bending over Anne Boleyn with every expression of love, while the girl herself seemed half-



frightened and overcome by the warmth of his attentions.

"Alas, alas!" sighed the Queen, as the Cardinal led her away. "My hour has struck—my day is spent! Yet have I been a true and obedient wife,

and I will not resign my rights without a struggle! I am his lawful wife and rightful Queen of this land, and he shall not easily put me away!"

It was easy for the King to find a pretext for divorce. His noble conscience, he explained, troubled him now because Catherine had been his brother's widow, hence his marriage to her was unlawful in the eyes of the Church. No one ventured to inquire what had so suddenly awakened this long dormant conscience, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was easily persuaded to call a council at Blackfriar's Hall, to listen to the case and decree the divorce. But when the Court was called, in all its pomp and ceremony, when knights and ladies, priests and courtiers, scribes and attendants were duly assembled and a herald cried loudly, "Catherine, Queen of England, come into Court!" the Queen took an unexpected and disconcerting attitude. Instead of observing courtly rules, she went straight to the King, and, kneeling at his feet, made a heartfelt, earnest plea for justice.

"Why did ye bring me from my own land, to mock me thus?" she pleaded. "What cause hath my behavior given for your displeasure? When contradicted I your desire? Here, in a strange land, am I, without kindred or friends. Grant at least a respite to me, until I may summon my relatives here to speak for me!"

Then, as King and Archbishop remained obdurate, indifferent to her appeal, Catherine rose to her feet in righteous anger, exclaiming loudly:



CARDINAL WOLSEY OVERPOWERS THE KING

"Then do I refuse to be judged by this Court, and here, before you all, I appeal unto the Pope, to bring this cause before His Holiness, and to be judged by him alone!"

Deaf to remonstrance, the Queen insisted firmly in her demand, and as the King confronted her angrily, a sudden flash of inspiration came to Wolsey. Now would he side with the Queen and the Church, and, by his pious attitude, gain favor with the Pope—the only man whose word was above the King's. Intrenched in the Pope's favor, his insecure position would become stable again.

"The Queen's demand is within her lawful rights," declared Wolsey; "the council must be adjourned for the Pope's decision."

Then, as the angry King still threatened and stormed, the Cardinal, lifting aloft the cross which swung from his neck by a golden chain, and looking straight into the King's blazing eyes, proclaimed majestically: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

Henry's face blanched and his eyes fell. The mystic power of the cross had conquered, and the divorce was deferred, awaiting the Pope's decision.

But altho the Cardinal laid his plans now with the utmost carefulness, they were foiled by the interception of a letter which he wrote to the Pope. This epistle was couched in terms of the greatest reverence and piety, representing the Cardinal's horror of the King's wicked intentions. "I do entreat Your Holiness to stay the judgment of the divorce," the document concluded. "I do perceive my King is entangled in affection to a creature of the Queen's—Lady Anne Boleyn."

Up to this time, Wolsey had succeeded, by adroit protestations of devotion, in retaining much of the King's favor. But when this letter was delivered into Henry's hands, his rage knew no bounds.

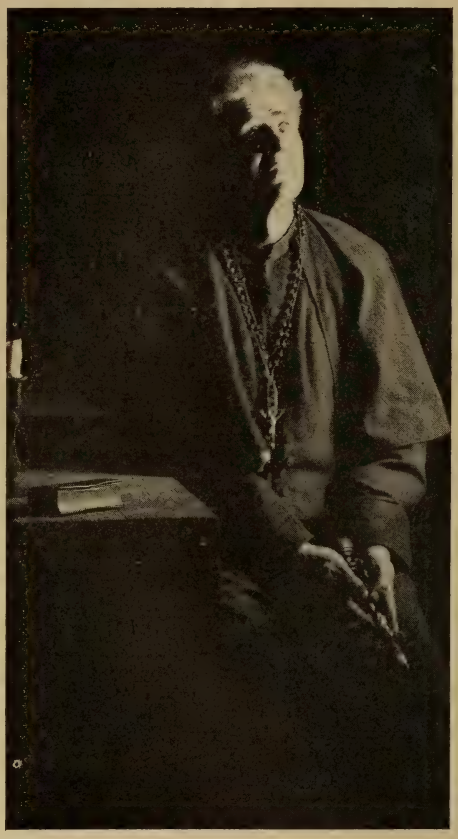
"I will have no more of Rome's delay, no more of prating hypocrites and cowardly knaves!" he roared.



ANNE BOLEYN IS CROWNED

"The State shall be greater than the Church! Wolsey shall be put down! Today shall Anne Boleyn be my Queen!"

In vain did his counselors urge caution and prudence. The undisciplined, fiery nature of the King would brook no more restraint. Only by fleeing from the Court to the sacred walls of a monastery did Wolsey escape with his life!



And so, amid the chiming of bells, the blaring of trumpets and the shouts of thousands of the King's subjects, the fair young Anne Boleyn rode by the King's side, down a rose-strewn road, at the head of a gorgeous procession, to the palace of the King.

What were this maiden's thoughts as she looked at the bright assemblage in the throne room? Did the pure faces of the children, who scattered rose petals adown the aisle before her, awaken no restless questionings in her soul? Did no thought of the deposed Queen, now lying sick unto death in the house of her relatives, come whispering softly to Anne: "Thy reign, too, shall end!"

Judge not too harshly this young girl who found favor in the sight of her King. In that age it was a mark of honor to win the King's approval, and sweet Anne Boleyn's day of triumph was short—her end tragic and bitter!

Decorously and meekly, she received her crown. With shy, almost childish grace, she placed her hand in the King's. Then the bells pealed forth, and the hurrahing multitude took up their shouts again.

And, away from the din, in a dimly lit cloister cell, Cardinal Wolsey stood, a silent, majestic figure, by a narrow window facing the west. As he lifted his eyes in rapt meditation, a golden glow from the setting sun poured a flood of radiance over him, bringing tiny flames from the cross which he held so reverently. Faintly thru the air came the blare of trumpets, the chime of bells, the echoing shouts from the distant city, and bowing his head, the Cardinal murmured, softly: "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, he would not in mine old age have left me naked to mine enemies!"

◈◈◈◈◈◈◈

What dream of beauty ever equaled this?
What bands from Faëryland have sallied forth
With snowy foliage from the abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss!
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored?

—*Howitt.*

A Spartan Mother

(Kalem)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

THE after-history of our bloodiest war is a record of the men who fought, and bled, and died—leaving only fame for a solace to them they loved. But seldom do we read of the noble women who married men, and reared sons, whose lives took root in the core of their hearts, and yet who gave them to the cause—and lost them!

Elizabeth Marye had lost a husband and three sons in the single battle of Bull Run. A fourth son was yet left to her, a mere boy, not yet seventeen, for whom she now sat waiting, with drawn blinds, in her gloomy Southern mansion. In her heart, chilled by tragedy, Robert was the one warm spot left. Yet now, as thru all the years of his boyhood, she cherished a vague, sublime hope at the thought of her last-born.

For some strange reason she expected this boy to accomplish what those others had set out to do and failed—in death. She had always secretly believed that Robert would some day be put to the supreme test, and at last the day had arrived. If her courage would only hold out, she kept telling herself. For her heart and soul, grown numb with grief and despair, threatened to dissolve at the thought of giving up her all. But the mother's hope was greater than her despair.

As she looked up the dusty road, her feelings colored her fancy with the picture that would never fade. She saw again the long line of gray uniforms winding over the hill, headed by the gallant husband who had just clasped her in his arms. And here, near the center of the column, were three stalwart boys, shoulder to shoulder. Each one had wept out his childish cares upon her breast! Over the hill they had gone, into the valley whence none return.

The woman laid a thin, wrinkled hand over her eyes, as tho to wipe away the vision. When she looked up again, a handsome boy, with six feet of muscular frame, was coming over that hill.

She rose up and fluttered a tiny handkerchief, which the boy did not seem to see.

At length he entered the room, giving a curt nod to old Cephas, who held the door open for him.

"Well, mother!" He advanced with quickened pace and kist the wrinkled forehead of his mother. But she seized and hungrily drew him close, while the first tear that had come from her desert heart for many days fell on his breast. It was many



THE FATHER STARTS FOR THE FRONT



THE MOTHER URGES BOBBIE TO EMULATE HIS FATHER AND BROTHERS

minutes before she could speak. These the young man employed in surveying the enlarged pictures of his father and three brothers, shuddering almost imperceptibly as his eye passed on to the fifth—his own.

"Bobbie," said his mother at length, "you and I are alone. Your father and brothers——"

"Yes, I read about it, Thursday. Father and—my brothers——" He shook his head sadly.

His mother waited a moment. She seemed to expect something more. But Robert seemed to have finished, so she went on.

"Bobbie, I have sent for you——"

"Yes, mother, and"—his eye was roving thru the windows, over the broad plantation—"I'll take charge of everything for you."

Again she waited, puzzled that his thoughts were not atune to her heart. He had been away from her only a year and already their way of thinking, once of a piece, had grown out of harmony.

"You forget, son, that it has been several months since your dear father and brothers left for the army, and that I and the slaves have managed the plantation."

His eyes filled with childish disappointment. "Well, then, why the special message—since it was sent after the—the burial?"

Her lips framed the question, "Can you ask?" but she did not speak for a minute. "Colonel Baisley will call here tomorrow—you know him—Tom Baisley. He is recruiting a regiment. I told him you would be home in time."

For a moment the boy looked startled, but upon seeing his mother's eyes bent curiously on his face, he suddenly straightened up. The look that the mother had seen come into her other sons' faces and swell her heart with pride now came into his eyes.

"Very well, mother. I'll be ready." He kist her again, this time with a never-to-be-forgotten tenderness.

Her hero son had stepped into the vacated places just as she had dreamed he would. By the time he left her to go upstairs with his luggage the chill had entirely disappeared from her heart.

Two days later he stood before her in his uniform, ready to leave for the front.

And when he had gone, she felt a strange confidence that this last son she had, and could give the cause, was destined to do a mighty deed of valor that should give the whole dear South new heart for the struggle. That he, too, might die and leave her alone with nothing but her graves did not deter her but once. Then it crossed her mind that here she was sending her baby, her best-beloved, out over the hill to become food for the cannon. But in that moment she had forgotten the South struggling against dishonor, defending her firesides and weltering in blood.

So Robert rode away with her spirit animating him with a desire for glory and honor at any cost.

Five weeks passed and the army reports that came to the Marye plantation were few and far between.

As a matter of fact, the Confederates of this army corps had been out-maneuvered and a Federal army had wormed itself between it and all



BOBBIE STARTS FOR THE FRONT

its reinforcements and supplies. Another Union division was expected from the northward in a few days that must eventually crush the scattered Confederates, unless they effected their escape before it arrived. The Southern general knew this, and planned a concerted attack to take place the very day before the Union reinforcements were to arrive.

The Federal army was completely taken by surprise, but its superior numbers was almost equal to the strategy. While it was forced to retreat before the furious onslaughts of the Confederates, it did so in an orderly manner, pausing in battalions, sometimes by entire brigades, to return the galling fire of the enemy.

At length the Confederate commander began to realize that the enemy's retreat was no retreat at all, but a carefully planned maneuver to keep an unbroken front as a barrier until reinforcements could come up. By nightfall the Union army had permitted itself to be driven back not less than fifteen miles. At this point the Southern leader made a still more alarming discovery. He found he had been decoyed into a valley with a range of hills extending around three sides of it. He saw that the Union general meant to take up his position on these hills, under cover of night. To retreat now meant to pass back thru an impoverished country and into the arms of a second enemy whom incoming scouts reported to be advancing by forced marches.

It meant capitulation or a desperate battle. The order was given that night for an advance at the break of day.

Just over the hill that was considered the point of vantage lay the Marye plantation.

Elizabeth Marye had taken up a place on that hilltop and all day watched the approach of the armies with an old spyglass that had been her husband's. To her these thirty thousand men, animated by a desire to kill, represented a great melting-pot out of which was to emerge one pure, sparkling deed. If the Union army was to be vanquished, or if the Confederate army was to be saved—there was Robert! It never seemed to occur to her that death destroyed more heroes than it spared.

At last the armies drew so near that she could distinguish them with the naked eye. The gray were pursuing the blue! That night she went to sleep with the roar of cannon singing a song of victory in her dreams.

But at the first streak of day the very air seemed to crack and boom until it seemed that the old house would be reduced to splinters from mere concussion. She quickly sprang out of bed and peeped thru the blinds. All the surrounding hills were dotted and streaked with blue. Union outposts were less than a mile from the house. At every visible point momentary puffs of smoke rose.

Mrs. Marye hurried downstairs,

where she found the slaves assembled in quaking alarm. A hasty meal was prepared. Even before they had finished it occasional "Minie" balls and shells, fired with defective range, buried themselves in the walls of the outhouses or exploded on the lawn.

Mrs. Marye took up the old spyglass again and prepared to go out.

"Cephas, I shall return before long. I shall leave you in charge. You'll be safe here. Make for the cellar if necessary."

She had a definite purpose in view.

She first sought out a sheltered spot where a low cliff overhung their private roadway. Here she was at an oblique angle to both armies, with no danger from direct firing. Her point of vantage lay above all of the Confederate army and a greater part of the Union.

The spyglass as it swept the gray columns brought the lone watcher face to face, at close range, with sudden and bloody death. More than once she was startled by having her eye arrive at the exact moment a human soul gushed forth in blood. She scanned a thousand faces convulsed in agony, and many times that number contorted with the lust of blood.

She saw too well that only a miracle could save the gray columns that were being decimated by the enemy from his point of vantage on the heights. Those heights must be taken! A single man, with the inspired courage to carry the Stars and Bars alone into the jaws of the enemy's cannon and the teeth of his musketry would turn that whole disheartened army into a horde of fanatical heroes that nothing could withstand. The gray-haired woman felt that if only she were there *she* could have done it. She was sure that if her slain ones were there *they* would have done it, and, most of all, she *knew* that her Robert——

Feverishly she scanned the faces of the dead and wounded stretched in groups and huddled heaps everywhere. She would have succumbed with a broken heart if she had found him dead.

She became more and more excited every moment, raised now to uttering a hoarse cry of hope, or moved by despair to tears; one moment, heartbroken with pity, she prayed, the next she rose with clenched fists, calling her men cowards because they fell back.

Suddenly she gave a glad cry, for Colonel Baisley, her old friend, in whose regiment Robert was enlisted, flashed into view for the first time. The eight hundred men of his splendid regiment were now but a bloody and broken remnant of scarcely three hundred. Trembling with excitement, she swept each line of smoke-grimed faces. Last of all came Captain Fallon, of her boy's company. They passed. Robert was not among them!

Hope was at its lowest ebb in the mother's heart. Still there was hope left.

She was aroused by the realization that for the first time shells and balls were beginning to fall all around her. A searching look thru the smoke revealed the fact that a Confederate brigade, with Robert's regiment at their head, had driven an entire Federal division out of a strong elevated position. The Confederate loss was appalling, until a mortar battery could be planted in their rear to drive out several companies of the enemy's sharpshooters.

The blue army was now retreating at double-quick across one section of the Marye plantation, seeking the single high plateau that lay behind it. The Confederates had imbibed their first tonic of victory. The right and left wings now sought higher ground and were soon joining the center in a galling fire that tore ugly holes in the ranks of the flying foe. The tables had turned!

But Mrs. Marye could no longer remain where she was. The fire from the Confederates' left wing and a mountain battery that had been unlimbered passed thru and over the hurrying Union line and brought a fitful patter and roar of shot and shell all about her. Courting death,



she carefully picked her way back over the hill toward the house.

She was met by Cephas before she had gone half way.

"Duh house hez done cotched afire!" cried the darky in tears, "and dere's t'ings bustin' ebery minit till dey's been t'ree ob us po' nigguhs killed daid! What am we a-goin' tuh do, missus?"

The woman pressed her hand for a moment to her throat, as tho she could not breathe.

"Cephas," she said, turning and hurrying along with him, "the ruins of our home will mark a great victory for the South. I am trying to think of that alone. Hurry every living soul into the smoke-house in the hollow. Then try to save your masters' pictures, all five of them, and our flag that is thrown over them. Also bring me the saber and a brace of pistols hanging there."

Twenty minutes later Elizabeth Marye joined the huddled group of darkies in the smoke-house. She had just seen the grand old mansion that had been the home of her father's fathers, and the scene of all her girlhood joys, burned to the ground. Misfortune had dazed her; her mind was steadily weakening, her heart was slowly breaking. Husband and sons dead, her home burned, the cotton fields trodden, the stock pillaged, three slaves left of a score—she gave a little moan and sank disconsolately to a place Cephas had made for her on some cord-wood. Suddenly she rose, her lips parted, a ray lighting her dull eyes. In her catalog of misfortunes something had been missing; her groping mind had found it —Robert!

She hurried to the smoke-house window and peered out. A new disappointment met her eyes — the Unionists, clambering, amid terrible difficulties, to the brow of the topmost hill behind the ruins of the mansion. There was still a splendid opportunity for attack and a possible overwhelming defeat of the enemy if it could be done *now*, before they re-



MRS. MARYE'S OLD COLONIAL MANSION IS BURNED TO THE GROUND

gained an impregnable front. But the Confederate commander had blundered again. His troops were half demoralized. The semi-victory they had won at awful cost had passed for nothing.

Mrs. Marye at that moment seemed to see and sense what was wrong. The fire of the Yankees was desultory; their backs were turned, even. The brave Southern boys were wasting their much-needed energy in superfluous movements and countermovements. If there were only one man with the courage to die *alone*—far in the lead of his comrades! The woman grew frantic. If only she could move them forward with her will, her hopes, her faith, her——

She stopped. Then moving resolutely to where the saber, pistols and flag lay, she knelt down beside them and began to pray fervently.

She had decided to go herself!

But they were all startled by the precipitate bursting open of the smoke-house door.

Mrs. Marye looked up for a moment and gave a glad cry. The newcomer was Robert!

The eyes of the mother saw the hero, her soul rejoiced in its continued faith and her heart thanked Providence.

But her Robert saw nothing but blood and felt nothing but death. He was crazed with fear. Early that morning, at the first advance, *he had run away!*

He had been fleeing ever since, hither and thither, for wherever he fled he seemed to be surrounded by flaming muskets, bursting shells and horribly mangled men. Whimpering like a dog, his clothes half torn from his back, his hands scratched and crushed in climbing tortuous paths, and even spattered with other men's blood, he had stumbled on, until he reached the familiar refuge.

"Robert!" cried his mother, rising and following him to the side of the room, where he had slunk and seemed to be trying to hide, "Robert!"

The white-faced boy turned for an instant with an almost threatening snarl.

"Robert, you dont seem to understand," she said, now bewildered at the boy's conduct. "Cant you see me? It's your mother!" She drew close to him and laid a gentle hand

on his shoulder, at which he shuddered. Then he quickly put both arms around her knees and sobbed like a child.

The woman was alarmed, and for the moment mother love ruled every thought and emotion.

"Bobbie, Bobbie," she said, softly; "mother's boy." Then, noting the traces of blood, "Are you wounded, darling?"

He shook his head.

There was renewed firing without.

"Robert," she said with almost martial severity, "you've just come in the nick of time. I've been looking and waiting all day. The army —the cause—has been waiting for one man—for *you!*"

The boy shrank away, trembling.

Their eyes met. Then the woman stepped back with a cry of horror. She had seen the coward lurking there. For a full minute pitiable tragedy convulsed her face and limbs. Then she went straight over to where the flag and the weapons lay.

"Come!" she commanded, seizing the saber.

"Oh, mother, I cant—I cant!" pleaded the boy, cowering under her iron gaze.

"And that I should live to see this!" cried the woman bitterly, "in my son!"

A voice of command shouted just outside the door, which was accompanied by curses and the tread of many feet.

"It's Fallon!" moaned the terror-stricken boy. "Hide me! It means death if they find me. Save me, mother!"

His mother had seized one of the big pistols and stepped in front of him, a strange look of determination in her eyes.

"Get up, *coward!*" she called. "If you dont, I swear before God that I'll shoot you and go out there and lead them up the hill myself!"

The boy gave but an instant's glance at her face, then rose, trembling so he could hardly stand.

"Belt on this sword!" His hand shook so that she was obliged to help



BOBBIE'S MOTHER COMMANDS HIM TO REJOIN HIS COMPANY

him. "Take the other pistol—now the flag! There's but one thing to do, Robert"—her voice softened a little—"do it, boy, my son!"

She forced him to the door and opened it for him. Two stray balls came singing in and knocked off chunks of plaster.

"My God, mother, have mercy!" He would have sunk to his knees, but she raised the pistol in her excess of emotion and fired. The ball went wide of the mark. The boy, with a cry of terror, fled!

The record of what followed stars one of the most brilliant pages of the war's history. Mrs. Marye watched it all from the doorway of the little smoke-house, a pistol hanging heavily in her hand.

For the whole brigade nearby saw its grand opportunity passing. In fact, the whole army was disheartened, not from fighting or defeat, but from restraint in their moments of enthusiasm. Robert's company stood

drawn up and grumbling when the flying boy appeared in sight, a drawn saber in one hand, a pistol in the other, the stars draped about his body. A running fire of comment rang along the line.

"It's Marye!"

"We thought he was killed!"

"Killed? Deserted!"

"He's crazy—he's making straight for the Yanks!"

"Why, the fellow's as brave as a lion!"

"If we could follow him, our little fagged-out regiment would drive them Yanks down the hill!"

Then, nobody exactly knew how or where the movement started, for no one seemed to have given the order, but there was a gradual forward movement of the whole Confederate line. Soon it had become a grand charge, following in the footsteps and cheering the bare-headed boy with a Confederate flag wrapped about his shoulders. He looked around and saw them, but did not slacken his speed, only tore madly up the steep hill.

The Yankees were entirely unprepared. Only a few companies here and there were able to form and fire into the enthusiastic, cheering lines of gray that approached. The first volley seemed to pass thru the body of the young hero and kill many behind him. A wild yell and waving of his hands in the air was the only sign from him.

But the second volley seemed to lift him in the air and fling him back down the steep hillside. And those whom he had incited to valor and victory passed on and fairly swept the blue host off the hill, capturing their batteries and bayoneting their demoralized men.

The battle that had begun at daybreak, hopelessly for the boys in gray, closed with darkness, a complete victory, the enemy's army cut to pieces and dispersed.

Mrs. Marye was right — a single man could do it, had done it. She had witnessed it and gloried in it. All her losses were now as nothing.

A young surgeon found her sur-



DEATH OF BOBBIE, THE HERO-COWARD

rounded by a group of officers, who were trying to make her take a bite to eat, telling her over and over again of the most brilliant and daring deed they had ever witnessed, that of her hero son. At the sight of the doctor's grim face, and at a significant gesture from him, they drew to one side.

"Mrs. Marye, I have just come from your son," he said quietly.

"They tell me he is wounded. Can I see him now?" she asked, eagerly.

"Mrs. Marye—he is dead!"

The young doctor could never quite understand the care-worn mother's look, voice or emotion on receiving this intelligence.

"Dead—yet, oh, doctor what a death for my son!" Her eyes glowed with anything but grief. "If he had died five hours ago, I must have died, too, of grief! But now, doctor, now it seems as tho I had lost my son and found him again." She paused a moment, a dreamy look coming into her eyes. Then softly: "And so he is dead—my brave, brave Bobbie! I am strangely happy, doctor, because of the way my boy died. I am ready to go with you."

The two passed silently down the little path where the mother had once led the curly-headed boy for summer evening walks, planning for him a brilliant future among the same stars that shone above them now. There was no thought of war then.

Under the shadow of a great tree, where the glow from the dying embers of his old home shone feebly, the only torch for his bier, lay the boy, still wrapped in his country's bullet-pierced flag.

The doctor stood apart, watching the hundreds of fires that dotted the hillside and thinking of the boy's strange whispered words just before he expired. "Doctor," he had said, "I must tell some one—put your head closer. It was my mother—my dear old mother—that saved our men and won the day. My only thought was to escape from death. I was flying to the enemy—a traitor! I could not die with this!"

Then the doctor stole silently away and left the desolated woman with her dead and the glorious memory that had sprung up out of the ruins!

The Awakening

By M. E. LEFFERTS

I was the one you sought to save,
As you climbed the lofty tower;
'Twas for my life you risked your own,
At that last and fatal hour.

For me your fingers clutched the bell,
As back and forth you bravely swung;
And just because you love me so,
With torn and bleeding hands you clung.

And no one heard the great bell clang,
And no one saw you, pale with fright,
Descending the narrow stairs with pain,
Out of the darkened tower at night.

Down the road the Governor came,
While you stood with sick'ning fear,
And in the dust, at his feet, you knelt,
As you bade him your sorrow hear.

Feebly your parcht lips told it all,
Your torn hands spoke aloud;
The Governor raised you to his side—
To save my life, he vowed.

He called me from my prison cell—
"Young man," he said, "you're free!
This maiden saved your life, not I;
She loves you well, you see."

You stood apart with downcast eyes,
Waiting for me to clasp you tight—
When somebody said: "Cant you MOVE,
young man?"
And I saw on the screen—GOOD
NIGHT!

Newspaper *vs.* Newspicture

(Pathé Frères)

By LILLIAN CONLON

DINING at a friend's home the other evening, I was surprised at the ease and intelligence with which his two children, of grammar-school age, joined in the table-talk. They were better informed on current events than most adults of my acquaintance. When the talk switched suddenly from home to foreign affairs, the children were not in the least discomposed, and several times the father appealed to the younger boy for the exact locality where some interesting event had occurred.

"I've read in the Mother's magazines about bringing up children like that," I remarked, after the youngsters had retired, "but I never saw it done before. How do you do it? Pay them by the page or the hour for reading *The Review of Reviews* or the *Outlook?*"

"No," laughed their father, "it's easy enough. In fact, the children discovered the process themselves. They suddenly began to show a knowledge of current topics that amazed their mother and me. Then I discovered the secret. It is the *Pathé's Weekly*. They see it every week at the Bijou, just across the street. Now the table-talk in this family approaches the ideal we had always dreamed of, but despaired of realizing."

I had seen, and enjoyed the *Pathé's Weekly* in various picture houses, but somehow had never realized before just what a wonderful bit of film it was for educational results. So, after I left my friends that evening, I dropped in at the Bijou to study the *Weekly*, which was advertised on the bulletin.

In that one film I saw depicted events of world-wide significance from all quarters of the globe. The Motor Cycle Races at Melun, France, were followed by the review of the Boy Scouts by Kaiser Wilhelm, in Breslau, Germany. Then we saw the reinforcements for the Italian army arrive at Palermo, Italy, and make their camp outside the city. The village of Tregeron, Wales, recently devastated by a flood, was shown, and no printed description of the horrors of this calamity could have made us catch our breath in sympathy with the pretty, peaceful little village as this pictured story did. The scenes of the great anniversary celebration at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and some charming pictures of the King and Queen of Roumania, seemed to bring the audience into close touch with those countries. Returning to America, we viewed the beautiful rose festival at Pasadena; saw the planters of Bowling Green, Ky., bringing their crops to the Annual Tobacco Pool, which was formed a few years ago in a desperate effort to break the grip of the tobacco trust; and finally, back in New York, the magnificent illumination of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, and the welcoming multitude which greeted the return of Cardinal Farley.

"Isn't it wonderful?" I remarked to my neighbor in the next seat, who was evidently as much impressed as myself.

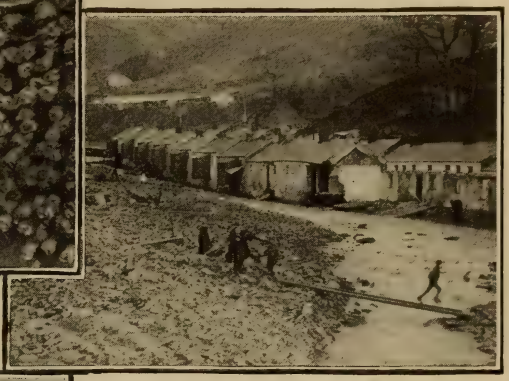
"Yes," she responded, "and, you know, these films are shown in all countries. I was in Paris all last year, and used to go twice every week to see them. In Paris, it is a semi-weekly, instead of weekly, and they say it will soon be a daily. It is immensely popular, there. And just think what it meant to me, a homesick American, to go in and see a scene which took me straight back to my homeland. Sometimes it made me feel like remembering the Pathé Frères in my devotions!"

The impression made by all this was so strong that I determined to learn



JOHN L. HARRIS, AGED 85 YRS., ONE OF THE GREATEST TOBACCO EXPERTS, EXAMINING A LOAD OF TOBACCO

THE VILLAGE OF TREGERON, WALES, WHICH HAS BEEN FLOOD-SWEPT

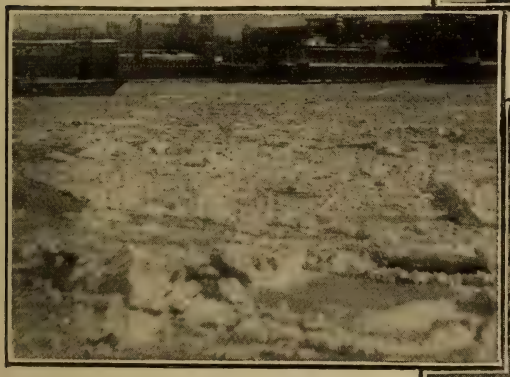




PALERMO, ITALY. ITALIAN REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE ARMY IN TRIPOLI AWAITING THE TRANSPORT

PRESIDENT HERMES DA FONSECA OF BRAZIL AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS IN RIO JANEIRO





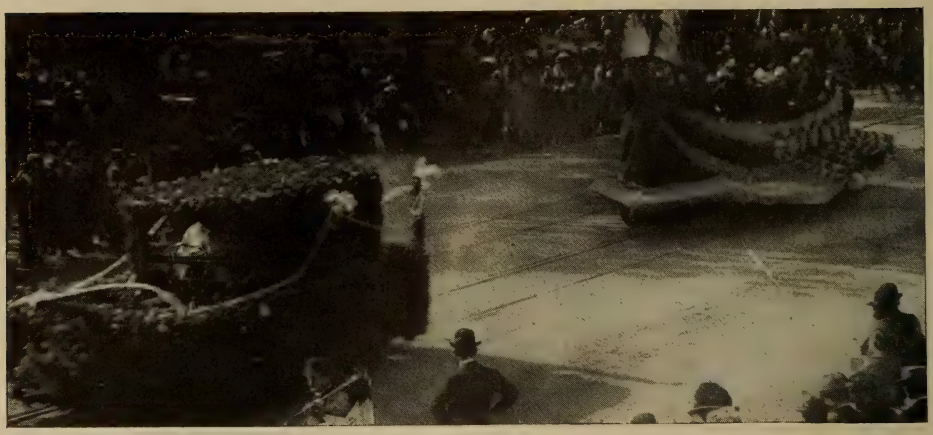
THE ICE FLOES ON THE HUDSON

THE BOY SCOUTS OF BRESLAU, GERMANY, PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE THE GERMAN EMPEROR



more about this new phase of the film business. The manager at the New York office is enthusiastic about all of his work, but I suspect that the *Pathé's Weekly* is his pet child. At any rate, he greeted me cordially when I explained my errand, and willingly gave me a great deal of interesting information.

The *Pathé's Weekly* was instituted



SCENE FROM THE PASADENA ROSE FESTIVAL

in France, two years ago, but has been shown in America only since the eighth of last August. Its popularity in this country bids fair to rival that of Paris, where the *Weekly* will soon become a daily.

The educational value of these films depends upon the fact that every event is taken on the actual spot which is represented in the picture, with the actual personages shown. Nothing in the *Weekly* is "faked," nor made up.

In the United States, four camera men travel constantly in the service of the *Weekly,* while six others await orders to move instantly wherever their services are required. Sometimes these moves are made with difficulty, but they are always accomplished, by some means. For instance, when the great smash-up on the Wabash Road occurred, at St. Peter's, Missouri, the nearest camera man was at Appleton, Wisconsin. The weather was bitterly cold, the snow was deep; two trains were left blocked, two taxis were smashed, but after twenty-eight hours of struggle, the camera man appeared triumphantly upon the scene of the wreck, and set to work as vigorously as if his night had been passed in peaceful slumber.

The company has camera men in practically every country of the world, who have orders to take all events of importance, just as a newspaper correspondent would. The experiences of these men are interesting, always, and, at times, thrilling. The man who is in China at the present time could probably catalog his experience in the latter class, but he remains on the spot, and pictures of China's difficulties will soon be appearing. The camera man in Russia is assured of a "steady job." He cannot be changed, for in order to gain entrée to that exclusive and jealously-guarded country, a man must possess the entire confidence of the authorities, which is an exceedingly difficult thing to attain. A bomb could be easily secreted and used, in a Moving Picture camera. But the camera man now enjoys the full confidence of the Czar, who takes the greatest interest in the pictures, often approaching to within a few feet of the camera to make some suggestion himself.

The Emperor of Germany has an official cinematographer, who takes pictures of all official events, all the films being carefully filed for reference. This cinematographer is the *Pathé's Weekly* man.

The King of Spain always drives his own motor car. One day, when he was motoring about forty miles out from Madrid, he passed the man who had recently taken Motion Pictures of events at the capital. The King recognized the photographer, instantly. "Get in," his Majesty commanded, bringing the car to a stop.

"I'll be pleased to have your company into Madrid." And all thru that forty-mile ride the King talked Motion Pictures as enthusiastically as any "picture fan."

Every crowned head of Europe, and most of the notables of our own



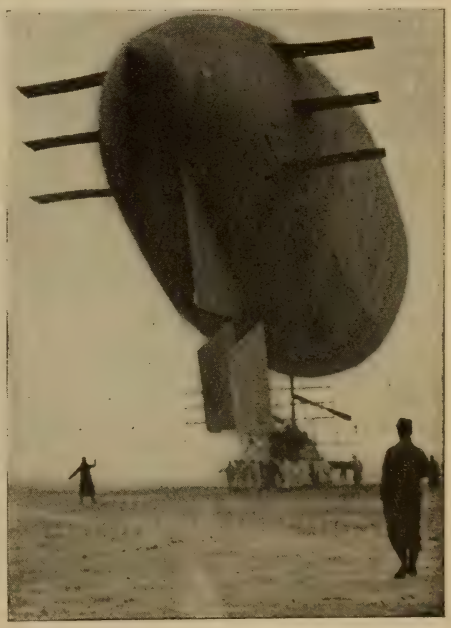
KING CHARLES I OF ROUMANIA AND THE QUEEN, CARMEN SYLVA, AT HOME TO THE PATHE CAMERA MAN

country, have appeared before the Motion Picture camera. The company maintains a "library" similar to a newspaper gallery, where a duplicate negative of every celebrity used in the films is kept on file. Thus, whenever any person of note springs suddenly into prominence with a new act, his picture is ready for use. In the popular Photoplayer contest, which is now being conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, a number of votes have been received for "President Taft, of the *Pathé's Weekly.*"

An idea of the scope of the *Weekly* is given in the fact that the titles of the pictures are printed in fifteen different languages.

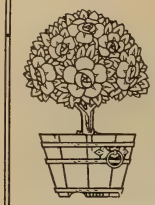
The sensational newspapers have attained enormous circulation by telling the news in pictures. That which is pictured is understood and remembered long after printed words would be forgotten. When a murder occurs, newspapers at once publish a series of pictures, showing all the details of the crime. Jokes, told in pictures, are immensely popular. Would the whole country have roared over the adventures of Mutt and Jeff, had they been told without pictures? Would the pranks of Buster Brown have raised a laugh, which spread round the world, had they been told in unillustrated narrative?

Of all the marvelous achievements of the Motion Picture camera, this seems greatest. To present, weekly, the news of the whole world in a form which is intelligible and attractive to people of all ages, classes, and nation-



THE DIRIGIBLE, "ADMIRAL REACE," OF THE FRENCH ARMY, AFTER WINNING THE ALTITUDE RECORD FOR DIRIGIBLES, OF 7,050 FEET

alities; to show, with such accuracy, the actual places and events which are making history, and the men and women who are shaping the destinies of nations, will surely bring all humanity into closer touch and deeper understanding.



The Bell of Penance

(Kalem)

By FELIX DODGE

(From the Scenario of Capt. Chas. Kiener.)



FROM the very first day that Padre Vincente had come to the mission of San Pedro—now as far past as it takes curling brown hair to grow thin and gray in well-doing—he had been struck by the depressing silence about the place.

But the good father was truly worried by the absence of the joyous sounds that should have rung out in such a paradise as was their flowering valley. He came to San Pedro with a soul built for echoes, a heart filled with music, and a tongue keyed to laughter—and he found only scowls on every side. He set about to find the cause, and did so the second day after his arrival. The belfries of San Pedro were empty!

Thereupon he conceived the grand idea that was to culminate in breaking the silence.

And yet, thirty-one years passed since he had established the custom of asking a donation toward a bell for San Pedro, as a part penance from all whom he confessed. Padre Vincente's "bells of penance" it came, half seriously, to be called. But it never materialized, except in the visions of the now aging padre, for the people of the valley took small pride in the idea, planters smiling and peons scowling as they alike dropped the smallest coin of the realm in the penance box. And after all these years the accumulated fund would not have bought a bell that could have been heard a thousand paces from the dust-laden towers.

Altho this was the burden and tragedy of the old priest's daily life, he never swerved from his purpose; a smoldering faith never failing to thaw the chill of disappointment.

One day, while passing thru the beautiful estate of Don Joaquim Carrillo, on a parochial visit to the planter and his family, he came upon the pretty Doña Josefa, drooping like a broken flower in her father's garden. He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and when she looked up, and saw it was he, she smiled in a way that almost revealed the secret in her erstwhile open heart.

"Tell me—all," he said, taking a seat beside her, "for sometimes I have made heavy hearts light as air."

Then, with interpolations of tears, angry flashes of the eyes, and frequent sighs, she unburdened her heart.

Don Junipero Serra was the cause of her distress. He had called upon her father, imperiously hinting at his own wealth and influence in the territory, and demanded, rather than asked, the hand of Josefa. Her father favored the man less than ever now, and would sooner have had a peon for his son-in-law. Yet his love and respect for his daughter were strong. If Josefa consented, then he and the Donna Manuella, her mother, would say nothing against it. Josefa was sent for, and when she had heard the proposal, and seen the arrogance of his manner, she refused him with indignation. Thereupon, Serra had strode from the house vowing vengeance. This had taken place two weeks before. Nothing had happened until that very morning, when Josefa, with her pretty cousin, Pia, were driving home in their little cart from the neighboring Moqui village. Two desperadoes had set upon them, with a view, no doubt, to abduction, had they not escaped. She dared not tell her father this; the consequences would be terrible.

"You think Don Junipero inspired this attack?" asked the padre, his brows knit for an instant.

"I'm sure of it," said the girl.

"This is serious, then, for that man is all-powerful here at San Pedro—

this I know. How did you escape?" The girl hesitated a moment.

"We were rescued," she replied, at length, blushing. "I do not know who it was—he was a stranger. He rode away."

"A perfect gentleman, that; but he had better not remain in these parts. But, if he should, remember that I am my little Josefa's friend." Then he kist her hand and went away.

Less than an hour later, as she and her cousin Pia sat whispering of their adventure of the morning, and remarking on the handsome, dashing appearance of their rescuer, they heard voices in the garden. Josefa turned, and was surprised to see her father approaching with their handsome stranger familiarly clasped by the arm.



THE AMERICAN RESCUES JOSEFA AND PIA

Don Joaquim came directly toward them, and introduced the young man as Señor Henry Fitch, an American, who had set out to see this part of the world, and who came to him with a splendid letter of introduction from an old friend, which made the young American a welcome guest as long as he desired to stay.

Father Vincente went often to see Don Joaquim, and on each visit he saw his fair daughter blossoming like a rose under the attentions of the young American. The padre and Pia were making silent efforts to culminate the romance, and were delighted to see the young man approach the fond parents one morning soon after, and ask their daughter in marriage. But for some reason the proud don seemed reluctant to give his consent. Thereupon, Pia had run forward and told the whole affair of the attack on them by desperadoes, and their timely rescue by Señor Fitch. This news had the desired effect.

Don Joaquim gave his consent, and with it his lasting gratitude. But the padre, standing near, could see that Don Joaquim was yet uneasy, so he threw all the weight of his genial good-nature into the breach, and Josefa and Henry Fitch became that day betrothed.

The news had spread thru the settlement long before Padre Vincente reached the mission in the cool of dusk. He paused for a minute before the bell-less belfry. The happiest moment in the careers of two human hearts was approaching, yet all the wide valley would not hear the glad tidings thru wedding bells. There was a tear in his eye as he sighed and passed on.

At the door of the mission stood Junipero Serra and the Father Superior, in deep conversation. At his approach the Spaniard turned and made off, with a malignant scowl.

It was a great relief to the padre and Pia when the day of the wedding arrived with no untoward event.

The bridal party set out gayly toward the mission one bright Sunday afternoon; but, before they had gone quite half-way, they were halted by an armed band of men, who seized the American and disappeared in the forest.

Josefa was frantic with grief and fear, and her tears and pleadings induced her father to order a posse to be organized, and sent in pursuit. Then



THE AMERICAN IS CAPTURED BY THE BANDITS

he opened the missive which one of the band had put in his hand:

"The American to whom you would give your daughter in marriage is an heretic. The wrath of heaven falls upon them who offend the laws."

After reading this, he countermanded his order to organize a posse, and obdurately refused to make any effort to rescue the unfortunate young man who was to have become his son-in-law. His wife, too, had swung over to his way of thinking, while Josefa was heartbroken, and required the constant attention and reassurance of the padre and Pia.

Early the following morning, when Padre Vincente arrived at the Casa Carrillo, he was overjoyed to learn that Henry Fitch had escaped from the gang, and to find him standing, with folded arms, before Don Joaquim. The padre was shocked, however, to learn that Don Joaquim had just ordered him to leave his place. For a moment the young American stood dumfounded, then he made as if to say farewell to Josefa, and the two disappeared.

One week later, when it was thought that the young American had left the region, Junipero Serra called at the Casa Carrillo. Josefa was dressed for a journey, and Pia was peeping thru the blinds at the time. They were alone in the house, the Padre Vincente having asked Don and Donna Carrillo to call on him at the mission on a

matter of especial importance. In a dark room just off the spacious patio a young man was waiting anxiously.

Pia met the Spaniard at the door, and, showing him in, asked him to wait a few moments with her, as her cousin was lying down. When ten minutes had elapsed, and the man began to get restive, Pia began to play to the best advantage the charms to which she had seen Serra was susceptible. A coquettish use of her eyes soon made him forget the fair Josefa, and in a few moments he was asking her, on bended knee, for the rose in her hair.

All the while Pia heard the cautious movements of her cousin, first coming downstairs, then pattering thru the court; and then, as she whispered to the waiting man, she was nearly distracted, when the distinct pat-a-pat of a horse being walked to the door could be heard. She threw a kiss to the man before her, ran tantalizingly hither and thither, with the rose between her lips, and at length she opened the door of a deep closet, before which she had maneuvered, and, kissing the rose passionately, threw it inside.

As Serra bounded in after it, Pia quickly closed and bolted the door.

A moment later sharp hoof-beats rang clearly thru the silence of the valley, and Henry Fitch, with Josefa on his saddle-bow, were safely on their way to Mexico.



JOSEFA AGAIN REFUSES DON JUNIPERO

One year later—and now the weight of each oncoming year sat heavily on the head and shoulders of the gentle priest—Padre Vincente sat looking far down the silent valley which he so loved, and which he longed to waken with sweet-tongued messengers from yonder belfry. Its fulfillment was becoming a hopeless dream. At

length his eyes made out a little cavalcade of horsemen, and he thought regretfully how refreshed their hearts might be with a few notes of clarion welcome from the belfry. As they came closer, he made out five horses. In advance rode a man and a woman, followed closely by a nurse with a baby, while in the rear were two peons, evidently servants. There was every appearance of wealth and station about the couple.

Five minutes later the padre was

"Our daughter deserted us, therefore——" began Don Joaquim coldly.

"There is a child," continued the padre, ignoring him.

"A child! A child! Did all go well?" cried the mother.

"Is it a boy? Tell me!" broke in the father.

And at that moment, when their hearts were laid bare, the reunion took place. The good padre, after stealing a sly kiss from the tiny En-



HENRY FITCH IS ARRESTED

amazed to find the man rushing toward him with open arms.

It was Henry Fitch and Josefa.

The party, now including the padre, hurried on to the Casa Carrillo.

In the garden, walking sadly, arm in arm, Padre Vincente found Don and Donna Joaquim Carrillo. For a year they had been strangers to happiness. He gravely saluted the priest:

"I have news from Josefa!"

They both started painfully. For one moment their faces were crowded with longing, but only for a moment.

rique while he lay in his grandmother's arms, took his way back to the mission, his heart filled with joy at the happy turn events had taken, little dreaming of the evil that was destined to follow.

Junipero Serra had seen Henry Fitch enter San Pedro, and within an hour he had in his hands a warrant from the ecclesiastical authorities for the arrest of the American for violating the laws of the church and the territory. The Jesuitical laws still held good, and Serra had been waiting daily for Fitch's reap-

pearance to suffer the consequences of abducting Don Joaquim's daughter.

The joyous progress of the family party in the garden was brutally interrupted by the appearance of several officers of the law, with Serra at their head, and Fitch was taken away in custody, despite Don Joaquim's efforts and threats to the contrary.

The young American was brought to trial at once, before the ecclesiastical tribunal of San Pedro, which found him guilty as indicted. The Father Superior of San Pedro delivered the following sentence:

"Don Enrique Fitch, having been justly and rightfully tried for violating the laws of the church and the territory, the court decides that, considering the great scandal which Don Enrique has caused to this province by his elopement with Doña Josefa Carrillo, he shall be condemned to a term of imprisonment and banishment, unless he will produce *such penance and reparation as can be noticed thruout the whole Pueblo.* In one week he may appear before this court again, either with full penance in evidence, or be prepared to submit to the further sentence of the court."

Padre Vincente alone, among the friends of the prisoner, was allowed to accompany him back to his cell. If the spectators could but have looked for a moment into the downcast eyes of the dear old padre they would have seen an unspeakable light of joy. It was unlooked for, uncalled for, therefore unseen.

When the prisoner and the padre had arrived at the cell door, the guards withdrew a few paces. The padre threw his arms about the sorrow-stricken young man, in the exuberance of his secret joy. Fitch stood uncomprehending. Then the priest whispered for a full minute. When he had finished his message the young man startled the guards with his words:

"Why, that would be easy, for I am rich! We have brought a small fortune in silver with us. Go to Josefa—she will give you an order on the bank at Monterey for as much more as you want. Give me your blessing, father."

That evening, about dusk, Don Joaquim Carrillo might have been seen making his way rapidly over the purple hills toward Monterey, with Henry Fitch's two peons in close attendance, but the object of the trip was kept secret.

Up to the moment, a week later, of opening the court that had sat to sentence Henry Fitch, Don Joaquim had not been heard from. His family, looking white-faced and anxious, were present, as indeed was every soul in San Pedro. Junipero Serra stood opposite the prisoner, a malignant smile curling his cruel lips. The prisoner stood with lips white from the pressure of determination. Josefa was brave, and seldom did her sighs break into sobs.

The court was called to order. An oppressive silence followed, broken only by the rustle of documentary papers. The Father Superior arose.

"Don Enrique Fitch, the court, in its clemency, has waited seven days. The time has come for fulfillment."

The judge thereupon seated himself impressively, signifying that Fitch might now prove his case.

But again there was naught but silence. The prisoner seemed rather to be listening than intending to speak. Five tense, silent minutes passed. There was vivid emotion on every face, except those of the stoical row of padres seated behind the judge.

Again the Father Superior arose.

"Don Enrique Fitch," he began. Already the sentence quavered in his deepened tones.

Then a voice of agonized appeal suddenly rose: "Father, I crave one word!"

It was the Padre Vincente!

The judge sternly raised one hand, commanding silence. In tones of severe rebuke he turned on the padre.

"Go! Leave the court!"

The old father, with eyes glistening suspiciously, and a world of sadness on his gentle face, after one glance

of sympathy toward his friends, silently left the room.

No one saw the face of one of Henry Fitch's peons appear at the window on the opposite side of the hall. A minute later he was flying up the hill.

Again the Father Superior essayed to pronounce the dreaded sentence.

"Don Enrique Fitch, the court having ordered that thou shouldst produce such penance and reparation for thy crime as could be noticed thruout the whole Pueblo, and having failed, I charge thee for the last time, before pronouncing judgment!"

He paused, and folded his arms. Henry Fitch gave a reassuring look toward his wife, who was now sobbing softly on her mother's breast.

"Don Enrique Fitch," boomed the Father Superior judicially, but he got no further.

A sweet, musical note suddenly stirred the drowsy air of all San Pedro Valley. It swept, a silvery thread of sound, into the judgment hall. Every man, woman and child turned with one accord, enraptured, raising their hands and eyes in grateful recognition. They listened, and the morbid curiosity scaled from their faces and revealed sympathetic hearts.

"The penance!" murmured the Father Superior softly, and Henry Fitch nodded. "The Bell of Penance. Go and thank Padre Vincente —all of you—and ask his blessing upon you. He is a good and great man. Don Enrique, you are free!"

Out on the hill the gray-haired old padre, a few minutes before, had lain down in the alfalfa. There were no tears to relieve his sobs; there was no music to start the tears. The valley was silent—

But hark! A ravishing note had set the whole world in tune. The light returned to the dull eyes, and with it great, sweet tears. The whole valley took up the echo. Birds and animals and men came out to listen, and drew nearer.

All the music of the padre's whole life was in that silver bell—music that now for a hundred years since has been swelling the hearts of its hearers with love and happiness, and which will continue doing so for centuries to come.

The Picture Play

By RUTH RAYMOND

Close within a darkened room,
Heeding not the chill and gloom,
  Sits an eager crowd the while.
Scenes are passing in review,
Meadows green and skies of blue,
  Mossy wall and rustic stile;
Golden heads and heads of gray
Are lifted toward the Picture Play.

Where are heroes, strong to dare?
Where are maidens, pure and fair?
  Listening to love's story old.
Anxious is each watchful eye,
As these scenes go speeding by,
  Till the tender tale is told;
Golden heads and heads of gray
Are lifted toward the Picture Play.

Reels are changed, a scene of joy
Glads the heart of every boy,
  Childish laughter fills the place;
Aged ones forget their care,
All the fun of youth to share,
  Smiles transfigure every face;
Golden heads and heads of gray
Are lifted toward the Picture Play.

The Call of a Woman

(Great Northern)

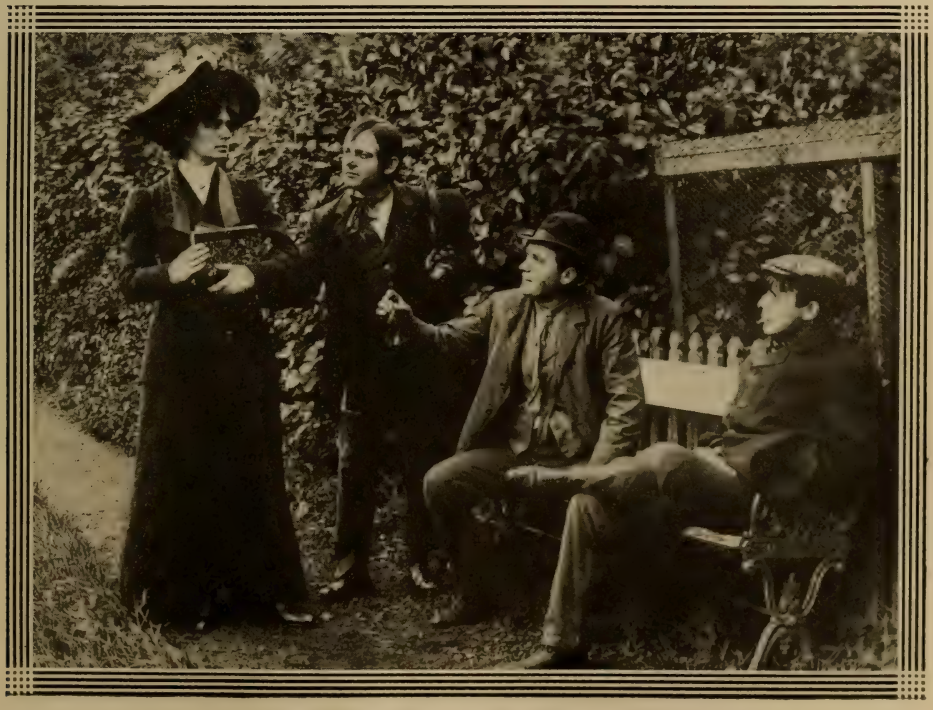
By EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

SOMEHOW, Owen Brown didn't seem really to belong to the gang in Mag's place. He could drink longer than most, fight longer than all, and was a leader in all the devilment that was hatched in that basement den over which Mag (who never seemed to have had any other name) presided; but even his best friends voted him queer. He had funny ideas about cheating, for instance, and the man who used cogged dice, or who had a penchant for pushing odd aces up his sleeve, was helped out of Mag's, if Owen caught him, with a pleasant indifference as to whether he landed on the sidewalk on his heels or his head; and his unheard-of action in making "Lefty" Hoyle give up the money he had stolen from "Peg" Hollran was the talk for weeks. Who could ask a finer chance than stealing money from a one-legged man who couldn't run after it?

Probably, in the course of time, Owen would have lost his queer ideals, would have drowned them in the vile fluid that Mag served as whiskey, for the fever of the drunkard was in his blood, and cried hungrily for the potent potion; but Annie Bell came into his life, and all things were changed.

Owen had gone to the park with "Red" Burke and "Hinges" Doyle. There were no "pickings" to be found in the park, but the spring air was soft and pleasant, and it wasn't bad fun making remarks about the women who passed. Hanging around Mag's did not conduce to a high opinion of women.

Already the game had grown tire-



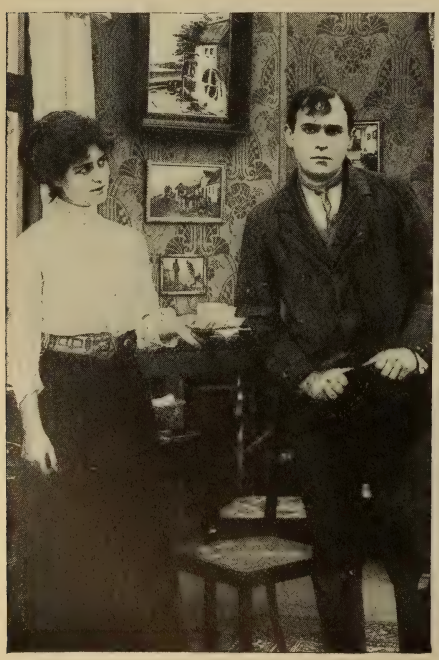
ANNIE IS ACCOSTED BY RUFFIANS

some to Owen, when Annie came quickly down the walk. The books under her arm proclaimed her a school teacher, and Hinges had regarded teachers as his natural enemies ever since the days his good old mother had sought to help out the truancy officer with a stout stick. Hinges arose, with a profound bow, and a speech that Owen didn't like. He looked to see her hurry on, but she stopped, and her finely-cut lips curled in scorn as she surveyed her three tormentors.

"And you call yourselves *men?*" she asked.

Red and Hinges laughed. It was not often their victims answered, and they pressed on after the girl, in the hope of provoking her to further retort; but the speech cut Owen's dormant pride, and he followed the others, catching up with them just as Hinges caught the girl about the waist.

This was too much, and, with a shout, Owen was upon them, thrusting the men back, and stooping to pick up the girl's fallen books.



OWEN VISITS ANNIE

"I'll go on a way with you," he offered, awkwardly. "Those guys dont know when they've had enough —unless it's from me."

Mechanically she set her pace to his, still burning with indignation, and yet too close to tears to speak her thanks. It was not until they had reached the door that she found her voice.

"You will come and let me thank you?" she asked. "Tomorrow afternoon? It was very good of you. Will you come?"

Owen bent and kissed the tiny hand she held out to him, in rude imitation of the men he had seen in the theater.

"Will I come?" he repeated. "Lady, a cop couldn't keep me away."

With a smile, she was gone; but a new world had opened to Owen. It was the first time a decent woman had ever spoken to him as an equal, and his head was in a whirl as he turned away. He resolved that he would not only go, but that he would go sober.

That afternoon was the first of many. Annie declared that he must not come in such a shabby suit, and pressed into his hand the money that was to buy new clothes. More than once one of the girls at Mag's had "staked" Owen, but this was different. He had taken it only as a loan, after she had put it that way, and for the first time that he could remember he wanted to earn money for some other purpose than to buy whiskey with. Not even when he met the gang did he break faith, but pushed on and sought the clothing shop, and felt well repaid for his denial by Annie's delight in the change. He could not even read the big type in the extras, and she insisted that he become her pupil.

It was not easy to learn to handle the pen, but with her soft fingers guiding his clumsy digits, "pot hooks" and curlicues were conquered, and even the hated speller became a delight. He fairly hungered for knowledge, and Annie delighted in his progress.

Neither of them realized that they were learning other things than are found in books, until one summer afternoon. There had been a botany lesson in the park, a long, delightful afternoon, and as he said good-by he clasped her hands in his. Eye sought eye, and a kiss was the answer to his unspoken question.

There was a simple little service in the ivy-covered rectory, and, full of his new responsibilities, Owen settled down to work. He had conquered his craving for liquor, and already his work was in demand with editors, for his forceful style had attracted attention. For a year he fought a splendid fight for fame, and victory was near. It was on the anniversary of the betrothal that he proposed a walk in the park where, a year before, they had studied botany and love.

The day had been oppressive, the end of a hot spell that had brought a long list of sunstrokes, and when they reached the grateful shade Owen removed his hat, forgetful of the occasional unshaded spots. He was not conscious of the changes until, with a groan, he staggered and fell.

Others ran up, and gave their aid, an ambulance was called, and thru the long night Annie watched beside his bed for the return of consciousness. It was a weary vigil, but at last his eyes opened, to regard with puzzlement the tender face that looked into his own. He knew of matters of the moment, but consciousness of the past had fled.

Time brought no relief, and one afternoon, left alone, he sipped a glass of wine, and found it tasteless. Eagerly he drained the decanter, but it was weak, insipid stuff. From the past there came the memory of Mag's, and the liquid fire she dispensed. Slipping from the house, he went back into the past, and when Annie sought him there he cast her aside, and the others in the place hurried her from the den. Mag's offered no welcome to "reformer ladies."

To return to her school was out of the question, and Annie sought employment. Nurses were wanted, and



OWEN WRITES A STORY

in ministering to others, in the hospital, Annie found some refuge from her grief. Owen had disappeared from Mag's, and no trace of him had been found.

It was six months later that Owen, resting on a park bench, read the offer of a prize of $10,000 for the best novel submitted before a certain date. The advertisement opened one of the closed chambers of his brain, and for the first time he realized that he could write. What better subject could an author ask than the wild adventures of the past six months? With feverish eagerness he hurried off to buy some paper, and in the cell-like chamber that lately had been his home, he began his work with desperate energy.

He was an odd figure in the handsome offices of the publishing firm, but the editor was delighted with the story, and thrust upon him a loan "until the prize shall be awarded."

A few months later the country rang with his praises. The prize novel was a prize indeed. Owen was acclaimed the companion to Poe, the master of Stevenson, and Owen's name was made.



OWEN'S STORY IS ACCEPTED

But success has its drawbacks. Old ladies wanted to adopt him, young ladies wanted to marry him, and there was even one pale, sweet-faced woman who claimed him as her husband. It was absurd, of course, but somehow he could not put her from his mind. Even as he dressed for the dinner that was to crown his fame, her face came before him in the glass, and her cry of agony, as he ordered her away, rang in his ears. He still suffered from the effects of the riotous six months, and when the maid came to announce the cab she found him senseless on the bed.

Quickly she revived him, but he would not heed her suggestion that he stay at home. A score of men worth while were gathered to meet him and to do him honor. It was to be a sort of crowning of the new king, and he could not forego the pleasure.

Every woman seemed to bear the face of the visitor of the afternoon; the polite eulogy of his admirers was dimmed by the sound of that heart-broken "Owen, my husband!" that still rang in his ears. He wondered if the woman really believed that he was her husband. He could not dream that at that very moment a companion nurse was wresting from her grasp the handy vial from the poison cabinet that was to bring forgetfulness from misery. The thought passed with the call to dinner, and on the arm of the hostess he led the way to the dining-room.

It was a dinner never to be forgotten. The new lion was at his best. His speech fairly scintillated, and when, crowned with a wreath of laurel, he rose to reply to the toast, the guests settled back to enjoy his brilliancy. But soon it became apparent that something was wrong. His talk grew rambling, incoherent, and at last, with a frenzied cry, he dashed the wreath from his brow, and, with an odd reversion to his speech of other days, was borne, cursing, from the room.

At the hospital they bound him to his cot with broad straps, lest he do himself injury, or injure others; and the head nurse, turning from her task, warned the assistant who came to take the night watch.

"Be careful of his bonds; he is liable to hurt you," they warned the new nurse; but Annie, looking into the loved face, loosened the straps that confined the arms, and bent over the gaunt face, as she had done, months before, in their little home, and eagerly watched for the return of consciousness.



OWEN GOES BACK TO HIS OLD HAUNTS



AFTER HIS RELAPSE OWEN PAWNS HIS BEST CLOTHES

Softly she called his name—the tender diminutive that none but they knew. Eagerly she pleaded with him to come back to her, and slowly, struggling against the weight that seemed to bear him down, Owen Brown came back from that depth to which he had twice descended. Like a little child, he looked up into the patient, pleading face, and smiled.

"Annie," he gasped, weakly, "I have been sick, very sick, have I not?"

With a quick little gesture her arms went about him.

"Very sick, dear heart; but you are well again. You have come from the Valley of the Shadow; and, oh, Owen! —it was at *my* call that you came, my dearest; that you came back—to me."

HELLO! I see I've caught your eye—
You hesitate ere you pass by—
No doubt you'd peek behind the scenes
And closer view those MAGIC SCREENS,
Or chat with favorites on the QUIET?
Well, all I can say to you is:
BUY IT!

N. B.: This verse is merely to attract your attention to the Popular Player Contest, announcement of which will be found on page 160. If you cut out this verse and send it in with $1.50 for a year's subscription to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, it will entitle you to cast 500 votes for your favorite player. This is an excellent way to "applaud" your favorite.

An Antique Ring

(Lubin)

By PETER WADE

"YES," said the old political reporter, settling himself comfortably on the smoking-room lounge, "some one once said that every man has his main point of honor, and a few minor ones. In the push and vainglory of life he sometimes gets separated by quite a distance from the high standard he has set himself, and after a fall has to come creeping humbly back to his little home-made pinnacle; but a woman (Heaven bless her little weaknesses!) has hewn herself a narrower path of honor, from which there can be no deviating. It is more often her duty to keep others from stumbling or falling. So if you care to hear about such a case, one famous, and plotted-to-be-notorious, in our young State's political annals, I can tell it to you before the primary returns begin to come in."

"It took place in 188–, when P—— was the smallest kind of a baby city, and our budding State had hardly put by its territorial graduation gown.

"We were a proud little community in those days. Our new Capitol had just been built, from our own quarries; new enterprises, mining and agricultural, were hatching overnight, and teaming off to be started whirling; and we had a capable, honest young governor to look after us.

"So matters stood when the summer preceding the gubernatorial election came, and with it a lining up of forces and a counting up of heads. On one side, Jim Dixon, a gray-headed, cool, persuasive tactician, representing pretty covetous outside interests, for they had bought him the biggest bank in town, and installed him as president; on the other, Joe Simpson, slow-spoken, careful, feeling out each new step.

"Dixon realized that to carry the State, and all that went with it, he must break into the solid rural vote, and for over a year had been hatching schemes to do so. First had come the issuance of the *Farmers' Friend,* a weekly, deep in the lore of plowshare and cattle plague, and sent gratuitously to the ranchers. The editorials were certainly beautiful, clear and uplifting, and how such a scurvy rascal could have turned them out I have often wondered. Next came the lowering of the rate of interest on maturing farm mortgages held by the bank. And here he got right next to the enlarged end of a farmer's heart —his pocketbook; and in the meantime, his infernally lucid editorials were pulling quietly at the contracted end—his cast-iron allegiance.

"It must have been a day or two after the primaries, when the bank was doing a roaring business in mortgages, and Dixon stood, shaking hands, with a gubernatorial pose, behind the swinging doors, while Joe Simpson had hardly been heartened up to the campaign, but stuck to the executive offices on some dry-as-dust routine, when the woman's honor business first entered into the matter.

"The out-county returns had been coming in very slowly; we had not heard from the strictly farming ones as yet, and Dixon was on tenterhooks, despite his smiling face. Late in the afternoon a buckboard came whirling up to the bank building, and Hen Foster, his dust-covered lieutenant, got out and made for the back stairs leading over the banking rooms. Here Dixon joined him.

"'Well, what news?' he almost panted. 'Out with it, man!'

"'Lincoln County's against us, almost to a man,' said Foster, looking absently into his sweaty slouch, as if for a stray ballot. 'And on my way thru Stevenson,' continued the dis-

couraging messenger, 'things looked pretty much the same.'

"'H—l!' said Dixon. 'Why, where have my righteous tears in the *Friend* seeped to, anyway?'

"'Crocodile ones,' softly corrected Hen, from his parched throat. 'See here,' he said, 'I've done a bit of thinking, hiking across the ranges, and to sum up, there's no use throwing fresh eggs after spilled beans. The mining towns are all right, grant that, but these rubes and Swedes that wear suspenders, and stay in the ranch-house at night to go to the little crossroads church on Sundays, have got to be reached, and reached hard, in another way.'

"'Do you want me to turn religious?' sneered Dixon.

"'Well, hardly a cheap joke like that,' said Hen, candidly, 'but a better one, and something needing the dexterous hand. Catch me?'

"'Well?' said the banker.

"Hen lowered his voice out of range of the office force in the room adjoining. 'Simpson's a family man, with a single-minded heart that has won the rurals for keeps. They're all for the morality business, man, and we've got to counter them there.' Here he almost pressed his lips against the other's willing ear. 'We've got to get something on the governor's private life, even if we have to turn it out home-made, without the union label. Savez?'

"'But,' objected the banker, 'we cant lay a finger on him. The man's private life is irreproachable.'

"'I've been thinking some hard, governor,' the insinuator said, with a sly but respectful dig at Dixon's ribs, 'and I've found out the joint in his armor—it's Matthews, his other self and secretary. Once get around him, and we're over the transom.'

"'Impossible,' began the banker.

"'I tell you I know the chap,' said Hen. 'Behind that stiff Sunday-school front of his, he's as soft as a baby. He'll do anything to get in right with Kitty Jordan, the governor's stenographer, who tips us off on all the inside stuff. She's a good-looker, and a cool one, and he's suddy over her—slopping over, inside, of course. Now, Kitty and I have got the stairs all greased for him—waiting for you to bow him down.'

"He paused to free a few low chuckles. Dixon stood all the while as if the thing bored him as a silly makeshift.

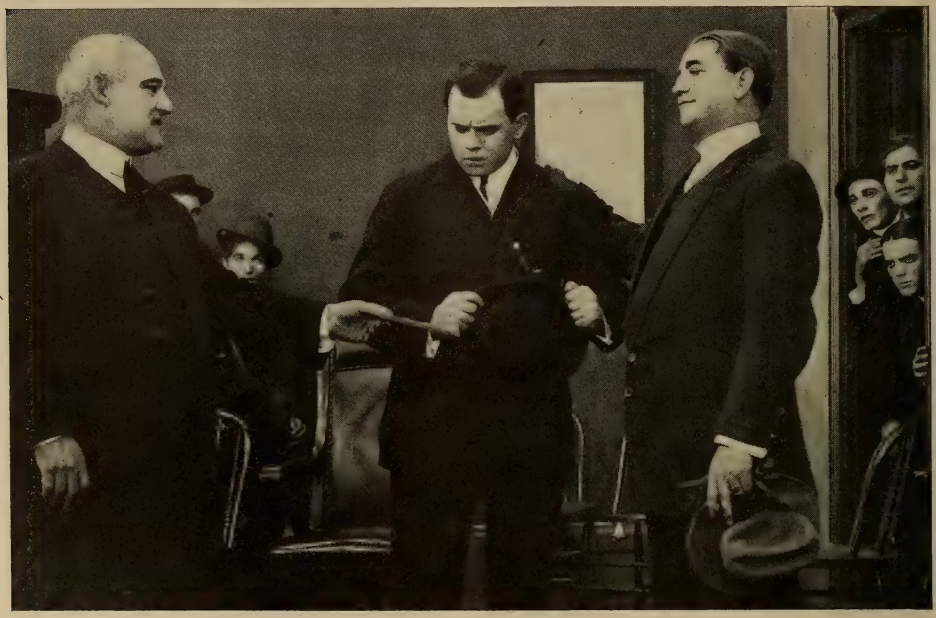
"'Here,' he said, finally, 'you had better come into my private office and let me hear your fairy story. There's no telling what kind of a drink you've concocted after that trip thru the dry country.'

"Late that night John Matthews walked down the figuratively slippery back stairs, and stood out in the moonlight, a dazed and tempted man. A big arc light on the corner winked and sputtered at him as if teasing his gloomy perplexity. He was only human, after all, and the sum that Dixon and Foster had offered him 'to play a little joke on the governor,' would make him independent for life. He had smelled the evil edge of the thing, and had drawn back at first, frightened and angry; then the telephone had rung opportunely, and the damask voice of Kitty seemed to purr gently in his ear. She felt so near, then, yet so impossibly distant from him, as he hung up the receiver on her playful, inconsequent words, that he thought, at any rate, he would keep her aloof from the serious end of the thing, and let her play out an unconscious tragedy, with that pouting touch of hers, which would be all the more subtle thru not touching the muck below.

"Thus tempted, he consented to look upon the unfolding of the plan with unscornful eyes, and to give his decision, as to whether he would be a principal, on the following morning.

"I will not enter into the dizzy span of his thoughts under the shadow of the street lamp. It is safe to say they started out in the bursting run of manliness, and ended in the lame walk of opportunity, and with the chance taken—Kitty.

"Therefore, when, in the early office hours, Hen's troubled face hung



THE BRIBE

over the receiver, and two faint words, 'I accept,' came falteringly over the wire, to be followed by a click and silence, it is not to be wondered at that he smiled that 'come-and-go' smile of his, and chuckled softly when he saw Dixon entering.

"Now, not to keep you guessing, the gist of the little plot, as far as Matthews was let in, was this: Joe Simpson had gone back to California some two years back, and married a neighbor's girl, who had grown up with him from the bare-legged stage to that of budding womanhood. They had chased each other all over the two ranches, as kiddies, and when he felt the call of the new State, he had given her a good-by kiss with a tremendous hug, and set out to seek his fortune. He had dug in fiercely in our leavening community, and one day saw his long legs sticking out from the top of the heap. But thru the years the old pull of home and playmate was yanking at him silently, and so he had disappeared for a spell, to return leading his blushing bride by the hand up Capitol Square. She was a pretty girl, right off the ranch, but with a kind of natural dignity and graciousness that won us from the start. Joe's title had never gotten any further than just 'Joe,' but she was installed at once as 'Governor Lou,' short and handy for Louise.

"It seems that 'Governor Lou's' birthday was coming on, and Joe had sent on to 'Frisco for an antique ring, the finest that money could buy. This he had thrown into his desk, to be presented, with a kiss, and one of those old-time strangle holds, on her natal day. Now, the plan, as concocted by Hen, was to have Matthews secretly show this ring to 'Governor Lou,' and then, on some pretext, have her come down to the office, and find it, poorly concealed, in Kitty's desk drawer. This should start things to

working. A second time she was to come down, to find it on Kitty's finger! This would key things up to concert pitch; and just when she was on the warpath, and the thing was a seven-day mystery, and, maybe, the *Farmers' Friend* would try to salve over matters, Matthews was to up and announce his engagement to Kitty, and draw the heat from the boil. This was the way the simple little complication was supposed to work out. Now listen to the actual result.

"Matthews and Kitty performed the opening act with the enthusiasm of amateurs, spurred on by the thought that, if the applause might not all be genuine, a prodigious paycheck awaited them at the drop of the curtain.

"On a certain fall day, when Joe Simpson at last was closeted with certain heavy-booted county leaders, the secretary phoned 'Governor Lou' to come down to the office, and he would let her in on a little surprise. He had hardly primed up on his opening words when she came, all curiosity, and on swift feet, into the room.

" 'I—I believe you are to have a birthday soon,' the young schemer stammered, 'and I want to prepare you for a delightful surprise.'

"Forthwith, he brought out, with much fumbling, the unlucky ring, and placed it in her hands.

" 'Isn't it beautiful!' she exclaimed. 'Who——'

" 'Sh-h!' he whispered, dramatically, finger on lip. ' 'Tis a deadly secret; remember, you haven't seen, you haven't heard.'

"She nodded brightly. 'I'm as mum as a dead Indian. Cant I try it on?'

" 'Quick!' he implored. 'I hear the governor coming. Come—tomorrow—I'll get him out of the way.'

"The following day he called her up, and discreetly absented himself from the room while she should see what she should see. He wasn't very far off, and heard her singing about the room as she waited for him. Presently she grew impatient, and started a search on her own account, sliding in and out the drawers of the governor's desk. All at once she gave a little, sharp cry, and he knew that she had found it—half hidden in Kitty's desk. She seemed to hesitate a moment, with thinking eyes, then put it back softly again. Matthews breathed deeper when she finally shut the door. Things were working, after all!

"The next day was a holiday, and the governor had gone off stumping in the country, but if he appeared on the succeeding morning, and did not ask for an explanation, the secretary felt that the discovery had bitten in, and that she would surely appear later in the day.

"He was right. Simpson came down early, looking tired, and messed the heap of letters on his desk into a hopeless litter; then went over to the club to lunch, and to plan with his lieutenants.

"Kitty had nerved herself up overnight to the bursting point of courage, and sat typing nervously, with the conspicuous ring on her finger. Matthews was in the little connecting room, watching the spur telephone. When 'Governor Lou' came, Kitty was to tell her that he was out, and fight her battle as best she could.

"There came a swish of skirts in the corridor, the flaunt of angry muslin, and Kitty's fingers thumped meaninglessly on the keys, for she knew that her hour was upon her. I'm awfully sorry to leave her in this ticklish position, but for the sake of my story it is necessary to step across the square to the club for a breathing-spell.

"Governor Simpson had eaten a light luncheon, cheered by the reports of committeemen that all was going well in the reliable counties. 'Unless the unexpected happens, you are as good as elected,' they had told him, 'and the wonder of it, without even a serious campaign.'

"Dixon and Hen Foster sat whispering in the deserted cardroom. 'I tell you, Dixon,' said Foster, emphatically, 'it's the time to give the stuff out to the press. Dont delay a min-



THE GOVERNOR READS THE TAPE

ute longer—catch him on the jump,' and with a nod from Dixon he vanished into a telephone booth to speed a long message over the scandalized wires.

"Half an hour later they entered the big smoking-room, and, with an eye out for Simpson, stood talking to a group of 'the faithful.'

"The governor strolled in, and, nodding pleasantly here and there, made for that pride of the club, a recently installed news-ticker. 'Cash wheat,' it chatted, pleasantly, to his careless fingers, 'firm and higher . . . No. 2 red quoted at 103¾ . . . No. 2 hard winter 1.12½ . . . Weather . . . general rains forecasted for North Pacific coast and West . . . storm on . . .' the wheels meshed and buzzed as if unwilling to unlock what was to follow . . . 'Local . . . a confirmed report has just reached the *Outlook's* office that a serious scandal is pending in the private affairs of Governor Simpson. A young lady in his official employ is compromised. Secretary Matthews has made a detailed confession. Mrs. Simpson reported going back to California . . . Full details in evening papers.'

"The tall, big-shouldered man gripped the white ribbon of telltale paper until a mass of spirals had heaped up in front of him. Foster and Dixon watched his eyes closely to



KITTY FAINTS

read the result of their intrigue. Wonder, blank amazement, and then rage, left their plain footmarks on his open face.

"'It's a cursed lie!' he shouted, to the amazement of every one, 'a villainous, heart-breaking lie!' Then, as some rushed toward him, he rapidly measured the length of the ruinous words, and tore its chapter from the tape, to crush it inside of his coat. Like one nursing a viper at his breast, he held it to him, and pushed his way roughly thru his friends.

"'Quick!' said Dixon. 'The lion's milk is working. Phone Matthews to get Kitty out of the way.'

"But Kitty passed out of the way in a quite different manner, as you shall hear.

"We left her bent over the keyboard, with the swish of entering skirts rasping in her ears. She felt the hot blood flooding her face and neck, but could not look up from her press of work.

"'Kitty,' said a sweet voice back of her, half-pleading, half-stern, and then the telephone set up a merciful, warning ring. She reached for the portable desperately, and tried to concentrate her riotous mind on its message: 'That you, Kitty?' came a quick voice. 'Well, light out—duck! The governor has winded things, and is going over like a timber wolf. Look out, quick——'

"Something went 'click' in her head, and, with a little sigh, the receiver dropped from her hand. She had fainted dead away, sure enough.

"'Governor Lou' held the girl's limp hand, on which the antique ring flashed mockingly, and for a long min-

ute she looked sternly at Kitty, as if about to leave her to the wolfish mercy of the governor. Then that soft, illogical something at the bottom of every woman's heart got the upper hand, and she called out: 'Matthews! I know that you're around—come here at once!'

"A very white-looking secretary, with shaking knees, immediately popped in from the other room.

" 'Get her down to my carriage at once,' 'Governor Lou' continued, 'and draw the blinds. I'll follow. Dont be such a booby! Stop shaking—keep her head up higher! She'll be all right in a minute.'

"Somehow, the panic-stricken man got her down the marble stairs, purposely greased for him, it would seem, and into the Simpson coupé. 'Governor Lou' followed quickly. 'There, there,' she said, as the carriage whisked rapidly toward her home, 'I'll get you all out of the scrape, yet.'

"But this was adducing no balm for the guilty secretary.

"It might have been half an hour later when Joe Simpson entered his own house, after a fruitless search of his deserted office. A very pale and humble secretary sat by his wife's side, and there were even tears coursing down his cheeks as she explained to him the evils of duplicity. 'I will allow, John Matthews,' she was saying, as Joe entered the parlor, 'that for a little while I thought you a real, able-bodied villain, and Kitty—well, I wont say what! But it's all a little comedy, it seems—and Joe, dear, I want you to expurgate that row of seowls, and sit down calmly to listen to John's confession, before you choke him.'

"Joe did, it seems. There was something in her calm way and absolute fairness that fairly staggered him into a chair.

"When the broken secretary had sobbed out his tale in full—his love for Kitty, his temptation, and his fall, and had come to an end of the lugubrious chapter, Joe drew the length of ticker tape from his pocket. 'Is that all?' said he, sharply.

" 'Yes,' said Matthews.

" 'You infernal double-dealer, read this!' cried Joe.

"The secretary read the scoundrelly items, and his jaw hung down with terror. 'Good Lord! They didn't mean to go so far as that, did they?' he gasped, plumping on his knees.

"Joe watched him for a moment, and a smile slowly struggled across his firm mouth. 'Of course they did,' he said, 'and I suppose I ought to turn you adrift like a yellow dog. By the way, what did you do with their money?'

" 'I have it all here,' said John, reaching for his pocket.

" 'And what are you going to do with it, John?' queried the governor.

" 'Campaign money, governor,' said John. 'It would never do to give it back to the enemy.'

"There's a heap of morals in this little tale, if you chance to pick them up," said the old reporter, getting up, with a yawn, "and while you're a-putting of them together I've a mind to take a little run out to see John and Kitty. Where? Oh, that's giving away state secrets."



Indeed, so long as a thing is on exhibition, and you pay to see it, it is nearly certain to amuse. If we were charged so much a head for sunsets, or if God sent round a drum before the hawthorn came in flower, what a talk we should make about their beauty!—*Stevenson.*



For the truth of this story you will have to go to tale-tellers greater than I. Over all but the most sordid details, such as the public scandal at their separation and the filing of the Scotch divorce, history has drawn a filmy veil. And it is not given to every Peeping Tom and sensationalist to peer under it. And I warn you, too, that the man whom they called heartless had the noblest heart of them all, a heart which for over sixty years had expended itself, his fortune and his health in uplifting his fellow-man. His was a pleasureless life, shunning the rewards it had earned. The sensitive heart, feverishly seeking calm thru endless work; associating with the greatest minds in England, yet with a hand ever on the breast of the lowly, seeking to make their heart-beats happy; a nature calm and cold in his household that he might be a very lion in defense of the wronged; a genius, too, he had struggled with the indifferent—to call men to honor—seeking a reconciliation between God and His creatures. And at last we find him an old man in a farm-house, broken, poor, dependent on his fleshless fingers. Of a bitter truth are the earthly rewards of such a life, and yet some called him heartless for the thing that he did.

If you want such a tale as I can conjecture of this man in the prime of his life, you must accept the other man too — strong, serene, of courtly manners, handsome—one who took the rewards as they came and put them out at compound interest. Then, too, there is the woman, beautiful, of a high spirit, immortalized by him in the famous painting, "The Order for Release." My bystanders, for good measure, will be prime ministers, dukes, literati, scholars, artists and artisans, in the order of least importance. So having warned you that my story is heartless, and that I am a prejudiced witness for the defense, you may come into court if you please.

John Ruskin had been brought up by his right-living Scotch parents in the austere family mansion at Herne Hill, London. The precocious child was inculcated with the mystical theology of Puritanism, added to a dream life of his own. Greek heroes, strange gods, myths and dryads imaged in his brain, vying with the panoply of Walter Scott — medieval chivalry, knights, heralds, charlatans, fair ladies, mailed gauntlets, priests and merry-andrews.

As the delicate child grew up, the stiff custodians always hedged him within the circle of their solicitude. Whether it be a tour of the Rhine country, or of Italy, or between the formal walls of Herne Hill, their graceless care of the "Little Bishop," as they called him, never relaxed. As he afterward sadly said: "His strength was not exercised, his patience never tried and his courage never fortified." Having no one to love or to turn to, the middle-aged Lowland couple became the sun and

moon of his desires—reverenced but unattainable.

At the age of nine he wrote verse as fluently as the average college-bred man, and when eighteen seasons had sobered still more the house on Herne Hill, he wrote a series of papers under the name of "Kata Phusin," for the *Architectural Magazine,* that made him the most talked about young man in England. As in all of his earlier writing, their purport was that religion, tempered by justness and right-living, is the soil of which the fine arts are but the fruitfulness.

In his thirtieth year the ardent revolutionist—for everything he said or wrote startled the conceptions of those days — made a rambling tour into Perthshire. He was in ill health at the time, burnt out from the heat of overwork, and would lie awake on the moors of nights listening to the hooting of owls and sheep dogs whining across the hills.

All this may have been conditioning his soul, as a knight's vigil in a deserted sanctuary, for the love which was about to come into it. Euphemia Gray was her name, and when she was a touseled golden-top, John had written her a long fairy-like letter, a blend of Grimm and Dickens, which was afterward published as "The King of the Golden River."

The philosopher went about his wooing according to his crotchets—he was very shy, you must remember, and a certain summer day saw him installed in a roomy country house, with the view from its windows giving out upon the rose-covered cottage of the Grays. They were of excellent stock — the elderly father and his daughter — tho impoverished, and were wont to hold their heads as high, if not higher, than the Ruskins. Chalmers Gray had lost his grip on the busy world and was content with retirement, but Euphemia, witty, beautiful, high-spirited, burned with secret desires to live and conquer in London or at least in Edinburgh.

John Ruskin's books followed him from Herne Hill, to be installed as part and parcel of his life, and then the singular courtship had a beginning. From the lozenge panes of his library window the Grays' cottage, in its little garden, stood in plain view. Here, every day, when the fever of close writing released him from its thrall, he would stand and gaze long and silently at his neighbors' affairs. Gray and his daughter lived much in the open, under a bower of roses, and she, dutiful girl, pandered to his every whim. First it would be a fetching of list slippers and a book, and while he read listlessly, she knitted furiously or culled flowers for a bowl. Then she must be near him, seated on the arm of his chair, petting and kissing, and rumpling his hair. Soon a better humor would come upon him, and they would fall to talking and laughing, with his hands upon her shoulders.

All this and more that was pretty the scholar saw from behind the vantage of his window, and the more he saw the more he feasted. The rustic setting, with its unconscious actors, her soft, petting ways that acted like a tonic upon Chalmers Gray, the ripe corn color of her hair against the red roses, these things and his own intense hermit life turned his steps perhaps too often toward the dusty window, which, as the sun crept into it, and formed a patch upon his carpet, told him that his neighbors were at play.

Perhaps he would have drawn pale consolement from thus seeing her daily at a distance, and as the summer waned would have withdrawn silently to London had not they, in some timidity at his fame, called upon him one day. Their families had long been as intimate as the slow-moving coaches and the newer railroads would permit. She had had a taste of the quieter side of London as a romping child, making a prolonged visit to the Ruskins, and tiptoeing thru the darkened halls of Herne Hill by the side of serious John.

On her return had followed the fairy letter, writ in a spirit of mirth, and showing a glimpse of the glad and brilliant depths of the young man's heart.



JOHN RUSKIN WINS EUPHEMIA'S HAND

Now all this was ages agone, and the woman in her that rounded out her shape was as if unknown to the quiet scholar who bade them welcome. Before the fire on its brazen andirons, a necessity of early Scotch mornings, the old friendship, almost clannish, of the two houses was fondly gone over, the elder man drawing up hidden ties in the bosom of the younger.

Chalmers Gray was heavily in debt. An overdue, top-heavy mortgage blighted his little cottage. The improvident man was tasting the youngness of life again thru the brimming azure eyes of his daughter. Who can blame him then, considering his weaknesses, if he approached his wealthy neighbor with a recital of the impending calamity?

His trembling hands produced a document wherein the schedule of his pinching debts was set forth, including the indebtedness on his bond.

John Ruskin studied the papers with somewhat of awe. He had been close to the poverty of hunger or of suffering, but the legal verbiage and forms of tape and seals confused him. "I can make little or nothing of it," he sighed. "In one place it recites your debt at eight hundred pounds sterling, and, in another, at sixteen hundred, with a penal bond."

" 'Tis a form of the law," said Gray, shaking his head in perplexity; "maybe it is to frighten tardy debtors."

"It appears the survival of an unreasonable distrust of man's honesty to man," mused John, and then turned to his troubled neighbor.

"Where the principals cannot agree, old friend, on such a matter, a friend should share the confidence, as you have with me. For I esteem it a light thing to wipe out this little matter."

So saying, he sat at his heavy secretary, drew a check for the total of Gray's obligations, and handed it to him, with the timidity of one presenting a dun.

"God bless you," said Gray, between astonishment and tears, "for I cannot do so adequately. You have undoubtedly prolonged the sweetness of my life for many years."

Euphemia approached John fearsomely, tho her eyes shone like two stars. Her face could be likened to the coloring of a full-blown thistle, a violet blue shading in the eye sockets, deep pink on the firm cheeks, and from breast to chin as milk white as the heart of the flower. With a gesture of deep affection and humility, she caught his hand and pressed a kiss upon his fingers.

The action was so spontaneous, from such an open heart, that the veriest hater of the sex could not have taken offense. John's whole nature seemed to burst into sunshine at the reciprocity she had given thru her lips. For a moment he framed his hands around her cheeks and looked at her earnestly and kindly, as if he would engrave her face and deed upon his memory. Then, as they went toward his door, he bowed in his old-fashioned manner and seated himself among his books—with his back resolutely turned to the lozenge window and its patch of light on his floor.

And now into this dove-cote of soft happiness there steps forth from the stage-coach Sir John Millais, the painter and Pre-Raphaelite, beau and bon vivant. No lurker behind window panes is he, drinking in with full eye what Nature has tinted on flower, field or fair one.

Ruskin had been his firm champion, battling against criticism, fighting the fight of a newer and more natural art with his wonder-laden pen. These two were firm friends—the very opposites in nature, drawn to each other by dominant dissimilarities. The critic saw in chiaroscuro, the genesis back of the stone or painting; the artist lived and breathed his warm, beautiful shapes and colors. Together they were fire and fuel to all that they could beg from life or Nature.

The library became their fortress; their ammunition, the enthusiasm of prophets for a new gospel, and many recent sketches from Millais' portfolio must be looked over and reviewed before the open fire.

The little patch of sunlight came and went on the carpet, giving its warm message unheeded. Days went by—days of crimson and gold pictures made unwitnessed in the little bower. And so they might have gone on a-making until winter had withered the frame, had not Euphemia taken it upon herself to transpose a touch of them into the seclusion of her neighbor's library. She appeared before them, somewhat abashed, with a heaping armful of red roses, wet with dew. The stars came into her eyes again, and her cheeks burned at the presence of the handsome stranger.

The rhapsodists looked up, and as she made them a drooping curtsey, holding her offering close to her breast, Sir John started to his feet. "The colors of a Southern dawn," he murmured; "the stars first bright, then paling to the rising pink."

He made her a courtly bow, and John Ruskin, with his arms full of her gift, had sense enough to introduce them. She stayed a moment, and was gone, but the scent of the wet, red roses and the colors of dawn had remained to stay in the somber room, between them.

In her little, low-ceiled room that night, as she had done many nights agone, Euphemia prayed long and earnestly for the gentle man who had so kindly used her father. His clear-cut face, with hair swept back from forehead, and lips full of movement and character, would seem to picture itself on her white wall, then bend over a task and slowly fade from view. On that night, too, she visualized the



"MILLAIS HALF BENT OVER HER"

lovable image in the soft colors of pastel. Back of him, and faintly flickering in and out, came and went the face of John Millais.

The short Lowland summer had come and gone, withdrawing before a spell of rain and mists, thick as the curtains of a play. When the vapors rolled up under an autumn sun, a new and lovely scene was set in the colors of a changing season. Scarlet and yellow leaves hung among the greens and browns on bush and tree; the air took on a fine, crisp radiance; the hunter's horn sounded small in the woods, or hollow from the corries.

Euphemia kept much in the open, as her father had been driven indoors to stay, by the mists. When the seared leaves had begun to fall, she had gathered many of them, sometimes playing with them by the hour.

One day, as John Ruskin was reading aloud one of his forgotten poems, writ in the stilted phrase of conscious youth, and Sir John Millais, half-listening, stood in the lozenged window, watching the colors that called him out-of-doors, the girl passed across his vision as she crossed a field, seeking the fallen oak leaves. He turned and noiselessly left the reader, to shut the door upon the swelling meter, and to seek her seated on a low bank in a wooded pasture. As he came near he noticed that she was playing with leaves, weaving a



MILLAIS REVERENTLY KISSES HER HAND

chain of shaded colors, and his colorful eye drank in the crimson stains set by the sharp wind in the faint summer brown of her cheeks.

He stood by her side, half bent over her, and said just enough to hold her, not enough to lure her from her task.

From inside the library the measured voice went on. Then it stopped suddenly, like a clock run down, and John looked about him in amazement for his lost audience. The little square of light on his floor was his only clue, and, standing in it, he looked out upon the picture of his friends. With the antics of a freed schoolboy, he flung out of his house and raced across the field to join them.

As the last bright leaf was joined to its mate, he came up with them, too late to be in the play. He seated himself on a fallen log, and his bright young eyes became expectant, as if a willing spectator to the other closer ones.

By a woman's intuition she must have scented what was in the wind, for with a laughing gesture she dismissed Sir John in search of fresh leaves of a rarer color.

John Ruskin drew a manuscript from his pocket and seemed to com-

pare her high beauty with something he had written there. She listened as if to catch the half-spoken words. A clear, longing expression formed upon her features, as if her soul had heard his words and understood.

Quite impulsively he dropped his papers to the ground and took her hands. "Little playmate," he said, "do you think there is that thing in us that understands, and, in so doing, seeks the other?"

For answer she looked up at him,



MILLAIS PAINTS A PICTURE OF RUSKIN AND EUPHEMIA

and her face became covered with a telltale blush. The stars in her eyes had never seemed clearer to him—so clear that he did not hear the returning footsteps of Sir John, rustling thru the leaves, nor his premonitory cough. When the other stood before them, a stunned and half-malignant expression on his face, John turned his happy eyes to his friend.

"A wild flower blooms in every highway field," he said, "and we pass it by, calling it sterile. Thank God, I have not looked on high places too long to miss my treasure."

Five years have passed away, years in which the pair wandered hither and thither as fancy or passion of work seized upon John Ruskin. From a tour of the English cathedrals, the lovers drifted to Normandy and the Norman ones, thence to Switzerland, and finally settled for the winter in Venice. Here John Ruskin, inspired by the beauty of Byzantine architecture, fell upon the study of Venetian buildings. When I say fell upon, it is said literally, for the work would hardly let him sleep. He plunged into minute study of the Ducal Palace and St. Mark's, made exact drawings, measurements and copious notes; then sought, by original research, the dates, sources and origin of each fragment—the capitals, balustrades, colonnades — literally the *stones*, not the buildings of Venice. Thus started that tremendous and in-

spired work, "The Stones of Venice," a moral, social and artistic monument to the genius of the man. But I must hasten them back to Glenfinlas, lest this become a defense of the man and not the saddest chapter of his life.

In their home, and in wanderlust, too, I will not deny that his field flower was somewhat neglected. He was gripping the biggest problems of the day in painting, sculpture, edu-



cation, literature, and holding out the hand of brotherhood to those caught in the toils beneath him. "That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings," he would cry, and forthwith start to turn the intricate machinery of his gifts in their behalf.

Ruskin had tried society to please his wife—to the balls and routs of a certain *duchesse,* where the impressionable Venetians pressed about her like so much herring in her net. He, too, the most loving sentimentalist, like that bitterest hater Swift, was continually petted by women. Strange thing, this law governing the heart!

And now, it is the final summer that they were to look upon together, and they are back among the woods, hills and lakes of Glenfinlas. Millais, by invitation, had joined them, and while "The Stones of Venice" rose, tier on tier, late into the night, he did what he could to amuse her who did not enter into the scope of the architect's plans. Lest I seem to hold him too lightly, I will confess that he suggested their posing for his canvas, the result being that exquisite and feeling picture, "The Huguenot Lovers." Whether in the pictured, forlorn pose and parting aught of



RUSKIN DISCOVERS MILLAIS DECLARING HIS LOVE FOR EUPHEMIA

prophecy or irony fell from his brush or not, it would be unfair for me to predicate. However, there it hangs today, a tragedy within a tragedy to the seeing eye.

The intimacy of friend and wife ripened faster than they knew. One day it would be a playing at draughts, with the board upon their knees, she all intent upon the pieces, with rounded chin cupped in supporting hands; another would be a childlike game of skipping stones upon the lake. In one of these artless contests, carried away by her girlish abandon, he had taken her hand and, bending low, had saluted it for its prowess. A something of fear might have startled her then, for she started back to become quiet and abstracted. Up to this point, what may have lain between them was as impassable as any garden wall.

And now comes the time—after so much outlining of counsel—when the defendant must be called to the bar.

The day following, dawning clear and cloudless overhead, found the household stirring early, as if much was to be taken advantage of. After a light breakfast, Millais had excused himself, suggesting a ramble in the woods in search of an uncommon wild flower. Euphemia sat in the lozenge window, an embroidery frame in her hands. As the patch of morning light crept over her, tinting her heavy hair with the countless shades of gold in a crucible, she turned toward John Ruskin, bent over his desk at his self-imposed task. "Dear John," she said quietly, "have you noticed how beautiful the countryside is this morning? All Nature seems out for a holiday."

He looked up with far-away eyes for a moment. "Yes, yes, it is true," he said; "the morning of my life I spent in drinking it in. Now I feel it working thru every pore in its effort to be free. It surges around my heart in its channel to the world—it wells into my eyes and chokes in my breath. I can never be rid of it all, never!"

"Will you not walk out with me into the pasture, where the oak leaves will soon begin to fall?" she asked, softly.

His cold face softened around mouth and eyes, and his quill dropped to his desk. His trembling fingers groped for it again. "You do not understand, child," he said; "nobody ever will—the effort that lies struggling within me to bring forth my naked soul to the sunlight. Some one, some day, will have attained it, and then that creature will have touched the robe of his God, to see with eyes deeper and larger than the sum of all humankind."

She turned sadly away, like a lectured child, and stole from the room of visions.

On the stone portico she found John Millais, on a Grecian bench. He had noticed her swift outcoming and her high color, and cavalierly rose and bowed her to a seat beside him. The

soft folds of her dress blended with the marble to his artist's eye; its rise and fall across her bosom warned him of unusual agitation. And then the swift words came: her dream of marriage had been shattered by the monumental stone that John Ruskin was building around his heart. Among the warm emotions that burned in him he could not identify, or play up to, her as distinguished from the many. Her nature was demonstrative, possibly narrow, but she demanded attention as of her right. His life had been all hurry, a restless prodding to the roots of things, a neglect of the flower he had plucked. He was like a mariner with his glass, who could spy out things on the distant horizon and cry them out to the unbelievers—things she could not understand, beyond her vision.

Sir John listened to the rush of words with the attitude of a physician, who studies some strange case. Her heightened color and eager eyes added charms to her unusual eloquence. Here was one who studied her every move and lowered his eyes at the breaks in her voice, as if indeed she were to be pitied!

When he bent over her and whispered something she did not appear to be greatly shocked. Instead she cast down those compelling eyes and said: "You must leave me. I married John Ruskin in gratitude. My love was already elsewhere. Now go!"

This is what John heard as he stepped on the portico in search of her, hastening out, hat in hand, minutes too late—or years—to make his devoirs.

The dismissed lover did what could have been expected after such a faint dismissal, seized her hands and looked unmistakable love into her frightened eyes. Ruskin looked on in anguish as the scene progressed. It had been a valiant part to have choked his handsome successor, or, better still, to have given the Eastern quietus from behind with a knife. But he did neither of these things. He, too, studied his patients, tho a fine agony was nigh to bursting his heart. When he had surveyed the pretty scene, and his mind, like one drowning, had carried back with rapid pictures to the day of the gathered leaves as Sir John had bent over her, and when impulse, the assassin, had been conquered and thrust aside, he stepped out composedly between them.

The pair started back guiltily, at a loss for words. Millais knew that Ruskin had seen all and avoided the outstretched hand. Then he seemed to see the greatness of mind that inspired this action, and sank upon the bench, a humbled sinner.

John framed his wife's face in his hands, as he had been wont to do, and looked at her long and earnestly, as one who studies the likeness of her who had passed on before, leaving him alone. His hands dropped upon her shoulders, and one slid down on the back of the humbled Millais.

He could feel him gently patting them, a caressing stroke of love, and the high-strung girl could stand it no longer, but burst into bitter tears. Millais turned and tried to quiet her, to stay this flood of tears, and he must have partially succeeded, for John, in his library, no longer heard the convulsive sobs.

He, too, was grasping his throat, from which no sound could come. Dry tears, the bitterest of all, were dropping in his breast. Quite suddenly he clutched his stock and held it over his parted lips. His head fell forward on a slender table, among her scattered silks. Then a tint, more scarlet than her chain of leaves, more crimson than the wind's mark on her cheeks, spread thru the linen across his mouth. The man had no wound, yet the blood came out in pity at his torture.

And so, indulgent reader, my stand is with the defense, altho I cast no slur upon those who believe that he should have done otherwise. For, if it is divine to forgive, this man, above many, has earned his divinity.

If you believe there should be more to the story, you shall have it to its ending. After the necessary formali-



RUSKIN IS THE FIRST TO GREET THE NEW LADY MILLAIS

ties were gone thru, a divorce was secured in Scotland, Ruskin not even appearing to answer the charges that were necessary to establish a case. A year later she became Lady Millais, and tradition has it that John Ruskin was an unbidden guest at the ceremony, and that while the half of him cried out to her, happiness, the other half carried home to his somber house a dropped bridal glove. But this was the nature of the man.

A Ballad of Motion Picture Plays

By HARVEY PEAKE

Oh, playbills of a bygone day,
I gaze upon you lovingly,
For many a charm then had the play
That latterly has ceased to be;
In place of modern foolery,
And half-fledged stars that hold full sway,
In Photoplays I'll seek to see
Some of the charm of yesterday!

"Camille" did cunningly portray
A woman's tragic coquetry;
And "Rip Van Winkle," gravely gay,
Brought tears and smiles alternately;
Each manager believes that he
With bygone plays his vogue would slay,—
In Photoplays I'll seek to see
Some of the charm of yesterday!

I would I could Time's hand delay
That I might see "The Guardsmen Three,"
And yet again a tribute pay
"The Rivals," "Caste," "Diplomacy";
Yet I still hope to find a key
To open for myself a way—
In Photoplays I'll seek to see
Some of the charm of yesterday!

ENVOI.

Oh, modern "shows," hear my decree:
To all your kind I must say "nay."
In Photoplays I'll seek to see
Some of the charm of yesterday!

Motion Pictures and History

By H. F. EVERS

Of all the subjects which are taught in public schools, that of history would seem to be beyond the pale of the Motion Picture. But even that field has been pre-empted of its tendency to adhere solely to old-fashioned methods. New ideas always meet with opposition, but the Motion Picture has not come to take the place of study, in history, or in any other subject. The Motion Picture seeks to stimulate and help the student.

Moving Pictures have proved their value as an aid to the study of history for the young. As this wonderful invention is of only recent origin, it can in no way recall or picture actual events that have taken place years before and are now forever lost to the visual knowledge of mankind. The Motion Picture can, however, present enacted representations of great historical events, followed out with an accuracy only secured thru study and an earnest desire to be true to the authentic record. This feature of the art is being developed. The attention given to details, to every custom and character of the time pictured, has reached such a high standard, that the time is not long before the historical Motion Picture will be used as an invaluable aid to the instructor in history.

More than ever before, recourse is being taken to the historical film, and writers are delving further and further into history for material. The battle of Bunker Hill has been reproduced with wonderful accuracy. George Washington has reappeared just as he is pictured in the authorized history text-books. Picture dramas have centered around Napoleon Bonaparte and the French Revolution, and not a detail has been overlooked which might suggest any other than a perfect representation. Photoplays of the Civil War give a very accurate idea of the struggles and heartrending episodes of that terrible conflict. President Lincoln, the tall, gaunt, pathetic figure of the war, has repeatedly made his appearance in Moving Pictures, but the actor is an artist and in nothing betrays the fact that he is of this modern world.

Centuries before are also taken as the time of other picture dramas, and the same faithful devotion to costume and custom is characteristic. Historic old castles abroad are rented by the enterprising Motion Picture companies as a background for a romance, say, during the days of the Crusaders. It is possibly enacted on the very same spot where, centuries ago, the knights of that valiant band stood and vowed allegiance to the cause of righteousness. One picture has harked back to the time of the Druids, and the solemn religious rites and sacrifices of the early Britons have been made incidental to the main theme of love—a story as old as the earth itself. Even at this time, it is possible for the history teacher to gather a collection of films which will, year by year, reveal the important epochs in the world's history, from the earliest days of civilization to the present age.

That means much to the study of history in the schools. There, the Motion Picture is the one form of instruction to which the child eagerly lends himself.

Were educators to use this new implement of education, they could make it as easily available for the uses of the student in history, as it has, time and time again, been proved to be ready, for the uses of the pupil, in science, in medicine, in literature, in geography and all of the other important studies.

Melita's Ruse

(Méliès)

By LEONA RADNOR

MELITA, basket on arm, came with a brisk, swinging step down the mountain road to La Vista. Brilliant sunshine poured down upon her, enveloped her, penetrated her with the clear air that seemed vibrant with electric waves.

On each side of the road the laurels and madroñes stretched forth their glossy leaves, as if delightedly to catch and reflect the golden rays, like so many tiny mirrors. From the trunks and branches of the madroñes curled back the papery red bark, disclosing a smooth, vivid green surface; and the scrubby manzanitas twisted and writhed their ruddy branches into fantastic shapes from sheer exuberance of life.

Looking upon the dazzling blue of the sky, breathing in the exhilaration of the tingling air, and thinking upon handsome Pedro, whom she hoped to see in La Vista, Melita challenged the thousand trilling, chirping, buzzing and humming denizens of the woods with a song of her own. It was not a joyous song, for it told of unrequited love. But Melita, being Mexican, must needs tinge her love with sadness.

"Yo me voy a una tierra distante," she warbled, mournfully.

The thudding of a horse's hoofs came to her in the pause between the lines.

Unconcerned, she took up the strain again: *"A un lougar dondé——"*

A horseman rounded a curve in the road and was almost upon her.

"Pedro mio!" she screamed. *"Que tiene?"*

For that something was the matter was very evident. His face was pale, his eyes distended with the fear of the hunted. He pulled up sharply, sprang from the saddle, kist the startled girl, and began a rapid explanation in Spanish.

"Ojala! I hardly know how it happened—it was all so quick! There were four of us at the 'Silver Star,' playing cards, when some one was accused of cheating. Then every one jumped up and began shooting, and some one was hurt, perhaps killed, and the sheriff is after me. Listen! Do you hear anything?" He dropped to his knees, his ear to the earth. "Yes, they are following. I must go on!"

"They will overtake you!" cried the girl, in fear. "I will ride in your place. I will put on your sombrero and coat and lead them a chase. You can hide till they are past, and then make for the boundary!"

"Por cierto! Would you run such risk for your worthless Pedro?"

"Thou knowest my love," she answered, reproachfully.

"Then quick! Hide the basket in those bushes, and put your foot in this stirrup. Ready? Hold tight to the pommel!" With his arms about her shoulders, he touched the bronco with a spur. The animal lunged forward at a mad gallop. Several turns of the road brought them to an isolated farm, with an old barn remote from the house. Riding up to the barn, Pedro and Melita dismounted.

"Your sombrero, quick!" urged the girl. "Now your coat. Get in the barn there and hide. I'm off! *A Dios!"*

He clasped her passionately in his arms and kist her again and again.

"Do not dare too much, *querida!"* he whispered hurriedly. "If they gain on you and order you to stop, you must do it, or they will shoot—you understand?"

"Si, si, Pedro mio!" she answered, impatiently. "Now, let me go!"

Out upon the road her horse's hoofs hammered far ahead of the pursuers—but they were on her trail! She



"HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES, HIS EAR TO THE EARTH"

knew only too well how clearly marked in the dust were the hoof-prints of her mount. She bent over his neck coaxingly.

"Put wings on thy feet, *amigo mio!*" she breathed into his ear. "I am but a featherweight for thee, young and strong and fleet as thou art. And thy master's life—my beloved's life—depends on thee!"

The bronco laid back his velvety ears, and, as tho he understood, quickened his pace until he seemed to skim above the earth. That heart-breaking speed could not last long, but the girl calculated that it would draw on the sheriff and his deputies, wear out their horses and give Pedro his chance to escape.

The bronco began to flag. She could now hear the distant clatter of many hoofs. Turning from the road, she sought the shelter of the woods. She heard the horsemen gallop past anl laughed, fanning her flushed face with Pedro's sombrero. "Good!" she murmured. "May they never come back!"

But they discovered their mistake sooner than she anticipated. When she heard them returning, she slipped from the saddle and hid among the heavy, drooping boughs of a mountain-laurel. The sheriff and his deputies, entering the copse, paused upon espying the bronco; they drew out their revolvers and looked warily about. Something among the leaves of the laurel arrested their searching eyes. It was Pedro's light gray sombrero. Cautiously a deputy approached and parted the branches. At the same time the sheriff commanded the crouching figure to come forth. With the wide-brimmed hat pulled over her face, Melita crawled out. Then, suddenly standing erect, she pulled off the hat and made the officers a sweeping bow.

"*Buenas dias, caballeros Americanos!*" she laughed, mockingly. "You were looking for me?"

"Where is Pedro?" angrily demanded the sheriff.

"Pedro!" with exquisite surprise. "How should I know?"

"Where did you leave him when you put on his coat and sombrero?" asked a deputy, stripping her of the coat.

"That I shall not tell," she replied, folding her arms defiantly.

"You'll come along and you'll tell before we get thru with you!" declared the man.

Melita tossed him an exasperating smile over her shoulder as she climbed into the saddle. They turned into the road and retraced their steps, the men keeping a sharp lookout for their quarry, and Melita no less on the alert for far different reasons. She prayed that Pedro might have seized the opportunity to get to one of the trails that made a short cut across the mountains into Mexico. She could truthfully assert her ignorance of his whereabouts, and her exultation over the part she had played in frustrating the *gringos* expressed itself in frequent ripples of taunting laughter that deepened the red of the sheriff's sunburnt cheeks.

The opportunity that Melita had assigned to knock at Pedro's door was vanquished on the threshold by an unwitting circumstance. The sheriff's party had passed his hiding-place and ridden out of sight. His pulse-beat was calming down to normal, and he pulled himself together to make a dash for the trail nearby. He stepped to the door, but precipitately retreated and crushed himself into the angle of the wall. A young girl was within a few feet of the barn, intent upon gathering eggs. He listened to her steps, drawing nearer and nearer. Oh, if she would only pass on! Sharply upon the rectangle of sunlight let in by the doorway fell her shadow. One step more and she was upon the sill! With a startled gasp, she sprang backward.

"Be quiet! Dont make a noise, please!" pleaded Pedro, following her out. She screamed. He sprang upon



"MELITA TOSSED HIM AN EXASPERATING SMILE"

her, muffled her mouth with a handkerchief and tried to draw her out of sight of the house and the road. But her scream had been heard, and from the house came running a middle-aged woman, making the air clamorous with her cries. To Pedro's horror, there was an answering halloo from the road, and, a moment later, the sheriff dashed in, followed by his deputies and Melita.

The crumbling of her hopes staggered the plucky girl for one brief moment. When she saw her beloved Pedro being roughly handled and manacled, her resentment flared up anew, and the sight of the other girl, fainting in her mother's arms, acted as a fuse to her imagination. Without warning, she flew into a terrible rage. She denounced Pedro as a faithless lover, accused him of making overtures to the other girl, and vowed that she was done with him forever. Stunned as he was at this capping of the climax of his misfortunes, Pedro still made efforts to expostulate, and explain the situation. She was obdurate, and poor Pedro listened to her scornful denunciations in helpless misery. The men turned to get the horses ready for the ride to La Vista. In that instant Melita laid her hand on Pedro's arm and whispered: "I am but acting a part, *Pedro mio,* to be able to help thee. If I hate thee, they will not suspect and watch me. Trust me, *querido!*"

When the men ordered them to mount their horses, Melita was still railing at Pedro, and he was sullenly objecting to her accusations. The men laughed among themselves.

"Gee! what a temper!" said one. "The spunky little devil would stick a knife into him if she got a chance!"

Melita heard the laugh and knew that they were talking about her. But her mind was too busy with the future to spare any thoughts for present retaliation.

When the party reached La Vista, Melita was told that she could go on her way. She dismounted, and, with a parting taunt to Pedro, started up a pathway to her home.



THEY BIND PEDRO TO A CHAIR

There were no jails in La Vista, so culprits were housed temporarily with the sheriff, until such time as it became necessary or convenient to remove them to the jail at the county seat. So Pedro was hustled into a bare room, rudely forced into a chair, and bound ankle to ankle with leather thongs. Having satisfied themselves that there was no possible chance for him to release his bonds, the officers of the law went out upon the porch with pipes and newspapers and a conviction that they had earned a spell of relaxation.

From the rear of the house stole Melita, flattening herself against the wall, advancing a few steps at a time. The *gringos* were talking. She listened, and learnt that Pedro was behind the very window under which she crouched. Raising herself, she looked in. Pedro drooped despondently in his chair. She tapped softly on the window and smiled at the awakening hope and animation in the dark eyes that lovingly met hers. Softly she raised the sash. The *gringos* still talked on the porch. She climbed into the room and went to the door to listen. The talking still continued. She tiptoed back to Pedro, took his knife from his pocket and tried to cut the thongs about his ankles. It was slow work, and the moments were precious. She must get Pedro out of there as quickly as

possible. She carried the small table to the window, placing a chair against it. Pedro was able to get to the window-sill. But with his hands manacled behind him and his legs bound together, he feared an attempt to reach the ground would result in an awkward movement that would bring discovery. Nevertheless it had to be tried. So, with Melita's help, he worked himself over the sill and dropped to the ground. Lying lengthwise, he rolled behind a clump of bushes and cautiously, noiselessly as possible, continued down the hill. Over and over, faster and faster, with the rocks cutting and bruising him and the bushes tearing at him, he plunged into a gully at the foot of the hill. Here was absolute quiet, but for the murmur of a tiny creek. He lay still, quaking inwardly, and smarting from his injuries. At a crunching sound above, he raised his head. It was Melita, hurrying over the stony path.

"Art thou hurt much, *Pedro mio?*" she inquired, anxiously.

"No, *querida;* a few bruises, but nothing to prevent my running like a deer once these straps are off."

She attacked them again. One by one, she cut thru until, with a vigorous jerk, his legs were free. Hastily they crossed the little creek and ran up the ravine. There were no sounds of pursuit. They stopped to rest, and Melita hammered the handcuffs upon a rock until the chain snapped.

"Now you are free!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "Go now to Miguel's yonder—he will give you a horse—and then stop not a moment until you are over the border! *A Dios, Pedro mio!*"

"*A Dios, querida!*" he answered fervently, as he clasped her for a parting embrace. "Remember, thou hast all my heart! I shall send for thee soon. *A Dios!*"

She watched him leave the ravine. Then she hurriedly began climbing its rocky trail.



MELITA RESCUES PEDRO

The sheriff and his men read and talked and smoked themselves into a state of boredom. They guessed they'd stir around and see what was doing. They rose, yawning, from the porch, and one of them casually strolled toward the window of the captive's room.

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" he shouted, "he's gone!"

Three bewildered and nettled men saddled up their horses and took up the chase again.

"Which way d'yeh think the dago went?" one inquired. "Let's try Melita's place—he may 've went up there to make up and get her to hide him."

"Durned if I can see how he done it!" snapped out the enraged sheriff.

Melita heard them coming—had rather been expecting them, in fact. She composed herself into a picture of innocence as she stood before the house, plucking a goose.

"Seen anything of Pedro?" jerked out the sheriff.

She dropped the goose in her surprise and dismay.

"Pedro? He hasn't escaped!"

At their reluctant affirmation, her wrath leaped forth again.

"That deceitful ingrate is free again? Well, he wont enjoy his liberty long! Does he think he can go around making love to other women? I'll show him! I know where he'll go—up to his cabin. I'll take you

there by a short cut, and you can trap him before he'll have a chance to run!"

She dashed around to the stable for her mustang. In a few moments she was leading the men up and down some of the roughest trails they had ever ridden over. At last Pedro's cabin was reached. The sheriff entered and look about—no sign of Pedro! The men began to have an uneasy feeling that they had been tricked by this dove-eyed and red-lipped incarnation of jealousy. They imagined that they detected a flicker of amusement and mockery dimpling her oval cheeks at unwary moments.

But she displayed as much chagrin as they upon finding Pedro's cabin deserted.

"I know one more place where he might have gone. Why, that's just where he would go! How stupid that I didn't think of it before! I'll take you there."

Allowing no time for questions, she was off at a gallop. By devious ways she led them, over one ridge and up another, until they protested bitterly.

"Just one more climb!" she called back encouragingly. And again they followed. They stood upon the brow of a ridge. Directly below them, a deep ravine widened out until in the distance it merged into a plain.

"Is not this a beautiful view, *señors?*" she asked with a wonderful light of enjoyment quivering in her beautiful eyes. "Beyond is Mexico, *señors*—beyond where that last spur is. And that white streak down there is the road into Mexico!"

She leaned forward, as if watching something intently.

"Your glasses, please, *señor,*" she said, addressing the sheriff. "Can it be that that speck below is a man on a horse?" She adjusted the glass, looked thru it steadily for a moment, then handed it back to the sheriff.

"Will you kindly look, *señor,* and tell me if you see the same as I do?" she requested with deference.

The sheriff looked and saw a horseman just about to cross the line.

"Well, I suppose that's Pedro," he said, grimly.

"That is Pedro, *señor,*" Melita an-



PEDRO, AMID SCENES OF GAIETY, YEARNS FOR MELITA

swered, with a radiant smile. "He has reached the 'land of *mañana,*' and he is safe and free!"

Something in her tone and manner made the sheriff start. He gazed at her intently.

"Then all that jealousy business was just a fake?" he cried.

For answer she laughed exultingly in his angry face, and threw a kiss toward the diminishing speck on the white streak far below.

In the picturesque garden of a Mexican inn sat Pedro. There were the strumming of guitars and the tinkle of mandolins beneath the palms; there was wine upon the table and a cigaret between his lips; and there were the flashing eyes and the sinuous grace and the provoking smile of a flattering señorita. But Pedro was not content.

"Life is sweet," he murmured, "and liberty is sweet; but, best of all, is the love of a true and loyal heart! *Melita mia! Querida!*"

He called for paper and ink. It did not take him long to write his letter.

It consisted of these few lines:

"Melita Mia:
"Come to Mexico and the padre shall bless our new life.
"Thy grateful and loving
"PEDRO."

The Power of a Nickel

By L. M. THORNTON

I'm only a nickel, and where shall I take you?
The very best place that a nickel will go,
Where bullets wont harm you and Nature wont fake you;
Why, straight thru the doors of the first Picture Show.
A film from old Cuba is worth the admission,
A battleship launching in far-away Spain;
A comedy rich, with your willing permission,
And then a good night, sir, and please come again.

I'm only a nickel, and what can I give you?
The most for the money of any place yet,
A few Motion Pictures, that long as you live you
Will never have reason or wish to regret;
A glimpse in the mines of the anthracite region,
A trip thru the clouds in an aeroplane new;
But why should I name, since their number is legion,
The films that perhaps I may open to you?

I'm only a nickel, so hasten to spend me—
The doors are just open, file in with the rest;
For no better use could my makers intend me,
Since good Motion Pictures are life at its best;
A Wild Western drama, a romance exciting,
A hunt with the red men that boys call immense;
A "Fat Man's Mistakes," everybody delighting;
A naval maneuver, and all for five cents!

ECCENTRIC WAGON-WHEELS

By The INQUIRY EDITOR

SOME months ago, the question of why a wagon-wheel appears to be revolving backward when it should be turning forward was answered rather fully in "Answers to Inquiries," but since then the circulation of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE has more than doubled, and many of our newer readers have asked the same question.

This is the answer: The wagon-wheel that appears to be running forward, backward, or which runs first one way and then the other when the wagon steadily moves forward is one of the curiosities of cinematography, and has puzzled many.

It must be remembered that the cinematograph camera does not picture continuous motion, but merely gives a series of consecutive pictures of motion, each one in itself motionless, but presented at such a speed that the illusion of movement is created thru persistence of vision. The eye and mind retain an impression of sight for a period of about one-tenth of a second, and, if in a second, more than ten pictures showing some continued motion are presented to the eye, the retina retains them all, but blends them into a whole, so that the illusion of movement is created thru pictures without motion.

It has been found that the best results are attained when sixteen pictures are presented to the eye each second, and the camera mechanisms are operated to record sixteen pictures a second on the strip of negative film. If a man walks across the picture stage, taking four steps a second, the camera records four pictures of each step, catching the leg on the ground, at two points in the air and on the ground again. It is perfectly possible with the modern camera to make six or eight or ten or twenty pictures of the leg in motion during each step, but it is not necessary, and to use the printer for our artist, we will suppose that these four periods mark the four points at which the action was caught: . . . ., each dot representing one of the four pictures in its relation to the others. This is all that the eye and mind see, but the mind retains a picture of the first dot for an instant after the second dot and the second dot laps the third, and so on. Imagination aids in the illusion and carries the action from dot to dot, with the result that it looks like this ———— instead of like this . . . . figure.

You *think* you see the leg moving ahead because you *know* it is moving ahead, and you see nothing to make you think to the contrary. The action is continuously forward, and the illusion of actual movement is perfect.

But suppose that, instead of a man's legs, we are watching the wheel of a wagon that has sixteen spokes. Suppose that these spokes are numbered from one to sixteen, starting with spoke number "one" at the top of the wheel, and numbering toward the *rear*, and so around until we come to spoke sixteen, immediately in front of spoke number one. Let us further suppose that this wheel is moving forward at the rate of one exact revolution each second, and that the camera is being turned at precisely the proper speed to make sixteen pictures each second.

It follows that the first picture will show spoke number one, at the top of the wheel, and the second picture, spoke number two, in precisely the same position occupied by number one in the first picture. In the third picture, spoke number three will be at the top, and so on, until the seventeenth picture shows spoke number one in its original place. The wagon has moved forward a distance equal to the circumference of the wheel, and the wheel itself has made one full revolution, but, since each time a picture was made the spokes occupied the same *relative* position, the wheel appears to have been dragged, instead of rolled, forward. Each time you've seen a picture, you have seen another spoke at the top, but since they are all alike, and the sixteen spokes always occupy one of sixteen positions, you do not get the illusion of motion.

Now, suppose that, while the camera continues to take sixteen pictures a second, the wheel is revolved more slowly, taking seventeen-sixteenths seconds to make the full revolution. Now, picture number one will show spoke number one at the top of the wheel, but the second picture will show spoke two about one-sixteenth of the distance between spoke centers to the rear of the top, since the wheel does not revolve so rapidly, and the second picture is made before spoke two has had time to get to the top of the wheel. The third exposure will show spoke three a little further back of the position occupied by spoke two in the second picture, and each successive picture will show the next spoke still further back, like this: 1, 2, 3, 4. Now you have the perfect illusion of a wheel revolving, but it is going backward, while the vehicle advances because the imagination draws the line from 1 to 4 in the direction in which this type runs.

Reversing the idea, and supposing that the wheel makes a turn in fifteen-sixteenths of a second, each succeeding picture will show a spoke slightly ahead of the position occupied in the last picture, and the imagination supplies the illusion of forward motion, since it draws the line from one to four in this diagram: 4, 3, 2, 1, instead of this: 1, 2, 3, 4.

But the apparent forward or backward movement does not depend upon the speed with which the wheel is revolved. The simplest illustration has been used above for the sake of clearness. The same illusion of backward motion will be created if the wheel is speeded up to a revolution of seventeen thirty-seconds of a second. In that case, instead of seeing spoke two in the position occupied by spoke one, we would see spoke three, since the movement is twice as rapid. The figure would be this: 1, 3, 5, 7, etc.

It is not a matter of slow or rapid speed, but of the positions into which the spokes are moved. If the revolution, whether it be slow or fast, leaves the spokes where they are apparently, just ahead of where they were a moment before, the wheels appear to revolve forward. A slight increase or decrease in the speed will cause the wheels to seem to move backward, and a still further increase or decrease will again give the semblance of advancing movement, which explains how it is that, when a wagon first begins to move, the wheels appear to run first one way and then the other as the vehicle gains in speed. Tie a rag around one of the spokes to serve as a guide for the eye, and the imagination and the illusion is preserved, no matter how the spokes are placed, because now you watch that one spoke in its circuit of the wheel, and imagination does the rest.





GENE GAUNTIER, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

WHEN I first called at No. 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York, and asked for Gene Gauntier, I was informed that she was with her company in Ireland. That was last September. Two or three weeks later I called again, and was informed that she was with her company in Florida. About a week later I again called, and was informed that she was in Egypt. I hastened to inquire if she was an aviator, because that seemed the only solution to the mystery of her being all over the globe during such a short period. Learning that she was likely to be in the Holy Land all winter, and having received imperative orders from the managing editor to get an interview for the March issue without fail, there was nothing left for me to do but to get an aeroplane or buy passage for Egypt. Well, I saw her, and I am going to tell you just how she looks and just what she said. In fact, I have what she said in her own writing, so you may rely on its truth. The heroine of "Arrah-na-Pogue" and the Colleen Bawn herself is only five feet four inches, and she tips the scales at 120. There is nothing fancy or fluffy-ruffle about her, and she would almost strike you as being plain. Yet, did you meet her on the street, you would likely turn around to look back and wonder who she was. Her eyes are large, far apart, and, if you ask me the color, I would ask you the color of a chameleon—which I think is variegated. I could not quite make out whether they were gray, blue, brown or violet, and I guess they have a little of each. My first impression of her was that she was small, cute, intellectual, versatile and industrious. She did not strike me as being pretty, but she did strike me as being fascinating. But never mind describing her—you have seen her yourself hundreds of times. Let's get down to facts concerning this wonderful little creature. "Genie"—that is her nickname—was born in Wellsville, Mo.—the date I will not mention (I didn't get it)—of American parents. She received a good education and was graduated from the Kansas City School of Oratory. She was always interested in theatricals and finally went on the stage, where she remained until she was engaged by the Kalem Company, about four years ago, and she made a great success in both professions. She was also with the Biograph Company for a short time. While she is small of stature, she is something of an athlete—one *must* be to belong to the O'Kalems—and her favorite pastimes are walking and horseback riding. I asked her where she lived, and her answer was "All over the face of the globe." Speaking of athletics, I was surprised and pleased to learn that she is quite a baseball fan and knew all about Mathewson's "fade-aways" and Chief Bender's "twisters." She is very fond of music, but is not particularly gifted herself. Her sister, Marguerite Gauntier, sings in grand opera in Germany, and is what they call a "headliner." Marguerite manages to see her sister Gene in every film. Quite a coincidence occurred last year, when Fil. Marguerite Gauntier was singing "Madam Butterfly" at the Stadt Operahaus and Fräulein Gene Gauntier was blowing up an ammunition wagon in "The Girl Spy" only a block away.

Not only is "Genie" a player, she is also a writer, and her ambition is to write a great psychological novel. Among her writings are a great number of successful scenarios. Not only is she a writer, she is a reader, her favorites being Browning, Mark Twain and biographies. She likes the seashore and the mountains, is very fond of sea voyages, but does not care for the farm. She does not care for receptions, dancing and society, and is wedded to her profession (the only wedding she ever had), which she loves dearly. She never appears before picture audiences, but is very fond of seeing herself on the screen, altho she is never entirely satisfied with her work. "I wonder if any Photoplayer ever lived who did not like to see his or her work on the screen," she said, and I guess she is right.

I have received a letter from Miss Gauntier, which is so bright and breezy and so characteristic of this picturesque little woman's personality that I will here quote the main part of it:

Our little band is always called upon to do the unexpected, and so we should be used to surprises by now. But even the O'Kalems may be pardoned for being startled when, on Saturday, November 25th, in Jacksonville, Mr. Olcott called all to his room, told us to take off our "make-ups," and begin to pack up—that we were to leave Jacksonville (where we had just got comfortably settled for the winter) on the following morning for New York and sail on the *Adriatic* the next Saturday for Egypt and Jerusalem!

We had no time to question—there was such packing to be done, a hurry call sent to our dear Jacksonville friends to come in and say farewell. There was a supper set for us at midnight—toasts and expressions of love and tender leave-taking. There were five wildly delirious days in New York, getting together wardrobe, wigs, suitable clothing, passports and letters of influence (which, alas! I fear we will need badly before our trip is ended). And when finally our little crowd stood, flower- and present-laden, on the deck of the big liner, gazing out eagerly for a last look into the faces of the friends who packed the gateways—not till then did we catch our breath and realize the many thousands of miles—the many long months that would separate us from our dear ones.

But even this last moment was not to be ours, and theirs—or, perhaps, was to be theirs over and over again, as they sit in some picture house and see projected on the screen that very leave-taking—for the voice of Director Olcott rang out "Let 'er go, George!" The purr of the picture machine became audible to trained ears as it ate up yards of film. And then we reached the end of the pier and faced about for a last look at the friends, only to find ourselves gazing into another camera on shore, with the smiling face of Mr. Dobson at the crank, flanked by our firm, Mr. Long and Mr. Marion.

So we folded the flags of all nations and the green and white Kalem pennants and passed away from New York—slipped by the well-known landmarks, the rows of piers, the Metropolitan Tower, the Singer Building, Coney Island—down, down the bay, and out into the ocean. And in all our minds there was a big wonder of when we would return and who would be there to greet us.

All of you, dear friends, we hope, and we want you all to know—whether you live in Florida, in California, in all the length and breadth of our United States—that your names will be on our lips daily. In our thoughts you will cross with us the desert sands of Egypt and stand within the sacred temples of Jerusalem. We will speak your names in sunny Italy and beside the River Jordan!

And you, friends, whom we do not know by name, but who nightly watch and recognize us on the screens of the picture houses—you it is whom we will strive to please in this, I might say, gigantic undertaking. We mean to give you the best work, the most interesting pictures it is possible for the O'Kalems to turn out. And if we meet with your full approbation we will feel amply repaid. *Au revoir!*

MAE HOTELY, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

"No, I have no idea when Miss Hotely will be in; she's out in her car, and may be away for hours," the maid informed me.

I emerged from the Metropole and stood looking down North Broad Street, wondering dejectedly what I should do next. There were two reasons for my dejection. I didn't want to go back to the office without my interview, and I had been looking forward to meeting this popular actress, whose pictured acting had pleased me so many times. It certainly was hard luck for

me. As I brooded over the unkindness of Fate, a motor car came whirling down the street.

"Well, they call Philadelphia a slow town, but that car's going some," I thought.

Then Fate suddenly turned kind, for the car slowed down, stopped, and out stepped a tall, graceful girl. Her hair was blown into a mass of fluttering ringlets, which formed a most attractive golden frame to the face, which was flushed and sparkling from the cold breezes. I knew at once that this was Miss Hotely. I didn't venture to speak to her there, however. I waited exactly fifteen minutes after she entered the house. Then I went in and sent up my card in proper fashion.

My patience and propriety met their reward. Like most of her profession, Miss Hotely reads THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and is enthusiastic about its good points, so she received me very cordially, and in the course of a half hour's talk, told me many interesting things about her life and work.

Born in Paris, of French and English parents, Miss Mae Hotely was educated at the Notre Dame Convent in Paris. She has all the vivacity, the quickness of wit, the enthusiasm which distinguish her countrywomen. Character leads in comedy is her favorite line of acting, altho she readily adapts herself to other parts.

"Are you particularly proud of any character you have created?" I asked.

"No," she answered quickly, with a dainty shrug of her shoulders, "because, after I have seen the picture, I always feel that I could have done better."

Thinking of her work as I have seen it upon the screen, I failed to find any reason for her feeling dissatisfied with it. Evidently the lady is her own severest critic.

"I enjoy every bit of my work," she declared. "I do not even dread the rehearsals. I left the 'regular' stage for the Motion Pictures about five years ago, and do not regret it. I consider picture-acting more difficult, because, if one makes a mistake on the regular stage tonight, it can be rectified tomorrow night, but no mistakes must be made before the camera."

Reading and automobiling are Miss Hotely's chief diversions. Her favorite authors are Shakespeare and Kipling. She is fond of the sea and is an expert swimmer. She has no love for society nor for baseball, but she is an ardent suffragette.

"What are you most interested in?" I asked.

"I am a Christian Scientist," was the reply, "so I am interested in all good. I think the Motion Picture is one of the most potent agencies for good in our modern life. It provides instruction and wholesome, innocent entertainment for the masses of the people. The whole business is in its infancy, and your magazine is helping greatly to elevate the tone of the Photoplay."

DOLORES E. CASSINELLI, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

DOLORES CASSINELLI! Isn't it a pretty name? On my way to her apartment in Chicago I had pictured her somewhat of the stately Castilian; eyes downcast behind a lace fan and all that. As a matter of fact, the sprightly little miss answered my ring herself.

"Oh, you've come to interview me?" she said. "Why, I've been an actress for only three months!"

"It makes no difference," I replied firmly, seeing how inexperienced she was; "your fame has found you out."

The artless girl, so different from the one I had pictured, ushered me to

her tiny parlor. There, seated, our chat commenced. "Yes," she said, "it seems like yesterday that I came to this big city and started in doing 'super' parts for the Essanay Company. I had had no previous experience, unless a fondness to impersonate every actress I had seen counted for anything. Everybody was most kind to me in the studio, and I always kept these thoughts before me: Look pretty, have all thoughts on what you are playing, and be all attention to the director."

"You didn't have any trouble about thought number one?" I ventured, with a glance at her charming, rosy face.

Her brown eyes let this pass, undefended, and her red lips parted in a warm smile, for you see she is still in the happy age when compliments pass as minted gold.

"Now, you see," she continued, "I am doing 'second business,' and have played everything from maids to leads."

"Do you like the work?"

"Immensely."

"What is your favorite hobby?"

"Loving my friends."

I rose reluctantly to go. "Some day, Miss Dolores," I said, "I am coming back to take a dozen pictures of you and write a lengthy biography. By then you will be hardened to this interview business and will be known all over the country."

"If I am," she said, "I will always look back on this part of my life as very pleasant and very happy."

On the Moving Picture Screen

By E. A. BRININSTOOL

I have seen the festive cowboy as he rounded up the steers,
Slappin' brandin' irons on 'em and a-notchin' of their ears.
I have seen him in the dance hall of the border town o' nights,
When he swung his pretty pardner and then shot out all the lights.
I have watched him ridin' broncos when he whooped 'em on the run,
And would tackle outlaw broncos on the range an' call it fun.
Yes, I've watched his wild contortions, an' his gayest acts I've seen,
Nope, not out upon the prairie—on the Movin' Picter screen!

I have seen the bold bad bandit start to holdin' up a stage,
Just exactly as they do it on the nickel novel page.
I have seen him rob the people; I have seen him cuss and shoot,
If the victims didn't pungle when he asked 'em for their loot.
I have seen him grab the daughter of the portly millionaire,
And within his mountain fastness hold her fer a ransom there;
Yes, I've often watched his actions, fascinated by the scene,
Nope, not in the Western country—on the Movin' Picter screen!

I have seen the low-browed villain, when the widow missed her rent,
Storm and threaten to expel her if the money wasn't sent.
I have seen her plead for mercy when the scoundrel came about,
And would scorn to have compassion, but would coldly kick her out.
I have seen the cooing lovers in the hammock after dark,
And have chuckled as I watched 'em when they started in to spark.
And I didn't feel 'twas spying or that I was bold or mean,
For it happened (to be honest) on the Movin' Picter screen!



So much is said about the National Board of Censors, that it may be well to give a few facts concerning them, which I have taken from their own circular. The Censoring Committee is made up of social workers, literary and professional people and earnest men and women of general culture, who give their time entirely without compensation. They desire and earnestly invite criticism and correspondence from the public. They take the position that Motion Pictures are a form of dramatic art, and, as such, they deal with real life and with the problems of real life. Among these problems are moral ones, involving conduct which, in real life, would be criminal. They know that the drama of all ages has dealt with real life and with its serious moral problems, but they insist that Motion Pictures shall contain no sensationalism and no representation of crime, except with the object of conveying a moral lesson. Crime for crime's sake is condemned. But for the extreme demand that is sometimes made, namely, that all pictures of crime or violence be forbidden, the Board is compelled to point out that such a standard would prohibit practically all of Shakespeare and the other classics, and even some of the best Biblical Motion Pictures that have been made, and would likewise make impossible such historical pictures as the life of Washington. Nor is it possible, they maintain, to confine Motion Pictures to those themes which are entirely proper to discuss in the presence of children. Anyway, more than two-thirds of the total audiences are adult. And last, but not least, the Board points out that the Motion Picture theater involves many problems other than the problem of the Motion Picture, and they urgently ask co-operation on the part of the authorities to better the conditions wherever pictures are shown.

If Motion Pictures were but a novelty, they would never have lasted out these twenty years. There are two important, fundamental principles underlying the art that have made them a permanent institution—dramatic art and education. We all have the dramatic instinct, in greater or less degree, and since our ancestors for thousands of years back also had it, there seems little danger that it will die. We are now witnessing the decadence of the dramatic stage, but seldom does any great institution fade away without leaving an improved substitute in its place. The Photoplay is the logical and natural successor to the stage play, but let us hope that there is room for both.

The State Home and Reformatory for Boys at Jamesburg, N. J., has adopted Motion Pictures as a part of its discipline. Good results have already been noted. One novel experiment is the use of humorous pictures, the idea being that while a boy is laughing he can harbor no criminal thoughts.

The more Photoplays I see, the more am I convinced that every scenario studio should possess a book of synonyms. When printed words are necessary on a film, they should be the simplest, briefest, correctest kind of words. It is folly to use such words as *perfidious* when *faithless* would answer just as well. I recently saw a Photoplay in which the following words were used on the screen, and I doubt if half the spectators knew, on the instant, what they meant: *Effectual, perfidy, expiate, depredation.* Some editors seem to think that big words are more "literary" than short ones, and that uncommon words are more "classy" than familiar ones; but this is a false notion, and should be corrected. Beyond the fact that the average assembly is composed of some children, some foreigners, some illiterates and some whose eyesight is too poor to read long words in small type, it must be remembered that short, familiar words are restful to the mind, because they require less effort to comprehend. Again, care should be taken to select just the right word to express the thought. The best authors sometimes spend hours going over their manuscripts, cutting out words that do not exactly express the precise meaning they wish to convey; and every story that appears in this magazine has been put thru the same pruning process. How much more so, then, should a scenario, because the reader is given but a moment to read and to understand?

There are two classes of people who enter the Motion Picture crusade. One seeks to mend it, the other to end it. Some persons cannot see anything good in that which is bad, and some cannot see anything bad in that which is good. All things are an admixture of good and evil. The thing is to preserve the good by eliminating the bad, and to correct the bad by encouraging the good. There is nothing perfect in all Nature: everything has its defects, including Motion Pictures; but only fools will try to destroy all because some are bad.

One of the hobbies of Mr. J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, is to collect curiosities of literature, and the indications are that if he ever attempts to rival Disraeli by publishing his collection, the result would be disastrous to the famous publication of the latter gentleman. Mr. Blackton has the advantage of looking over basketfuls of mail every morning, and in one of these baskets lately he found the following communication, which certainly makes the best of Disraeli's collection pale into insignificance:

The village bell is striking 12
My lamp wick have drank the oil
Although now in darkness girl my sight
Is here from spoil
For you I see a shing like
A moving Picture star
With a face has smooth velvet
And free from cruel scars
The bell it has seease ringing
My eye lids they are cloed
Good night dear soul I am off
to dreamland off to sweet repose

Would you buy a good Picture-play that I have written for her to act?

Yours truly,
WILL J. SULLIVAN.

I suggest a new sign for the theaters: "Ladies will please remove their hair."

For the past ten years there seems to have been a competition between the reporters and editors to see who could say the worst things about Motion Pictures. Miles of attack have been printed, but still the Photoplay moves onward and forward. Nothing good ever came into the world which was not the subject of bitter opposition in the beginning. It is indeed a wonder that Thomas A. Edison has escaped the fate of other great inventors, reformers and discoverers. Socrates was made to drink the fatal hemlock; Jesus of Nazareth was crucified; Columbus was put in chains; Galileo was made to recant under penalty of death; Joan of Arc was burned at the stake; a price was put upon the head of Cromwell; Napoleon was sent to St. Helena; Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were assassinated, but, thank God, Edison still lives, and he is honored by all the world as one of its most useful and beneficent citizens.

Marriage is like a besieged fort: those who are without want to get in, and those who are within want to get out. We are never satisfied. She who is fat wants to be thin, and she who is thin wants to be fat. We complain of the weather—it is too hot or it is too cold. If we are poor, we complain, and if we are rich, we complain because we are not richer. Perhaps it is just as well, because discontent is the mother of progress. Were we satisfied with things as they are, we would not constantly be striving to better them.

As to whether children should be allowed to attend Photoshows without their parents, will somebody please rise and state how a parent is going to change the effect of the pictures upon children? If a picture is bad, it will do harm to children, whether the parents are present or not.

There are many societies now engaged in regulating children. Why not a few to regulate the parents of children? Parents are supposed to be responsible for rearing their children, but if public societies are to do it, they should be made to assume the responsibility.

The Motion Picture manufacturers often receive some queer communications. Here is one that was bought and paid for by the Vitagraph Company, but whether it was bought as a curiosity or as a literary masterpiece is not clear:

"Dear Sir:

"I wrote this story about the Birglar. And took pains with it If its good. all right, I wish you would cindly write & tell me if its good. My parents said its grand. the onely thing I want to know if its good. & Do I get a high Sum of money for it if so. cindly send it to me by mail. "MARGARET TARSITANA."

THE BIRGLAR.

Miss Edith was invited to a ball with few of her friends. while she was dancing with a man. A few birglar, creep into the back door and saw beautiful girls dancings. One of the birglar, saw a pair of goods cloths and put them on. and tell the others to go away. And went to Edith & said give me a chance to dance. she thought he was a man that belonged in the ball, so she said orright & put her name in the books. she caught love at him at the first sight when the ball was over. she went home and meet the birglars. & they said to Edith hands up she was frighten. a minute later Her friend came, and they all went away. a year later they were keeping Company & gave her a diamond ring. And after six months later they were married. And after awhile He wouldn't work and they were poor and she did not want to live with him she took her cloths And went to her mothers. And tell her all about her husband that did not want to work and support her. One day she was sitting near the window and hear a muse boy screaming, "The dealth of Mr. Readin." News Paper. New York Journel Mr. Readen was killed by some of his friends by jealousey. & Mrs. Readin was glad.

Written by

MARGARET TARSITANA.

The educational possibilities of the Motion Picture can hardly be exaggerated. We have only a vague shadow of the future. As in all branches of discovery and invention, what has gone before is soon eclipsed by the wonders that come after. Little did Franklin dream, when he plucked electricity from the clouds, of the multitude of electric devices that his discovery would unfold. And, when Newton revealed the law of gravitation, when Columbus reasoned that the world was round, when Archimedes discovered the law of specific gravity, when Aristotle formulated the process of deductive reasoning, when Faraday invented the electric dynamo, when Pasteur discovered the germ theory, when Copernicus made up his system of astronomy and when Samuel S. B. Morse became the father of American photography and of the electric telegraph, little did these pioneers of thought think of the wonders to come from their mere beginnings. As has been said a thousand times, the Motion Picture is yet in its infancy. What is to follow in the next decade of an educational nature is only wild conjecture, but there is every reason to believe that it will not be less wonderful than the great movements just mentioned. The Photoplay has the advantage of being a labor-saving device. A teacher may only speak once at the same time: the Motion Picture may address millions, in all parts of the world, at one and the same time. The stage actor may appear before only one audience at a time: the Photoplay actor may appear before tens of thousands assembled in as many cities, all in a night.

Real joy does not proceed from transient things. Only that which points to a future yields perfect happiness.

Literature has made heroes of such desperadoes as Robin Hood, Captain Kidd, Henry Morgan and Jesse James, and, in the past, Motion Pictures have helped to heroize these characters. All writers of history, fiction and scenarios should bear in mind that thousands of susceptible, impressionable boys will read their productions or see them pictured. In telling the story of a desperado, it is not necessary to make him a picturesque, martyred hero.

About 3,380 different films are released every year. The number of vaudeville acts and regular dramas and comedies must be much less, but the probabilities are that there are twice as many objectionable plays and acts as there are films. It would be strange indeed if 3,380 Photoplays could be produced by numerous manufacturers, some of whom are irresponsible, without an objectionable scene. Sometimes a Photoplay is shown that never should have been shown, and the newspapers and preachers rise in their might and denounce the whole Motion Picture business. Of course this is unfair, but the moral is, let each manufacturer constitute himself a censor and let him exert his influence to the end that not one single objectionable scene shall ever get into the films. They now see what harm one little scene may do, hence they should take every precaution to see that the films are kept pure and clean.

We are a luxury-loving and novelty-worshiping people. Poor men now expect to own a phonograph, or a self-playing piano, or even an automobile! No wonder that the cost of living is constantly increasing when we spend half our incomes on luxuries. If we keep labor employed making luxuries, there will be less labor employed on the farms and in making necessaries: and if there are less people employed making necessaries, there will be less necessaries; and if there are less necessaries, the prices of necessaries will be higher.

Mr. Harold C. Kessinger, the National Lecturer of the Yeomen of America, writes me the following interesting communication:

"I went to a Motion Picture show. There I saw what American democracy means. There I saw all the people. In they came, the rich and the ragged; the leading citizen and the hod-carrier; the master and the servant; the bachelor and his gentleman friends from the club; the sweethearts; the family of wife, father and children. Yes, and there's grandmother, too, the excitement and fascinating pictures bringing the flush of youth to her cheeks.

"They are all there. You ask for the melting pot. The Motion Picture show is it. You ask for the proof of our democracy. The Motion Picture show proves it. You say the great masses are bad, their tastes low and vulgar. The Motion Picture show nails your lie. Watch the great audience, rich and poor, satins and rags, melted and fused into one great mass, a great, pulsating human heart, touched by pain, convulsed with laughter.

"Watch the eager faces of the crowd, their questioning, wondering eyes. Watch them follow the story of the picture with scorn for the villain, and blazing hope for the good and true. These people, these American people, made up of all classes, a great conglomerate mass of American humanity, they are good and sound and wholesome at the core, for right and against sin, and wrong, and unfair play.

"See the American flag. Hear the orchestra strike up the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Hear the cheers, and you will never doubt their patriotism!

"The Motion Picture show is the common people's college, the public school teacher, one of the greatest forces of education and enlightenment of the present day.

"The Motion Picture has come to stay, has come to evangelize the church and school. It is finding its place in all fields of human endeavor. State universities use it to teach the great lessons of better country highways, the value of fertilized soil and the need of better farm conditions. Bible stories are made interesting, graphic and impressive; geography transformed from a dry, monotonous study.

"The Motion Picture machine is the wonder-worker of the present day, the leading educator, guiding parent and child into new fields of human interest, education and entertainment."

It is important to censor the films, but it is equally important to censor the literature from which films are made. Most plots are taken from current history or from the short stories that have appeared in the newspapers and magazines. Sherlock Holmes stories may recount all kinds of crimes, and the newspapers may publish accounts of every variety of marital infidelity, and the censors are silent; but, let anything one-half as bad appear on the screen, and they are up in arms. So why not censor the printers' productions?

He who always tells the truth is sure to be found out.

I overheard an interesting conversation the other day between two persons, one a Motion Picture enthusiast and the other a public school teacher. Had I been a stenographer, I would have taken down the entire conversation and published it here. The question under discussion was, What man or woman in public life today is doing the most good in the training of our boys? Who is creating the most beneficent impression? Who is doing most to mold good, moral character? Many names were mentioned by the teacher, one being a writer of boys' stories, one a Sunday-school teacher, one a college president, one an editor and one a preacher. But the Motion Picture "fan" had but one name, and he insisted that this person was doing more to instill in our boys all over the world a love of bravery and courage, a proper conception of moral uprightness, a clear idea of the beauty of self-sacrifice and a lasting impression of the nobility of honesty of purpose. And to whom do you think he referred? Not to Theodore Roosevelt, not to President Taft, not to any evangelist, preacher, moralist or reformer, but to a simple, plain, excellent Photoplayer—G. M. Anderson!

All critics of Motion Pictures should remember that the industry consists of several parts or divisions, each under different ownership and control. The film manufacturers do nothing but make the pictures. The various film companies sell these pictures to various operators and exhibitors. Before these films are handed to the film exchanges, they are carefully censored by the National Board of Censors, which is composed of prominent men and women. The theaters have no connection with the manufacturers. There are between ten and fifteen thousand theaters in the United States where Motion Pictures are shown. New ones are springing up every day, and old ones are closing down. Much of the public criticism pertains to the picture-houses and not to the films themselves. The National Board of Censors seems to be an eminently able, careful and competent body, and therefore, with very few exceptions, the films that are shown can be depended upon to be unobjectionable in every way. The only thing that remains to be censored is the Picture Theaters, and these are under the supervision of the city authorities. Most of the harm that has come from Motion Pictures seems to have grown out of the practice of maintaining dance halls, saloons and other meeting places in conjunction with the Motion Pictures, which usually adjoin the halls, and, if any reform is now necessary, it should be in the direction of regulating this dangerous combination. But to condemn Motion Pictures themselves because a few unscrupulous exhibitors abuse them is folly.

There is a large class of persons who are so full of virtue and righteousness that they devote their time to condemning rather than to amending. Instead of pointing out the bad spots and correcting them, they cover over the good ones and destroy all. Which is very much like the man who, in order to cure a corn, decided to amputate his leg.

The preachers of Lima, Ohio, have formed a "pastors' union" to have the Motion Picture theaters of that city closed on Sunday. I wonder if they would still object should the theaters agree to show only religious films on Sunday! If they did, it would tend to show that the element of competition was largely instrumental in forming their prejudices.

There is such a thing as the science of physiognomy, but the trouble is in learning it. Levater's ponderous volume is a poor guide, and no author has yet been able to analyze the human expression and to tell accurately what the various features mean. And yet, what is love at first sight but a proof of the silent language of the countenance? As Julia Ward Howe once said, "The language of the face is not taught by the schools; it is intuitive, and to the observant is always legible." Children are usually excellent physiognomists, yet science has not been able to formulate a text-book. All of us think we can read character, yet not one of us can lay down a single reliable rule. Perhaps Addison was the one man who summed it all up in one neat paragraph, thus: "Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eyebrow call a man a scoundrel."

We welcome the error that persuades us that we are happy; we shun the truth that proves that we are not. We believe quickest that which we wish; we reject quickest that which gives us pain.

We come across a man, once in a while, who can do anything and everything, but we usually find that he can do nothing real well—a sort of Jack-of-all-trades and good at none. Nature is usually stingy with her gifts: she may give a man one great gift of genius, but seldom two; she may give him several small gifts, but only one large one. This rule, like all others, has its exceptions. Julius Cæsar, as a general, had no rival, except perhaps Napoleon; as a statesman he classes with Pericles; as an orator, he compares favorably with Cicero; and as a writer, he excelled Xenophon and rivaled Tacitus, and showed that he was a master of the varied topics he wrote of, which included rhetoric and grammar, tragedies, satires, war, lyrics and sociology. Leonardo da Vinci was another versatile genius, being a master of all the arts—a poet, a musician, a sculptor, an engineer, an astronomer, an architect, a chemist, a mathematician and a director of public functions. Michael Angelo was another genius of varied talents, all masterly, including architecture, painting, poetry and sculpture. Still another was Edmund Burke, who, as an originator, rivaled Newton; as a philosopher, rivaled Bacon; as an orator, Mirabeau; as a political economist, Adam Smith; as a judge of fine art, Joshua Reynolds; as a myriad-minded man, Shakespeare. Still another genius of versatility was Benjamin Franklin, who was the real father, or grandfather, of his country, and he was not only a statesman, but a philosopher, inventor, writer, diplomat, philanthropist, printer, reformer, organizer and discoverer. And yet, each of these versatile men was and is known mostly for excellence in one thing. Thus we speak of Cæsar as a military genius, of Da Vinci and Angelo as artists, of Burke as an orator and of Franklin as a simple philosopher. It is a far better thing to know everything of something than to know something of everything, because the world wants specialists, not smatterers. It is hard enough to master one thing, and it is practically impossible, in this day, to master more than one.

Among the many admirers of Motion Pictures are Tetrazzini, the famous opera singer, and Professor Starr, of Chicago University. Professor Starr has pronounced "the Moving Picture to be the highest type of entertainment in the world," and Mark Twain, shortly before his death, said: "The modern Moving Picture show makes one feel brighter, healthier and happier." If all that has been said by our greatest educators and litterateurs in favor of Motion Pictures could be collected, it would make a big and an interesting book; and yet, once in a while, some person for reasons unknown, or perhaps thru ignorance, comes forward to declare that Motion Pictures are filling our penitentiaries. Possibly the headlines in some yellow newspaper were what first excited his imagination.

Appearances are often deceptive. That demure Quaker-gray coat may be lined with pink satin; that chorus girlie may be sixty; that painted queen of the drawing-room may be homely as Socrates; that man with an auto may not have paid his grocer; that Italian fruit vender may own a whole row of houses, and that man with a somber countenance may be full of mirth and of the milk of human kindness.

The housekeeper thinks that dust settles only on polished surfaces: it settles on the unpolished surfaces just as much, only it does not show. Likewise, some people think that wisdom settles only on polished people; whereas, if common horse-sense is wisdom, many a clam-digger and farmer, sitting around the country grocery stove, speak more wisdom in an hour than most city clubmen speak in a week.

Emerson says somewhere, "Each man is, by secret liking, connected with some district of Nature, whose agent and interpreter he is, as Linnæus of plants, Huber of bees, Fries of lichens, Van Mons of pears, Dalton of atomic forms, Euclid of lines, Newton of fluxions." This phenomenon is interesting. While we see around us every day unsuccessful men who appear to have missed their calling, and who might have been great had they followed some other calling, we observe that most worthy men sooner or later gravitate to their proper sphere of usefulness. Napoleon was once engaged in feeding cattle and in sailing a coaster. Edison was employed in a baggage car. Darwin raised doves. Arkwright, inventor of the spinning mill, was a barber who shaved for a penny. Hugh Miller used to rub down marble slabs. Henry Clay followed the plow. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a doctor. Lincoln spent most of his early days in splitting rails. Faraday was a bookbinder's apprentice. Pliny was once more proficient at pulling weeds than at anything else. Herschel was leader of a church choir. John Bright tended a loom in a cotton-mill. Whittier was nothing but a sower of onions, and Bryant spent much of his time in cutting brush. Jenny Lind was but a housemaid. Mirabeau used to work at a vat in a tannery. George Stephenson attended the cows and worked on the coal banks. Dickens was a reporter. Galvani made soup for the boarders. James Watt was a clerk in a fish market. Patrick Henry used to run errands for a lawyer. Columbus was engaged in throwing the shuttle in the woolen mills. Milton was once but a copyist for a barrister. Garfield used to drive a mule along the canals. James G. Blaine was a teacher in a blind asylum. Franklin was a printer. Shakespeare was a stage carpenter. Molière was a strolling player. General Grant was a grocer. Spinoza used to grind lenses. John Stuart Mill was an accountant. Morse was an artist. Eli Whitney was a teacher. Herbert Spencer was a railway engineer. Scott was a law clerk. Robert Fulton was a portrait painter. But each of these men grew out of their work and gravitated to those pursuits for which Nature had fitted them. Opportunity generally knocks at every man's door, but if she does not, we must go out and look for her.

We have a peculiar habit of idolizing the ancients and of idealizing everything they ever said. How stupid! No philosopher ever made more mistakes than did Aristotle, and if we were to follow the precepts of Plato we should soon get in trouble. Some writers quote, say, Goldsmith, on a given topic, and think that they have cited an authority merely because Goldsmith wrote two or three great works; whereas, those who knew poor Oliver most, valued his opinion least. We also have a habit of exalting everything foreign: if it is "imported" it must be very fine. While it is true that some things from the other side are superior to our own, it is well known that many things imported are far inferior to the domestic article. They make poor, cheap imitations abroad, just as we do here, and they are made to fool the gullible. And they do.

When they rave about the evil influences of the Moving Picture theaters, and tell of the myriads of boys and girls who have been ruined thereby, just ask them to name one of these bad theaters. If they name one, then it is your duty to join them in an attempt to have the guilty ones brought to justice. If they do not name one, ask them to find one. There must be more than one in every large city where the influences are not what they should be, and every person interested in Motion Pictures, or who recognizes their wonderful power for good, should make it his business to see that that theater is closed down or corrected.

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Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

The increasing pressure upon our columns and the length of time that of necessity elapses before a question can be replied to in a magazine, which must remain on the press almost a month, has led us to extend the usefulness of this department.

Hereafter those questioners who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. A stamp alone will not be sufficient. It must be affixed to an envelope bearing your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper and use separate sheets for replies to the contests or inquiries of the business office.

The magazine cannot undertake to guarantee replies, but every effort will be made to obtain the correct answers to all legitimate questions clearly stated.

L. T., "Picture Fan," Jane B., M. A. S., F. S. V., D. C. (who does not state questions clearly); W. F., A. M. H., D. B., Elsie B. (who thinks she knows of two marriages and asks of two others); "Arthur and Florence," "Ellen," M. E., "Majestic," Francis, "Inquisitive Marguerite," Anna J., "Florence" (who wants to know are they m——d?); M. G. B. (in the same class); M. I., Harry K., A. W., L. S., Dorothy A. P. (who gives a film title we do not place); Miss F. O. W., Miss Rhyma M., Miss Bertha T. (who cant be answered merely by calling a Bio a Vita); H. M., F. J. M., Milton G., Doris H. (who is advised that Miss Joyce is still where she was); J. S. Ky., P. H., "M.," Taunton, Miss M. T., Harry G. (who desires entire casts); W. N. C., Jennie J., E. C. C., E. M., Genevieve H., Dottie C., Mary A., A. A. B., "Two Curious Chums," "Susie Gee," "Admirer" (of San Antonio); M. E. H., B. H. L., Hazel G., Miss E. J., Oscar K., G. D. B. M., H. C. P., M. W., L. R. M., Miss M. R. (who should watch for the answer to D. W.); Miss M. D., E. Ruth, F. L. G., "Nobby," "Three Twins," Miss G. B. M., "Kentucky Kate" (two Majestics a week); J. W. H., P. A. M. and H. D. B., E. J. B., M. L. B., Alison McM. (we cannot locate film); Dorothy J., "Constant Reader," D. M. W., H. A. S., Miss Estelle F., G. B. T., Dixie H., Chester Y. C., Chas. G., Dorris S., Frances, "A Reader," M. E. W., M. M. P. (who does not ask questions that are clear); M. D., G. A. R., A. E. H., G. C., Mattie, "Admirer Edna," Billy, R. A. G., D. R., "Anxious" (Buffalo); M. R., "Anxious" (Lubin's); B. S. T., G. F., J. R. J., Elizabeth L., Lucy K., M. C. H., M. G. M., J. R. G., L. E. V., "R. S. V. P.," E. B. and others are advised that their questions cannot be answered for one of several good reasons. We are sorry.

E. C. G., New York.—Frederick Santley was the leading man in both "The Jollier" and "The Lost Freight Car" (Kalem).

Six of Us.—The player marked in the Lubin cut is Jack Standing.

H. M., Vancouver.—In Lubin's "The Maniac," Albert McGovern was Miss Lawrence's lover and Arthur Johnson the maniac.

L. V., St. Louis.—The Lubin Company is not certain, but thinks that Albert McGovern and Harry C. Myers are the players you ask for.

Miss E. J., Covington.—In Essanay's "Broncho Billy's Adventure," Fred Church was the girl's sweetheart.

J. C. R., Stamford.—Mrs. Balfour was the mother and Miss Isabel Rea the dying daughter in Imp's "The Minor Chord." In the same company's "At a Quarter to Two," the mother of the child was Mary Pickford.

Miss K. G., Omaha.—In Imp's "The Sultan's Garden," Mr. Baggot played the naval lieutenant. In "Second Sight," the favored lover was Owen Moore.

P. W. H.—There was a double lead in Bison's "The Broken Trap." Miss Evelyn Graham was the white girl and Miss Anna Little the Indian.

D. H. B., Mendota.—Jack Halliday was the leading man in Lubin's "The House That Jack Built."

Florence, Lancaster.—Romaine Fielding was the teamster in the Lubin release of that title.

J. E., Baltimore.—The monk in "A Cup of Cold Water" and Caius Valerius in "The New Faith" was Hobart Bosworth. Note the corrected name of the last character.

L. van A., Burlington.—Miss Jane Wolf was the elder sister in Kalem's "The Higher Toll."

C. H. K., Eugene.—Miss Gertrude Claire was Marthe Waldon in Nestor's "Let Us Smooth the Way."

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"Built—Not Stuffed"

H. C., MOBERLY.—The Thanhouser Company does not regard Miss Marguerite Snow as a blonde, but suggests that it must be she in "The Buddhist Priestess," since she was the only woman in the cast. William Garwood was the naval officer. The "Thanhouser Kid" is Marie Eline.

E. S. S., WILMINGTON.—Kate, in Kalem's "A Flash in the Night," was Miss Anna Nilsson.

G. S., NEW YORK.—Sydney Ayres was Lieutenant Moore in "Captain Brand's Wife."

A. L., BROOKLYN.—Prior to his Vitagraph connection, Maurice Costello was one of the Spooner Stock Company favorites.

I. W. C., NEW YORK.—In Kalem's "Molly Pitcher" Miss Anna Nilsson was Molly and Guy Coombs the husband.

J. C. F., MILTON.—In Imp's "For the Queen's Honor" the queen was Miss Isabel Rea; the king, King Baggot; the princes, L. Tucker and Owen Moore; the princess, Miss Mary Pickford, and the queen's favorite, Mab Rea.

H. R. S., BOSTON.—Harry Myers and Arthur Johnson are the two leads in "His Stubborn Way."

G. S., NEW YORK.—In Lubin's "A Romance of the '60's," Cora and her sweetheart were Miss Frances Gibson and Jack Standing.

R. E., AUBURN.—Jack Standing was Bud in Lubin's "A Cowboy's Love."

DAISY, LANCASTER.—In Lubin's "An Actor in a New Rôle," William Louis was the actor turned book agent.

VERA, GREENVILLE.—In Thanhouser's "The Satyr and the Lady," the lady was Miss Florence Labadie; the artist, Harry Benham; the peddler, David H. Thompson, and the child, the "Thanhouser Kid." See H. C., above.

MURIEL V. DE W., BROOKLYN.—In Vitagraph's "Her Crowning Glory," Mrs. Costello was the nurse and Miss Flora Finch the governess with the false hair. Other questions have been answered.

ANXIOUS, BOSTON.—We do not decide bets, and, anyhow, we have no information about that bear.

I. M., FRESNO.—You are not clear in your question. Bison negatives are made in Los Angeles, but the positive prints are manufactured in New York City.

H. M. L., NEW ORLEANS.—Edgar A. Wynne was Tom Browne in Selig's "Brown of Harvard." Other queries answered before.

ANXIOUS, AUGUSTA.—The youngest child in Photoplay is a variable factor. We believe Edna May Wieck, with Edison, is the youngest regularly employed. Dorris and Kenneth Kelsey are the Essanay child actors.

V. L., NEWMAN.—We have not used Mr. Morey's picture. You cannot get the photo of the Biograph child. Miss Bertha Krieghoff was the leading woman in "Snowbound with a Woman Hater." She is no longer with the Vitagraph.

AN ADMIRER, READING.—You can obtain Vol. 1 of this magazine, handsomely bound, for three yearly cash subscribers. See advertising pages.

E. M., BALTIMORE.—The Photoplays you ask about are too old to be recalled. Cannot definitely answer your fourth question, but we know of none.

DONALD, AMES.—Most questions answered before. Adele de Garde and Kenneth Casey were the children in Vitagraph's "The Child Crusoes." Miss Gauntier was the heroine of "The Fishermaid of Ballydavid."

J. M., BROOKLYN.—The Méliès Company can use Western comedies occasionally. See their advertisement in the February issue.

DIXIE, W. VA.—See article in last issue about getting into the picture companies. Scenarios should be typewritten. All companies expect players to furnish modern costumes.

M. T.—"Stage-struck Lizzie" was an Edison release, with Miss Alice Washburne in the title rôle.

P. A. R., AURORA.—Dont you mean Thomas Santschi, who plays with the Selig Company?

A. H., HONESDALE.—Miss Edith Storey was the Doria in "Chains of an Oath" and Miss Florence Turner in "Jealousy" ("A Discarded Favorite"). Both are Vitagraphs.

R. F. F., NEW YORK.—Albert McGovern had the title rôle in Lubin's "The District Attorney's Oath." Robert Conness, not Guy Coombs, plays Van Bibber in the Edison productions of the Davis stories.

L. M. T., NORWALK.—Address Miss White at the Pathé Frères Studio, 1 Congress Avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

F. H. H.—Howard Mitchell is still with the Lubin Company at this writing. Leo Delaney, Miss Florence Turner and Miss Lillian Walker had the leads in Vitagraph's "Cherry Blossoms." Miss Turner was the real sweetheart.

L. L., MONTREAL.—We dont believe that Miss Florence Lawrence comes from Butte City.

O. K., CHICAGO.—George Melford was Daniel Boone in "Daniel Boone's Bravery."

V. S., TROY.—The Edison Company has several leading women. Miss Lawrence's pictures were run in the March, August and December issues of this magazine.

Has Your Scenario Come Back?

Do you know WHY?

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M. S., OAKLAND.—The Western studio of Pathé Frères is in the vicinity of Los Angeles. Among the "independents," Bison, American and Imp accept Western stories.

M. F. W., SPOKANE.—Hobart Bosworth is the Selig player you ask for. Miss Trunnelle is with the Majestic Company.

M. H., MONTGOMERY.—Max Linder is living, but has been ill. His pictures have been released on this side lately with Urban.

D. W., NEW YORK.—Guy Coombs is the player you ask for. His picture may be had of the Kalem Company.

DEVOTED READER.—Miss Mary Pickford did not accidentally hang herself, and she did play in Majestic's "Love Heeds Not Showers."

M. I. C., BUFFALO.—Miss Laura Sawyer was Ellen in Edison's "Pull for the Shore," and Sydney Ayres the Lieutenant Grey in Selig's "Lieutenant Grey of the Confederacy."

READER.—We stay on the press so long that it's not possible to give a complete list, but Vitagraph, Imp and Champion have some stunning aeroplane pictures, and Lubin is after some at this writing. There are probably others. If you want films for exhibition purposes, see some rental exchange in your city.

C. F. M., NEW LONDON.—Miss Natalie Jerome was the Joan of Edison's "Black Arrow." Her companion's name is not stated. Miss Leonard headed the Gem Company, which was consolidated with the Rex. Miss Fuller has had stage experience.

FESTUS.—Miss Frances Gibson was the Dolores of Lubin's "The Señorita's Conquest."

E. W. P., WASHINGTON.—James Morrison was the huckster in Vitagraph's "The Geranium." Harry T. Morey had the title part in the same company's "The Sky Pilot." Miss Elsie McLeod and Edward Boulden had the leads in Edison's "An Unknown Language."

G. H. D., PORTLAND.—Paul Kelly was the Jimmie of Vitagraph's "Jimmie's Jobs." Chas. Ogle has played General Washington in some Edison films, but not "always." Mrs. Julia Swayne was the mother in Vitagraph's "The Cabin Boy."

S. G. N., MOBILE.—(1) Previously answered. (2) Merely a matter of price; a local condition. (3) No. (4) Out of order. (5) No.

M. AND E. P.—Harry Coleman was Percy the Cowboy. He is in vaudeville now. Your other questions are not in order.

R. H., LANCASTER.—Mr. Johnson is not in the section of the Lubin Company that made "A Gay Time in Atlantic City." This was made about July, 1911, under Arthur D. Hotaling's direction.

L. G., BROOKLYN.—We cant quite make out your question, but the Kalem address is 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, if that is what you mean. You'll find it in the back pages of the magazine.

A. F., MANCHESTER.—You're pretty far back in history, but Howard Mitchell was the hero in Lubin's "The Irish Boy." It was his Motion Picture début, by the way. (2-3) Being a new reader, you are informed that we do not answer questions about Biograph players. Francis X. Bushman is with the Essanay Chicago company. Arthur Mackley had the title rôle in Essanay's "The Frontier Doctor."

LEONE, COSHOCTON.—The late Kyrle Bellew was not a member of the Kalem Company. We do not know Miss Briscoe's present whereabouts.

READER, NEW YORK.—The Western sections of the Kalem Company are permanently established on the coast.

C. M., CALAIS.—Mr. McDermott's picture was in the June issue. It will be mailed on receipt of 15 cents. Majestic portraits are not available, but we ran Miss Trunnelle's in the August, April and November issues. Miss Pickford is not now with the Majestic Company.

E. J.—"Her Crowning Glory" seems to be Mrs. Costello's only appearance. She was the nurse.

W. C. B.—Mr. Thayer is a Selig player.

C. W., ST. LOUIS.—Miss Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson had the leads in "Art vs. Music."

L. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—The Vitagraph's Eagle Eye is a real Indian.

J. D., MEDFORD.—Your identification is incorrect. Sydney Ayres was the John Forman in Selig's "The Little Widow." The player you mention is not with the Selig or any other company that we know of.

A. W., WASHINGTON.—Licensed Photoplays are made under licenses obtained from the Motion Pictures Patents Company, holding the Edison-Biograph patents. The independents have contested the validity of these patents and profess themselves independent of the licensing company. The patents have recently been emphatically sustained. Independent pictures cannot be shown in licensed theaters because of the license restrictions. Independents cannot show licensed pictures because they cannot obtain them. There is no data as to the largest company. Probably the Vitagraph has the greatest number of players on the regular pay roll, but Edison and Kalem might contest this claim.

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ADDRESS:

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT,
VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
East 15th Street & Locust Ave.,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

L. P. C., YOUNGSTOWN.—You are right. Miss Lillian Walker was the coquette and Miss Helen Gardner the nurse in Vitagraph's "The Inherited Taint."

E. R., CHICAGO.—Selig did not make "The Trapper's Daughter." Vitagraph and Reliance have used that title recently. Which do you mean? Mr. Anderson is not a cowboy turned actor, but the reverse.

P. L., SANFORD.—Miss Nelson was still with the Lubin Company the last we heard, but there have been many changes lately.

M. G., CHICAGO.—Miss Mary Pickford was the Majestic's Little Red Riding Hood.

F. P., HOBOKEN.—We never heard of a picture being made in Paterson. (2) Each company follows its own ideas as to the pictures most likely to prove popular with audiences, and it happens that the two you mention make this special style, that's all. It's not part of any formulated plan, but merely a matter of business discretion.

MISS CURIOUS, BROCKTON.—Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush had the leads in American's "The Love of the West." We cannot make out the other question. Write it more plainly, please.

INTERESTED, BROOKLYN.—You hold the record with eighteen questions. We cannot spare the required space, even if we could afford to spend a week or two with old casts naming "some of the plays" in which a dozen favorites have appeared. Requests of this nature and requests for entire casts are barred. Mr. McGovern's picture was in the April issue.

INQUISITIVE.—Mr. Coombs went back to the dramatic stage and then to the Kalem Company, so we both are right.

SUNNY SOUTH, GREENVILLE.—Mr. Blackwell should be addressed in care of the home office. See elsewhere for address.

H. S.—Send stamped envelope addressed to yourself for list of Photoplay companies.

H. W., CORNWALL.—Jean is still with the Vitagraph. The Edison motorboat and island pictures were made last summer in the St. Lawrence. The actor marked in the picture is Edward O'Connor.

E. V. P., PATERSON.—We have no line on the Belmar Company or its players. They have been working near South Beach. Try that for an address. (2) We do not know why all concerns do not use casts. Vitagraph, Edison, Selig and Thanhouser do and some others occasionally. We wish all did. (3) It's a pressure on space to get the answers in without printing the questions.

E. L. K., ZANESVILLE.—Miss Florence Lawrence was Ethel in Lubin's "Art vs. Music." Edwin Clarke was Jack in Edison's "The Bo'sun's Watch."

G. M. D.—Sydney Olcott was Shaun the Post in Kalem's "Arrah-na-Pogue."

K. D., NEW YORK.—Most Photoplayers use some modification of the stage make-up or none at all. The black and blue make-ups were passing fads.

H. J. G., STAMFORD.—We do not know where the pictures you mention were taken. Mr. Frank Marion is a member of the Kalem Company: the company itself, not the stock company.

MRS. A. F. T., DENVER.—We are able to locate Harry Coleman, of the Lubin Company, for you, but the Biograph is a different matter.

G. M., OAKLAND.—The Edison Company is naturally the oldest Motion Picture company in America, since it is an Edison invention. Other queries answered before.

P. D. G., BROCKPORT.—Miss Jane Wolf and Carlyle Blackwell were the leads in "Norma of Norway." You're not asking matrimonial questions, but you are on forbidden ground.

E. V. D.—Miss Edna Fisher was the girl in "Broncho Bill's Christmas Dinner." The Anderson question is answered under his cut in the February number.

W. B. M., BAY RIDGE.—Miss Montanye Perry is not the author of the Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair" scenario. She adapted the story for the use of this magazine, but the scenario was made by Eugene Mullin, a talented Brooklyn young man.

E. K., NEWARK.—Several companies occasionally make Photoplays in the Orange Mountains. See answer to L. M. T.

B. L., BROOKLYN.—Mr. Blackwell is with the Kalem Company, but formerly posed with the Vitagraph players. You saw an old picture. (2) G. M. Anderson.

HEARTBROKEN, NEW YORK.—Arthur Johnson is not dead. Miss Mary Fuller was Edison's Modern Cinderella.

M. P. FAN, ANTIGONISH.—J. Stuart Blackton, vice-president and secretary of the Vitagraph Company, owns the *Vita* and the *Viva*, the crack motorboats. Your other questions are too personal to be answered.

N. M. M., EASTPORT.—We hear that Jack Standing is with Eclair. See answer to E. J. That's the best we can do.

INQUISITIVE, ST. LOUIS.—See answer to Muriel V. de W.

HELEN M., NEW YORK.—Mona Darkfeather was the Bison Owanee. The Bison studio is in Glendale, Cal. The address of the Thanhouser Company is New Rochelle, N. Y., but their editor, Bertram Adler, advises us that they buy no scripts, if that is what you want it for.



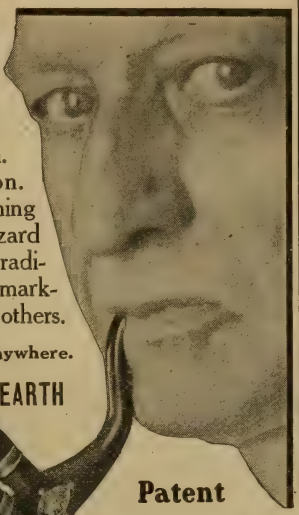
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"I have just disposed of 'The Timber Thieves' to the Edison Co. for $25.00."

"The Selig Polyscope Co. has bought 'His Brother' and 'The Strike Breaker'."

"I sold 'The Mysterious Letter' to the Vitagraph Co."

"The Biograph Co. accepted my second scenario."

"The Lubin Mfg. Co. has just sent me a check for my first scenario."

"Kalem has bought 'The Blackfoot Halfbreed'; this makes two."

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EAGLE, READING.—You've the wrong title. There is no "Cupid in Chaos." In "Cupid the Conqueror," Miss Julia M. Taylor was the "Peach" and Miss Marguerite Snow in "The Tempter and Dan Cupid." Both are Thanhousers. Scenarios should be typewritten. We dont get that fourth question. Try again and be definite. "The man who acted with Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson before they reached Lubin" must have been a Biograph player, in which case we do not know whom you mean.

M. B., ZANESVILLE.—Miss Ormi Hawley was the girl in Lubin's "The House That Jack Built." Mr. Walthall has been back with Reliance since last summer.

A. B. T.—Miss Marguerite Snow was the Thanhouser Tomboy. Misses Hazel Neason and Lillian Walker were the daughters in Vitagraph's "Their Charming Mamma." Miss Betty Harte was the girl in Selig's "The Little Widow."

C. M. C., MONTREAL.—We do not know where Miss Fields is at present. Miss Mary Fuller was Nellie in "The Awakening of John Bond." Adele de Garde is about ten years old.

P. W., TAUNTON.—Miss Pickford was the girl in Majestic's "Love Heeds Not Showers." Charles Arthur was Briston in Lubin's "The Cure of John Douglas."

L. R.—Francis Bushman was Richard in Selig's "A False Suspicion." Sydney Olcott as Shaun the Post, married Miss Gauntier in "Arrah-na-Pogue." Jack J. Clark was Henry in "The Fishermaid of Ballydavid."

G. I. B., NEW YORK.—Leo Berger was Bob in Kalem's "Driving Home the Cows." The Lubin title belongs in 1910. Too old.

K. D., PHILADELPHIA.—"Arrah-na-Pogue" was made near Killarney, but we cannot state the castle.

A. M., BALTIMORE.—William Russell was the Murdstone in Thanhouser's "David Copperfield." Charles Inslee was the drunken husband in Bison's "A Western Bride." The photograph cannot be had. For Edison photographs write to Orange, N. J.

E. S., BROOKLYN.—Leo Delaney had the part you ascribe to Mr. Taber.

PEGGY, LOS ANGELES.—Mr. Wilbur's picture has not yet been printed. Ask at your independent theater for Majestics.

V. E. L., CHICAGO.—Miss Pearl White's portrait was printed in the September magazine. (2) See advertisement for Vitagraph pictures.

D. M. W., WINTHROP.—Marc McDermott and Miss Avril had the leads in Edison's "Twin Towers." Miss Flora Finch was the first typist in Vitagraph's "The New Stenographer." Mrs. Swayne had the lead in the same company's "Tho Your Sins Be as Scarlet." Charles Ogle and Guy Coombs were father and son in Edison's "Captain Nell" (not "Salvation Nell").

BILL L., PORTLAND.—Send stamped envelope for list of addresses of picture-makers.

G. B. M., PROVIDENCE.—Mr. Costello still appears in Vitagraph films. Ralph Ince was the thief in "In the Clutches of a Vapor Bath." The Kalem Company has no studio in Connecticut. They have several in California, one in Florida, one in New Orleans, one in the home office and a company at present in the Holy Land. We do not locate the locale of the Vitagraph story.

D. K., YORK.—Write the Thanhouser Company, New Rochelle, N. Y., for photos.

P. B., BALTIMORE.—Scenarios must be original productions and not taken from books or plays. In Kalem's "He Who Laughs Last," the principals are "Jim," Ed. Coxen; "Jack," P. C. Hartigan; "Molly," Marin Sais, and "Kitty," Ruth Roland. Miss Joyce and Mr. Blackwell both remain with the Kalem Company. "Are they married?" is a forbidden question, but it is court testimony that Miss Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore.

MAE BELL, CAMBRIDGEPORT.—See reply elsewhere. No use making application.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—Miss Turner has not played with Edison. Lubin pays from $25 to $50 for stories. The Indians fall on the ground when they fall from their horses. There are no mattresses, but they know how to fall so it wont hurt. Sydney Ayres lives in Los Angeles, but he's not with Selig now. The other questions are trade secrets.

INTERESTED, SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Hazel Neason played opposite Mr. Costello in "Two Wolves and a Lamb." We have not yet had the interview. Other questions too personal.

M. M., CHICAGO.—"Waiting" is a Pathé release. Mr. Walthall played the lover.

R. G. W., RIDLONVILLE.—You refer to Miss Mary Pickford. Her picture is not now available.

D. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—We do not "revise scenarios." We write stories from the scenario or other material. A scenario is merely the action without narrative or dialogue, and is divided into related scenes.

HAZEL AND PEARL.—Crane Wilbur works only for Pathé Frères. Other questions answered before.

PICTURE FIEND, GALVESTON.—See reply to A. W. C. G. P. C. has been used for European Pathé pictures only since October 30th.

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F. H. B., Baltimore.—In the Thanhouser "She," Miss Marguerite Snow was She; James Cruze, the Leo, as well as his Greek ancestor, and William C. Cowper, Horace Holly; Amenartes was Viola Alberta.

Inquisitive, Baltimore.—You saw an old Imp. Too many questions. Perhaps the company will reply if you query them.

Admirer, Wheeling.—Miss Fuller, the lead in Edison's "The Switchman's Tower," is experienced both in Photoplay and dramatic work. The other titles do not even hint at the proper captions. Few pictures are made in your State.

Bruce.—T. J. Carrigan was Prince Charming in the Selig "Cinderella." Mr. Headland was Jim in Pathé's "The Coward."

Admirer of the English Lord.—The Lord was Jack Standing. Romaine Fielding and Miss Frances Gibson had the leads in Lubin's "Western Chivalry."

R. A., Independence.—Tom Carrigan was Harry in Selig's "The New York Cowboy." Jack Standing was Harry in Lubin's "His Exoneration."

Jean, Lowell.—Romaine Fielding and Miss Mabel Wright had the leads in Lubin's "The Ranchman's Daughter." (2) Already given. (3) Guy Coombs.

A. L. W., Antigonish.—(2) Charles Ogle was the surgeon in "The Surgeon's Temptation." (3) Milano films are made in Milan, Italy.

C. L., Boston.—Richard Niel was Jim in Edison's "A Test of Friendship."

E. C., Waltham.—The Lubin Company gives Harry Myers and Arthur Johnson as the players in "The Life Saver." Seems pretty good authority to us.

K. E. T., New York.—The two men are Harry Myers and Albert McGovern, the former being in the foreground.

M. T., Saratoga Springs.—Bigelow Cooper was the lead in Edison's "The Cure of John Douglas." Mr. Anderson's nose is not false, nor does he build it up.

M. S., New York.—Yes, Mr. Santley is now playing in musical comedy. The Imp studio is in use. (3) Licensed films are more generally in demand.

G. K., Denver.—Francis Bushman had the lead in Essanay's "The Goodfellows' Christmas Eve."

V. C. and F. F.—Miss Fuller's pictures appeared in the May, July, October and February issues of the magazine. (2) Address the player in care of the Vitagraph.

R. J. C., Buffalo.—"Papa's Sweetheart" was an Edison; write them about Miss Gladys Hulette's picture.

A. B., New York.—You'll presently see Miss Storey in a lot of Westerns.

Mrs. H. W., San Antonio.—See elsewhere for the "She" cast. There is no such rock on the African coast. Miss Pickford does not always wear her hair in curls. She is under twenty, since she recently broke the Imp contract on the plea that she was a minor.

E. P., St. Louis.—We think it was Helen Costello who played the part you mention. She is Maurice Costello's daughter.

F. M., New York.—You've marked G. M. Anderson's picture.

S. P. A., Dallas.—Miss Kathlyn Williams' picture appeared in the April and July issues.

L. and B. K.—You have marked Harry Myer's picture. (2) Dr. Clinton (not Derby), in Vitagraph's "Courage of Sorts," was E. R. Phillips. (3) We fail to see that a player's religion is a matter of public interest.

Roirp.—A letter addressed Mr. Prior, care of the Majestic Company, 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, will reach him.

J. L. G., Baltimore.—Miss Pickford's pictures are not on sale. The Rex Company has Miss Leonard's.

W. H. M., Southold.—The Milano picture of the "Odyssey" of Homer should be on the market by the time this appears in print. As we saw it it was in three reels.

W. C., Philadelphia.—Ask the Lubin people, since they are close to you. Ask for Mrs. Rubinstein.

W. A. G., Marblehead.—The length of time it takes to make and release a picture varies. We have known scripts to be held for a year before being made, and we have seen stories that were written, made and released all within a month or even three weeks. A picture takes from a day to a week to make unless an unusually heavy production.

L. E. A.—Miss Kathlyn Williams was the daughter in Selig's "Paid Back."

Vitagraph Admirer.—Kenneth Casey lives in Brooklyn. We printed his picture last May. We do not know where "The Little Spy" was made.

L. K., New York.—See elsewhere for the Kalem cast. We have nothing that suggests your Pathé title.

N. I. T., New Haven.—Miss Mary Fuller had the lead in Edison's "The Daisy Cowboys."

An Admirer, Dallas.—A letter, sent in care of the home office, will be forwarded.

E. D., Toledo.—The lady is a newcomer to the Vitagraph. Miss Turner was the sole player in Vitagraph's "Jealousy," fictionized in the magazine as "The Discarded Favorite."

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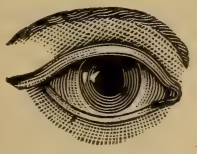
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To make sure of getting it regularly each month, you should subscribe for it. Its circulation is increasing so rapidly that it is **often impossible to get it on the newsstands or at the theaters.** Why not have it mailed to you regularly each month? Just fill out coupon below and mail with remittance.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find $1.50 (Canada $2.00; Foreign $2.50) for one year's subscription to The Motion Picture Story Magazine, beginning with ..... issue, 1912.

Name .....

Street .....

Town and State .....

A. G., NEW ORLEANS.—"Two Orphans" has not been done into fiction form in the magazine.

H. C. A., LANCASTER.—Miss Alice Joyce was Preciosa in Kalem's "Between Father and Son." Edward O'Connor was Pat in Edison's "Pat Clancy's Adventure."

BERTIE C., ATTLEBORO.—(2) Miss Ormi Hawley played opposite Jack Halliday in Lubin's "The Man in the Taxi." (3) William Garwood was the detective in Thanhouser's "The Smugglers."

DAUBO, NEWARK.—Whitney and Marian, in Essanay's "The First Man," were Walter Hitchcock and Lenore Uhlrichs. Send 15 cents to the publisher for the back number desired.

D. B. AND C. W.—Francis Bushman and Miss Dorothy Phillips were George Moore and Gertrude Austin in Essanay's "Putting It Over." Miss Fields played opposite to G. M. Anderson when with the Essanay Company.

D. J. R., SAN FRANCISCO.—Jack Richardson was Rattlesnake Ike in American's "The Circular Fence." What do you mean by Lubin "agencies"?

D. P. C., OAKLAND.—Your votes have been cast for Miss Ormi Hawley, who is the player mentioned. Kenneth Casey is still with the Vitagraph.

READER, URBANA.—"How Championships Are Lost and Won" is the title of the Vitagraph picture for which James J. Corbett posed.

L. T. S.—In Imp's "Percy the Masher," William Shay was Gerald and Edward Lyons Percy.

C. E. S.—Miss Ruth Roland is with that section of the Kalem Company located at Santa Monica, Cal.

SUNNY SOUTH, GREENVILLE.—In Lubin's "Aunt Jane's Legacy," Arthur Johnson was the son; Miss Florence Lawrence, the niece; Howard Mitchell, the other son, and Albert McGovern, the original sweetheart.

S. W., NEW YORK.—See "Sunny South" for Howard Mitchell, whose picture has appeared in the May and September issues. Colonel Prescott was the technical lead in Edison's "Battle of Bunker Hill." The part was played by Guy Coombs, now with the Kalem Company. Mrs. Clarke has already been identified as Jack J. Clark's mother.

A. E., VENICE.—We do not state salaries. Miss Joyce is posing regularly. Miss Florence Turner and Wallace Reid posed for Vitagraph's "An Indian Romeo and Juliet."

C. E. R., NEW YORK.—The professional scenario writer and the novice stand an equal chance with equally good ideas.

I. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Flora Finch was the Ophelia in Vitagraph's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Miss Florence Lawrence was the nurse in Lubin's "A Blind Deception," and Miss Frances Gibson had the title rôle in "The Ranchman's Daughter." Vitagraph is pronounced with the "i" as in ice. There are five Lubin directors.

D. W., PHILADELPHIA.—Romaine Fielding is the Lubin player you seek to locate. We believe he has played with Solax.

DIXIE, VANCOUVER.—In Méliès' "The Ranchman's Debt of Honor," Miss Mildred Bracken had the feminine lead and Henry Stanley was the ranchman. Mace Greenleaf was the father of the children in Reliance's "Divorce" and Miss Marion Leonard the lead in the same company's "For His Sake." Perhaps Miss Cassinelli is the lady you mean in Essanay. See her photograph in the February magazine.

M. B., EVANSVILLE.—We do not identify Biograph players. George Melford had the title part in Kalem's "Big-hearted Jim."

L. G., HATTIESBURG.—Miss Evelyn Carleton had the lead in Rex's "The Rose and the Dagger." Miss Gladys Fields was the girl in "The Sheriff's Decision."

L. McC., PHILADELPHIA.—Miss Trunnelle and Herbert Prior posed for the Edison picture before they went to the Majestic Company, which explains your puzzle.

ONE OF THE FANS, BROOKLYN.—You ask for Sydney Ayres.

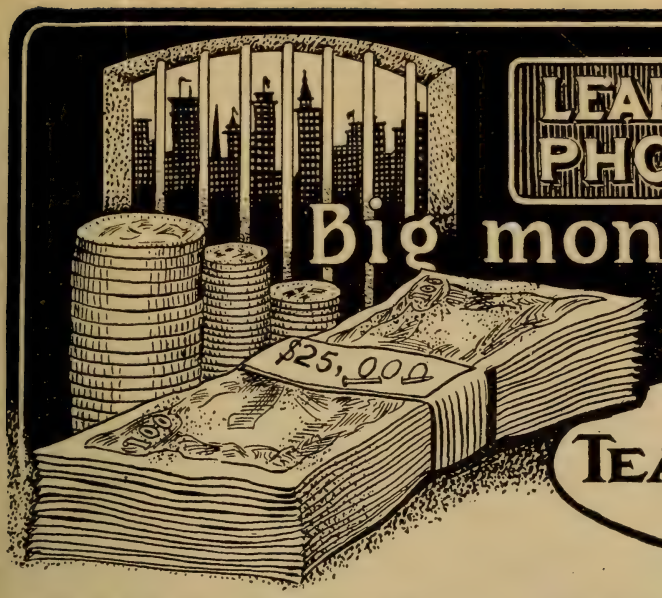
T. H., PHILADELPHIA.—A scenario differs importantly from the clipping you send, but a company might buy the idea without development in the form you offer.

R. L. W., DETROIT.—We do not know that you can obtain the photograph of G. M. Anderson. Write the Essanay Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago.

R. V. R., NEWBURYPORT.—Robert Brower was the street railway magnate in Edison's "The Reform Candidate" and Charles Ogle the McNamara. E. Giradot, Mrs. Mary Maurice and Earle Williams were the Rabbi, his wife and young Mahoney in Vitagraph's "One Touch of Nature."

DOROTHY W., NEW YORK.—Albert McGovern was Banks in Lubin's "A Girlish Impulse." Others answered previously.

D. M., NEW YORK.—Yes, we are willing to use "Independent" pictures and stories. You are wrong in assuming that we ever refused to use them. Our columns have always been open for one and all, and we have always carried on our "contents" page an invitation for all manufacturers to submit to us their contributions. We have used all that have been submitted. In fact, we are more than anxious to use material from the Independent manufacturers, and they have all been informed of that fact. You will please observe that the beautiful picture of Marion Leonard, in our Gallery this month, is from an Independent company.



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The Popular Player Contest

THE RESULT TO DATE

YOU STILL HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PLAYERS

THE contest which we began in the January issue has proved popular indeed. We knew that our readers would be glad of this opportunity to express their appreciation of the entertainment which the different players have afforded them, particularly since when they attend a Photoplay they have no opportunity of applauding their favorites, as they would in the regular theater; or, if they do applaud the pictures the players do not hear them. We were sure that this contest, giving an opportunity to show appreciation of the Photoplayer's work, would be welcomed, but its popularity has far exceeded our greatest hopes.

Basketfuls of letters come in every mail and a special force has been engaged to open and tabulate the votes. We find that many readers, unwilling to mutilate their magazines, have failed to enclose the coupons and have simply written a letter or a verse in praise of their favorite player. Indeed, the verses which have come in are so numerous and so excellent, in the main, that we regret we have not room to publish them all. We shall devote one or two extra pages to this department next month.

One of the most pleasing features of this contest, different from all other contests that we know of, is that the result must be a fairly representative record of the popularity of the players. Most contests require the sending of a coupon, clipped from the publication, and only these coupons are counted. By that method, any player who had sufficient energy and money could easily be heralded as the most popular contestant. In this contest, no coupon is required, and, since most of the votes come in one by one, from all parts of the world, it is fair to assume that the result will be fairly decisive.

While it is true that two or three players have apparently secured all of their friends to work for their interests, resulting in our receiving some envelopes containing a dozen or more coupons, the general result will not be appreciably changed thereby.

We have observed that the results have changed every two or three days. One day Mr. Costello will be ahead, another day Alice Joyce, another day Mae Hotely and another day Miss Cassinelli.

Some of the communications received are exceedingly interesting. A suffragette begins her letter by stating "At last I am delighted to realize that women are allowed to vote, and I wish to record myself for Miss Florence Lawrence, who has ever been my ideal of charming womanhood."

One voter, evidently wishing to show no partiality, sent this very inclusive request: "Please let me vote for all the players of the Vitagraph, Biograph, Lubin and Pathé Frères companies."

We are sorry that these votes cannot be recorded.

From Girard, Ohio, comes this clever appreciation of Alice Joyce, of the Kalem:

"Ben Bolt is but a memory,
But Sweet Alice lingers still;
She's seen in many charming rôles
Near a brooklet or a rill.
If Ben Bolt was alive today,
And had his pick or choice,
The sweetheart of his dreams would be
Our favorite—Alice Joyce!"

Phyllis Weston pens this dainty tribute to Maurice Costello, of the Vitagraph:

"Hail to Costello! the king of the Photoplay,
Handsome and manly, our hero and friend;
Wildly excited, or tearful, we follow you,
Hang on your deeds from beginning to end.
Well we remember the times we have gazed at you,
Merry or lover-like, tender or stern,
All other pictures to us are an interlude;
Interest begins when we find 'tis your turn."

Breezy, practical Chicago does not indulge in poetical effusions, but is standing stanchly by its adored Miss Cassinelli, of the Essanay Company.

A lady on the Pacific coast remarks tersely: "Unless one is blind, a megaphone is not needed to distinguish comedy from tragedy, love from hate, when Gilbert M. Anderson, of the Essanay, is acting."

ENGLISH HAIR GROWER

American Rights Secured for New Drug

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Grows Hair an Inch Long in 30 Days. Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff and Itching Scalp, Restores Grey and Faded Hair to Natural Color and Brilliancy

CUT OFF FREE COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Here's good news for the man who vainly tries to plaster a few scanty locks over "that bald spot."

Good news for the woman whose hair is falling, whose locks are too scanty to properly pin up her false hair.

Good news for both men and women who find a hand full of hair in their comb every morning. For men and women growing gray before their time.

Good news for all with itching, burning, scalps, with dandruff, with any and all forms of hair and scalp trouble.

The Creslo Laboratories, 438 C street, Binghamton, N. Y., have secured the exclusive American rights for Crystolis, the famous English hair treatment.

Crystolis is a household word in Europe, where it is acclaimed "the most marvelous scientific discovery for promoting hair growth." It has won gold medals at Paris and Brussels.

Better yet it has won the warmest words of praise from those who have been fortunate enough to test its remarkable qualities.

Crystolis has been tried out in America for over a year now. Hundreds of men and women from every state unhesitatingly hail it as a true hair grower.

Here is a statement of just a few of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

Mr. Kelly of Memphis, bald for 30 years, says: "My head is now covered with hair nearly an inch long, friends simply astounded."

Mrs. Evans of Chicago writes: "Since using Crystolis can report new hair an inch long coming in thickly all over my head."

Mr. Macklain of St. Louis reports: "One treatment made my hair two inches longer."

Mr. Morse of Boston declares: "I lost my hair eighteen years ago. Have used less than one treatment. My head is now entirely covered with a thick growth of hair of natural color. No more itching, no more falling hair, no more dandruff."

Mr. Boyd of Chicago says: "My bald spot was as shiny as a peeled onion. It is now all covered with thick new hair. The grayness is also disappearing."

Mr. Mourer of Cleveland declares: "Crystolis is the only thing which actually grows hair."

Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia writes after only three weeks' use: "I can see new hair in plenty and it is now a half inch long."

Lewis Nuff says: "New hair began to grow in ten days after beginning the treatment."

Mrs. Jackson of New York writes: "My hair stopped falling the first week. No more itching scalp and hair coming in fast."

Mr. Arnott of Cleveland reports: "Itching scalp stopped the second day, dandruff gone, no more falling hair."

Mrs. Rose of Rock Island writes: "Was almost wild for five years with itching scalp. Two or three applications of Crystolis stopped this. Now I have a fine new growth of hair."

You may be acquainted with some of these people or some of your friends may know them. Write us and we can give you the full address so that you can prove every statement.

But the best way to prove it without the risk of a penny, just what Crystolis will do in your own individual case, is to cut out the free coupon below and mail it today.

This invitation is open to bald headed people, wig wearers, to men and women with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, dry hair, brittle hair, stringy hair, greasy hair, matted hair, dandruff, itching scalp or any and all forms of scalp and hair trouble. Don't lay this paper aside until you have mailed the Free Coupon to the Creslo Laboratories, 438 C street, Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly.

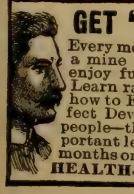
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From New Albany, Ind., the home town of Warren J. Kerrigan, of the American, comes a letter which says: "Warren was born and raised in New Albany, and we people of his neighborhood never miss a picture of his company when exhibited here. We enjoy your magazine, and always look forward to the next publication, expecting to see our hero."

Pansy Gusson, of 451 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, voices the sentiments of hundreds of other voters in her letter: "Here's a vote for Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin, from one whose heart sighs in vain for him. Alas! I'm but one of the millions who idolize him."

Katherine Lee, of Bristol, Conn., dedicates "A Lament" to Carlyle Blackwell, of the Kalem:

"I sit with wildly beating heart and watch him on the screens—
Carlye Blackwell, of the Kalem, the idol of my dreams.
I always sit down in the front, as near as I can be,
But, alas! he does not know it, for he never looks at me."

Mrs. Iris Erwin, of Mitchell, Ind., writes: "This letter is for Miss Marian Leonard, of the Rex, and I only wish I could give her a million votes. I would rather see her act than any one else in this world."

Miss Ruth Adams writes from Independence, Iowa: "Altho Miss Florence Turner has become merely a memory here, as we never have her in the Vitagraph's films lately, I am, nevertheless, sending my votes for her. She is a favorite with our audiences, and I always think of her as "the sweetest girl in the Moving Pictures."

Miss Alice Joyce seems to be especially loved by the children. Hundreds of letters in round, childish hands are received, praising this favorite. Miss Irma A. Chambers writes from Oakland, California:

"I want to cast my votes for Alice Joyce. I am only eleven years old, and am not very good at either prose or verse, so all I can say about her is that I love her."

Many writers express a desire to vote for the Biograph players and deplore the fact that their names are not known. Many votes have been cast for Mary Pickford and Mabel Normand, and many more would be sent in, did those who admire the splendid acting of these and other Biograph players know their names.

A family jar is reported from Huntington, West Virginia. We trust it may be settled peaceably, when the results of this contest are announced. One of the family writes:

"There is no more peace in our family—we are all upset over Motion Pictures, and argue night and day about our favorites. Big Sis is out for Mr. William Wallace, of the Vitagraph; 'The Old Maid' is crazy about 'Dimples'; I have sense enough left to know that I want to vote for Francis X. Bushman, of the Essanay; and to end it all, 'Ma' stands high for John Bunny."

It is most unusual to commend a picture actor for his speech, but Florence Glaser, of Philadelphia, says of Arthur V. Johnson, of the Lubin Company: "His very frankness of speech and original way demands attention. Also, the enthusiastic and frank way in which he acts places him in a far superior class to those whose acting appears self-conscious and unnatural."

Gilbert Blinebury and Jack Finden, 1206 Mt. Vernon Street, Philadelphia, send in their "first poem."

There is one good old actor,
Who yet may win his fame;
He is playing with the Vitagraph,
John Bunny is his name.

Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin,
And Miss Florence Lawrence, too,
Are two very classy actors,
We are sure that they will do.

Of all the stunning actors
In the Motion Picture Show,
We think that G. M. Anderson
Has got them on the go.

And as for pretty actresses,
There's one that cant be beat,
Miss Gladys Field, of the Essanay,
So cunning and so sweet.

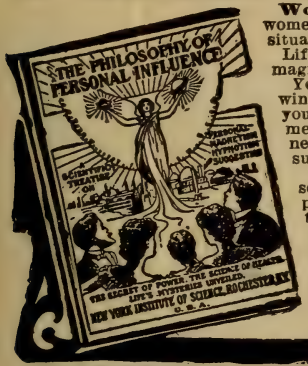
A very interesting letter is written from Newport, Kentucky, by a lady who is nearly seventy years of age. She says: "I am extremely fond of the Motion Pictures, and for many months I have admired one of the gentlemen players. I have just found his name from a likeness in THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. It is G. M. Anderson. I have enjoyed seeing him in many plays. One play impressed me more than any other, where he alone carried the play thru; no one else appeared on the screen."

Mae Hotely seems to be a prime favorite in Philadelphia and Atlantic City, but Ormetta Hawley bids fair to be a dangerous rival.

Janette Moore, of Greenville, Miss., would "rather see Mary Fuller's glorious eyes and her adorable smile once, than see Maude Adams, Maxine Elliott and Billy Burke a hundred times."

C. M. McKenna, M.D., writes of Miss Cassinelli: "Miss Elvira Cassinelli is one of the most beautiful women in Chicago. Her grace and beauty in photo work is sec-

THIS BOOK IS FREE

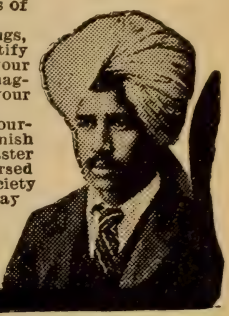


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You can influence people instantaneously—quick as a flash; put yourself or anyone else to sleep at any hour of the day or night; banish pain or suffering. Our free book explains exactly how you can master this power and use it to better your condition in life. It is endorsed by ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men and society women. It benefits everybody. It costs nothing. We give it away to advertise this institution. Write for it today.



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¶ On February 20th we will have on hand a small supply of copies of our January and February 1912 issues of The Motion Picture Story Magazine. These numbers contain **Player Contest Coupons** and can be obtained from us direct at 15c. per copy.

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¶ We can supply you with other back numbers, with the **exception** of **February** and **September 1911,** which are out of print, at 15c. per copy.

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26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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500	POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE	500

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Our new inverted gas burner, 300 candle power light, made of steel enameled green, with white crystal globe, burns 3¼ cubic feet of gas per hour. Perfect combustion, never smokes if properly regulated.

Also our Sun-Ray Kerosene Mantle Burners 100 candle power light. One quart of kerosene lasts 16 hours. Money back if not as represented. Particulars free.

Simplex Gaslight Co., Dept. X, New York

ond to none. While traveling abroad I had occasion to see her in a Moving Picture in Berlin, Germany. Her work was the comment of the entire evening."

A company of "Tree Doctors" of the Davey Tree Expert Company, Kent, Ohio, send a bunch of votes and a clever poem, which is too long for our space, for Mr. G. M. Anderson.

Norma Suckno, another eleven-year-old miss, has just sent in these verses for her adored Miss Joyce:

> As the days of life are passing, with the tides that ebb and flow,
> I often pass my leisure at the Moving Picture Show;
> I sit there, still and waiting, as one who's in a dream,
> Till a winsome face and figure is flashed upon the screen.
> And, now, you ask me, tell you, from among them all, my choice?
> It's the fascinating, captivating, charming Alice Joyce.

We regret that we cannot publish more of the excellent verse which is sent in for this contest. Many of the finest contributions cannot be used, as our space is necessarily limited. An entire issue of the magazine would not hold half of the good poetry which we have received in praise of the popular players.

Lizzie Small, of 417 East Sixty-fourth Street, New York, says that Gene Gauntier, of the Kalem, is "queen of them all," that her playing of Southern and Irish parts is unequaled, and that "when I saw her in 'Arrah-na-Pogue' there was not a dry eye around, myself included; so here's to Gene and her gentleman partner!" "M. L. S.," of Augusta, Ga., thinks Edith Storey "the sweetest of all," and a great many admire the work of Helen Gardner in "Vanity Fair." The juvenile players, including Kenneth Casey, Yale Boss and Adele de Garde, have also received some glowing tributes.

It is impossible to publish the entire list of Popular Players. The best we can do is to give the vote of the leaders, which, up to midnight February 2, 1912, was as follows:

Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	11,543	Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	875
E. Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	10,478	Kenneth Casey (*Vitagraph*)	865
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	8,671	Jack J. Clark (*Kalem*)	847
Florence Lawrence (*Lubin*)	8,619	Elsie McLeod (*Edison*)	761
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	8,429	Harry Meyers (*Lubin*)	727
Mae Hotely (*Lubin*)	7,124	Kathryn Williams (*Selig*)	708
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	4,918	King Baggot (*Imp*)	643
Florence Turner (*Vitagraph*)	4,492	Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	640
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	3,419	Robert Gaillord (*Vitagraph*)	639
Mary Pickford (*Biograph*)	3,088	James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	626
Mildred Bracken (*Méliès*)	3,000	Adele de Garde (*Vitagraph*)	623
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	2,978	Gertrude Robinson (*Reliance*)	618
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	2,464	Pearl White (*Pathé Frères*)	613
F. X. Bushman (*Essanay*)	2,392	T. J. Corrigan (*Selig*)	593
Helen Gardner (*Vitagraph*)	2,184	Anne Schaeffer (*Vitagraph*)	592
Warren J. Kerrigan (*American*)	1,863	Jack Standing (?)	591
Gene Gauntier (*Kalem*)	1,395	Max Linder (*Pathé Frères*)	591
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé Frères*)	1,097	Mabel Normand (*Biograph*)	583
John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	1,088	Marc McDermott (*Edison*)	580
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	1,085	Hobart Bosworth (*Selig*)	572
Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	1,084	William Clifford (*Méliès*)	570
Gladys Field (?)	1,044	Owen Moore (*Thanhouser*)	569
Marion Leonard (*Rex*)	1,026	Julia Swayne Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	568
Gwendolen Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	952	Mabel Trunnelle (*Majestic*)	562
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	921	Guy Hedlund (*Biograph*)	560

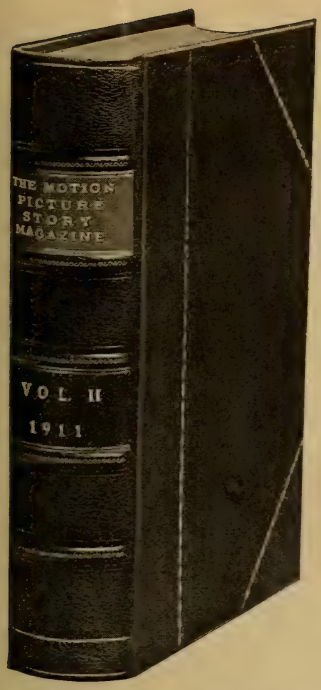
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Several voters have adopted a system of having a typewritten sheet, suitably ruled, to hold the names and addresses of those who wish to cast a vote for the player whose name appears at the top of the sheet.

The awards will be made within a few months. The prizes will be attractive, unique and valuable. A full description of them, together with the date of closing, will appear in a later issue.



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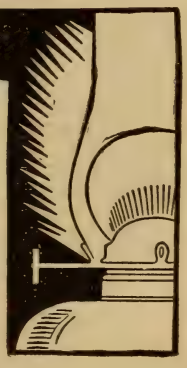
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

As a patron of the Motion Picture play-houses, I desire to add my modicum of praise to the splendid results achieved by the actors and actresses of the various Motion Picture companies. The acting of each individual is most often in perfect unanimity with that of the others in the production, and the "business" of each, supplemented by the facial and bodily expression in the interpretation of the rôle, is wonderful to a high degree, and lends to the endeavors of each a realism peculiarly forceful, inasmuch as the influence of vocal expression on their auditors is denied them.

However, is the character of the average drama, which these people are obliged to act, of sufficient strength and force to give them opportunity of exercising to the fullest extent their histrionic ability in the depiction of the wide range of human emotion? The life delineated in these plays is very often a distortion in every way of the great life in which we are all so deeply concerned. The parts which the various actors are given to interpret, are quite often wholly illogical, and not at all in accord with probable and natural sequence. Sometimes these small plays are absurd to a degree of constituting an unintentional travesty upon that particular phase of serious life which the actors are struggling in so noble a manner to present. The dramas are often ridiculous and cheaply farcical, to the extent of being disgusting; and altho the argument may be advanced that the silent dramas are only witnessed by the poorer and less cultured class, and, therefore, a class less appreciative of the higher forms of art, it can be cited as a fact that our simpler and less æsthetic brethren have really a truer and more subtle valuation and knowledge of the causations of human passion, as they themselves are swayed by the primitive emotions more readily than those upon whom refinement and education have laid powerful constraint. And in the furtherance of the argument that the uncultured have a keen and equally discerning appreciation of the higher in art, drama, and music, witness the many of these people who throng the art museums, and stand enraptured before the masterpieces exposed there, and the crowds of the same at the opera and theaters, as they peer down eagerly from the topmost galleries. And, moreover, it is acknowledged by more than one great actor that the finest appreciation of the merits of a play comes from these same people.

It being apparent, from the spectator's viewpoint, that often hundreds of dollars are spent in elaborating a Moving Picture production—for costuming, scenery, high-salaried actors, etc., etc., why should not a proportionate amount be expended for a real, human drama by some playwright of ability, as is done by theatrical producers? This would, no doubt, entail considerable additional expense, and would necessitate charging the play-houses a higher rate for the rental of the films than obtains now, but I believe the Moving Picture public would readily pay five or ten cents more, if they could be assured of a higher class of production.

So I trust that, as the influence for good or evil of the Moving Picture plays upon the minds of these especially impressionable people is great, you will allow me to enter my plea for a type of drama more representative of actual life and human feeling, with its little touches of fantasy and artistry, which gives to dramatic art, displayed on the theatrical stage, its seductive appeal, and has made it one of the greatest factors in human betterment.

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The Best Story Contest

The full list of prize-winners in answer to the five questions set forth in the January issue is as follows:

1. HAROLD M. JALONACK, 615 Madison Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
2. CARLETON G. GAUBERT, 729 East Eighteenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
3. J. L. BEER, Sewickley, Pa.
4. RHEA E. FUIDGE, 577 Sanchez Street, San Francisco, Cal.
5. EVANGELINE SIMONEAUD, Thibodaux, La.

The prizes have been sent to these winners. The favorite author proved to be Montanye Perry. The most popular story was "Vanity Fair," by a large margin, followed by "The Awakening of John Bond," "His Mother," and "Norma of Norway."

The majority prefer a long story, and would rather read it before seeing it on the screen. The most popular kind of stories are as follows, in this order: Love, Dramatic, Western, Comedy, and Educational or Instructive.

In closing this contest, which has brought out many interesting and sympathetic letters, all of which have been carefully read and classified, the editor wishes to state that, considering the modest prizes offered, his returns have been a thousandfold. We have gathered a mass of information, desires, and tastes, which will shortly be submitted to the manufacturers. We, furthermore, have considered this department a forum as well as a contest, and the expressions of good will, the desires for good literature, and individual preferences, as far as possible, will be appreciated and reciprocated in story form, to the best of our ability.

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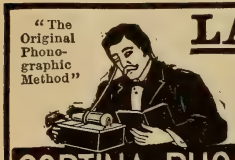


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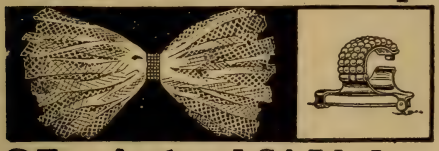
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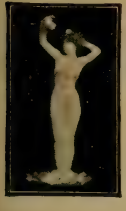


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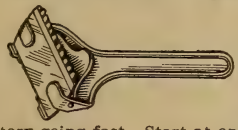
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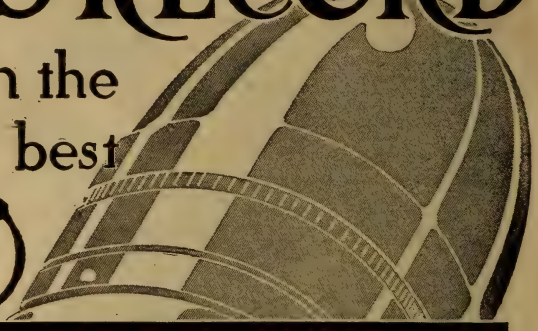
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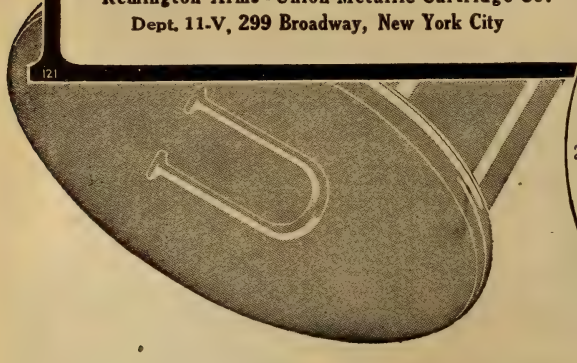
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster.....Managing Editor

Montanye Perry, Edwin M. La Roche } Associate Editors.

Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager

V. H. Kimmelmann, Advertising Director

Western Advertising Representative:
Pullen, Bryant & Fredericks Co., People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

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IN CHARACTER POSES

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THE
MOTION PICTURE
STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. III APRIL, 1912 No. 3

The Ghost of Sulphur Mountain

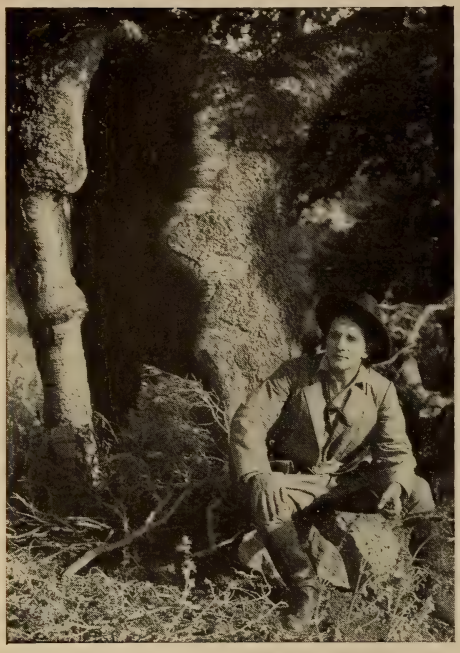
(Méliès)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

BECAUSE a ghost, or a sea serpent, or a scandal among folks of such high station that it is merely a romance, is a valuable asset to a hostelry of the kind patronized largely by girls who shriek prettily at the proper points in the tale and are reassured only when a masculine arm has stolen protectingly about them, the proprietor of the hotel at the Springs still tells the story of the Ghost of Sulphur Mountain, with circumstance and much embroidery, after the manner of his kind. Standing on the broad porch, he tells it, when the mountain to which he points looms dark and eerie against the starlit sky—tells a banal legend of a strange figure and weird sounds upon the rugged hill, which, to believe him, may be seen and heard today, whereas, in truth, the Ghost of Sulphur Mountain was laid so long ago as it took a tiny bundle of pink and white to grow into the glowing maiden who gave you a smile along with your letters at the post-office window. And he might speak simple truth, and tell a tale of love as great and unselfish as that which sent Enoch Arden silently back into the night when he had looked in at the



BOB LEWIS ARRIVES AT SULPHUR MOUNTAIN



BOB LEWIS

lighted window, and of other love as sternly repressed by a man who held few things sacred, as tho he had been clean-souled Galahad—but perhaps he does not know, and certainly his hearers would not understand. You, however, shall listen, and judge Joe Wayne, miner, at the bar of the heart, not by the rules of convention as laid down by little men. If by his act he brought her whom, above all things earthly, he loved to the danger of committing a sin against church-made and law-made prohibitions, do you dare say that his thought, for her, was not near the living truth? Or are the codes in dusty books the greater things?

What brought Bob Lewis—that was the name he gave, and it is quite possible it was really his—to Sulphur Mountain, was a subject not introduced by him nor referred to by the miners, who were used to hastily arriving strangers who never asked for mail and who seemed to regard the present and future as better worthy of discussion than the past. Things are different now, of course; that was as long ago as takes a pretty maid to grow up. So when Bob dropped down from the stage in front of the hotel—not the one where the giggling girls go—he was promptly accepted at his face value—and Bob certainly looked as tho he should assay about one hundred per cent. man in a showdown. Even his clothes, ultra Eastern, and even to the most woolly toiler on a grub-stake something better than "store bought," did not weigh against him. Briefly, Bob had a way with him, and the charm he exercised fell on most men so that they at once called him friend; and on women it fell heavily, so that they followed him with glowing eyes — all except one. Mary's eyes glowed and narrowed for no man but Joe. On Bob they rested with smiling, calm friendship. If it was ever in his heart to cause that look to change, it passed away when he came to know the clean soul of her, and that what she gave him was the frank friendship of open day, and no more, and never would be more, because her heart, like her hand, had been given to another.

Bob had not been ten minutes off the stage when the miners—we were mostly miners in those days—decided that they made no mistake in taking him at face value. He had put down his grips in the saloon, and was arranging for a room with Dickerson, who ran the place from behind the bar; and José, the greaser the Stranglers had let off because of the way he could play his battered old fiddle, just let his real instincts get the upper hand and tried to sneak a silver flask out of one of the satchels that Bob had opened and failed to close. Quick as a cat jumps, Bob was across the floor and had José by the collar. For an instant he hesitated, then with a contemptuous laugh, hurled José across a table with no more effort than it takes to draw a cork. There was a howl of laughter, everybody being relieved that Bob hadn't regarded the incident as worthy of any more serious consideration than a good kick. José slunk out, muttering greaser curses, and mighty sore in his dig-

nity. Joe had come in just in time to see the fun, and you never saw a man more pleased at a little thing. He slapped Bob on the back and shook hands like he thought he was the very finest sport he had seen in a 'coon's age, and Bob shook back, smiling and cordial, as he always was.

If it hadn't been for the fiddle, there would have been no more trouble with José, he being naturally a coward, but as luck would have it, Bob saw it, the next evening, where José had left it in the bar, and picked it up. Probably he wouldn't have done so, if he had known whom it belonged to. But he did, and in a rather absent sort of way began to play. And how he could play! The smell of smoke and spilled liquor seemed to give place to the odor of violets and new-cut hay, and all the birds of a whole springtime sang at once. Some of the boys said it was more like the perfume of apple blossoms, with the noise of a little brook rippling over stones. Maybe I thought of the violets, because once, long ago, in haying time, a girl—but that has nothing to do with this story about Bob and Mary and Joe.

Every man in the bar was holding his breath, listening to Bob's music, when José came in, probably to get his fiddle, and when he saw it in Bob's hands he actually got pale under his dirt.

"Give-a it to me! Et es mine!" he yelled, and snatched it fiercely.

"This d——n greaser is gettin' too officious," Joe said quietly, and taking the fiddle, handed it back to Bob. "Go on playin', Mr. Lewis."

"Oh, if it is his fiddle——" Bob said, and shrugged his shoulders.

José didn't understand English perfectly, and maybe he got the wrong idea. Anyway, the next second he sprang at Bob, with his eyes blazing, and, before any one could wink, had flashed out a knife and stabbed. Bob went down across a table, and José faded out thru the door.



"GIVE-A IT TO ME! ET ES MINE!" CRIED JOSÉ

Bob wasn't seriously hurt--that is, not dangerously, tho it was obvious that he would require some looking after for a while, and it wasn't likely he would get much of that at the hotel.

"It was pretty much my fault he got cut, and I'm going to have him at my place until he gets tired and leaves," Joe announced, and a couple of the boys picked him up and carried him right along, folks generally doing what Joe wanted done without any argument.

Bob protested about Joe taking so much trouble—until they got to the shack, and he saw Mary. Any one would have grabbed at the chance of being nursed by Mary. She made Bob feel like he'd known her six months, inside of two minutes, and when she got him tucked in on the couch, he looked more at home than did Joe. Joe had taken a mighty fancy to Bob, and I'm not sure he wasn't glad he had got hurt—it not being serious—inasmuch as it brought him to Joe's house. Seems rather odd that Joe should have taken in a stranger that way, when there was no real necessity, but that was always Joe's way, if he took a liking to a man.

Mary mothered Bob as tho he had been a hurt child — that being the nature of her when any one, or any dumb animal, for that matter, was sick or in trouble, and Joe smiled when he saw how she would give her strong young shoulder as a crutch for the still weak guest. José's knife had drawn a lot of blood, it is true, but perhaps Bob was in no hurry to recover, either. But why should I suspect him, when Joe did not? Well, Joe had a heart like one of Arthur's knights under his flannel shirt, and I am only an ordinary man, I suppose.

José was a rogue and a sneaking coward, but I do not believe that even he could have found it in his heart to injure Mary had he not half believed his charge was true. Why, I've seen that greaser look at her when she walked past with exactly the same expression he had when he knelt at the altar in their little 'dobe chapel. Perhaps you think it was not in keeping with Joe's bigness to pay any attention to an anonymous letter, but you must remember that, with all his bigness, Joe had the simplicity of a child, and could not even imagine a purely malicious lie, nor could he have followed the motive which prompted José, had he known he was the author of the note. José, of course, counted on Joe's acting in a manner such as a Mexican, or 'most any white man, for that matter, would have pursued, and shooting Bob out of hand, if he believed the letter. That was what José was after, a vengeance on Bob thru a competent deputy.

Joe put the anonymous message out of his mind with contempt — or at least so he thought. As a matter of fact, it left an impression, a stain, such as is left by a snail that crawls across a rose. Else why, when he returned to his home that evening, should Joe have peered in at the window, which he had approached with unconsciously softened footfalls, instead of going straight to the door?

Surely the angels had forgotten for a time to overlook the things of the world, else Mary would have straightened up from her attitude of apparent guilt thirty seconds before she did. How was her husband, peering thru the window and seeing the tableau from the rear, to know that it was to locate a grain of dust in Bob's eye that she leaned so near his upturned face as he sat at the table; that the kiss, that seemed impending, was never bestowed?

For an instant Joe's blood leaped with the lust to kill—to kill them both — the false wife and the false friend, and he moved cautiously away from the window, being minded to enter the door and take them unawares, in their guilt. But his fury passed as quickly as it had come, and with a groan he sank down upon a bench. Tho he believed her faithless, Joe could no more root out his love for Mary than he could tear the living heart from his breast. Now, as always, *her* happiness seemed the great thing to be achieved, and Joe



THE HUSBAND SEES THE TABLEAU FROM THE REAR

stood up, prepared to make a sacrifice compared to which the laying down of his life would have been a trivial thing.

She loved the other man; well, she should have him. Infinitely more fitted to be her mate was the polished, accomplished and magnetic man from the East, Joe thought as he hurried away. It was unreasonable to expect one of Mary's fineness and softness to cling to a rude miner of the hills. He would set her free of chains that galled.

Not so simple a thing as the taking of his own life had Joe in mind. Dead, he could not watch over Mary, and guard her against the loss of that happiness which he intended she should possess, nor could he descend with swift vengeance upon the other man, should Bob neglect the care of the treasure that was being left in his charge. To Joe, the other man was not a personality now, merely a factor necessary to the great end: the making of Mary's happiness.

Joe hurried straight to his claim, and made his arrangements with swift deliberation. At the base of the sheer cliff he placed his entire supply of dynamite and primed the charge. His coat he threw down in a conspicuous place, his hat at some distance. Then, lighting the fuse to the dynamite, he turned and made his way rapidly toward the uninhabited mountain.

It was long past the hour at which Joe usually came home, and Mary watched the clock with growing anxiety, despite Bob's assurance that her fears were foolish; that Joe had been detained by some simple cause. Suddenly the roar of a tremendous explosion bellowed out of the gathering shadows, and Mary's face went deathly white.

"That—that was in the direction of Joe's claim, and it was no ordinary blast. Something has happened!" she gasped, and sped out of the house, Bob quickly following her.

Others had heard the unusual detonation, and taking into consideration the unusual hour, had deemed it worthy of investigation. A number of miners joined Mary and Bob as they hurried toward Joe's claim.

The place where Joe had patiently and hopefully delved into the hillside was scarcely to be recognized—the



HUNTING FOR THE "GHOST"

entire face of the cliff had been torn away, and lay in a huge heap, hundreds of thousands of tons of rock and earth. They found Joe's hat and coat, and to the miners the case was clear.

"Joe was fixin' a charge for use in the mornin', an' his whole supply went off, somehow," a man said, placing his hand on Mary's shoulder with rough kindness. "There aint no manner of doubt he's under that pile of rock, and 'twouldn't be no manner of use to try to get his body out. He's buried a lot better than anybody else in the world, I reckon."

Of course Bob took his things over to the hotel, Mary being alone, but he was a frequent visitor at her house, and she seemed to get a lot of comfort from his company. Bob proved a friend worth having, and never tried to be more. Perhaps he thought it best to bide his time, or maybe he was keen enough to see that Mary's heart was under that pile of rocks at the foot of the cliff.

It was four months later that folks began to talk of the Ghost of Sulphur Mountain, a grub-staker from the gulches being the first to see it, and coming into Dickerson's bar with a face like a sheet and trembling so he could hardly fill his whisky glass. He swore he had seen the ghost of Joe Wayne roaming on the mountain, and heard it moaning like its heart was broken. Naturally, every one scoffed at him, but he stuck to his story, and it wasn't more than a day or two before others had seen the ghost. Bob kept the story from Mary, but he himself was worried. Bob didn't believe in ghosts.

The thing was seen more or less frequently, and at last the boys got together and made a careful search of the mountain, thinking maybe some one was trying to play a practical joke, and intending that it should go hard with any one who treated Joe's memory so lightly, but they found nothing. Six months after Joe had disappeared, Bob was at Mary's house one day, when he suddenly raised his eyes to the window and saw a face—a face that might once have been Joe's, but now lined and drawn and half blank. Mary had not seen it, and by the time Bob could get away without showing undue haste, nothing was in sight.

But Bob took to walking on Sulphur Mountain.

At last Bob's suspicions were confirmed. A thin thread of smoke attracted his attention, and he traced it to its source — a small cave in the

rocks, the mouth of which was entirely concealed by vines and brush.

God alone knows what Joe must have suffered in his solitude. Perhaps it was in pity that He had drawn a dimming veil across his mind. It was a Purpose, a fixed Idea rather than a man that Bob found.

"You stole her from me!" was all that Joe would say, dully, and without resentment.

Remember that Bob had come to love Mary with all the desperate strength of a strong man; that to possess her he would have sacrificed the whole world; that if he told of this half-human being living in a hole upon the mountain he would forever place her beyond his yearning arms. Yet, striving to pierce the dim intelligence, he told the other that he was mistaken, that Mary loved him still, as always and only; that she waited for him. But Joe merely shook his head, muttering: "You stole her from me! She must be happy." Over and over the same words. So at last Bob left him.



BOB BEGS JOE TO GO BACK HOME

Two days later Bob again went to the mountain, and this time he encountered Joe upon the open hillside. A clearer light was in the hermit's eyes, and he spoke with sane clearness.

"I done what I thought was best, but I was wrong. I can look in your eyes and see that you was always square, and may God forgive me for doubting Mary," he said.

"Come home," Bob told him, and they went down the mountain together.

Straight to the house they went, and Bob told Joe to wait in the front room until he could break the news of his coming to Mary.

Oh, Bob was all man, and Mary saw nothing but the joy of a friend who brings good tidings when he told her.

"Bring him to me," Mary said, and her eyes were shining. "He — he does not know!"

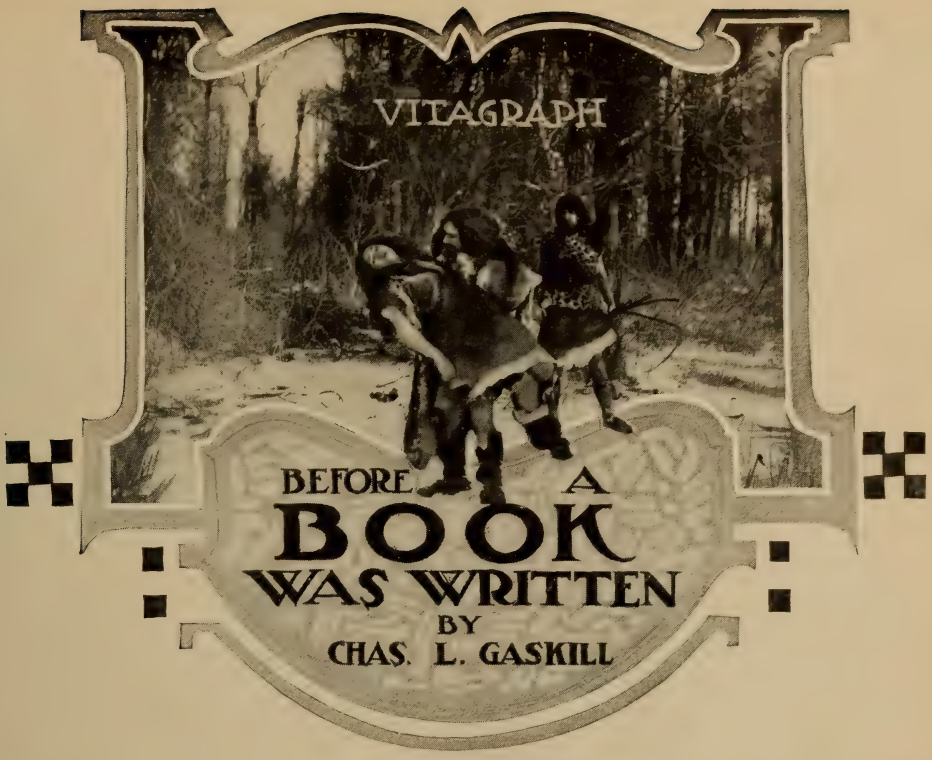
So Bob brought Joe in, and saw how perfect a thing human happiness may be; saw the last trace of the veil disappear from Joe's mind, and saw the rapture that leaped into the father's face when Mary showed him the tiny form that lay in the hollow of her arm.

Then Bob went softly out of the room, and out of their lives—forever!

This is the true story of the Ghost of Sulphur Mountain.



Scenes from "HOW WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE" (Edison)



ALERIC, like an ox, pulled the sledge across the snow in the forest. He had done this six days, steering his course by instinct rather than calculation, for he was full of heavy thought and indifferent. He had stopped only when the leaden cloak of night was descending upon the trees, stark and stiff, like bloodless dead men, their arms outstretched to Heaven, and earth glared up into his eyes a confused, characterless glow of white. For all one could tell, he was the only living creature in the world. For all he cared, he was. Tragedy lay behind Aleric, it waited for him ahead. Only the silent trees saw him pass. All that he wanted was to get away—to forget the past, to step fresh and keen into the future. But no man has ever done this miracle—quite. No surgeon has ever removed a clot in the conscience.

His face reflected the aspect of the earth. It was cold, hard, scintillant. Like some animate oak was he, with muscles resembling nothing so much as gnarls and knots. Where the skins that hung about his red body did not meet, the skin of his flesh glowed warm, like the cheek of a baby, smooth, soft and velvety. His lithe legs, bare from thigh to shank, moved with the grace and strength of two monster limbs of oak swayed by the tempest. The icy wind that swept in gusts thru the forest, humming strange, deep-toned lullabies, he did not feel. His long red hair floated in splendor about his face and huge shoulders. His eyes were bright as a child's—yet Aleric was an old man as age counts in this withered day and generation.

Sometimes he stopped still and looked ahead. One would have fancied he saw over the mountains and cliffs straight on into the mystery of infinity, for the look of his eye was large and dark. But all he saw was the snow, vast billows of snow, over which he must drag the sledge. A man with a tragedy behind him will stop and look curiously ahead for safe places. It is seldom he will look

behind. Even so, the bony arms of the Past never release their choking grip about his throat. The Past is a debtor, who always collects in full—some time.

Suddenly he emerged from the forest upon the edge of a precipice, and slewed the sledge around. He stopped, for the first time puzzled. The scene before him was vast. He felt that he had come to the end of the earth. For a long while he looked over the rocks into the mighty valley below, then turned around and fastened his glistening eyes upon the skins that covered some object on the sledge. His face softened. Something about the sledge must have pleased him, for a smile worked about his lips. He stepped back to the sledge—a crude thing built of hickory sticks, fastened together by thongs—and, patting the cover over the object, leaned his head down close to listen. All that you could have heard, tho, was the deep breathing of the forest, as it filled its great lungs with fresh air. Still Aleric smiled as a father who looks down upon his sleeping offspring, then turned again to his labor.

Quickly taking his direction, he prepared to skirt the edge of the cliff down to the valley, a mile below his vantage. But the sledge would not budge. Either it had frozen to the snow, or some dead brush, concealed by the snow, had caught into its parts and held it fast. He tugged harder, but the thing stuck still. Impatient, he jerked the thongs tighter about his shoulders and pulled harder. The muscles in him swelled, but the sledge did not move. But something else did happen: the harness parted, and Aleric stumbled backward. The next moment, without a sound, his huge body shot over the precipice. It was a mile from where he toppled to where he found rest. Before his body was cold, a strange smile—that exultant, ironical, demoniac smile which only the countenance of the dead sometimes assumes—spread over his rugged, hairy features. All of the tragedies and hopes of his life were as a tale that is told. It is not a wonder that the dead smile. The wonder is that the living do!

For a long time there was no sound, no movement from the sledge. Only the wind sang thru the trees. Then the skins covering the object on the sledge stirred. A plump red hand reached out into the cold air, and the cover was lifted. Little Chloe's bright eyes peeped from under. Her head and shoulders followed. She looked around in surprise, then threw off the skins and stood upon her naked knees. "Father!" she called, softly. In another moment she was upon her feet, wildly excited. She peered over the cliff, and perceived instantly what had happened. Then she shrieked aloud, again and again, and fell prone upon the snow. A woman was always a woman in all things, and always will be, for she lives more largely in her heart, which feels; but a man, who stops and considers, is variable as the wind, for the mind is deceitful and desperately wicked—it never feels. When Chloe, the little Norse woman, fainted, it was her mind that surrendered, her heart that took possession. Her beautiful old father had been all she loved in all the world.

Not far away two men were following a bear thru the forest. They were both young, both handsome. One was hairy and heavy-faced; the other was smooth, longer of face and noble-looking. They were Dagban and Eric, brothers. Their natures were very dissimilar. Their respective types are found today—the one where crime hides its face, the other within cloisters where meditation breeds beauty. The same woman who gave Cain gave Abel, and loved them both. So also with Else, the mother of these two men. She was all they had; they were her heart and life. Lieth, their father, had met his end somewhat after the fashion of Aleric a week after the birth of Eric—a tree had fallen upon him and crushed him flat. Of other men and women Dagban and Eric only dreamed — they had seen but few. Both heard Chloe's

wild cry, and both lowered their bows, as tho the voice of God had called them. They looked each into the other's white face, each one more frightened than you would be to see the moon fall in the sky.

"Is that a wolf?" whispered Dagban.

"N-no, it is a woman!" Eric answered, breathing deeply.

They stood still, even as the bear stumbled into a thicket and out of sight.

"*Oo-o-o! oo-o-o!*" came the cry again. Unmistakably it was the soft cry of a woman. A *woman!* Quick as a flash they turned and sped away in its direction. There was a time when it was something to hear a woman's voice. The novelty now is not to hear one.

Eric was the first there, and fell upon his bare knees in the snow beside her. Delicately and tenderly he put his arm under her shoulders and lifted up her head. Her beauty smote upon his heart; he tried to speak to her, but only stuttered. The impulse to crush her against his breast was all but overpowering him, when he heard the voice of Dagban growling, and saw his glittering eyes fixed fiercely upon the girl's form.

"Is she alive?" panted Dagban.

Eric answered, "Yes."

With one mighty sweep of his powerful arm, Dagban brushed his brother aside. "Let me have her!" he cried, "and you—you see to the man!" pointing to the precipice. "The girl is *mine!*" he screamed.

Eric, dazed, obeyed. He walked over and looked down, and returned, his face full of horror. "He lies at the bottom—dead!" cried Eric. But Dagban did not so much as look up. He was smoothing the warm skin of the girl's rosy arms, pinching her cheeks, and calling upon her to open her eyes. He pressed her to his body. But she was limp. He felt her heart beating with his huge hand, then rubbed snow into her face. Eric, his fine lips trembling, his knees knocking together, turned away, sick to the marrow. He went on down the side of the precipice, to the place where Aleric's white face smiled up at the sky. A long time Eric looked upon him, then covered the body with snow. His face turned upward and spoke a word to the God behind the gray cloud that spread out over the earth. Turning, he climbed back.

Dagban had carried the girl away. Eric saw him running with her in his arms, and followed after. Dagban ran straight home with her. Inside the cave, he dropped Chloe upon a skin rug, and told his mother her story. Startling as it all was, Else saw, with the eyes of her heart, another story more startling—the story then beginning, and even now a strange hate nibbled at the confines of her soul—a hate of Chloe that had no reason in it. As Dagban told the story, Eric kneeled beside the girl and gazed upon her face. Her eyes opened in that moment and looked straight into his troubled heart. Instantly he smiled, and so did Chloe.

"Poor girl!" whispered Eric, taking her into his arms.

Dagban saw it. He reached down and pulled her to her feet by his side, one arm about her waist. He ground his teeth at Eric. "Keep your hands off this woman!" he growled, savagely. "She is mine, I say! I love her!" He clutched at the faltering Eric, but Else, her own face ablaze, caught his arm.

Eric faced all three. "Very well, good brother," he said, softly. "I love her, too—but I will not make you angry. Let her choose between us. This is only fair—is it not, mother?"

Chloe, crying, crying for two strange reasons, strange because they both urged her heart in the same moment—that her father was dead, and that she heard Eric say he loved her—dropped her head upon her breast. Dagban's grip upon her arm hurt, the meaning in his eye frightened her. Under her wet lashes she looked appeal to Eric, to Else. Had Eric in that moment reached his hand to Chloe, Dagban must have struck him dead, so furious was his rage, so jealous his heart.

Else saw all and understood all, and her rage against the girl rose higher. "Dagban," she cried, "be less a dog and more a man! You are like a starved wolf on a carcass! I'll not have you quarreling over this clout of a child! Do you both hear my words? It is not for *her* to say, but *I*, your mother, will dispose of her! I will keep her beside me till the springtime, and you shall leave her alone. Then, if I find her fit, she shall be yours, Dagban. If I find her ugly, as she seems to be, I will drive her away!"

Chloe would have fallen, but that Dagban held her up. Else pulled her away from him. "Leave her alone!" she cried.

Dagban, in his heart afraid of his mother's wrath, stood still and scowled. Chloe, thru the blinding tears, peeped up and saw Eric standing still and limp, his head sunk down, a terrible sorrow upon his countenance.

"Do you hear, Eric?" growled Dagban. "Curse me forever, if it shall not be as our mother says!"

And so it was—almost. The difficulty was that Chloe herself was not so nearly a chattel as many a girl of today is.

In the springtime Dagban began to build the hut in which he purposed to place Chloe. Eric would not go near the place. Between the brothers had come this separating wedge which bites tighter with time, which each day drives farther, which makes its way heedless of ache and pain, and which nothing has ever prevailed against—the love of a woman. Eric, indeed, was too resilient in his nature to die over a woman, one way or another. He was a dreaming man. He could look up into the sky, with its flying clouds, and cry out to them to bear him away upon their crests, and the poetry of his soul and its joy compensated in a measure. One day he stood under the shade of a flowering sycamore, his heart and brain afire with the recollections of a strange look which Chloe had shot into his heart, an hour before. He turned his eyes up to the yellowing mass and called out, soft and low: "Oh, beautiful tree, fold me in thy arms, press me against thy peaceful breast, and let my flesh melt into thy heart! For I am vain and foolish." His imagination was such that he was suffused with the thought, and for the while it was as tho the tree had transmuted him, body and bone, and he was exalted and happy. This, too, while his face streamed with tears.

Else kept Chloe in her sight and hearing always. The girl was very unhappy, and despised Dagban with a strength which grew greater with each passing day. This delighted Else. Dagban, jealous enough of his brother's place in Chloe's heart, only feared that by some mischance she might slip from his arms. He had no heart himself. He did not concern himself about Chloe's, except as it might affect the materiality of her possession. Else might have poisoned the girl, except she was in fear of Dagban.

One day, a few days before the priest was to join Chloe and Dagban in wedlock, Eric sat alone in a glade, at work on some arrows. Dagban, at some distance away, was busied upon the new home for Chloe. She, who had been suffered by Else to go out to search for berries, had strayed from her task, and, with a new light in her big eyes, she was searching for Eric. She could not call, for she feared to arouse Dagban. Ignorant of the ground, her heart almost failed her. "I will find him," she thought, "and he will take me away—I know it! I know it!" Suddenly she heard a voice calling her name. Her heart almost stopped beating, her blood turned icy. It was Dagban's voice. She looked around, and saw him on the side of a hill, where the almost finished hut stood.

"Come here! Come here!" called Dagban.

Her only answer was to turn quickly and fly from the place. Dagban threw down a club with which he had been mauling a stake into the earth and ran after her. He soon lost sight



of her and went at once to Else. She told him to go find Eric and he would find Chloe, and Dagban set off in a rage.

By that singular chance which a beneficent God ofttimes provides in such emergencies, Chloe's feet had indeed carried her straight to Eric. He saw her white face and was frightened.

"Hide me! hide me! He is coming after me!" she cried in a low voice, which thrilled him to the core. Confused, afraid to speak to her, afraid to let her hand even so much as touch him, he hesitated. Her anger arose at his stupidity. A woman is often angry where she should be flattered. A stupid compliment is always an honest one.

"Dont you understand?" she cried. "Are you really dumb? Are you really made of wood, to stand and gape at me so? Hide me! Your brute of a brother called me, and I ran—to you!"

"Get behind this rock!" stammered Eric, trembling to his very toes.

She would have run away farther, but at that moment they both heard Dagban running thru the trees. She crept down behind the rock, and Dagban, his face flushed, his eyes red and angry, appeared before Eric.

"Where is she—Chloe?" he demanded. Eric looked straight into his eyes. "She is not here," he answered.

Dagban's eyes fell. He did not believe Eric, but turned away, and went back slowly, disappearing among the trees from which he had emerged a moment before. After a while Chloe stood up and looked about her. Satisfied that he was gone, she stepped up close to Eric. He still stood watching the place where Dagban had passed out of sight. Chloe's heart failed her. She could not speak the words she had meant to say. Presently he heard her crying. He turned, his own heart almost bursting. "What is the matter, Chloe?" he asked.

Then her courage returned. "What is the matter? *Can* you ask that?" she said, scornfully. "The matter is, that my poor heart is breaking! Oh, Eric! you do love me! *Why* will you not take me? Have I not suffered enough? Have you not seen me at their feet long enough? Oh, *how* can you bear to see me suffer? Oh, *why* dont you speak out of your *heart?*" She began to weep again. His eyes grew big; his heart cracked with agony, but he did not move. She stumbled toward him a step.



"Eric! oh, *why* dont you speak out of your *heart?*" she repeated with quivering lips.

"My brother loves you—and I love him!" he said.

The lids of her eyes came together, and she looked at him fiercely. "Your brother!" she whispered, panting. "I would rather a toad loved me! I loathe him! I could spit upon him! Ss-ss-t! And who are you, to close your arms when I would lay my head upon you? Are you a *man?* Does your blood burn as mine? Behold me as I am! Am I not fair as women are? In my heart, I know you love me, but you are a—*coward!* I dare you to take me in your arms!"

Eric, with drawn and solemn face, gazed at her, every fiber of his being quivering, still with a fear in him that sickened. She stepped closer, and started to speak again. Half sobbing, clumsily, he reached out his hand and put it across her mouth to stop her chatter. The touch of her warm, damp lips upon his palm made the earth swim round his head; the clouds in the sky seemed to descend upon him, and he took her in his arms! There was a sound of crashing steps, and in a moment the hand of Dagban had torn Eric from the girl and sent him spinning away. The infuriated man, who had witnessed all, clutched Chloe by the throat and shook her furiously. He



cursed her and twisted her till she cried out with pain. Eric, standing apart, for the first time feeling the rage of it all, could bide it no longer.

"Take your hands off her, Dagban!" he cried, the words choking him. "Take your hands off her, or, by the God of my soul, I'll break you in two as I would a twig!" He came up to Dagban's side. "Do you hear me?" he screamed. "Loose her!" He shouted the words at Dagban, who turned upon him. But the look of Eric's eyes warned him. He released the girl. She staggered toward Eric. But he waved her away. "Go!" he cried to her. With a wild, frightened look into his blazing eyes, she stumbled backward, turned and ran off, crying. "Dagban," said Eric, lower but with even more fierceness, "if ever you again handle that girl roughly, I'll—I'll kill you! *I'll kill you!*" Dagban's jaws fell apart, and he stared at him, in fear of his life. "Now, you go — and go the other way!" Without a word, but with a face filled with the wonder and terror of an infinite force which menaced him, Dagban turned and walked away. For a long while Eric stood still, his emotions conflicting, his face twitching. A tear finally stole down his cheek. He lifted his arms high over his head and cried out the single word: "God!"



He followed after Dagban. Dagban had gone straight to his half-built home. In his blind rage he was tearing it apart, when Eric appeared before him. "Stop, brother!" cried Eric, softly. He opened wide his arms, and stepped up close to Dagban. "Forgive! forgive!" he whispered. The hot blood in Dagban's eyes blinded him. The same destructive spirit that had set him tearing down the home for Chloe now moved him to tear out the heart of his brother, whom Chloe loved. Like a fury, he raised a cudgel and struck Eric down at his feet. Eric was up in an instant. Again he opened his arms and cried out, "Forgive! forgive!" Again Dagban struck him down, this time cutting a gash in his forehead, from which blood spurted. Then Eric clutched him by the throat, and pressed in his thumbs until they almost met his fingers. Dagban's mouth opened, he gurgled, his tongue rolled out, his eyes glazed, and he sank limp upon the ground. It was a long time before the rage left Eric. Then he looked down upon the consequences of his fury in horror, turned and fled.

He ran straight to his mother. Upon the floor of the cave Chloe was weeping out her heart as Else excoriated her. "You have been a curse to me and my sons!" she said, as she blew at the coals. "And Dagban will kill you—at least, I hope he will!"

Eric's entrance interrupted her. His face was wild, he trembled in every limb. "Go, mother!" he hoarsely cried. "I have hurt Dagban —I may have killed him! I am guilty! I am guilty!"

Seized with a terror that closed her lips, without a word Else darted out of the cave. Eric turned his back upon Chloe, who knelt with her face upon the floor, her two red hands

spread out upon the top of her head, her aspect that of utter misery and desolation. She arose and crept to his side, and put a hand upon his shoulder. He turned upon her furiously. "Do not put your hand upon me!" he groaned. She hung her head in shame.

The gesture touched his heart as a white-hot iron. He lifted a hand to his forehead, and again she reached out to him. But he moved away, and looked at her curiously. "You are a sweet poison, woman," he said; "I shall not taste you—not a drop!" He passed by her and went thru a rude opening in the rock wall, into the place where he slept, falling down upon some skins, overcome in mind and body. She followed in after him, and stood by his side, watching him a long while. Then he lifted his head and saw her.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, Eric, my heart! I want—I want—to die!"

"You will not die," said Eric, rising and beginning to pack his few possessions into a bundle. "I am going. And when I am gone, you will love him. If I stay, I must kill him. That I will not do."

With a last look at her wet face, he went by her and out of the place, and began his journey—anywhere, to the ends of the earth—to get away. But his heart almost burst with pain as he went.

She fell down upon the place where his pallet had been and wept herself to sleep. Once she was roused by the hum of voices, as Else and Dagban talked. Then she heard Else go out. It was night and quiet. She wondered how Eric fared, and whether his flight was known. The notion struck her that they must have believed she had gone with Eric.

There was a tread close to the doorway where she lay, the skins that formed a screen were parted, and the light from faggots in the big room shone in upon her. She lay perfectly still. The step drew nearer—cat-like. A fear seized her vitals, but she lay still. Dagban stood directly over her, murder in his heart, death in the knife he held in his hand.



She looked up just in time—the knife was poised above her body, ready to fall. She rolled aside and sprang to her feet.

"Dagban!" she cried.

"*Chloe!*" he gasped. "I thought you were—*Eric!*" The knife fell out of his hand. He staggered back before her blazing face. The cold sweat of his forehead fell into his eyes and blinded him.

"Murderer! toad! wretch! Do you think I will let your foul body prey upon me? That I will stay and be consumed by the fires of your rotten blood? No! I am going away—as Eric has gone! And if you follow me, I swear by the blood of my father that I will kill you while you sleep in weariness! Stay where you are!"

She turned to go, and he lifted a hand to detain her. But the look of her eyes stopped him. His knees shook, and his tongue refused to utter the word that urged. Without another word, she went out into the night, with nothing save the few skins that illy covered her trembling body —went out and was absorbed in the night and darkness. He sank down in a heap, blind with impotent rage and jealousy, sick and weary of himself.

Miles away, Eric sat before a fire, brooding. The temptation to return and get her and take her away with him almost overpowered his will. But he knew he must not. He would forget her in some strange new place where the hard battle for existence should tax his arm and heart to their uttermost. That is what he thought. Something touched him upon the shoulder, and he turned. Chloe, her eyes big and shining with the mystery of the night, her face dazzling and beautiful in the flickering blaze of the fire, was before him. He stood up.

"I saw the light," she said, "and came to you."

"You shall never leave me!" he said, softly, folding her in his arms. The day was breaking, and they took up their way toward the rising sun.

An Unintentional April Fool

By LILLIAN MAY

There once was a lady so gay
Sat up with a gasp of dismay:
"It's April first, Monday—almost Easter Sunday—
I must do some shopping today!

"I'll first go to Madame Marcell,
Her hats do become me so well.
But as for a dress, I'm bound to confess,
That Bernstein's will do just as well."

So quickly to Madame she hies,
But pauses, in wrath and surprise;
"Where did Madame go? This is a Photoshow!"
"April fool!" then a fresh urchin cries.

"It's very disgusting!" said she,
"When she moves, she should notify me.
I'll go on uptown, and I'll buy a new gown,
But Madame I dont care to see."

To Bernstein's she quickly did fly,
But again Photoshow greets her eye.
"Is it all April fool, or a town of misrule?"
"April fool!" cries a small boy near by.

Now an officer comes to her aid,
Says he, "Lady, dont be afraid,
For Madame Marcell and Bernstein as well,
A grand combination have made."

So her runabout bears her away,
To a store all in Easter array.
When once she is in, she forgets her chagrin,
And happily shops all the day.

She said, "'Tis a beautiful store,
But expense must be very much more."
The keen Madame says, "Oh, yes, but it pays,
There's a new Photoshow just next door!"

A Man Worth While

(Méliès)

By LILLIAN CONLON

"I'm going West!" declared Ann Worth.

"West!" echoed her companion, gazing at Ann in astonishment.

"Yes, West. I'm tired to death of this life! I'm tired of folks who never say anything they mean, or mean anything they say. I'm tired of pretending and being pretended to. I'm going where folks are natural and honest, and where life is worth while."

"Many people would consider life decidedly worth while if they could have your money, Ann—your social position—your advantages."

"That's just it," with a contemptuous glance around the richly furnished room, "that is all any one thinks of. I'm Ann Worth, heiress to my dead uncle's millions. The girls make love to me because they know I can give them good times; the men make love to me because they want a chance to help spend my millions. I'm going West, and I'm going to find some of those honest, true-hearted men we read about!"

With a determined toss of her head, she threw herself into a chair beside the writing table and, after a moment's thought, quickly penned these lines:

WANTED

Position as companion or governess by cultured young woman. Value pleasant home more than high wages. Address Worth, Santa Paula, Cal.

Ann Worth was a young woman of quick decision and of quick action. No sooner was the missive posted than Ann made hurried preparations to take the same train West that carried her letter, and a few days later she arrived at the hotel in Santa Paula, eager to enter upon the new life that she believed her advertisement would bring her.

She did not have long to wait. Several answers came, and among them was one that impressed her by its rugged, homely simplicity.

"That's just the place!" she cried, enthusiastically, "and I'll apply for the position at once. Hot Springs—sounds good — real ranch — cowboys. Why, life will be worth living again, among these simple, honest Westerners!"

Two days later, attired in a simple black frock, Ann Worth set out for the ranch of Henry Fletcher.

Nobody dreamed, when the simple, meek-looking young woman dismounted from the buggy in front of Fletcher's ranch house, that she was anything but what she appeared to be. Nobody guessed that she could have drawn her check in six figures, and that she could have bought the whole ranch outright and then have enough left to buy two or three more. But, instead of buying the ranch, she had come to work upon it. And she was determined to play her part to the best of her ability, and to await the outcome with hopeful patience.



ANN ADVERTISES FOR A POSITION



ANN IS HEARTILY GREETED AT THE RANCH

She was not surprised at the heartiness of her greeting, and the breezy, cheerful way in which she was accepted as a member of the family circle.

"I reckoned that Dot, here, was apt to get kinder lonesome and be wantin' to leave her ole dad, if I didn't find some on' to be company for her," explained Fletcher, with an affectionate look at his daughter, Dorothy, a sweet-faced girl of nineteen, full of energy and girlish enthusiasm. "She's gettin' spoilt, too, with all th' fellers a-waitin' on her and a-runnin' after her. Keep her happy now, Miss — Miss — 'cuse me, but I aint much on rememb'ren' names."

It was not a hard task to keep Dot happy. Also, Ann found, it was strangely easy to keep happy herself. Here in this new country, where no one suspected that she was an heiress, she found life growing as simple and sweet as the existence she had always yearned for. The wholesome, busy life all around her, the frank, manly friendliness of the ranchman, the gay, sweet enthusiasm of the young girl who was her constant companion, combined to weave a spell of healthy cheerfulness around her mind, which had been growing a trifle morbid in the artificial life of the East.

"These are real men," she said to herself one day as she rode beside Dot across the brown sod of the prairie. "They are brave, and honest, and chivalrous, all of them, and yet, somehow, I haven't found that hero of my dreams—the man worth while. Oh, well, I suppose I'm silly and romantic."

Her horse shied suddenly, and as she drew in the reins with a quick touch, she saw beside the hedge near the roadside a young man chopping wood. Dot greeted him with frank delight, introducing him as "Mr. Scott, a great friend of daddy's," and they chatted for a few minutes before the girls rode on.

"He's a handsome lad," said Ann, as they cantered along. "Who is he?"

"He's John Scott, a homesteader and the finest man in the county, except daddy. Everybody likes him."

"Do you?" asked Ann, mischievously, but the question brought no added flush to Dorothy's cheek.

"Of course I do," she answered, lightly. "He gave me my dog, and he's always good to me. But he's good to everybody, and dad says he's made such a difference in the men since he came here. The whole place is more orderly. John is strong on law and order. Why, we used to have lynchings here, but now such a thing is never heard of."



THEY CAME UPON A WOODSMAN WORKING BY THE ROADSIDE

"Lynchings!" exclaimed Ann with a shudder, "how dreadful! I should think—"

But the sentence was never finished. They were just turning a sharp bend in the trail, and out from somewhere—the girls never knew just how it all happened — sprang two burly men and seized the horses' bridles.

"Get off them hosses — quick! and dont holler —nobody's goin' t' hurt yeh!" commanded a voice, with rough peremptoriness.

With that curious contradictoriness which so often creeps into the general order of things, Dorothy—



TWO BURLY MEN SPRANG UP

daughter of the ranch — promptly fainted. Ann — child of the effete East—lifted her whip, crying out bravely: "Stand back, you cowards! Would you fight women?"

"Nobody's goin' t' fight yeh, miss," laughed the larger of the men. "You're sorter spunky, aint yeh? But we need them hosses — git down!"

Ann struggled in vain. In a moment she was lifted from her horse and was standing, unharmed, by the roadside, while the laughs of the men, galloping furiously away on their stolen steeds, floated derisively back to her. They had laid the fainting Dorothy on the grass, and Ann's first act was to bend over her, loosening her collar and fanning her with the broad-brimmed hat, which had fallen to the ground in the scuffle. They were some distance from home, and as the girl showed no sign of returning consciousness, Ann began to wonder what was best to do. All at once her face brightened, as a tall, straight figure came into view over the crest of the little hill they had passed.

"Mr. Scott," she called, "oh, Mr. Scott, hurry up!"

He was beside her in a moment, listening to her excited explanations with a stern, troubled face.

"I'm awful sorry, miss," he said, softly. "I hoped we were done with that kind of business in these parts. I didn't think there was a man in this State that would rob a woman. I'll carry Dorothy to my cabin—it's just over the hill. You two can stay there, and I'll send for her father. Dont worry, she will soon revive."

Even in her worry and excitement, Ann felt a thrill of admiration as the strong man lifted Dorothy so easily and gently and started up the trail with her.

As they came in sight of his shack and saw a group of horsemen clustered about the door, the woodsman's face darkened.

"It's the boys," he muttered. "I wish they hadn't come just now. There'll be trouble when they hear what's happened."

"How will there be trouble, Mr. Scott?" asked Ann, anxiously.

"The fellows will want to take the law into their own hands."

"But the thieves ought to be caught and punished," ventured Ann.

"Yes—but it should be done lawfully, not by lynch law. We must have law and order before we can hope to have progress in this State. But when the boys hear of horse-stealing—from women, at that—I'm afraid there will be no holding them."

There were black looks, indeed, and loud, angry words when the cause of Dorothy's condition was made known. Then, while John Scott and Ann worked over the white-faced girl, bringing the color back to her cheeks and the light to her dazed eyes, the loud tones dwindled to angry mutterings, and when Scott stepped to the door at last, to announce Dorothy's recovery to the men, the place was deserted. The men and their horses were gone.

"Miss Worth," Scott said, as he stepped back into the little room, "I've sent for Dorothy's father, and he'll be here in half an hour. He'll probably bring the sheriff and a posse with him. I'm going to follow the boys. Tell Mr. Fletcher the boys have all cleared out, and that I've gone after them, and they must follow me as quick as they can."

He was off in an instant, buckling his cartridge belt about him as he swung into the saddle, and Ann turned a terrified face to Dorothy.

"What does it mean?" she asked, fearfully.

"He's going to try to stop a lynching," replied Dorothy. "Our boys are after the thieves. They wont be in any mood to listen to reason, either."

She spoke without great concern. She was accustomed to the vicissitudes of Western life, and she had abundant faith in Scott's ability to take care of himself, but Ann was troubled. As she waited anxiously for Mr. Fletcher's arrival, her mind

went over and over the scenes of her meeting with the handsome woodsman. His dark, expressive eyes hung insistently in her memory, his rich voice rang in her ears. She was relieved when Fletcher, accompanied by the sheriff and his men, arrived and quickly set off again at a furious gallop in the direction which John Scott had taken.

The hours dragged by, and the girls waited. The sun sank lower and

"Everything's all right," exclaimed Fletcher in answer to a dozen questions from the girls, as he swung off his horse. "I guess we're a law-abiding crowd of citizens, after all. We got there just as John was holdin' up the hul crowd—thieves, vigilance committee and all. Guess they were all glad to see us, even the thieves. Well, the sheriff's got the thieves, and here's the horses. Now we'll take you girls home."



THE HORSES ARE RESTORED TO THEIR OWNERS

lower, twilight gathered and the stars crept out. Ann shivered as they sat upon the steps, watching and listening, and Dorothy crept close to her. She was not surprised at Ann's concern over this handsome John Scott, whom she had met for the first time not six hours before; women are quick to read each other's heart secrets. At last there came the swing of hoofbeats. Then Scott and Fletcher rode into sight, each leading one of the stolen horses.

"I want to ride by you, daddy," said the designing Dorothy. "I feel a bit shaky yet."

So it came about that John and Ann rode side by side across the brown prairies in the starlight, toward the Fletcher ranch, while Dorothy rode far in advance with her father. It was the first one of many rides, and into Ann's heart crept the consciousness that here at last was the man of her dreams—the man worth while!

No one was surprised, when not many weeks later, invitations were circulated for a wedding at the Fletcher ranch. It all came about very naturally and the heiress of the East had no hesitancy in accepting the simple, rough, uncultured Westerner. But under Ann's happiness lurked one shadow—her money. She had never told John about it. He thought her a poor, friendless orphan. What would he say when she told him? Would



UNDER ANN'S HAPPINESS THERE LURKED ONE SHADOW

he understand, or would he, so frank and open himself, mistake her motive and despise her deceit? But thru all these questionings ran the deep, trustful current of Ann's love and faith. "When I am his own, and tell him all," she whispered softly, "he will understand."

But when she was alone with him that night of the wedding, sitting on the steps in the starlight, beneath the garlands of prairie flowers with which the boys had trimmed the cabin, she found it very hard to begin. Yet she must tell him before they were wedded; she must not keep any secrets from him. She must deceive him no longer.

"What would you say, John," she began at last, "if I should tell you that you were a rich man?"

"Dont I know that I am a rich man, with a wife like you, dear heart?" he answered, drawing her closer.

"Well, then," she persisted, "suppose I were to tell you that I am a rich woman?"

"I hope you feel rich tonight," he replied, tenderly. "No riches could buy happiness like ours."

This was very discouraging. She was making no progress, and she was getting more frightened every minute. Suppose he should be angry and unforgiving! She turned such a distressed face to him that he bent over her with quick concern.

"What is it, dear?" he whispered.

Then the whole story came out, and as the man listened he was first amazed, then stern, and at last very miserable.

"Oh," he breathed brokenly, "why didn't you tell me before? Why have you hid this from me? You are rich, you have social position, everything—and I—what have I to offer you? It was not fair! I cannot let you make this sacrifice. You love me because I rescued you—not for myself——"

But Ann, lifting her lovely face to his, stopped his forming words with kisses. Then her white arms stole around him as she spoke.

"Oh, John Scott," she breathed, "cant you understand? I wanted to marry a man—a real man, who loved me for myself. I love you so much that money makes no difference to me. Dont you love me as much as that?"

For a moment John Scott looked down into the troubled, pleading eyes. Then his arms closed about her quickly, and she dropped her head upon his breast with a little sigh.

"I have found him at last," she murmured, happily, "my man worth while!"

Rowdy and His New Pal

(Edison)

By LULU MONTANYE

"No, you cant go, Rowdy," declared Bob, firmly.

But Rowdy continued to tease. If ever a dog spoke plainly, Rowdy was doing it now. His eyes fairly shone with desire, and his tail wagged with pathetic appeal as he capered around his young master.

"'No, I'm going to the store for mother, and I'll be right back again. You cant come. Lie down, sir!"

Rowdy stretched his full length upon the piazza, his nose straight out between his two paws, and gazed reproachfully down the street after Bob's vanishing form. Being only a dog, he could not argue the decree, but he felt very unreconciled. It was such fun to go to the store with Bob! To chase in and out among the drays, trucks, cars and automobiles of the crowded street, escaping death by a hair's breadth and hearing Bob's frightened whistle calling him back. Why couldn't a dog be allowed to have a little fun?

"I might as well be a pussy-cat or a canary bird," thought Rowdy, with a dog pout, "if I have to stay cooped up at home all the time!"

When any human being sits down for fifteen minutes and does nothing but meditate upon the wrongs and injuries that are being inflicted upon him, he works himself into a state of mind where he is convinced that something desperate should be done at once. Then, if he is the aggressive type, he does it; if he is not that type, he lapses into sulkiness and inefficiency. Dogs are not so very different, after all, from the beings we call human, and Rowdy went thru much the same mental processes. Then, being an aggressive dog, he determined to assert himself. He would go to the store alone!

He frisked joyously down the street in the direction Bob had taken, rejoicing in his new independence. Seeing a sleek white cat upon the sidewalk, he promptly chased it into the seclusion of its own back yard. What business had a cat to be alone upon the streets? Coming back from this expedition, he ran gaily on, not noticing in his excitement that he had turned a corner and was getting into an unfamiliar locality. Suddenly he stopped and began to nose about inquiringly. Rowdy was an unusually intelligent, well-trained dog, and undoubtedly would have found his way home, had not fate intervened in the guise of a group of street boys.

"Hi, boys, look at the swell dog!" came a cry, followed by a long whistle and a "Here, dog; come here, sir!"

Rowdy stopped and looked around. He was a friendly and well-mannered dog, accustomed to replying when he was spoken to. But this crowd of boys, who came pushing around him, were not like his young master's friends. They were dirty and queer-looking. Most of them were smoking short stubs of cigarets. Still, Rowdy's tail gave a friendly wag as one of them seized him by the collar.

"Gee, it's a silver collar!" declared the tall one, who had begun the investigation. "Here, how do they git it off?"

"If youse gits de collar, I gits de dog, see!" yelled another boy.

In an instant the gang was in a tumult. A fight was on for the possession of poor Rowdy, who was pushed this way and that, while a dozen hands dragged at his collar. Rowdy was tasting the fruits of disobedience, and finding them very bitter.

"Here, let th' dog alone!" broke in a voice suddenly. "Wot ails yer? Beat it, or I'll call Big Mike!"

The crowd broke and ran, hooting, down an alleyway. Big Mike, who-



ROWDY IS A TRIFLE BACKWARD ABOUT TAKING UP A NEW RESIDENCE

ever he was, seemed to be a magic name. Rowdy's collar went with the gang, but the dog himself was left, looking gratefully up into his champion's eyes.

"Nice dog," soothed the newcomer, patting Rowdy with a grimy hand; "good dog! Somebody's lost a pet, all right. Does yer want ter live with me?"

Pietro, Rowdy's new friend, was a newsboy—one of the waifs that live, no one knows how or where, picking up a precarious existence, like the sparrows, in the great city. Many of those waifs carry a starved, lonely heart under their ragged coats, and Pietro was one of them. As he looked at the dog, his eyes filled with longing.

"I wisht I could keep 'im. But I s'pose 'twould be foolish," he sighed; "it'd be fine to have a dog—they're 'most human!"

Rowdy put up his nose and licked Pietro's hand gratefully. That settled it. The newsboy's mind was made up. Unless the owner came to claim him, he would keep Rowdy. Somehow, he would manage to feed him. The dog should sleep beside him in the miserable little shack which covered him at night. His heart warmed at the prospect. At last, Pietro had a friend!

"Come on, Sport," he said, benignly, "we'll go over to the frankfurter man an' git a hot dog apiece. But yer bet we wont let the frankfurter man git my little doggie!"

Rowdy knew that his name was not Sport, but there seemed to be no way of conveying this information to his new friend, so he capered along joyously. Probably he thought, in dog language, "What's in a name, anyhow?"

It was the beginning of a new life for the dog and for the boy. Pietro's starved heart enveloped the dog with a wealth of affection which equaled the devotion of his former master. Pietro could not give Rowdy a luxurious rug and expensive food, as Bob had done, but the bed which he constructed out of old sacks was warm and comfortable, and the scraps and bones which he begged from friendly butchers kept away all pangs of hunger. When there were no gifts of bones, Rowdy's supper must be bought with a few of the hard-earned pennies, but it was always provided. If *one* must go hungry to bed, it was Pietro, but his empty stomach never troubled him, so long as Rowdy was curled up at his feet, warm and well fed. If Rowdy thought regretfully of his former life, he never showed it; he returned Pietro's devotion and lived in the present, like a sensible dog.

But in the home which Rowdy had left so unceremoniously woe and desolation prevailed. Bob mourned for his playmate and refused to be comforted. Daily he searched for Rowdy, devoting all his play hours to the fruitless quest. Bob's parents were scarcely less concerned than the boy himself. For many days a notice was seen in the morning papers:

LOST.—Dark brindle Boston Bull, answers to the name of Rowdy. Liberal reward if returned to 2627 Webster Ave.



PIETRO SHARES HIS SUPPER WITH ROWDY

But nobody ever appeared to claim the reward. The days slipped into weeks, and still Bob mourned for Rowdy, and still Rowdy lived with his new master, only a dozen blocks from his own home.

But Rowdy awoke one morning—perhaps from a dream of long marrow-bones or of chasing fat cats down straight alleys—to find Pietro staring at him with queer, wide-open eyes. He poked an inquisitive nose against the white face under the ragged blanket, but instead of the usual answering word and pat, Pietro turned restlessly, muttering unintelligible words. For a long time Rowdy sat quietly by the bed, not understanding this new behavior, but waiting patiently for some word which should authorize



"SURE, SOMEBODY MUST BE HUNGRY TO BE STALEIN' BREAD AND MILK!"

him to frisk about and begin the day, as usual. But the white face on the miserable pillow grew whiter, the eyes grew big and wild; occasionally a few delirious words fell from the parched lips, and the dog pricked up quick ears, only to drop his silky head with a disappointed whine as he realized that the words were not for him.

It was long past the hour when the two usually ate their breakfast and went out with the early papers. Was it instinct or reason which told Rowdy that something was very wrong with Pietro—that his master needed food and care? Whatever the prompting impulse was, Rowdy acted upon it. He nosed anxiously about the delirious boy for a moment, with little, anxious whines; then he trotted quietly out of the door, into the street.

Nora, the maid at Number Ten Summer Street, was much perturbed. She leaned over the back-yard fence, talking volubly to the maid next door.

"My milk was stolen on me this mornin'," she said, excitedly, "and there wasn't no cream for the master's coffee. An' now I've lost a loaf of bread. I seen the baker's boy thru the kitchen window. He put the bread down on the steps; it wasn't five minutes after that I went to get it, and there was nothin' there!"

"Sure, somebody must be hungry, to be stalein' bread and milk!" replied the other girl. "But here comes the b'y wid me sausages for dinner. I must be afther goin' in to cook thim now."

Nora went back to her kitchen, thinking of the strange theft of her milk and bread, and began to pare the potatoes for dinner, humming a snatch of a ballad as she worked. Suddenly she was interrupted by her

friend from next door, who burst into the kitchen, looking frightened and excited.

"Me sausages is gone!" she exclaimed.

"Gone?" echoed Nora.

"Yis, gone! Sure, the neighborhood must be bewitched. I took the sausages from the b'y and laid thim down at the door for a half a minute, while I was gettin' some clothes from the line. Whin I turned around, not a sausage was there, at all, at all! Now, who iver could have got away wid 'em in that space of time?"

"It's time for Tim Donlon to be on this beat," suggested Nora. "Let's go out and tell him about it."

They found Tim Donlon, not far from the front door, and he listened in half-incredulous surprise.

"I've been walkin' up and down here for the last hour," he declared, "and I've seen nothin' suspicious."

"That's not strange," retorted Nora, scathingly, "the police never do see nothin' suspicious! The question is, What's to be done now? Are we to have our dinner stole from the back of the house every day, while the police walk up and down in front, doin' nothin' but look imposin'?"

Before the indignant officer could frame a proper retort to this remark, a little girl ran up to him, pulling breathlessly at his arm.

"Oh, do come with me!" she begged. "I've found such a dreadful thing!"

"What's the matter?" they chorused.

"I was coming from school and I saw a dog with a paper of sausages in his mouth. I knew he had stolen them, and I followed him. He went down Lane's alley, into an old shack, and I went and peeped in. It's a horrid place, hardly a speck of furniture, and a bed of old rags on the floor, and there's a boy on the bed. He is throwing his arms around and acts crazy. I didn't dare go further than the door. Do come and see what's the matter."

"That's the thief!" exclaimed Donlon. "You girls come along with me. If there's a sick boy, you'll be a help. It's only around the corner."

Around the corner they all went, down the alley, into the little room where Pietro lay. He was too ill even to notice them, but Rowdy, on guard, ran forward with a sharp little bark of greeting. Then he ran back to his master's side and turned, looking at the visitors anxiously, as if to say, "You see, you are needed; I've done all I can."

"Fer the love of Hivin'!" breathed Donlon, "will ye see what the little baste has been adoin'!"

Ranged by the bed, where Pietro lay moaning, were two loaves of bread, a bottle of milk and the sausages.

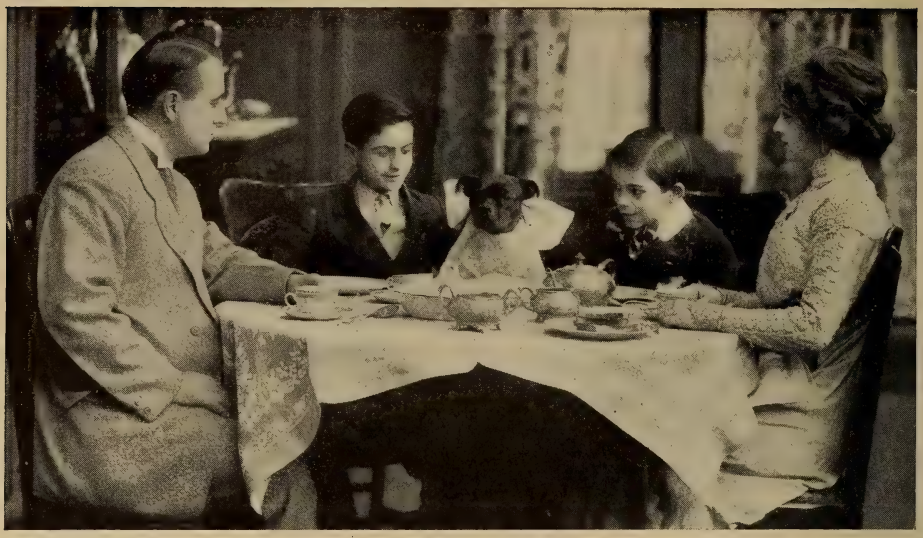
"He's brought them all home to the boy!" exclaimed Nora, "and he's never touched a bite himself—and then some folks say a dog has no sense!"

Her eyes were full of tears as she bent over the boy, petting Rowdy meanwhile with one hand. The dog regarded her with anxious eyes as she turned to the policeman.

"He must go to the hospital," she



THE "THIEF" AND HIS SICK MASTER ARE DISCOVERED



BY HIS KINDNESS TO ROWDY, PIETRO HAS WON A NEW HOME FOR HIMSELF

said. "You get the ambulance, and we'll wait here."

Rowdy waited anxiously while careful hands lifted his master into the ambulance. Then, as it started off without him, he set up a pitiful howl.

"Here!" cried Nora, "take the dog with him. Let him go along to the hospital. He deserves it!"

So it came to pass that, as Pietro was being carried up the steps of the great hospital, Rowdy followed close behind. A man was passing just then, a prosperous-looking gentleman, with a slender, well-dressed lad by his side. Suddenly the lad stopped.

"Father," he exclaimed, "look—there's Rowdy! Come here, Rowdy; come here, sir! Dont you know me?"

It was Bob. Rowdy knew him instantly and sprang to him with many happy barks. The boy knelt upon the steps, sobbing with excitement and delight, his arms about his beloved pet, who was manifesting his joy as plainly as a dog could.

It was some time before Bob's father could find out how Rowdy had come there, but with the help of Officer Donlon the mystery was untangled.

"Rowdy can come home with us, right now, cant he?" asked Bob.

"Certainly," answered his father. "He is your dog—of course he can go home with you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," interrupted Donlon, "would ye mind comin' in to see the little fellow that has had the dog? They've got him in bed now, and ye might like to see how he looks. The lad's had the dog fer a good while, and they're awful fond of each other."

As Bob stood, with his father and Rowdy, by the little white bed where Pietro lay, so frail and wan now, Officer Donlon told them the whole story of his discovery. Bob's eyes filled as he heard how Rowdy had tried to care for his new master.

"He must have been good to Rowdy, father," he said. "I guess he's a nice boy. See, Rowdy looks as well as ever. He hasn't been starved."

"The boy shall be rewarded," declared the father, emphatically.

At this instant Pietro opened his eyes, from which the delirious light had died away. He was conscious now, and his hand went out quickly toward the dog.

"Oh, Sport," he whispered, weakly, and the dog crept close to his side, laying his nose gently against the outstretched hand.

"Never mind, old fellow!" breathed the sick boy, "I'll soon be on my feet again. I'll take care of you. We're pals, aint we, old Sport?"

Bob's eyes turned to his father's with quick dread.

"See, father," he whispered, "that boy likes him as well as I do—and he's poor and sick. What shall we do? Maybe he will be worse if we take Rowdy home with us."

"We'll take them both home with us," announced the father, suddenly. "He cared for Rowdy, now we will care for him. We will not let a waif of the streets outdo us in Christian charity."

If you should visit the home at 2627 Webster Avenue today, you would see two fine, sturdy lads growing up side by side, happy in the companionship of each other and of their beloved Rowdy. The dog shows no partiality for either of his two masters. He loves and obeys both Bob and Pietro with unswerving fidelity — and he never, never runs away!

My Ain Bonnie Lassie

By LIZZIE PINSON

I hae seen a bonnie lassie a' sae sweet,
Wi' the light o' love a-gleamin' in her e'e,
Gi'n I could I'd lay my heart doune at her feet
An' I'd tell her that she's a' the world to me.
I hae seen her standin' by her cottage gate
When the sunlight was a-sinkin' in the west,
Like a birdie waitin' for its lovin' mate,
Cam' a laddie—aye, an' clasped her to his breast.
I hae seen her wi' her gallant gude man nigh
An' the orange blossoms nestlin' in her hair,
While the fayther an' auld mither softly cry—
She maun gang awa' to come back hame nae mair.
I hae seen her clad in silken velvet gown,
'Mang the lairds an' ladies, rich an' grand was she.
Cam' misfortune a' sae sudden, yet nae frown
Gathered in that bonnie face sae fair to see.
I hae seen her trippin' lightly in the reel,
An' amang the fields o' heather doune the dell,
An' anither time a-spinnin' at the wheel,
That the bairnies might be clad for winter's spell.
I hae seen her droop an' fade a-touched wi' blight,
Smilin' brave, she telt her weepin' friends gudeby.
Soon they dressed her for the grave in robe o' white—
Tho' my heart was achin' sair I mauna cry.
But she dinna dae, for I hae seen her since,
Wi' the dimples breakin' out at ilka smile,
When a-courtin' to her cam' a handsome prince,
An' anither laddie lovin' her the while.
Aye, but be she livin' yet or did she dee,
Tho' I'll love her to the end o' a' my days,
Weel I ken she winna gie a tho't to me—
My ain lassie o' the Motion Picture plays.



Now hope you'll take this letter,
In the way in which it's meant;
But from true admiration,
Is the reason that it's sent.

Have heard so much about you,
In the Moving Picture play;
Your obedience to your master,
Be his order what it may.

I've heard folks call you beautiful,
And that I know is true;
But leave it to your judgment,
If I'm not as grand as you.

Of course, I am no actor,
But just a household pet;
And have as kind a master,
As any dog had yet.

And now I must be closing,
Hope to meet you, Jean, some day;
If only in the moving scenes
Of a Motion Picture play.

Accept my portrait kindly,
Which I surely think you will;
With best wishes for the future,
I remain,

Your dog friend,
Lil.

Moving Picture Titles in Rhyme

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

"Just a Bad Kid" is a very clever Picture Play;
"A Winning Miss" will always get a good laugh any day;
"The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of" is certainly worth while,
This one would make even "Sober Sal" show her sweetest smile;
"The Theft of Mona Lisa" and "For the Love of Mike,"
Are pictures any "Lookers-on" are very sure to like;
"The Surgeon's Heroism," "Two Old Men," "Walk—You Walk,"
Are very pleasing pictures that will make the people talk;
"The Lost Address," "Saints and Sinners," "Memories of '49,"
Have lots of good stuff in them, just take this tip of mine.
"The Kid of Roaring Camp" and "The Harm That Gossips Do,"
Are good enough for any one to see, when they're on view;
"Thirty Days," "Foolshead's Christmas" and "The Caddy's Dream,"
Are the kind that drive 'way trouble and make a fellow scream;
"The Miracle," "Dad's Smash Up," "A Romance of Wall Street,"
Are a trio of pretty good ones that are hard to beat;
"Did Mother Get Her Wish?" "Things Are Seldom What They Seem,"
Are the kind to try on father when he is feeling mean;
"Joseph in Egypt" and "A Woman's Gratitude,"
Have class enough to them to be considered very good;
"Life in Our Ponds," "Industries of the South and West,"
Are educational films that stand the critic's test;
"Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmetic," "Charley's Holiday,"
Will send the crowds home satisfied, no matter where they play;
"Zigomar," "Delhi Durbar," "The Pride of Lexington,"
Are interesting pictures, yes, sir, every one;
"The Twins," "Objections Overruled" and "The Laugh on Dad,"
Have lots of funny stuff to cheer a guy that's sad;
"A Realistic Make-Up" is a good one all the way,
It's really worth the price that they ask a guy to pay.
One picture of each company has been mentioned in this list,
And, now I've got to stop, 'cause my joints ache at the wrist.

The Spanish Revolt of 1836

(Kalem)

By JOHN OLDEN

From the Scenario of Capt. Chas. Kiener

BENT over the alcalde's carved table, Isabella wrote a few words rapidly, then chewed the plumage of her quill thoughtfully for the best part of an hour. What she had written to Olivia was short enough, in words, yet big with meaning. Womanlike, it was penned in the form of an avowal—a confidential one, which she trusted would be published to all the world. Hence her editorial circumspection.

She picked the letter up for the thirteenth time and searched it for a flaw. "This is to remind you of tomorrow's garden festival," she read, "and that you must not fail to be with me. Motherless as I am, your presence is always a safeguard against my too ardent suitors. To them, I fear, I feel capricious and cruel; yet I love only my freedom."

"Capricious," she mused, "is not a satisfactory word to a man. It suggests too many others besides himself." She crossed it out to substitute "hard-hearted."

"I will not marry," she continued reading, "and I am capable of loving only such a man whose qualities and deeds place him above the average caballero."

"Sounds too hopeless," she criticised, "and too much like a *pronunciamiento* of the government."

"Without love" was prefixed to the unfeeling sentence. "There, it's finished!" she sighed. "Henceforth, I suppose, *all* of my suitors will expose hidden qualities and promise to perform deeds."

Olivia, in her flower-walled patio, read the letter thru with amusement. "Such a child," she thought; "so artless." Something made her read it thru again more carefully, and she added, "and so deep."

"The world's her plaything," she meditated, deep in a rush chair, "and as for Juan Alvarado, my cousin, it is a musty matter of keeping to his books. The *vista* of Monterey has never been painstaking before: why should he?

"Ah, well!" she sighed, "tomorrow, when she is importuned by all the gallants in town, perhaps she will start his heart to singing. Who knows?"

With the morrow she hastened to the home of the venerable alcalde, who stood on the steps with Isabella, welcoming their guests.

"Sweet one," she whispered, "I have read thy letter—'tis locked in my bosom, never fear!"

Isabella, as fresh as an opening rose, could not conceal her pout of chagrin at this information, so she kist her warmly. "I knew I could trust you," she answered promptly, tho to Olivia it seemed without the appreciation due.

The young men of the capital, coming up by twos and threes, with sweeping doffs of sombreros, interrupted further confidences. They grouped around her, with hand on hip and much posturing, for all the world like pheasants to be fed from the fingers of a royal mistress. She met their soft glances with the level eyes of a swordsman — laughing all the while.

Juan Alvarado had not come, and, altho she pictured him a strange figure, stalking in dull clothes a head above these brave cacklers, she missed him, and waited until all had been greeted, and some had stayed spellbound—waited as if all had not been fulfilled.

Presently Olivia saw him coming, bringing some rare wild roses which grew on his ranch of *Los Nietos*—an odd name, that, "The Grandson," but no more odd than its owner, the self-imposed student of Monterey.

He came toward them quite tamely and delivered his flowers to Isabella with a bow sufficiently low, but like a burden to be gotten rid of. She took them, this symbol of the hills, but his ungraciousness had robbed them of their scent. His bearing, too, dampened the ardor of her little court, who gradually dropped away, leaving Isabella and Olivia to him—in irony. Yet the man was capable of being loved and feared, both strongly, for there had been occasions when his abstracted eyes had flashed like a falcon's and his voice had shrilled trumpet-wise. This they remembered.

Now he strolled thru the gardens with the ladies, stiff as any ramrod. Isabella swayed slightly to the beat of distant music in the *galeria.* Olivia was thoughtful—perhaps she had not done well in suppressing the purpose of the letter, and knew it. At any rate, she stopped to gather an April débutante, a blush-rose, and then sped swiftly down a cross-path, alone.

They did not appear to notice her desertion (in their hearts they had blessed her discretion) and walked blindly on.

"Well," she said suddenly, "what do you think of him?"

"I presume you mean *Neustra Excelencia, el Supremo Gobernador?*" he said, over her head.

"Yes, whom else?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet," he said, slowly. "He is an interesting study."

She turned on him fiercely. "Are men only insects to be studied and put under glass?" she asked.

"Sometimes we have to run a pin thru them first."

"Ah, there you have it!" she cried, the rich red climbing in her cheeks.

He faced her, smiling at something. "What a delicate difference between the words traitor and hero," he propounded; "that little thing—success. I feel it in me to stand out on the plaza tonight and to shout 'Viva la Libertad!' until I am black in the face. I would be a hero—an inspiring one—until I was shot, which you would have the principal duty of one, it seems."

The warm color left her cheeks. She eyed him thoughtfully. "I once read a book from the English," she said, "called 'The Battle of the Books.' Of a truth, you would cut a pretty figure in it—using your sword to slit pages."

"No man has ever impugned my bravery," he said, his eyes glinting.

"He might not suspect you of it," she laughed; "you keep it so well hidden."

"*Gracias!* I do not wear it on my sleeve, as some do," he gloomed, and so coming out in the midst of the dancers, their talk, at cross-purposes, ended.

He gave her up to a dancing partner, and looked on at the pretty scene, out of sorts. Later on Olivia sought him out to accompany her home. His cavaliering was very ceremonious.

"Well," she said at her door, "what way have you made with her?"

"Señorita, my cousin," he said sourly, "I can tell you, as an end to it, she is not of my kind."

"What do you expect?" she persisted.

"A true woman, no trifler!" he jerked out; "one who can pick out a king-bird from the jays—a mother of patriots."

"Come into my patio a moment," she said. "I want to show you something." He followed her, like one whose idol had been cast down.

"This is the dearest of secrets," she admonished: and forthwith drew out Isabella's letter from her sash.

Juan read it. "And s-she has written this?" he stammered, the glint coming into his eyes.

"No other," affirmed Olivia.

"Nor does not know of the night musters at *Los Nietos,* and my rabble of a command?"

"She knows nothing."

"You have turned my sea-water into intoxicating wine," he said, bowing over her hand. "God grant that I be worthy of her!"

Mariano Chico, gobernador and commandante militar of California, to do with her as he willed, sat paring his nails before his desk in the Presidio. He was feeling particularly surly, but this was not unusual. Ever since his coming to Monterey, he had felt it his part to be surly, so the Montereyans tried to swallow it, and to take a sort of pleasure in it as "official dignity," but it was a crusty meal to the sweet-tempered people. Sinova, his secretary, handed him a scroll of paper, with more than sufficient bowing and scraping. "A petition, *Veustra Excelencia,*" he ventured.

Chico unrolled its length. "The citizens of Monterey," he read, "ask for Your Excellency's permission to celebrate the old and time-honored festival of *La Fiesta de Los Flores,* on the 10th day of May of this present year of our Lord, 1836."

"A plague on this fiesta making!" he shouted, striking the table. "In the short month that I have been here, every local saint and sinner has had a fiesta in his honor—except me!"

The unfortunate signers of the petition had gotten half-way across the room as he turned upon them.

"Do you want my servants a-gawking on the streets in popinjay clothes the year round?" he demanded, and as they would argue the ancient custom, the blood mounted his puffed face.

"*Por Dios!*" he raged, "you *will* not understand. Here, is this plain?" and he raised the scroll above his head to tear it in tatters. "You are dismissed!" he bellowed, and as they gave way in a panic, he advanced threateningly upon them.

"A terrible fellow!" one whispered, stumbling down the Presidio steps in his fright, "but a valiant one



ISABELLA MEETS THE GOBERNADOR

for our commandante." "A braying ass!" said a bolder one, and perhaps the others thought him nearer the truth.

In such a valiant, or asinine, humor it was the misfortune of the alcalde to meet him. Cristobal Galvez, the alcalde, was one who had grown white-haired gracefully, abounding in good deeds, which welled from him naturally. He had not an enemy in a town full of hatred, but then he had no supporters, as he was thought too good-natured. So kindliness had its disadvantages, but he did not weigh his actions pro and con as some do; and now he was coming on an errand of mercy, relating to a certain poor widow. Isabella felt his pity, too, and with her supporting arm and flashing smile made a crutch such as half the bowing caballeros could covet.

On the flight of steps leading up to the Presidio, they crossed the gobernador—a mismated trio—for coming down in wrath and pompous gout, he was halted by loved old age, and youth, and grace, and beauty.

But wrath and gout can have seeing eyes, and his grew mellow confronting the gray stars that Isabella reached them with. He mistook her level gaze for admiration (a conceited mattress in gold epaulettes), and anger and gout forthwith left him, swaying ponderously and — as he thought—gracefully above her.

The alcalde was bid consult on some business of importance with his secretary, and then Chico turned all his batteries of charm upon the wondering girl. Her charm lay partly in her direct, trusting glance, and was doubly sure in masking her wit under the Quaker gray of calmness. When once she warmed, or exposed her guns, a double row of milk-white teeth, the besiegers always surrendered.

She could not help smiling at the heavy-gallant efforts of the gobernador, which humored him completely. "My chick," he thought, "what roost in Monterey has hid you from the fowler?" And then, to make his conquest certain, he placed a pudgy hand beneath her cup of a chin to uptilt it.

A vigorous push—and hat and cane (and some say wig) were rolling down the steps. She burst out in silvery laughter as he clambered down in haste to salvage his emblems of dignity and youthfulness.

Here, again, the unlucky alcalde must bear the brunt of his wrath, for coming down, he approached the discomfited Mexican to assist him from the kindness of his heart. Chico turned on him, stuttering in his rage. "You will hear more of this," he shouted, "with your mincing, soft ways. And as for this jade," he added, turning a furious glance on Isabella, "I'll make her the jest of the town. It's an easy step from huzzy to——" He clapped on his hat and strode on, muttering her fearful ending.

An hour passed, and a busy one for the gobernador, for he was no coward nor boaster—fool, knave and libertine that they said he was, withal. And in this hour he did a courageous thing, and one according to his liking, for he dispatched a document to the gentle alcalde that bowed him in his chair. Isabella found him half-fainting with the letter grasped before him.

"Read it to me again," he said in a heartbroken manner; "I can scarce believe my eyes."

She loosed his trembling hands from the official scroll and sought its words. " 'Señor,' she read, " 'by the power invested in my person as gobernador of Alta California, I hereby remove you from the official duties of alcalde, because of your incompetency and carelessness in discharge of said duties.' "

"A terrible charge—to me!" the stricken alcalde groaned.

"No, not terrible, father!" she cried, "brutal, that's the word. I can fairly feel his hate burning thru the last malicious lines!"

"I have done much good," he said, brokenly. "I had never thought that dishonor would overtake me."

He rose up feebly to leave the room —perhaps to call a higher Tribunal to witness his humiliation.

A sudden thought came to her. "It was not meant for you, father," she called to him, "I am sure of it. He is using you as a whip to punish the citizens." But she knew the real cause, and the shame of it flooded her cheeks with tears.

So, Olivia and Juan entering, found her. The silent student discreetly drew aside, and Isabella, without shame, threw herself into the arms of her friend. Half sobbing, half high-voiced with indignation, she told of her encounter with the gobernador and its consequences. Her bosom heaved like one overcome with violent running.

Olivia, realizing that the calm of her room was the best medicine for the breaking spirit of the girl, gently led her out as a mother would do.

Juan, left alone, half understood the thing. Its cure, perhaps, remained with a woman; a man's need was to cauterize the wound. The gobernador's letter lay on the table, and he picked it up to study it. The hard facts were there, right enough, a direct buffet in the face of Montereyans, thru the person of their beloved alcalde.

His anger slowly rose—a merciless anger, pushed on by cruelty and injustice. He could have closed his fingers round the fat Mexican's throat and rocked his head till it cracked against the walls of the Presidio.



DEFENDING THE PRESIDIO

This the itching anger of the thing bade him do, but in his swift strides about the room, he pictured the unprepared settlers mustered at *Los Nietos,* his premature capture and death, and then the relentless tragedy closing in on them. But his nostrils worked from the fire racing thru them, and his eyes turned to coals. He must have action—action at any cost!

A minute afterward his horse, pricked on by silver rowels, was racing down the long road to *Los Nietos.*

The tidings he bore into the unprepared camp acted as so much kindling

on the emotional Californians. They were poorly prepared, without horses and guns, undrilled and unpaid, but a spirit of patriotism had been born in them, seeking a voice and a leader. Juan Alvarado rode into camp with that voice. They gathered round him for news of the capital.

Slowly at first he retailed the news of Monterey: the iron hand of Chico, the curbing of the *Dipatacion,* the persecution of the missions and the flow of gold into the gobernador's private purse. These were sufficient firebrands, but he needs must pour oil on the flames by recounting the arbitrary removal of the alcalde and the insults to his daughter.

It was more than enough. Nothing moves swifter than a revolution among the Latins, when once it is started. The following day a dust-covered settler rode up to the Presidio and delivered a bulky document to the gobernador, then he turned and fled. It was a *pronunciamiento,* demanding the instant resignation of the gobernador and his retirement from the Territory of California, signed by Alvarado, Castro, Vallejo and other redoubtable federalists.

A bomb could not have struck Chico and his officialdom with more consternation. But the gobernador was the first to act. He knew from past experience that discontent, allowed to show its head, would call to the four winds of heaven; and his actions were prompt and efficient.

The alcalde was arrested in his home and brought before the gobernador. This was acting on the well-known principle of imprison the leaders, and count up your guns — not votes.

Chico accused the old man of being the leader of discontent in the city, which was indignantly denied. "Very well, then," he said sweetly, "*amigo mio,* show your disinterestedness by bringing the leading merchants and caballeros before me and pledging their allegiance."

"Am I to do this officially as alcalde, or as a private citizen?" asked the venerable Spaniard.

"Officially, of course."

"I have been degraded as an official, and they would not recog——" began Galvez.

"Then bring them in," demanded the gobernador, "as a patriotic citizen."

"As a patriotic citizen," said Galvez firmly, "this I refuse to do, and, furthermore, as one, I tell you that you are a rascal, a thief of public moneys, a——"

"Clap him into the *calabozo!*" roared the gobernador, and the guards marched the former alcalde thru the town and between the gray walls of the prison, as a salutary lesson of what indiscreet patriotism was worth. But Cristobal Galvez had accomplished something, unheroic and trite tho it was. He was the first man in California to balk the gobernador's will, and also the first to attempt an outspoken résumé of his character—brief and truthful. Such biographers dont live long as such, however.

Isabella had been torn from the arms of Cristobal, and left alone to her doubts and fears. She did not think that they would summarily harm her father, as this would be foolhardy in the face of popular indignation at news of his arrest. Still her doubts ran riot with her, and the beating of drums in the plaza, and the marching of troops back and forth, strung her nerves to the verge of tears.

Then Olivia came to her, and in her calm companionship the serious situation was gone over. One conclusion alone could be come to: the revolution was on the edge of breaking out; a touch, a sour look would start it to seething, and Alvarado must be reached and warned.

Late that night the two exhausted women, saddle-worn and feverish, were led into his tent. Their tale was soon told, and Alvarado, standing before them, drank in every word. His heart prayed that this was the time to act, to come to grips with naked hands, wanting muskets, but the voice of reason warned him: suicide for some, defeat for all, California lev-

eled to the grade of a convict colony. So the future gobernador stood his ground before the pleading women.

A commotion was heard in the camp, and vivas and voices of joy. "The American riflemen are coming! *Los rifleros Americanos!* The crack-shots and despisers of bayonet oppression!"

And, sure enough, the old Tennessee hunter, Graham, and his followers were coming into camp. Government-makers, those few unerring rifles!

hills, rifles began to spit and muskets bark their spite against the white walls of government. The gobernador's trained troops from inside kept up a steady fire, which kept the besiegers under cover. For government soldiers, they were fighting unusually well, but Chico had seen to that. The officers, with drawn swords, stood at their backs, and then, too, *aguardiente* had become very plentiful during the night—a doubly prodded courage that made them fight like devils!



THE CALIFORNIANS CAPTURE THE CANNON

Isabella and Olivia were sent back to Monterey, under escort until near the town, in a wagon. And then the swift night march began.

On approaching the outskirts of the capital, Alvarado divided his following, kindled fires in divers places, sounded trumpets from the hills, beat drums on the skirts of the town—in fact, gave a general impression that he had come at the head of a large force. This brought about the desired effect, and Chico gathered the government troops inside the walls of the Presidio, compact and strong as a fort. Both sides waited for daylight.

With the rising sun flicking the

As the desultory fighting progressed, a certain bronze cannon in front of the Presidio became the curse of the revolutionists: whichever way they turned, or whenever a building was used for shelter, the inexorable cannon roared and turned them out, generally crawling thru shattered timber.

Alvarado realized that this gun had got to be captured or good-by to free California. It was eating the heart out of his raw followers, and incidentally had killed a round score. So he called for volunteers to capture it.

It's one thing to fight behind cover, and another to cross an open space

the center of bullets, with a hungry cannon waiting at the end. It doesn't suit the Latin fitness of things.

But Alvarado was a leader, fearless beneath his fighting blood—and his hour had come! He started running across the open space, alone; a straggling line followed. They couldn't help it—his bravery had literally yanked them out.

The firing from the Presidio's windows concentrated on them — a continuous humming sounded in their ears—but this did not bother them, except those that had fallen.

The artillerists saw them coming, and were ramming in a charge. Alvarado started running harder: he must outrun the voice of the cannon. When the panting men were so close that they could see the soot on the gunners' faces, the gun was finally loaded and fused. They started to depress its muzzle.

"Fall flat—for your lives!" yelled Alvarado, and his men obeyed. He was almost upon the piece, and its ear-splitting roar sent him reeling to one side. But he was not wounded, and his men leaped up, cheering. With a rush, the artillerists were captured or driven into the Presidio.

Chico still spurred on his men. Should the worst happen, he had brought in most of the señoras of the town, as unwilling hostages. Isabella and Olivia were of first importance to him, and they were among them. He watched the capture of his cannon, with signs of terror on his face. Then the panic-stricken artillerists had come rushing in, unnerving his defenders. "That Alvarado!" they screamed; "*diantre!* such a devil!"

Meanwhile the "devil" continued his activity, for the cannon was dragged round and aimed at the Presidio. The government troops became demoralized and deserted the windows. Some cast down their muskets.

What seemed like an unbreakable silence followed, and then—"crash!" —the voice of the government cannon spoke—this time with a California accent.

A mass of ceiling and splintered timbers came down on the weakening Chico. His plight was pitiful—deserted by all but his secretary, who tried to support the tottering man.

A rush of feet sounded on the stairs, and Alvarado, with his sword flaming like an archangel's, burst in upon him.

"I surrender! I resign!" said Chico, weakly.

"Where is the alcalde's daughter?" a voice thundered in his ears, and then she came running, out of nowhere, straight into the arms of Alvarado.

It was the first time he had been surprised by an attack, but he bore it nobly.

"My dreamer!" she murmured from beneath his chin. "How I have wronged you, and can you ever, ever forgive?"

"The new government is pledged to forgive every one!" he said, and she took immense comfort in his first official utterance.

A tremendous bumping and crashing, followed by quick rifle shots, sounded from the courtyard below.

"What is it, dearest?" she asked, frightened.

"Oh, an unofficial execution," he said, smiling; "those *rifleros Americanos* shooting up the gobernador's gold furniture."

A Dumb Waiter

By HARRY LEWY

A mute youth came to the city
From a little country town,
And he happened to go
To a Photoshow,
In a front seat he sat down.

He fell in love with an actress
When onto the screen she came,
He went, after the show,
To the back door, you know,
But he waited and waited in vain.

A Record Romance

(Essanay)

By ALLEN STANHOPE

OLD MAN DEXTER came into his office every morning looking as tho he had just swallowed an extra lemon, and it had begun already to sprout in his features. At the sight of his sour visage, every clerk involuntarily made a wry face, and their teeth went on edge. Sometimes the old grouch would growl "Good morning!" sometimes he snapped it out, sometimes it was too sour and puckery to get out at all. This last was a very, very bad sign. Everybody in the office was in line to be fired, or docked, or called down, as the case might be. At the very least, old Plodder—who had been the scapegoat for Dexter's acetic overflow for twenty years, and was gradually shrinking and withering into a gray-bearded mummy of abused humanity—was sure to be blown up and called down by turns, until he was permitted to slink home and get a little of the vinegar out of his system on the heads of his wife and children.

Young Parks was the only man in old Dexter's employ immune to the sour, scowling atmosphere of the office. The fellow seemed full of smiles and bubbling with good humor. This annoyed Dexter. In his valued estimation a man who went around with a perpetual smirk on his face was one of two things: an idiot or a deceiver. He seemed determined to watch him, and, incidentally, to make his way a hard one.

The trouble all began one Monday morning. Dexter's clerks always returned Monday morning to the dingy, dreary offices with the air of resigned invalids dropping into a convenient undertaker's to make the few necessary arrangements for their own funerals. All except Parks, who bloomed like a friendly immortelle amidst the gloom. Dexter drove up on this particular occasion in his hearse-like coupé and strode into the midst of the obsequies, directing a well-aimed scowl at the smiling immortelle. Parks daringly returned the compliment with a cheery "Good morning!"

Dexter passed thru in sullen silence!

Parks looked around at the others, now like so many cold grave-stones, and then, with still another smile, plunged into the mass of work before him with a vigor that shocked the lifeless office. "What this place needs is a resurrection!" he mumbled.

"Mr. Parks," droned Plodder's voice at his elbow, "Mr. Dexter wishes to speak to you."

"Coming!" cried Parks, breezily, sweeping into the private office so quickly that the old chief clerk was nearly swept off his feet.

"Umph!" was his employer's joyless remark of disapproval. "Look here, Parks, thru somebody's stupidity"—fortunately he did not say whose—"all your rebate slips have been left home in my safe. I want you to go for them."

"But, Mr. Dexter——"

"How dare you object, sir!"

"My remark was in your interest, Mr. Dexter. Monday is my busiest morning. The office boy——"

"Mr. Parks!" roared Dexter.

"I'm going for my coat and hat," smiled Parks. And so there was no funeral of Parks.

To Parks' infinite surprise, he found at the Dexter mansion flowers everywhere, several canary birds singing, and laughter issuing from somewhere upstairs. He asked the maid the second time if this was the Dexter home, and was told that Miss Dexter would be right down.

At length a perfect sunbeam entered the room, with the skin of a peach, the smile of a siren and the



PARKS VISITS THE DEXTER HOME

selected beauty of all the stenographers Parks had ever seen.

"I am Miss Dexter," said the splendid creature in a voice of rippling springs.

"You?" Parks knew that he had made a conventional error, but she only gave vent to a delightful laugh, and he knew he had scored. He joined her.

He had come in the greatest imaginable hurry. When he was leaving, about twenty-five minutes later, she said in a tone that was not bold, yet seemed one cultivated by years and years' acquaintanceship, "Mr. Parks, I wish you could help me——" She hesitated.

These words were equivalent to a raise of salary. They meant——

"Yours faithfully for trying," he said, pinching himself.

"It concerns father," she said, sighing.

"Oh," he remarked, as tho he had bumped his head. "But how could *I* help? He hates me!"

"Oh, no, he doesn't hate any one. It's just his way. Besides, I have reason for knowing that he thinks highly of your services. The great trouble is that his business worries him. Every year it slides back instead of increasing profits. He feels as if he were a failure. We must—you and I"—she blushed exquisitely, and he distinctly felt needles pricking him here and there—"we must devise a way. When you have hit on a plan, come and tell me. Be sure father is out, tho."

And Parks returned to the office, more serious than he had ever been before. Of course old man Dexter was delighted with his prolonged stay, and even went so far in his appreciation as to call in Plodder and instruct him to dock an hour off Parks' salary. As far as Parks was concerned, he could have docked him a week. In fact, he would have been glad to make him a present of an additional week's salary—and so forth. Parks' appetite, sunny disposition and 'most everything that went to make up Parks was suffering from that seemingly innocuous visit to the daughter of his curmudgeon employer. But his mind teemed with suggestions for his employer's welfare, which he worked off on the willing



PARKS CONTINUES HIS VISITS

daughter whenever the old man was not at home. But each suggestion proved inadequate, and the two had to meet again and again, and Parks grew worse and worse. There was no doubt of it—he was hard hit. Nor was she far behind! She, too, was far out on the profound deep and was missing meals on account of her feelings. They had become "Joe" and "Ruth," and the germ had passed from their appetites to their hearts, making them do silly and ridiculous things at the least provocation. Then something happened that saved them from lunacy.

Joe and Ruth were playing it alone in the Dexter parlor one evening. As for tokens of affection, it was just like taking candy from the baby. They were right in the midst of one of those delicious pecks that never cease until they make a bushel, when Papa Dexter appeared in the doorway.

Old man Dexter rubbed his eyes and shook his head like the farmer who, at his first sight of a camel, remarked, "B'gum, there aint no such animal!"

Then he sailed in and did everything and said everything to Parks, except to discharge him.

Thus they were separated forever, and the world became a blank, and Parks became a convert to the funereal group of the office force.

Old man Dexter never even spoke to Parks these days, and treated him worse than he did Plodder. "Father respects audacity," she had once told him. He smiled sadly and pressed a much-worn chocolate cream to his lips, that she had once deigned to taste. It was the only sweet morsel left him.

And all the while old Dexter was drawing farther and farther from the possibility even of Parks' helpfulness —tho the poor fellow worked for the office as he had never worked before— and grew crustier and crustier every day. Several of the clerks, on the verge of becoming real corpses, left. To cap the climax, Dexter's private secretary, a very competent young lady both at shorthand and gum-



THE NEW STENOGRAPHER

chewing, left two days before the first of the month!

Saturday morning Dexter entered with a new stenographer, one so radiant and beautiful that the office force raised their lack-luster eyes—all but Parks, who caught sight only of her back as the private office door was closing. He rose as tho he had seen a ghost. There was but one figure like that!

It *was* Ruth Dexter. Dexter himself inferred as much in a delicate manner to him when the office was closing at one o'clock.

"If you so much as say a single word to her—out you go!"

But what are obstacles in the path of love, but roses?

Two minutes after old Dexter went out to lunch, Parks stepped in to Ruth. Close the door!

Twenty minutes later it was opened rudely by Papa Dexter, to have his eyes assaulted for the second time by these two dabbling in the dainty confectionery of two hearts that stir as one, and all that sort of thing.

Young Parks went out, looking the fool he felt himself to be. He sat down at his desk discouraged, his face in his hands. A few words drifted thru the private door.

"My office, my business, *you* have me distracted! I've got to get away from things for a while. I'll leave you and Plodder in charge. Go home now—I've got some serious things to say to you when I get there."

"He's going away—for a month," whispered the girl as she passed thru the outer office. There was no hint of sadness at the thought of a parent's absence, in her voice.

Parks continued to listen, the office boy helping. Plodder had gone home.

Dexter was talking into the dictagraph, the only innovation Parks had been able to persuade the stingy old grouch to introduce into the office. It was a lengthy series of instructions to Plodder. Parks heard him putting in a fresh record.

"Special!" roared Dexter, ominously, clearing his throat with a few fierce preliminary scrapes.

"Mr. A. Plodder, Chief Clerk:
"Pay off that impudent scoundrel, Parks, and discharge him at once.
(Signed) "JOHN DEXTER."

A few minutes later Dexter emerged from his office with a deeper scowl than usual on his face. He noticed neither Parks nor the office boy.

"Aint he the sour mug for yer, tho?" asked the office boy, seeking sympathy. "Every time I leave the office, I has to run out an' git a vaniller sody jest to git my mouth natcherul ag'in."

Parks was thinking. A semblance of the old-time mischief had come back to his eye.

"Want your wages raised, Flink?" he asked, suddenly.

"Why dont you ast me do I eat buckwheat cakes when I git a chance? Why, sure!"

"Well, here's a quarter to start with. Now, listen to the magic of the dictagraph."

And the gist of what happened may be inferred from the special letter from old man Dexter to his chief clerk, which was typed the first thing Monday morning and handed to Mr. Plodder:

"Mr. A. Plodder, Chief Clerk:
"Kindly raise Mr. Parks' salary ten dollars per week, and other office help five dollars each. Also install new office furnishings thruout—a water-cooler and anything else that will add to the attractiveness of our quarters. I'm going away to give you and the others a chance to show what you can do.
(Signed) "JOHN DEXTER."

Ruth Dexter saw the letter before it was handed to Plodder. For a moment she looked frightened. Then she buried her face in her handkerchief, and her shoulders shook. When she looked furtively around again, her eyes were wet. She had been either laughing or crying.

Plodder looked sicker than usual for a moment and then insisted upon hearing the letter for himself. To his half-deaf ears all gruff tones were Dexter's. From that moment on he seemed to come to life, to become

stouter, and one could almost see the years roll off his shoulders. Once he nearly laughed.

A window-cleaner came and let some stranger sun rays in; a ton of rubbish was burned up; several pieces of old man Dexter's grandfather's office furniture kindled the janitor's fire for weeks; the dingy walls and woodwork were brought forward fifty years, and a new spirit entered the erstwhile cemetery. Resurrection had come!

But with renewed life had come renewed energy and a pure joy of work. Add to this the assistance of many system and labor-saving devices and an inviting reception-room for new and old clients to step into and look into the business methods of Dexter & Co., with their corps of courteous and smiling clerks—well, the business received was quadrupled, the work done tripled!

The cemetery was transformed into a flower garden.

How much Joe Parks and Ruth Dexter had to do with this may be conjectured. Their chance had come, and they had improved it.

But they had troubles of their own, too—they were more in love than ever! There was only one cure, and they took it.

Plodder read the telegram before the whole office:

"A. Plodder, 300 National Bldg., City:
"Ruth and I are taking a few hours' honeymoon. Will be with you in the morning. "PARKS."

And the boys immediately spent half their "raise" in a handsome wedding present.

After some serious thought, Plodder wired the full account to old man Dexter at his hunting lodge in the Adirondacks.

Then everybody waited.

Joe and Ruth were domesticating in the private office during noon hour two days later when Plodder burst in, between a squeeze and a hug, with the pleasant news:

"Miss Dexter—your father!"



DEXTER RECEIVES STARTLING NEWS

Old man Dexter trod on the heels of the exclamation.

"Go out, Plodder, and let no one enter!"

Then he turned and for the third time confronted the guilty pair, who sat with a stale smile on their filched lips, and with hands still clasped in a businesslike way.

"Well, have you two anything to say for yourselves?" he demanded. Ruth had never heard that tone before and looked frightened.

"Father!" cried Ruth.

"Have you seen the office books—the records of this month's business?" asked Parks, irrelevantly.

"Young man," continued old man Dexter, still in that strange tone, "I've a mind to——"

"Father!" pleaded Ruth.

"Ruth, I want you to quit this being stenographer and whatever else you call it at once"—the clasped



DEXTER RETURNS AND FINDS AN INTERESTING SITUATION

hands were returned to their owners, quite shop-worn, for a day's honeymoon—"and, as for you, Mr. Parks, you have proved yourself to be just what I took you for, after I had seen you in my office a week. Do you hear, sir!"

"Father, he is my——"

"Ruth, you will please wait until I have finished!" Dexter's hand rose to command silence. "As I said, sir, you have done exactly in every case as I knew you would. Why, even that day I sent you to my house for the sales slips I had intentionally left at home and refused to have the office boy return for them——"

"It was your fault, then, that I fell in love with your daughter!" cried Parks in half-angry protest.

"Not my fault," replied the old man, "but my intention!"

The two looked up—a smile was on old man Dexter's face, softening every line.

"And I've been up there a whole month trying to get this smile, but it didn't come until I got Plodder's telegram. Now it wont come off. Yes, I knew you, Parks, and I wanted you in my business—and for a son!"

When the office force looked up from their work at the three smiling faces that emerged from the private office and passed thru with pleasant bows to all, each and every one was sure they had seen a misty gleam behind the three smiles that was a great deal like fresh-dried tears.

The Little Snub-Nose

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

'Tis a song of a maiden with brow like the snows,
Her hair like the sunshine, her cheek like the rose,
And, chiefest of charms that her features disclose,
A tip-tilted, arrogant, little snub-nose.

Oh! she has her triumphs, and she has her woes,
She scampers and frolics, and mischief she knows;
But sometimes she stumbles, which cruelly throws
The tip-tilted, arrogant, little snub-nose.

She's a winsome, wee maiden, who merrily goes,
She moves in the pictures, she's seen at the shows:
"Her face is her fortune," or, do you suppose,
'Tis her tip-tilted, arrogant, little snub-nose?



David and Saul

(Pathé Frères)

By MONTANYE PERRY



"And thou lovest me, my Michal? Thou, the daughter of the great king, lovest the shepherd of the hillsides?"

They stood in the shelter of one of the terebinth trees which cooled the valley of Elah with their leafy shadows: a ruddy, stalwart youth of pleasing countenance, and a slender, dark-haired damsel, whose melting eyes, upraised to her lover's, mingled in their purple depths the unstained love of a maiden with the undimmed pride of a princess.

"Aye," she breathed softly, "a shepherd — but what a shepherd! The glory of the Israelites and the terror of the Philistines. Thou art the idol of our people now, my David! Art thou not proud?"

"Proud am I of one thing only—that thou lovest me! Since the day when I slew the giant Goliath and brought his head to thy father, and thou looked at me with thy dark, radiant eyes, I have prayed for but one thing—that I might live always in the light of their radiance."

The first flush of the morning lay over the valley, touching streamlet and verdure with quivering points of rosy flame. Up from a clump of bushes rose a flashing, scarlet-winged bird, its notes floating clearly downward as it whirled in ever-widening circles toward the gates of the dawn; the faint, broken tinkle of bells betokened the wakening stir of flocks on the distant hillsides; and now, from adown the valley, the clear, shrill call of a trumpet rang high and sweet. At this call, Michal shuddered and crept close to David.

"Ah, my beloved," she whispered fearfully, "thou must go forth to battle, and I fear for thee! Why doth my father make thy conditions so hard? Thou must slay a hundred Philistines before I can be thine. Ah, if thou shouldst fall in the dreadful war — if thou shouldst never return to me, then shall I go weeping all my days, remembering thee!"

"Fear not, Michal," manfully replied the lover. "Hath not the God of our fathers ever led me safely thru all perils? Thy father, the great king, doeth all things rightfully. It is meet that I, who have no gold to offer, win my bride with brave deeds. Just and generous is his decree, and I rejoice to prove myself worthy of my princess. Now, adieu, my adored one. Forth I go, to win the daughter of a king, and nothing shall dismay me!"

"Adieu; God keep thee!" sobbed Michal. "My heart shall sigh for thee until thou comest."

Thru the green valley of Elah and far across the fertile plains marched the Israelites, headed by the valiant David, to battle with the vengeful Philistines. And from a narrow window, high up in the palace of the king, Michal watched with tireless, love-lit eyes for the first glimpse of their returning banners.

Slowly moved the days to the watching maiden, as the sun crept softly up from the east, dragged its golden train across the green valley and sank at last into a fleecy bank of welcoming clouds. Long lagged the nights, when the white stars crept silently out to share the vigil until they wearied and sank palely back to their rest. But the waiting ended at last, and up from the valley, with flying banners and songs of rejoicing, David marched at the head of his army, to claim his promised reward.

In the throne room of the castle, Saul, surrounded by his counsellors, sat in state to receive the victorious David. Heralds, pages and singing maidens, in gala attire, formed a long, rose-strewn path, down which



THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF DAVID

the young warrior should pass, to receive his king's approbation. Saul's face was calmly impassive. If there had lurked in his heart any jealous hope that this youth, who had become the hero of the Israelites, should fail in his mission, no word or sign betrayed his feeling. Nay, as he looked upon the eager, blushing face of Michal, did not his father heart forget for the moment his unworthy jealousy?

"Is thy task fulfilled? Hath a full hundred of the Philistines fallen by thy sword?" queried Saul, as David knelt before him, modestly veiling the triumphant gleam of his young eyes.

"Yea, O king! and yet another hundred have I added, to make my task complete! Two hundred Philistines is my offering to thee, and this is all too small for the high reward I claim," answered the youth, joyously.

Then, as King Saul led Michal to David, placing her slim white hand in the proud warrior's eager clasp, the multitude within and without the castle set up a great shout of praise and honor to David, the conqueror of their foes. Out between the lines of singing, shouting men and maidens the young lovers passed, followed by the whole assemblage, while Saul turned silently back to the deserted throne room. A heavy scowl crossed his features, as the shouts and songs floated up from the street below. Drawing aside a velvet portière, he leaned against a window and looked down upon the throng, unseen by them. Everywhere, arms were waving, palms and roses were tossing, songs were rising high in praise of the shepherd lad, David.

"Saul hath slain his thousands!" chanted the men lustily, and the king's frown relaxed a trifle, to deepen again as the clear voices of the maidens caroled back, "and David his ten thousands!"

The old king's jealous anger was rising rapidly, and he turned from the window with a muttered oath.

"Something must be done to curb this rising tide of worship for the shepherd lad," he muttered. "'Tis well to honor our warriors, when they serve us nobly, but a king must be ever mindful for the safety of his throne. Should this youth aspire to my place, the people would follow him even as the sheep upon his father's hills were wont to do!"

The king's eyes roamed slowly up a flight of ermine-covered stairs, where the throne chair stood in solitary state. A sudden fancy possessed him to sit upon this noble seat, as if

his physical presence there would assure his anxious soul that the kingdom was not slipping from his grasp.

"It is mine," he muttered as he ascended the steps, "all mine, and none can take it from me!"

He was within reach of the stately chair, his hand reached out to grasp its velvet arm, when he stopped with a low cry. Before his excited, troubled eyes rose a vision, so vivid that it seemed a substance, not a shadow. There, upon his throne, sat a ruddy, clear-eyed youth, his bronze hair falling low upon his shoulders, a smile of calm, confident authority upon his countenance. Around him knelt hosts of Israelites, doing homage as to a sovereign, and thru the room the cry seemed to ring: "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands!"

For a moment Saul gazed in speechless dismay. Then, with a cry of rage, he rushed forward, his shaking hands outstretched fiercely, grasping at—nothing! Swiftly as it had come did the vision vanish, and the king gazed about in dazed bewilderment at the empty room.

"Only a dream!" he murmured, "a foolish fancy—or was it a warning? Was the vision sent to show me my danger?"

Urged on by his smouldering jealousy, it was easy for Saul's naturally superstitious mind to persuade itself that the vision had been a warning sent by a divine hand. All night he brooded upon the matter. With the morning's first light he sent for his son, Jonathan, confiding to him his plan for David's swift doom. But here he encountered determined opposition. In the months that David and Jonathan had spent together in the court, a friendship passing the love of brothers had formed between them.

"Thou art mad, my father!" pleaded Jonathan. "David is thy loyal servant; do not this sin against him, when his works toward thee have been so good. Did he not put his life in his hand to slay the Philistine giant, and the Lord wrought a



SAUL SEES A VISION OF DAVID ON THE THRONE

great salvation thru him for all Israel? Wherefore, then, wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?"

"Thou seest," roared the angry Saul, turning to his assembled courtiers, "my son prefers this David to his kingly father. Where is the man who will rid me of this shepherd upstart?"

"Here!" called a dozen voices, as swords were unsheathed and offered before the king.

"Thou, Abner," declared Saul, "art appointed to this task, which my son refuses. See thou to it that this traitor troubleth me not again!"

Jonathan waited to hear no more. Away thru the streets, lying silent in the hush of the early morning, he sped to the house of David and Michal, where he quickly acquainted them with this unexpected danger.

"Oh, how canst this be true?" sobbed Michal. "But yesterday our father gave me to David—now thou sayest that he would slay him! Surely, some grievous mistake is here!"

"I trust it is but a passing madness that has seized the king, our father," comforted Jonathan. "I will return to the court and seek diligently to bring his mind to a better state. But be on thy guard, my sister, and thou, too, David, my more than brother! Let not thyself be entrapped by thy foes."

But even as Jonathan spake, Michal gave a shriek of alarm.

"They are here!" she cried. "Abner and a dozen of his men are before our gates even now."

"As the Lord liveth," said David quietly, "I have ever been the king's loyal servant; yet, truly, there is now but a step between me and death!"

"Nay," declared Michal, her dark eyes glowing with sudden purpose, "thou shalt not be slain, my beloved! Here, from this window will we lower thee, while the soldiers are even yet employed with the gates in front. Fly, my David—there is yet time!"

She dragged the two men to a rear window, opening upon a narrow, deserted court.

"See!" she gasped, "with this rope will we lower thee. The soldiers will not harm me, the daughter of the king. Fly thou to the high priest's temple! There they will not seek thee, and when I have cooled my father's anger, thou shalt safely return. Go, my loved one; the God that hath led thee thru many dangers shall yet preserve thee!"

With a last, tender embrace, David was gone, and Michal and Jonathan turned to confront the invading soldiers. Deaf to entreaties and commands, they refused to betray the mode or direction of David's flight, even when Saul himself came upon the scene and added his voice to the angry threats of the soldiers.

"Stay!" shouted Saul, suddenly. "Where would such a youth betake himself but to the temple? Hast he not ever relied upon the God of his fathers? It is there we shall find him!"

A low, despairing wail broke from Michal, and at the sound the king's face brightened.

"See, I spake truly!" he exclaimed. "Let us hasten to the temple."

At this instant David was bowing before the priest Ahimelech, recounting his woes.

"Now give me, I pray thee, but one weapon which thou hast blest," begged the youth, "and let me take the weapon and escape into the fields. There in a cave will I tarry until Jonathan shall have made me at peace with my king again. To the cave of Adullam will I flee, only do thou give me a weapon with thy blessing."

"The sword of Goliath the Philistine, whom thou slewest in the Valley of Elah, is here," answered the priest. "Behold, it is wrapped in a cloth, behind the ephod. Take it, if thou wilt; there is no other here."

Away sped David, his heart lightened by the good priest's blessing and the gift of the sword. He was confident that so remote a spot as the cave of Adullam would not be thought of by the soldiers, and that

the king's anger would cool long ere his retreat could be found.

But, alas! even now Saul was standing in the temple, demanding of the priests where David had gone.

"He was here!" thundered Saul, drawing himself to his full height and confronting Ahimelech, regardless of sacred place or holy office. "He was here—thou denyest it not! Now, unless thou tellest whither he fled, thou shalt die, and that right quickly!"

"Peace!" spake Ahimelech, softly. "Anger not thy God in His temple. Who is so faithful among all thy servants as David, which is the king's son-in-law, and goeth at thy bidding and is honorable in thy house? Let not the king do this evil deed!"

But the infuriated monarch, half-crazed by the venom of his anger, issued quick commands to his men to drag every priest forth from the temple and slay them in the courts. Even the brutal soldiers shrank back, terrified at such sacrilege, but the king's command prevailed, and the men of God were dragged forth to their doom. One, less godly or more reckless than his mates, broke from the grasp of his tormentors and rushed back into the king's presence.

"I will tell, O king! I will obey thy gracious command!" he gasped. "David hath fled to the cave of Adullam; there shalt thou find him!"

"Thy life is spared!" decreed the king, grimly. "Lead thou us to this cave of Adullam."

In the cave of Adullam sat David, surrounded by a few faithful follow-



SAUL SEEKS DAVID IN THE TEMPLE

ers, who had traced his hiding place. His flight to the cave had been swift as a deer's; the king's party progressed slowly and laboriously, searching the many caves concealed in the limestone cliffs around Adullam. Suddenly, as the little party were about to lie down to rest, in easy security, the watch at the cave's door gave a warning call and came rushing into the interior.

"The king and his men!" he exclaimed; "they are even now upon us!"

"Let each man hide himself in the deepest recesses of the rocks," spake

David, quickly. "I will hide myself likewise, that they may think the cave deserted. Mayhap they will choose to rest or even sleep here. Then shall they be in our power!"

Spent with his long, wearisome chase, worn out with fatigue and excitement, Saul entered the cave in advance of his men, and gazed warily about.

"There is none here," he said, "and I fain would rest. Go ye, all, and search the caves nearby. In an hour, if thou returnest, thou wilt find me refreshed and ready for further adventure."

The soldiers withdrew, and Saul cast himself wearily upon the soft earth, his head pillowed upon his arm, as he speedily fell into a deep slumber. The minutes passed by, and no sound was heard in the cave, save the heavy breath of the sleeper. Then, cautiously, soundlessly, there began to issue from the crevices of the cavern the followers of David, creeping stealthily toward the unconscious monarch, their faces lit with gloating triumph. Their lifted, gleaming weapons shone no brighter than their glittering eyes, as they paused for an instant before striking the fatal blow. But in that instant David started from his hiding place, and with cautioning hand warned them back. In his right hand shone the sword of Goliath, and the men fell back with comprehending faces.

"He will slay the king himself," they murmured, "with the gift of the high priest! It is well!"

But David stood, looking down upon the face of Saul with an expression in which stern defiance mingled with yearning affection. Thru his mind floated pictures of the days when he, a gentle, fair-haired shepherd lad, had been the great Saul's favorite harpist, and had received countless favors from the kingly hand. He thought of his pride and joy in the royal service, of his triumph over Goliath, and the king's unstinted praise. Gradually, these memories strengthened, wiping out all thought of the dark days of royal displeasure which had followed. His face relaxed into tenderness.

"My king," he breathed softly, "thou that gavest me my Michal! God forbid that I should harm thee!"

With a deft, quick movement, David bent and lifted a portion of the purple robe which fell from the king's shoulders. Then the spectators caught quick breaths as the gleaming sword descended with one swift stroke. But the king slept on, unharmed, and David stood erect again, a jagged bit of purple velvet in his hand.

Beckoning to his astounded followers, he led them softly from the cave. Outside he paused, and with hand to lips, gave forth a clear, sweet call, like the note of a golden horn. It was the call he had used in the old days at the court. Again and again the call was repeated, and Saul's soldiers, returning from their hunt, heard the note and knew it for David's.

"The shepherd lad's call!" they yelled. "He is near! Hasten!"

But, as they rushed down the cliff, ready to fling themselves savagely upon David, Saul appeared at the cave's entrance, peering out with dazed eyes, like one who, waking, knows not whether the voice he heard was dream or verity. With an impetuous movement, David stepped forward, holding out the bit of purple cloth.

"See, my king," he breathed, coming close to Saul and looking frankly into his astonished eyes, "yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand, which I cut off whilst thou slept in the cave. Thou huntest my soul, to take it; yet I killed thee not, neither have I sinned against thee. The Lord, therefore, be judge between thee and me, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thy hand."

It was but an instant that the king hesitated, gazing into the youth's clear eyes. He was rash and impulsive, this strong old king, with a heart which moved as quickly to love as to hate, to repentance as to anger. The purple velvet, outstretched in David's hand, spoke more eloquently

than words could, of the shepherd lad's generous loyalty. With a sharp, sobbing breath, the king stretched out his arms, and a tender cry broke from his lips.

"David, my son David," he sobbed, "this day hast thou shown how thou hast dealt well with me. Thou hast rewarded me with good, tho I rewarded thy brave deeds with evil. Now, let all wrath be forgotten between me and thee. Thou art my pride and my strength, my shepherd lad from the hillsides!"

From a Boy's Standpoint

By L. CASE RUSSELL

My folks are awful good and kind—I know I oughtn't kick,
My mother's sweet as she can be, and father, he's a brick.
And that's just why it's queer to me that they wont let me go
With all the other fellers to the Movin' Picture show.

Dad says, "My son, the picture show I pos-i-tive-ly bar,
I've often read how low and coarse those picture places are."
And mother says, "I, too, have read how Western scenes entice
Poor foolish boys away from home to plunge them into vice."

I teased and begged them please to come just once and really *see*
The kind of show the Lyric had—you should have heard them—gee!
"A ten-cent show"—that was enough; I guess the picture show,
By chargin' opry prices, could get all the snobs to go.

I read the daily papers, and no one seems to care;
And, say, the things *they* tell about aren't all *quite* on the square—
Eloping parsons, murders, thefts, divorces in a row;
There isn't much they'd leave to learn at *any* kind of show.

And that's the queerest part of all—so far I haven't seen
A single play that wasn't *good* upon the picture screen;
Why, every time I've ever been, it's made me *ache* to be
Big-hearted, strong and manly, like the players that I see.

I never cared for church a lot—I guess boys seldom do—
But say, I saw some Bible scenes that made it all seem *true;*
One film took us 'round the world, showed how each country looks,
I got more real geography from that than twenty books.

I hadn't ever got wrought up in studying history
'Til I saw the "Death of Nathan Hale," and "Arnold's Treachery,"
And "Washington at Valley Forge," and "Bunker Hill"—well, *say,*
I'd be crazy about hist'ry if they'd hand it out that way.

But what's the use of *wishin'*—unless my folks will go
And *see,* instead of *readin',* 'bout the Movin' Picture show?
They'll never know how much they miss, nor how they martyr me—
It's hard to be the son of folks who're convinced before they see!

The Girl and Her Trust

(Biograph)

By STELLA MACHEFERT

THE quiet of a hot noon hour was on the station at Hillville. In the ticket office, the young and pretty operator sat reading a lurid novel; in the baggage room, the young and good-looking station agent looked over his books and way-bills. Between them was a door, but thru its wooden stoutness passed a continuous current of telepathic cogitations. The girl's fresh red lips were puckered in a pout, and there was a tiny frown between the pretty, level eyebrows. The young man wore an expression of discontent and grievance proclaiming that state of mind and spirit commonly called "the sulks."

The fact of the matter was that the door had been invitingly open, and the station agent in the most guileless way had strolled in for one of those little chats that were becoming more and more necessary as a fillip to his work and an assuaging of the thirsting of his youthful heart. But he had allowed his ardor and the temptation of a pair of red lips to manacle his discretion, and, tho the stolen kiss may have been sweet in the taking, the consequences washed away its memory as with a bitter draught. That so much scorn could flash from Grace's bonny eyes, he had never dreamed. He quailed before them, feeling himself a craven in spirit as in deed, as, his stammered justification only adding fuel to the fire, he retired to his own domain and suffered the door to be slammed behind him. And this was the state of affairs prevailing as the hot noon brooded over Hillville station.

Into the palpable silence there came a timid, tentative "click-click." Grace put down the novel and turned to the instrument. Over the wire came humming vibrations from a far-off train; then came the message:

Agent Hillville:
National Bank sending $2000 on No. 7 for Simpson Construction Co.

G. W. MARTIN,
Forwarding Agent.

Grace went to the door, and, opening it, haughtily held out the telegraph form.

"Here is a wire for you, Mr. Blair," she said, icily.

He gave her a look compounded of remonstrance for the "Mr. Blair" and pleading for "Jack," then read the message. "Number 7" was almost due, and there were boxes and parcels to be sorted, so he had no time to do more than bestow a regretful glance on the retreating figure that declared an obduracy of principle in every line of its determined dignity. With a sigh, Jack went to the platform at the warning screech of the train.



THE MONEY ARRIVES

"Hello, you!" called the express messenger from the door of the baggage car. "Here's your weekly salary."

At this both grinned, as men will at an established joke that, shorn of its pristine piquancy, still emerges at its appointed time, like the cuckoo in the clock, and provokes its companion response.

"Hand it over," said Jack. "What, with the cost of high living, I need this to keep the wolf from the door."

The messenger passed out the heavy leather bag to Jack, and they continued to swap pleasantries until, at a snort from the locomotive, the train was jerked into motion and the wheels began to sing over the rails as they revolved faster and faster in their exit from Hillville.

While Jack and the messenger had been talking, facing toward the passenger coaches, two unkempt and evil-looking heads had been thrust round the forward end of the car, and four sharp and cunning eyes had fastened upon the heavy leather bag. The two grimy and ruffianly men, who had stealthily raised themselves from the bumpers, turned toward each other with significant gestures.

"We kin make it, Bo," hoarsely whispered one.

"Sure!" his companion agreed. "Jump for dat pile of freight, an' I'll folly yeh."

Their rush from the train was not noticed, but, tho screened by the wall of cases and crates, they sought a concealment more complete.

"Do a sneak under de planks before dem ginks get hep to us!" urged the tramp nearer the train. At the word, they scrambled and tumbled from the edge of the platform to the ground and rolled under. The train started up and Jack turned and crossed the dusty strip that lay between the platform and the station. The tramps, peering out, saw him go into the baggage room and close the door. Even had he looked back, he would have seen nothing, for a conveniently intervening bush played ac-



JACK LEAVES GRACE IN CHARGE

complice to the skulking and evil-intentioned strangers.

Jack locked the bag in the iron-bound express box and carried the key into the ticket office. Here was an opportunity to reinstate himself by keeping strictly to business.

"Grace," he said in quite a matter-of-fact, impersonal way, "here is the key to the express box. I put the $2,000 in it, and I'll leave the key with you in case the Simpson outfit calls for the bag. I'm off to lunch, but I'll hurry back. I dont like the idea of leaving you here alone. I guess you better have my gun."

"Why, how foolish!" laughed Grace. "I've stayed here alone every day, haven't I?"

"Yes, but somehow I feel leery about leaving you today," he answered, as he brought a revolver from a desk at the rear of the office. "Now, I'll fill this," he continued, putting in the cartridges, "so that all you would have to do——"

"I dont want that revolver. Take it away!" cried Grace, nervously.

"But you ought to have it in case anything happens," he insisted.

"Nothing's going to happen—nothing ever happens here!" was the scornful retort.

"Well, if you wont take it, all

right." Jack felt braced by her confidence. He thrust the revolver into his belt and turned to go. "Well, so long."

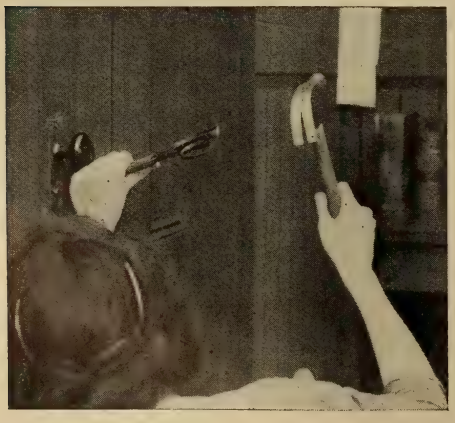
Their little unpleasantness was evidently effaced, for she graciously accompanied him to the door and flashed him so friendly a smile that he was on the verge of again disgracing himself. However, he restrained himself and crossed the dusty strip and the platform, and then plodded thru deeper dust and sand in the cut that led down into the crude little town.

Grace returned to her novel with a meditative and tender light in her eyes, that was marvelously at variance with her anger of less than an hour before. She took up her novel and sent her imagination with a plunge into a world far removed from Hillville.

She had read several pages, when, without knowing why, she looked up, startled. She listened, but could hear nothing. In spite of the warmth of the summer noon, she shivered. A quick glance out the window brought nothing unusual within her range of vision.

"Why," she laughed to herself, "I believe I was frightened! Jack's silly nervousness must have affected me without my knowing it."

She went back to her book, but again that creepiness stole over her. She turned her head quickly, to see two evil faces drop below the ledge of the window. Now she *was* frightened! There was not a living soul within a mile of the station. She would have to keep off these robbers until help arrived, for Jack had entrusted the $2,000 to her keeping, and she would have to defend it. As quickly as possible, she made a dash for the outside door. She had just locked it when the tramps, suspecting her design, threw themselves against it. Grace, in a fury of fear and desperation, summoned all her strength to help out the lock which was visibly giving way against the repeated assaults. When she saw that it would hold out but a few moments longer, she retreated to her office and locked herself in.



GRACE EXPLODES THE CARTRIDGE

Panting with terror, she shuddered as she heard the outer door give way and heard the ruffians in the baggage room.

"Where d' youse t'ink de guy put de cush?" asked one, as they looked around.

"Dis'll about be it," replied the other, discovering the express box.

Together they examined it, then hastily hunted about for the key.

"De dame in de next room's got it, dat's what," declared the more aggressive of the two. "An' we got no time to crack dat bin, so de door'll have to break."

Grace, standing just inside, heard them try the door; then she heard it creak as they forced their weight against it. Again she opposed them with her girlish strength. The lock was strong, but Grace knew it could not long resist that relentless battering. She looked about wildly for some suggestion, and her eyes lighted on the box of cartridges that Jack had left on her desk. Oh, if she only had the revolver! Then, to her whirling, terrified mind came the remembrance of something she had read once. The circumstances were not clear, but the one important idea she acted upon immediately. Picking up a cartridge, she inserted it in the large keyhole. A number of tools lay in a heap near the door. Taking a

pair of shears, she placed the points against the cap of the cartridge. Then, with a hammer, she struck the shears a smart blow. There was a loud report and a string of curses from the next room. The tramps, tho not hurt, were frightened away from the door.

Taking advantage of the cessation of the attack, Grace crossed swiftly to her telegraph key and called the next station. It seemed an age before the answering click came back. Then she started her call for help. The tramps, alert for any sign of alarm, heard the key working.

"The doll's lettin' out a squawk over de wire!" exclaimed one.

"I'll queer dat game!" announced the other. He hurried out on the station porch to the window of the ticket office. The telegraph wire entered the office under the window-ledge, and at this wire he hacked and sawed until he severed it. With his brutal face leering in at her, Grace tapped the keys frantically, but she was able only to get out the disjointed message: "Help — tramps — rob — quick!" before the wire fell apart and her instrument was dumb.

She listened for the next move, her heart thumping so loudly that she clasped her hands tightly over it to still its noise. She was thankful that the tramps were leaving her door alone, but to hear them dragging things about was almost maddening. She heard them shuffling out, as if burdened with a heavy weight. Across the porch their footsteps dragged, and there was a jar as the weighty object was set down. Then the shuffling tread went crunching across the sandy strip to the tracks.

Suddenly it flashed on Grace that they were carrying off the express box—the box that she had been told to guard! At this realization, her fear of the men themselves vanished. She must save that money at all hazards! Flinging open the door, she ran screaming like a fury to where the tramps were lifting the box to a hand-car they had mounted on the rails.



THE LOCOMOTIVE STARTS

"You thieves!" screamed Grace. "You shan't take that box!"

She flung herself upon it and tried to beat them off, as they laid rough hands on her.

"Stow dat noise!" they growled.

But she continued to shriek and to cling desperately to the box.

"Aw, yank de crazy Moll up!" commanded the burly one.

They dragged her up on the car, and, taking their places at the handlebars, started down the track. Spent with terror and her exertions, Grace lay across the box, sobbing convulsively, while the car, driven forward by the desperate robbers, gained in speed. It spun along over the humming rails until the telegraph poles seemed to be chasing each other back to Hillville, and Grace clung to the heavy box, shaken and jolted and sobbing wretchedly.

When Grace had called the next station on the wire, the operator was entertaining a friend, and it irked him to rupture their enjoyable conversation to attend to the key. But after the call had been repeated insistently, he acknowledged it and lent a reluctant ear to the message. As it stopped abruptly, and he could not get the connection again, he wired immediately to the dispatcher for permission to send a locomotive at top

speed to Hillville. The reply came back instantly, granting the request and "with right of way over all trains."

The crew jumped aboard the locomotive. The engineer threw open the



throttle, and the iron monster leapt forward and thundered down the line. Mile after mile was reeled off and left behind in clouds of dust. The men in the cab, to whom even this pace was too slow, kept their eyes fastened on the distance, out of which the Hillville station gradually grew from a dot to a recognizable form. As they drew nearer, a moving object appeared beside the track, and they made it out to be Jack frantically signaling to them. As they slowed up, he climbed aboard.

"Hit her up, Bill!" he cried to the engineer. "Two hoboes are down the line on a hand-car, and they've got Grace and the express box! When I saw them they were going like the devil was after them. Hit her up, Bill — I'm afraid they'll hurt the girl!"

Then the race began. The robbers had had a good start and the advantage of a down grade, but the locomotive spun over the shining rails at a pace that made the muscular efforts of the husky tramps seem farcical. They had not counted on this pursuit. Having cut the wire, as they thought, before Grace could send her message, they had calculated to reach a section of wooded country a dozen miles below, and, after blowing open the box, to escape with the plunder. On whirled the engine, rocking and pulsating. The men caught sight of the hand-car, and a savage shout went up. "Hit her up, Bill!" they urged.

The fireman shoveled coal into the roaring furnace, and the "clip-clips" of the rail-joints succeeded each other faster and faster, until they merged into a furious and uniform ticking as of a Titanic watch. The figures of the men on the car grew distinct, and it



was apparent that they were desperately straining every sinew in a forlorn attempt to keep ahead of their pursuers. The men on the locomotive clenched their fists and gritted their teeth as they saw Grace half raise and wave her arm to them, and then saw her struck down by one of the brutes.

The locomotive screeched in its fury, and, in a mad spurt, bore down so threateningly upon the car that the tramps, now almost crazed with terror, leapt down the embankment, where they fell and lay exhausted.



THE BANDITS ARE OVERTAKEN

The locomotive came to a stand, letting out great triumphant puffs of steam. But before it had stopped, Jack had run forward and clasped Grace in his arms. "They didn't get it, Jack!" she gasped, as she leaned weakly against him.

"Grace, you're a brick!" he exclaimed. Then, as she smiled gratefully up at him, he bent down and kist her. The color crept into her cheeks, but she still smiled. He led her back to the engine, where the crew were hoisting the vanquished tramps into the cab. Jack then went with a couple of the rescuers to the hand-car, removed it to the side of the track, and carried the express box to the locomotive.

"Put it up there," ordered Jack, indicating the pilot of the engine. "The girl and I will ride with it. I guess she's had enough of the company of those gents inside there!"

So, while they chug-chugged backward to Hillville, Grace and Jack, perched up under the headlight, talked about things past, present and future. And that their conclusions were satisfactory and delightful, would need no further proof than the frequent punctuation formed by their meeting lips.

"Gee, Grace!" exclaimed Jack, heaving a sigh of admiration, "I cant get over it. You certainly are a brick! But there's not going to be any more of this sort of business. Money's only cold cash, anyway. Your life belongs to me now, so you just weed out of your mind all those foolish notions of risking your life for your trust! Let me learn to take care of both of them."

Out of the Depths

(Essanay)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

You know what the month of January is—how it comes in full of mild promises in the first flush of its triumphant dawn, like a newly elected politician talking with the reporter of a representative newspaper; how it leads one on under the influence of its stimulating vitality to great hopes and greater resolutions, only to quench them ruthlessly in a deluge of sudden cold—a month of roaring fires and depleted coal-bins, of coughs and colds and doctors' calls, of frozen pipes and plumbers' bills, when suffering humanity toils incessantly with no other object than that of mere existence, and half-clad children trudge painfully thru the streets of want—a shivering, freezing, lashing, howling, ruthless, hard, cruel, hungry month that seems never satisfied.

So it seemed to John Grey as he sat, with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, in the homely sitting-room which served also as the dining-room of the little cottage which he and his mother called home, and listened to the wind moaning in the trees and screeching down the chimney.

Upstairs his mother lay, white and wasted, on her bed of suffering, hewn down by the heedless hand of relentless disease. That very day the doctor had told Grey that if she was to survive the winter, she must be sent to a warmer climate and have the constant attendance of a trained nurse. A gray mist came over his eyes again as he thought of it, just as when the doctor had told him.

To the South—the warm, bright, flowering South — but how? How? His small salary as clerk in the brokerage firm of Levette & Co. was barely enough for living expenses, and the little that he had been able to save had gone for medicine and delicacies since his mother's illness, so there was nothing left to fall back on.

He revolved the matter over and over in his mind, always ending with the same cry—How? how?

At last he determined to explain the situation to his employer, and trust to his generosity. To be sure, Mr. Levette was not generally noted for possessing that quality to any marked degree, but Grey felt that the exigencies of the case were such as to stir even the most heartless, and, besides, there was no one else to whom he could turn.

When he reached the office the next morning, things were somewhat upset, and it was nearly noon before Mr. Levette was free. Under ordinary circumstances Grey would have realized the expediency of waiting until his employer had eaten his luncheon before accosting him on the road to his pocket. Moreover, Matthews, the manager, was in the room, and he and Grey had never gotten on very well together. It was simply a clash of temperament, but in a calmer moment Grey would have waited until he was out of hearing. As it was, however, his worry and anxiety overcame his better judgment, and, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he took the first opportunity offered in which to present his case.

A few minutes later he left the office, humiliated by a curt refusal, with the vision of Matthews' sneering countenance stamped upon his sinking heart, and joined the army of the great unfed, who spend their lunch hour out of offices, but not in restaurants.

Apparently determined to add insult to injury, Levette found some extra work for him to do that afternoon, which kept him in the office long after closing time. It had been absorbing work, and Grey was absolutely oblivi-

ous to all that was going on around him, until the oppressive stillness of the place suddenly forced itself upon him. He looked up from his last lengthy column of figures to find the room deserted and the clock with its hands clasped at half-past six.

Quickly computing the column, he closed the ledger and turned mechanically to put it away in the safe. Strange to relate, the money compartment stood wide open, and as Grey stooped down in front of it, it seemed to hold him there by some subtle magnetism. Involuntarily his eyes fell upon the piles of sorted bills. One package, marked $500, had slipped down out of place. Grey took it up to replace it, when his hand was suddenly arrested in the act by some power quite outside himself. If he had received an electric shock, he could not have been more strangely affected.

Five hundred dollars! The figures burned themselves into his brain. Enough to save his mother's life! There—in that little package—in the hollow of his hand—he held hope, joy, *life* for the being dearest to him upon earth!

His fingers closed over the package. The great steel door swung to its place. An instant after, the lock clicked in the outer office door. A small package of bills lay safe in a great-coat pocket, and the hands of the white-faced clock were just beginning to unclasp.

Passengers in subway car No. 2005 of a Bronx Park express noticed a well-built young man seated in one of the cross seats. He locked and unlocked his fingers nervously, but his blue eyes were wide and bright, and a smile hovered around his mouth. People would have said that some great good fortune had come to him —an increase of salary, a problem solved, an opportunity won, a danger averted. Who would have guessed that he had jeopardized his good name!

The lurking smile which he had worn in the subway and during his interview with the doctor concerning the preparations for the departure on the morrow, broadened into a beam of happiness as he told his mother the great news.

"Mother of mine, just think of it, you're going South tomorrow! Dr. Weston is going to take you to a wonderful, quiet spot he knows about, where a sweet-faced, white-capped, soft-stepping nurse will take care of you much better than I do, in spite of all my love," he said, laying his cheek against her soft gray hair. "And you will sit on the warm, sunny porch, with gay flowers everywhere, and the birds singing, and you will get well, mother, and be happy. Wont you, mother; wont you?"

She took his young face in her wrinkled hands and looked long and earnestly into his eyes.

"Yes, my son, I will get well and I shall be happy, as happy as it is possible to be away from you," and the illumination of his smile was reflected in her pale face.

The next morning, Grey reached the office a little late, having gone to the station to see his mother off. Rejoicing absolutely in her assured



JOHN GREY IS ACCUSED

recovery, he had given no thought whatever to himself, and his mind was entirely free from fear as he stepped into the office and hung up his coat in its accustomed place.

The facts that Matthews eyed him gloatingly across the room and that Mr. Levette and a stranger looked up sharply from the open ledger lying on his desk, made no impression on him whatsoever. He even failed to notice the troubled, questioning eyes of the stenographer and the tension in the air, until brought up abruptly by the stern tones of his employer.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

For a moment, Grey was bewildered, stunned. Then the full force of the thing which he had done came over him. He had stolen from his employer! He was a thief!

"Matthews discovered something wrong with your figures here. There's a shortage of $500, the accountant says. How do you account for it?"

Matthews! So it was his old enemy, then, who had trapped him. Yes, trapped him! It flashed across his mind that it might also have been he who tempted him, perhaps purposely, by leaving the safe door open.

He crushed his soft hat convulsively in his hands and fastened his eyes steadily on his employer, lest by looking at Matthews he should lose control of himself and find himself at his throat.

"Well, do you know where the money is?" demanded Levette.

"Yes," Grey answered, quietly. "I took it. I had to have some for my mother. I asked you yesterday, you know, but you would not help me. She'll get well now. That's all I want. I dont care what becomes of me!"

But somebody else did—somebody down among the palm trees and the orange groves, waiting for a message from her son! And when it came, it was by the cruel hand of a stray newspaper. The frightened eyes communicated it to the whirring brain, which passed it on to the feeble heart, and then all stopped together. John



MRS. GREY DIES FROM THE SHOCK

Grey's end, which alone had justified his means, had failed.

If we would only stop to think! If we only realized how far-reaching will be the consequences of our wrong-doing! If a man alone had to suffer, that would be his own affair, but when we think of the sorrow and suffering he inflicts upon others, the enormity of his deed increases appallingly.

John Grey, serving out his time behind iron bars, realized this most keenly. That for which he had yielded up himself had not been accomplished; indeed, the means itself had defeated that very end. In seeking to save his mother's life, he had lost it and his own also, for what chance does a man stand with the outside world, who has sat within prison walls?

Gradually, however, the conviction took possession of his healthy mind that he still had his life before him, and that it rested with him to make or mar it. If he could live down the stigma of the prison term and make

himself a respected member of society, so that his past life would be forgotten in the integrity of the new, it was his duty to himself, to his mother, to humanity to do so. This very experience which he had undergone might be the rock whereon he could build his character, for by it he had gained an understanding of the sufferings and temptations of others, which a lifetime in a business office would never have made possible.

So the determination to make good, to help the under dog, to live a life of integrity and of service to his brother men, grew within him and bore its first-fruits in the very dungeon of his disgrace as his own character unfolded.

Fifteen years passed. It was election night in one of the Middle Western States, and the glare of a million lights blazoned the fact to the heavens, while the cheers of the jostling, good-natured multitude proclaimed that John Grey, the man of the people and the popular candidate for governor, had been elected.

The afore-mentioned P. C. G., however, was busily engaged in seeking election to another office upon which, he declared, the happiness of his whole life depended—namely, that of fiancé to Miss Helen Lawton.

Miss Lawton's family stood high in the social and financial scale, and Miss Lawton herself attended as many dances and dinner parties as the law of débutantes demanded, but there was one afternoon each week which she put aside for a host of black-eyed, brown-eyed, blue-eyed, and, once, pink-eyed youngsters (but that wasn't allowed to happen again, because "Miss Teacher" couldn't come herself the next week, and the offending members had to suffer severe indignities at the hands of the outraged majority in consequence), at a certain downtown settlement, where she told stories intended to open the eyes, the hearts and the understanding of the host.

Without doubt, their eyes were opened, for they fairly popped out of their heads, and their understanding, too, if one may judge by gaping mouths and wagging tongues, but it is a question whether to the tales or the "teacher" belonged the glory of opening their hearts. At any rate, the hearts were opened—nay, stormed, bombarded, shelled!—and no victims ever prated so generously of the powers of the besieging party.

Naturally enough, "Miss Teacher" was the vital topic for discussion at the meetings of the boys' club, which followed the story hour, and John Grey, who always took a lively interest in the "comrades," as they called themselves, and never missed a meeting, was called upon so often to make peace between disputants who fought out in cold blood the relative beauty of "Miss Teacher's" hair and eyes, that he determined to see and decide for himself—a state of neutrality on any subject being totally foreign to his nature.

Accordingly, on the very next story hour day, he arrived on an official tour of inspection of Dexter House.

Strange to say, he found himself in the most unwonted state of vacillation that evening. He could side neither with the eyes champion nor the hair champion, for each was equally right. However, he assured himself that another inspection would undoubtedly settle his mind. But the next week he was no nearer deciding than before, and he had to try again.

So the matter went on. Their meetings progressed from casual to frequent, and finally he was invited to inspect the specimen at its native hearth. Whereupon he gave up in despair, maintaining that where the whole was perfection, how was it possible that one of the parts could be more perfect than another?

Thus it came to pass that on the eve of the greatest day in his public career, when campaign banners floated his likeness before an admiring populace, and his name was upon everybody's lips, John Grey sought his ideal and was happier in standing

first in Helen Lawton's eyes than he was in usurping George Washington's place in the hearts of his countrymen.

Have you ever been so happy that you exclaimed, "It's too good to last"? Have you ever cared so much that you held your breath with fear? Then you can appreciate John Grey's feelings when he awakened from his dream of happiness to find his old enemy, Matthews, confronting him.

But such a changed figure! While John Grey had been steadily climbing the ladder of life, Matthews had sunk to its lowest depths. He was dressed in a dark flannel shirt and a dilapidated corduroy suit. His face was unshaven and had lost the freshness which had redeemed it in the past.

"Yes, it's me!" he growled—even his voice had grown rough and uncouth. "You wasn't a-thinkin' you was a-goin' to have this glory all scot-free, was yer? There's one person that aint forgot the term you served in State's prison, and there's more will know about it in the mornin', includin' that little Lawton lady you're chasin' around, if you dont fork out a neat little wad!"

"Coward!" muttered Grey between compressed lips.

In an instant he had grasped the man by the throat and thrown him across the table, holding him there with all the force of his long pent up fury. Then he thrust him from the room and sent him staggering out into the blackness of the night and the approaching storm.

Grey had hardly resumed his seat before the storm broke. The rain lashed against the windows with wild fury; the wind howled and raged; vivid flashes of lightning followed each other with dazzling rapidity, and peal after peal of thunder rolled and crashed and roared and banged in quick succession. The fury of the storm fascinated Grey. It seemed as if the very heavens were echoing his wrath and shouting forth his vindication!

Meanwhile, a drenched figure in worn corduroys found its way to the



GREY'S OLD ENEMY CONFRONTS HIM

Lawton residence and asked for Miss Helen, professing to be the bearer of a message from John Grey. While he awaited the consummation of his revenge, Matthews stepped to the window and watched the storm. Suddenly there was a blinding flash, a deafening crash, and a lifeless figure lay stretched upon the floor.

The storm had begun to abate somewhat when the telephone at Grey's elbow rang furiously.

"John! John! Are you all right?" cried a trembling, anxious voice.

"Yes, dearest, yes! What's the matter?"

"Oh, John, such an awful thing has happened! That man whom you sent with a message"—Grey gripped the receiver more firmly and steeled himself for a blow—"was killed by lightning—here! And, oh, John! I thought—I was afraid——"

"Yes, yes. I know, love! I'll be right over," he said in steady, reassuring tones. Then putting up the receiver, he dropped back into his chair.

Killed! Truly the ways of God are past man's understanding!

She Never Knew

(Vitagraph)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

EVEN in our larger cities there are those still living who believe in the efficacy of prayer—a sword and buckler for human ills, and a promise of things to come. But these are of the old school and are fast dying off. The newer race, that commercial one who needs must seize destiny by the throat to exact an overfill of livelihood or pleasure, is peremptorily crowding them to the wall. The simple Saxon of the Bible is surely speechless before the Arabic of the discount table, and perhaps not so unerring a guide, for figures never lie—to the compiler thereof, at least.

Of this older class was Simeon Varick, now just about to step jauntily across the threshold of his sixty-ninth year. He was worth very little, in the eyes of the world, unless we compute the sword and shield referred to, added to an ability to work evenly and serenely, with his eyes on his ledger instead of on the clock.

Not more exact were the gold-weighing scales on the cashier's desk than the fine-pointed penmanship which serried his columns of bank totals. The bank examiners had come to look upon them as an asset of the institution—a sort of fine-figured lace, betokening its aristocratic exactitude. Yet it was such an asset that gives rather than receives, for, placed on the scales, his little gummed pay envelope could budge the counterpoise not a hairbreadth higher than a score of years gone.

He was a happy soul, tho; an even happiness coming out from the inner works of one at peace with the world, nor did his system need to be tickled with new pleasures to start the cachinnatory nerve.

It was in a light-hearted spirit, then, that he was accustomed daily to clamber down the high stool, from which he could never be persuaded to part, and to seek his home in a part of the city, long since passed by and forgotten.

His house, with its wide portal and three worn marble steps, spoke of the days when our forefathers were content to dwell a story at most above the street level. The mounting call of watchman, or children on the cobble, did not bother them, and he, as their heir, had accustomed himself to the invasions of foreign tongues.

By still living in the alien quarter the immutability of the man showed itself, for the fee of the house had long passed out of the family, and he clung to the upper rooms by the simple process of paying his rent on the nail.

If he had not inherited the prosperity of his line, at least had come down to him their right living, and vitality, and clear eyes—and some of the fine old furniture, which was quite enough, he thought. Then, again, for something to love, and exhaust the round desires of his old age, his son had died in Cuba, and Althea, the little granddaughter, had been sent home to him, a Southern sunrise in the winter of his life.

On this particular day he had hurried home to her, in the teeth of a March wind, with his coat-tails flapping like the canvas of some rudderless ship at sea. He had left her in bed, worn thin from the pinches of a hard cold. She did not like the dreary winter, anyway, with its short, shadowy days and the falls of snow, that awed her. And while she was kept indoors, he had done some simple things to recall the island where Nature hurries from one bright green gown into another of scarlet or pink, nor ever sits silent in gray before a fire not of her own warmth. Some carnations lay heaped up in a Sheffield pitcher in the window in front

of her; a canary peeped and twittered perpetually in a cage by her bedside. Thus, whichever way she turned, an artificial summer charmed her with its bright or tuneful face. Simeon entered quietly and drew to the door so that even its click was stifled, for if she were sleeping it was good for her, and the event of his home-coming could be deferred. Still, while this tiny mist stood over his sunshine, he could not resist tiptoeing to her bed with its grille of white bars, and lifting a stray curl from her face — a round face, puffed like a baby's with sleep.

With his touch, not skilled as a mother's, she awoke lightly, and the knowing canary filled the room with song. He pulled aside the curtains, and the slanting rays of the sun gilded the oranges that he playfully rolled on her counterpane. When he rose up suddenly and clapt his hand to his pistol pocket to bring out, in a very threatening manner, a fat, red banana, she laughed with him at the pantomime and fell to eating it.

He sat down on the bed's edge and watched the movement of her cheeks and throat. It was a long while, tho, before he remembered the medicine, and, as he turned to measure the oily stuff, a sad mask fitted his cheery face for a moment, to be off as he turned with the dose.

As she cheered and warmed and radiated to his play, Simeon threw his dressing gown around her and carried her into the living-room before the ruddy coals in the grate. A high-backed frigate of a chair was drawn up, and she was placed in it, pappoose-wise, almost filling one corner. Here, too, alongside, he ranged his own chair, a back-itching one, all spindles, and, seated on its edge, told off, with sweeping gesture and bright eyes, a round of stories, half true, half delicious invention.

He had thought her fallen into sleep again, and his swinging arm, with pointing finger, stopped midway with the complementary word.

"Grandpapa," she said, drowsily, "did Fifi really marry the ragman, after all, or did the Prince get the magical bottle away from his butler in time to prevent it?"

"There, there, Allie, you are mixing the stories again," he said, "which is something that shocks the good fairies, and causes their tinsel to turn black in a jiffy. We will go back to bed once more," he continued, picking her up, "and resume the adventures of the 'Three Little Boys Who Chopped Christmas Trees off the Moon.'"

But just as he got to the stage where, after a trip on the back of a fabulously large snowbird, they had descended onto the sleeping face of the moon to hack off his whiskers, composed of Christmas trees, her fingers relaxed in his hand and lay soft, like warm feathers. So he went back to his chair and cold pipe to listen to the wind wuthering in his chimney-top, and to compose the rest of the story against another evening.

The next morning he permitted her caressing fingers to drop the stem of the most faded red carnation of her pitcher garden thru his buttonhole, and sped on his way to the bank.

And now, lest my story seem heartless, we must pry behind the onyx and bronze grille of that busy institution until we catch the eye of the president himself. That gentleman—I am determined to say it—was not a banker in any legitimate sense of the word. He had inherited a huge sum of money—and the directors needed it, to turn over and over, conjurer-like, before his curious eyes. His business was mostly strut, with a heavy luncheon as ballast, and his sprigged waistcoat, and watch-chain worn cable-wise, were not quite as useful, nor in better taste than the impressive grille. But customers passed his heavy platitudes as gold coin of the realm, and he was kept within his limits, and never allowed to commit himself on the policy of the bank.

Mannheim, the cashier, was the real forefinger, who bowed respectfully to the waistcoat every morning—and sent it out to lunch when certain loans were to be made. But if a piece

of muddy work had to be done, in the family of course, Mannheim always contrived that the president should be the spokesman—after he had inflated him with the proper words. Were a loan to an undesirable to be refused, and he insisted on a personal interview, the ornamental waistcoat took the brunt of it. Were an employee needed out of the way, the irate (to order) president came out with cord and sack. Thus, you can see, Mannheim remained the popular man.

He coveted Simeon Varick's modest position for a young nephew of his, just minted spick from *Dr. Fleshem's Business College,* and the impending visit of the bank examiner that day gave him his opportunity.

Simeon, the day previous, had entered up a loan to a favored one and put down the real collateral—some stocks so far gone that they would have smelt bad in a tan-yard. A record of the entry in a memo of the day's business lay on Mannheim's desk.



SHE GIVES HIM HER FLOWER

His dark face flushed as he glanced at the telltale evidence already on their books. He hurried to the president. "We have got to have fifty thou' in listed stuff by ten o'clock," he said. "That old fool Varick has entered rejected collateral on the books, almost under the nose of the examiner." Here he lied, of course—a white lie, maybe, to save himself.

The president started to swell at the outrage done to his institution. Mannheim pumped again. "Better get him out of the way—at once," he intimated; "easier to explain. New head bookkeeper—unfamiliar with our system on hand—fresh collateral docketed with the loan, see?"

The titular head saw, or thought he saw, and his wrath rose to the breaking point. It was not Simeon's business to leave off the sorting of his pages until spoken to—his affair was to chronicle, and that faithfully, what was placed before him.

"How came you to enter that *Firefly and Rainbow* stock," said a heavy voice back of him, "as collateral with P——'s loan?"

Simeon started to explain. "It came thru in the regular way, sir, with the cashier's sig——"

"That will do!" bellowed the president: "dont cover up your gross blunder with a lie, sir. This will cost the bank more money than you can make in a lifetime, and we can very well do without you."

Simeon trembled at the unexpected turn of affairs. "But I dont see——" he persisted.

"——nor you never will see!" shouted the ungrammatical emotionalist. "Consider yourself discharged, and at once, sir."

Simeon slowly clambered down from his stool.

"Do I understand——" he ventured once more.

"Without a reference," said the president, with an air of finality. "You have dishonored the bank. Now, go—go at once!"

Simeon staggered weakly to the coat-room, and some one held his overcoat for him—he could never recollect who it was. Then he was out in the long corridor, gaping unmeaningly at messenger boys and clerks with pass-books. He could not grasp this incoherent, disorderly life outside the banking rooms any more than a little cog, that has tumbled out of a big machine, can run of its own volition.

But the crisp air outside gave him a prodding courage. Under the foot of the cloud-piercing building a little enclosed newsstand and confectionery counter held its tiny sway. Mary Barker, an elderly Englishwoman, had earned her living here for years. Here, too, he had bought his *Evening Sun* as regular as winding the clock.

In the slack of trade she sat inside, complacently sewing. He knuckled the glass of her door, and she rose, to let him in.

"Bless me!" she said, "whatever brings you out at such a time o' day?"

He asked her for a paper and borrowed her scissors to index his way down the want column. "'Bookkeeper wanted'—that's it," he murmured. "Ah! 'reliable accountant'—I thank you gratefully," he said, clipping out the advertisements and returning the scissors, "and I feel that I must be on my way."

She picked up the clipped paper where he had left it, and her friendly eyes pieced in the missing words. "Poor old Mr. Varick!" she soliloquized. "I'm afraid he's gone and left the bank. As for that Mannheim fellow," she said fiercely, resuming her sewing, "I'll send him his bill tomorrow." Which goes to show that popularity with the press must be earned with good deeds rather than dollars.

As for Simeon, he trod the thorofare proudly to the call of skilled labor. He did not realize that no one wants to take on an old man; that he is scarcely tolerated, even when grown stiff-jointed in the service of a firm, and that this is not a generation that takes to gray hair—unless at a *bal poudre*.

The offices of the first advertiser were up some twenty floors and were furnished mostly with chattering girls and addressograph machines. A half-open door in the rear gave a peep at official luxury within.

A gentleman, in shirt-sleeves and puffing a five-inch regalia, came out to look over the applicant. "Well, here's a hot one!" he exclaimed; "weight for age—and he's beaten all the others to it!"

Simeon noticed the vacant desk and high stool, and hope bill-boarded itself with a cheerful smile, disclosing myriad wrinkles.

"My dear old skate," said the sporting gentleman, "how did you ever circuit the track ahead of the others? I wouldn't play you at double-hundred odds myself."

"See here," he resumed, laying his three-carat hand on Simeon's shoulder, "you wouldn't do here at all, you know, in this stable of fillies. Nothing doing."

Simeon turned away from the facetious gentleman and the ornamental railing.

"What, ho!" the other called out, "I might use your pedigree for 'dope'—my list is giving out." Whereat the chorus of girls giggled fluently.

Simeon shut the door rather abruptly. "Hm-m! it's a 'race-track information' office," he muttered; "some day they'll be giving their 'inside information' inside a jail!"

At the commodious retail and wholesale grocery in the Harlem section, with its prosperous plate-glass front, he was met by H. Linderkrauss, its proprietor.

"Ja wohl!" he said in a surprised manner, "you run my books, is it? If kline Katie had not dem so *ferickt* gotten, I would throw dem all out the door."

Simeon insisted that he was just the man to untangle them.

"Nein, nein," denied the mottled-cheeked storekeeper. "It wants a strong jung man, maybe, to unferbinden 'em, also a helup mit me on the sugar bar'lls."

Simeon persisted. "When I was a young fellow——" he broke in, striking a pose like a "back" in the game of leap frog.

"Dot's yust it," said the German, shaking his head in a continuous "no," "some fellers doan know ven dey are old in the head, oder the back, oder the heart; you might get gay mit meine granddaughter, heh? Such a jung feller!"

A sudden distaste for canned goods seized upon Simeon. "I bid you good day," he said, with a courtly bow. "May the sands of thyme never deplete the sugar barrel!"

"Auf wiedersehen," said Linderkrauss, stolidly.



"PLAYTIME, GRANDPAPA!"

Once outside, Simeon, with the rows of cheeses and good cheer still in the tail of his eye, felt hungry, but the thought of Althea, pale pink like rare Chinese pottery, on her little white bed, soon called him on to the end of his list of clippings—with one result: failure!

He must have tramped leagues in his journeys about town, and some he coaxed, some he wheedled, and with others he actually became truculent. The lesson of an old fellow, cast from his moorings, he had yet to learn, however, and the signal of a setting sun found him traveling homeward against the upward tide of humanity. The strap-hangers in the gaily lighted cars impressed him with a sense of security and comfort he had never noticed before. But he, too, was going home to a comfort of his own making—and something to love, when the fly-wheels of commerce had stilled in his head and the dull red coals of his grate spoke of quiet and enchantment.

It was then, somewhat dazed, as if he had fallen a great height from his stool, but with a jaunty light step, that he entered his rooms to find Althea ensconced deep in the frigate chair as he had left her in the morning.

"Is it playtime now, or bedtime?" he asked. "I have forgotten."

"Playtime, grandpapa," she welcomed. "Let's play that the cold has gone away, and we are picking flowers in a meadow."

And so the fading flowers must serve as a "prop" again.

Simeon, pretending to have forgotten his troubles, scattered the flowers on the floor in front of her, and pretended to be a naturalist, or something, out for a business-like ramble.

"Ah, I have him!" he exclaimed, buzzing like a bee and chasing the insect to cover against a chair; "a beautiful woozle-bug, for which I have been searching a thousand years. How it will delight the Princess!" He loosed the imaginary insect with a howl and fingers clapt in mouth. His eyes rolled fearfully. "Wow, woof! I do believe it was a bee, un-

grateful fellow! He could have made honey all day long with the Princess' cosmetics!''

A knocking came upon the door, and Simeon hastily gathered up the strewn flowers.

Dr. Frangborn entered, furred to the eyes. ''How is my little lady feeling tonight?'' he asked.

Althea was quite flushed from her play by proxy, but her eyes looked dull and tired at sight of the doctor. ''Better,'' she said, slowly. ''Grandpapa always makes me feel better.''

''And in the daytime?''

''I dont feel so good,'' she admitted, with hands held under her breast. ''Something hurts dreadfully here.''

Simeon fidgeted while the stethoscope was being adjusted. ''Does she need richer food, doctor?'' he asked.

''Not particularly rich, rather plain. Everything must be the best. Here, I will give you a list.''

As the doctor was leaving, Simeon followed him to the door and thrust his fee in unwilling fingers, for he was one who had never asked for credit, and his little bills were balanced daily like the bank's.

''Now for the story—where did we leave off last night?'' he asked, drawing Althea nearer to the fire.

''Where the Prince had succeeded in wresting the magical bottle from the butler, who stole it,'' she answered without hesitation, and, seeing that she liked that story best, he hastened to continue.

''Now, the Prince being a very generous fellow,'' he resumed, quite confused at taking up the thread of a forgotten story, ''besides exceedingly handsome in a suit of cloth-of-gold, cut low at the neck, so much so that the ladies in waiting bit their finger nails in envy as——''

''Why did they bite them?'' she asked, drowsily. ''Because he was so handsome?''

''Ladies never mutilate their hands because a man is good-looking,'' he explained. ''No, it was for the aggravating reason that the court had forbidden décolletée gowns at the time, and the Prince was having his little joke.''

She appeared to be satisfied, and settled deep in the chair.

''Besides, the cherry ribbons on his breeches were 'most a yard long, and——''

''But, grandpapa, he wore hosen—I'm sure you said it—motley hosen, red and green.''

''This is just where the difficulty came in,'' he said, struck with an idea, ''for he could no more turn his back than the friendly butler was a-trying on his clothes. He had very thin legs, and the butler, who was moonstruck by his likeness to the Prince, enormously fat ones; so, you see, the Prince had to keep discarding his clothes as fast as the butler stretched them.''

He smiled at the untangling of his difficulty, and prepared to pounce upon the meat of his story, but a yawn in the depths of the chair warned him that his contradictions were over for the night, and that the little white bed was waiting to swallow her up.

Bright and early the following morning a ''cash - for - old - clothes'' man met him, as if by accident, in the hallway, and a whispered bargain was struck whereby Simeon parted with his best summer banking suit, quite antiquated, if you will, but which his neighbors had voted very modish: they looked like the bronze frock coat that Garibaldi perpetually wears in Washington Square.

''I'll never need it till summer,'' he cogitated, ''and Althea is grown quite ashamed of it.''

As the child weakened, costly delicacies began to appear on the tea tray, and with them, one day, Althea noticed the disappearance of two of his old Sheraton chairs.

''Grandpapa, where have your chairs gone?'' she asked him.

''Old chairs are like old people,'' he said, trying to smile; ''they outlive their usefulness, and are best bundled out of the house.''

But she was thinking that, on the

whole, he was becoming an unusual stay-at-home. The fact was that he had tried about everything, and, with the spiriting away of his furniture, was burning his last bridges. His attempts to obtain a belated foothold in life were almost amusing if it were not for the stern endeavor back of them. One instance is enough. In his rambles he had seen a large gang of Italians on some new construction, seizing a heavy mixing hoe and pushing it thru the concrete. "I can do this with the best of you."

"Sure, the old gazabo's right!" exclaimed the convinced contractor. "Go down to Rafferty, the leader of the Tinth, and get your O. K."

Simeon thought he had struck oil at last, but after waiting around in the March rains for a week to catch Rafferty, he was told that no jobs



SIMEON IS ANXIOUS TO KNOW THE WORST

a trunk sewer, if I remember, and noticing their easy ways at work, and their sudden activity when the pay wagon drove up, he thought that a time-clerk was the needed medicine. He finally succeeded in waylaying the contractor, and explained how he could be of use.

It was the same sickening story, with a variation: the idea was good, but he was too old to keep up with it.

"Old? Pshaw!" he exclaimed, were dealt out outside of the organization.

The pawn shop came next, and after his first visit he looked very much clipt and thin, minus his long-tailed overcoat.

Ah! but then in double compensation were those short evenings by the fire, when she lay in the last big chair, and the whimsical stories were spun.

Toward the end, when her eyes

grew large and wistful, and she lay on his arm like drooping lilies, he plied the doctor with repeated questions.

"Does she need more companionship?" he asked.

"Her society is limited, but excellent," said the doctor.

"And her diet?"

"I can suggest nothing more." Dr. Frangborn's voice hesitated imperceptibly on the last word.

Simeon stepped closer to him.

"Yes, you can," he menaced. "You are keeping something back. Out with it, fellow Christian, for she is all I have left!"

"I had hesitated," commenced the doctor, "because your circumstances may not warrant, I'm afraid——"

"D——n it, man, let me know!" cried Simeon, sternly.

'Well, then, give her wine—champagne—a pint a day. It may help to pull her thru."

That night, the cuckoo clock, with its complicated ladder of weights, whose wooden bird he had innocently choked with bread-crumbs, as a boy, and which ever since had gratefully called him seven times each morning, was missing.

For those who believe in transmigration and the theory of Pythagoras, it had outlived its use and sent its soul into a gold-necked bottle, which he had placed by Allie's bedside.

Dr. Frangborn came again, later in the night, and counted the short gasps which stood for her breathing. He turned away shortly.

"Does she need entertainment?" began the questioner; "a queer story —something that happened to me, when I was young?" Then, catching the moisture in the physician's eyes, he sprang at him and clung to his sleeve.

"No—no, not that," he pleaded, "tell me anything but that."

"Give her more wine in the morning," came a muffled voice; "she is passing beyond my usefulness."

After the door had closed, Simeon stood over her bed. A prayer seemed to stumble from his lips, a peculiar prayer for one of his fairness, for he appeared to accuse God of being forgetful of the very old and of those just reaching for life.

Then, in retribution, or from his own conjuring, a peculiar madness seized him, and he talked wildly to himself about dignity and humiliation; and would his father have approved of the thing?

Something must have decided him —there was nothing of inheritance left to bear witness to his shame— for he flung down the stairs and outdoors, under the roof of the midnight sky.

This was star-studded and peaceful, like the chinks of light to a gazer thru the shingles of a deserted barn's roof. A fresh breeze blowing up from the bay pierced his skin like the thousand punctures of a tiny syringe. But he gave no thought to these things and set his mind on the district where the theaters were disgorging their tenants.

Here, under a street lamp, holding out his hands, the walking-sticks and top-hats and shimmering shoes passed to and fro in front of him.

Some one put a quarter in his hand, and with the touch, a silver stream shot before his eyes, bearing him with it to the sidewalk.

The curious gathered. "A fitter," one said, "dont bother with him." But, as he lay, gazing up at them, another, in the gentlemanly disguise of evening clothes, pushed thru and spoke to him.

"What is the matter?"

"I want wine—champagne," he said, simply.

A laugh went up from the crowd. "He's a wag, all right, yes?"

"A little girl is dying," he whispered to the one Samaritan among the merry-makers, "so I stole out of the house to beg a glass of wine. Father will be very angry at me for this," he added, solemnly—"very!"

The interested gentleman could make nothing of such rigmarole, but he pressed a yellow bill into Simeon's hand and helped him thru the crowd.

"Poor duffer! he's looney," he commented, as Simeon walked away. "Hasn't got long to tickle his palate, either."

The erstwhile bookkeeper and raconteur of kindergarten stories closed his door with the sadness of one who knows that both his jobs have been taken away from him.

"Two steps to the right, three to the left," he counted. "Ah! I had forgotten the absence of the chairs. If she will only let me sit on her bed," he continued, walking straight ahead, "I will bring color to her cheeks and cap it with the most delicious story of all!"

A shaded lamp in her room guided him to the bedside.

"Drink this, Allie dear," he said, "and I will tell you all about the truant boy, disguised as an old man, who played wonderful pranks on the citizens."



"SHE NEVER KNEW!"

He composed himself beside her, and found her fragile hand.

"Not longer ago than this very night," he began, "the Prince whispered to me where the butler had hidden the magical bottle."

Her hand fluttered softly in his.

"It seems he had not drunk the life-giving contents at all, but had merely made guzzling sounds to deceive his master. The Prince was in despair, for when he looked in his glass one morning he found, what do you think? A gray hair, curling like a tusk out of his nostril.

"'This will never do,' he said to himself; 'my usefulness as a squire of dames will be quite gone!' So, falling upon it, he tugged until the castle shook to the very foundations. Finally it came out.

"'My, that was a painful lesson in forestry!' gasped the Prince.

"The next morning, on arising, the hair was still there. Only it had grown longer and whiter, if anything. 'I am getting old,' he said. 'I cant sprinkle sand on the face of the sun-dial any longer. Where is that rascally butler? One drop from the magic bottle, and, cricky! all the rheum will fall from me, and all the ruby fade from my shocking nose!'"

As he spoke, Simeon held a glass of wine to her opened lips. Her head fell flat on the pillow.

"I had forgotten," he resumed, "that the butler had been trying to get the cork out for weeks and weeks, and that he once went to matins with a cork-screw in his hand, but he was a persistent old fellow—"

The glass approached her lips again, but her breath, faint as the shadow of a harebell, had ceased to warm his hand. Slowly did he lower the glass, slowly did the crushing truth dawn upon him.

He looked at what she had left behind, long and fixedly. Then his face softened, and he was consoled.

"She never knew! she never knew!" he said.

The Power Behind the Throne

(Powers)

By EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

"Until Thursday, Professor," saluted the pupil, and with a mechanical "Until Thursday," Professor Winter dismissed him, almost wishing that Thursday might never come; for surely the cat, whose death had contributed strings to his violin, had never tortured sleeping ears as this stupid student tortured the ears of his patient professor.

Time had been when Professor Winter had been kapellmeister of the Court Orchestra, but the Court had come upon evil, dissolute ways, and, for the sake of his beautiful daughter Aria, the former kapellmeister was content to teach the stupid sons of still more stupid burghers how to play the king of instruments. He turned to his wife and daughter, seated in the corner, trying to efface themselves while the all-important lesson was being given. Frau Winter was frankly sympathetic, but Aria saw only the humorous side, forgetful for the moment of her father's tone-tried ears.

"He may have music in his soul, even as he says," she cried gaily, "but it comes not out in the strings, father! Why, I thought that you would do murder. More than once I saw the frown, and I feared——"

Professor Winter raised his hand in caution, for his acute hearing had caught the sound of hurrying footsteps. "He comes again," he warned, as the pupil burst thru the door without ceremony.

"The Baron!" the pupil panted. "They bring him here—it is the nearest house—he has been hurt."

Aria and her mother rushed to the window with the breathless burgher, but the Professor, mindful of the appeal to his aid, hurried from the room and presently helped bring in the young Baron Ronald, son of the most evil governor that Lublin had ever known. He was a handsome young fellow in his white Hussar uniform, and, as he sank into an easy-chair, aided by Professor Winter and Pitkov, his orderly, Aria's heart stopped its beat for an instant, as she looked upon the comely face before her. Then, mindful of the duties of the home, she hurried to get the simple remedies that must suffice until the Court physician could be summoned.

With gentle hand she ministered to his wants until Pitkov, accompanied by the governor, came to lead the Baron away. His hurts were slight, but Cupid, who respects not even those who sit in the seats of the mighty, had dealt him a shaft that no physician might heal. With gentle courtesy he took his leave of his temporary hosts, and his pulse thrilled as he realized that Aria's hand responded ever so slightly to the pressure of his own as he bent to kiss her slender fingers.



ARIA'S HAND RESPONDS TO THE PRESSURE OF BARON RONALD'S



BARON RONALD REFUSES THE DUCHESS

They could not know that a shaft, half-winged, had also pierced the bosom of Boris, secretary to the governor, and Aria wondered why she should be so thrilled by the pressure of Ronald's lips upon her hand, while the respectful salutation of Boris should so alarm her as to cause its quick withdrawal.

"That's the end of that!" exclaimed Professor Winter, not without relief, as the door closed behind the party.

"You should have taken the money the young Baron offered," complained Frau Winter, but the little old Professor straightened up angrily.

"He brought his orchestra from Petersburg," he reminded. "Can I take money from such a man?"

Frau Winter thought of their unpaid bills, but she said no word. She knew how her husband felt about the imported orchestra that had brought him to teaching, but she secretly rejoiced the next afternoon when the Baron Ronald came to beg that the Professor teach him to play the violin. This was charity, neatly disguised as praise, for did it not prove that the ex-kapellmeister was infinitely superior to those imported Court musicians?

And so it came about that the Baron Ronald took his lessons three days a week, and the little musician, wrapped up in his art, was blind to the facts that Cupid was the real teacher, and that Aria, sitting quietly in the corner, was far more important than the scales; and that double glances were better played than double stops.

But the Court, ever on the alert, was better informed. Boris, rebuffed, was the more eager, and soon it was whispered about that the Baron amused himself with music lessons—and, incidentally, that the musician had a pretty daughter. There were whispers in the antechamber, long before word came from the Prince, that he had deigned to arrange a match

between the governor's son and the Duchess of Vishni. The Duchess was by no means as young as she had been, and rumor credited her with wielding an undue influence over the Prince—who, maybe, had tired of her—but it was only the influence that the governor saw. His position was none too secure, and he hailed the proposition with delight made to order. Already the Duchess had become a member of his entourage, and he saw himself so intrenched in the Prince's favor that he could not be forgotten. Boris alone was doubtful. The Count Castata, his patron, had cast his eyes on Aria's fragile beauty, and only the fact of the Baron's love withheld him from seeking her favor. The smarting Boris was willing to see the girl's pride humbled, and with the Count's powerful aid he felt himself secure.

The governor would not believe the gossip that his son had fallen in love with the daughter of a mere music master, but Ronald himself supplied the verification of the secretary's statement, for he very frankly turned his back on the Duchess, and the governor, fearful lest her anger dislodge him from his post, readily assented to Boris' proposal that the matter be left to him. With written authority to act, his small nature asserted itself, and he hurried forth to take the matter in hand, but not before the Duchess herself, seeking to verify the matter, had retreated in bad order before the cold contempt of Aria's scorn.

Boris' attack was very different. Here there was no treaty, no diplomacy.

"You will give up the Baron!" he said, abruptly.

Aria shrank from him. "We are pledged," she murmured, faintly.

"It is nothing," he declared. "He will wed the Duchess."

"He has said he will not."

"But he will."

"He loves me," Aria smiled proudly. "He will marry me."

"And if he does?" he sneered.

"And if he does, it's done!" she said, defiantly, certain of Ronald's love.

"He will not! You will sign this letter!"

He thrust the sheet before her, and she started back in horror. It was a letter addressed to the Count Castata, imploring him not to be jealous of the Baron Ronald, because she did not love the Baron and loved only him. A monstrous lie that sent her, shivering, almost to the wall!

"It is false!" she cried. "I will not sign—you cannot make me!"

For answer Boris smiled and led her to the window. In her excitement Aria had been but vaguely conscious of the uproar before the house, but now she saw her parents in the pillory, the sectional pillory in which only the vilest malefactors stood before their houses of shame.

"Will you sign—now?" jeered Boris, pointing to the dreadful sight.

Still she shook her head, but at that moment a stone, flung with unerring aim, struck her father on the temple, and the blood gushed forth, dyeing his withered cheek and silvered hair. Terror-stricken, Aria turned from the window.

"I'll sign—yes, I'll sign—if they go free!" she cried, and Boris, smiling his triumph, echoed: "They go free!"

With trembling hands, Aria copied the damning letter and flung it at the leering Boris.

"Let them go free!" she cried. "I have paid the price!"

"Not yet," he answered, smoothly. "The Duchess would see her pretty rival. I must carry you to the palace, and they, for a little while, must rest in jail!"

At his sign the soldiers stood on guard, and while the Winters were hurried off to jail, Boris galloped to the palace to perfect his plot.

That evening Aria was brought to the rooms of the Duchess, who had grown impatient at the delay in announcing her engagement. Her ally, the Count, had declared that her triumph should be complete, and to that end it was planned that when Aria



ARIA'S PARENTS IN THE PILLORY

should be spurned by the Baron she should pass to the Count, to be his plaything for the moment. Neither knew that the Duchess' maid was the sweetheart of the faithful Pitkov, and that, angered at the rude overtures of the Count, she planned with the orderly to defeat the plot. It was Pitkov who, in his uniform, slipped into the room where Aria was still in the custody of her soldier-jailors of the afternoon, and passed to her the note that warned her of the drugged drink. She had barely read the note when the Duchess' women came to robe her in costly garments, and the wondering girl was brought into the ball-room, where Boris, with the governor and the Duchess, warned her of the consequences should she deny the note.

With the final word, "It is your parents' lives!" ringing in her ears, she nerved herself to the ordeal and sought to pretend an interest in the Count as the others were ushered in.

The room was filled as Boris gave the sign that Ronald was approaching, and with an exclamation of surprise the Duchess stooped forward and caught up the note.

"The Count is careless of his *billets-doux!*" she cried, gaily. "It is a rendezvous, I'll wager. No," she added, as the Count pretended to reclaim the letter. "Those who find, keep, or, at least, they may read. Upon my word, it is a letter from the little Aria, who bids the Count fear not the rivalry of the Baron, since she loves but him!"

In liquid tones she read the letter aloud. The courtiers were delighted. They had small sympathy with the Baron, who had little to do with the affairs of gallantry that occupied the Court, and they secretly enjoyed his discomfiture, for Boris had spread hints of the Baron's love and the suggestion that the Count had replaced him in the affections of the pretty daughter of the music teacher.

With a rush Ronald confronted his love.

"You wrote this?" he cried, as with scant ceremony he snatched the



TO SAVE HER PARENTS, ARIA IS FORCED TO ADMIT THE WRITING OF THE LETTER

letter from the apparently reluctant Duchess.

The room was still, so still that Aria's faint "Yes" was heard by all. Ronald turned and kist the hand of the Duchess with elaborate ceremony.

"I am delighted," he said, with cruel emphasis, "that my youthful folly did not prevent my union with you. My father will announce the engagement. I—I am—I am not well."

With no word to the half-fainting Aria, he fled the scene, and as the door closed behind him, the Duchess seized glasses from the tray of a passing lackey.

"Let us drink to the Count—and to his charming friend!" she cried, as she offered a glass to Aria.

For a moment the girl held the glass in her hand. Then, seeing that she was the center of all eyes, she touched her lips to the wine. A peculiar taste soured on her tongue.

"It is drugged!" she cried, dashing it to the floor. "My promise did not include *that!*"

It was two days later that Aria, restored to her parents, again saw Ronald. There was something strange in his attitude, some odd excitement that caused him to pace restlessly up and down. She did not see him as he placed a bottle on the table. But Pitkov, coming with a warning that the Prince had ordered the arrest of the pair, saw and understood, and then substituted for the deadly potion the remainder of the drug that she had spilled on the floor with their plans.

"You must flee!" cried Aria, when the faithful Pitkov had gone.

"Come with me!" cried Ronald, pouring the contents of the bottle into a glass, unnoticed. "Aria! Have you drugged this water?"

"Of course not!" was her wondering response.



THE DUCHESS IS PROMISED THAT THE BARON WILL ADMIT THE ENGAGEMENT

"Then drink half," he insisted, eagerly, and as the girl drank, and passed him the glass, he tossed off the rest.

"You will go with me!" he cried, "not across the borderland, Aria, but into the presence of our Maker. The drink was drugged, but by me! In a few minutes we shall die. Aria, you stand on the threshold of death. Before you go, I charge you to tell me all!"

His glance told her that he spoke the truth. To her, death unclasped the staggering burden of her oath; and there, in the shadow of the grave, she told him of the plot, and of her compliance that her parents might go free.

Clasped in each other's arms, they sank to the floor just as the door was burst in, and the governor, attended by his staff and the Duchess, came upon the scene. With pitiful abandon the governor flung himself upon the inanimate body of his son, cursing himself for his evil deed.

The Duchess, shudderingly, turned from the scene of death. Count Castata, thinking that there was still a fluttering breath in Aria's bosom, held his shining sword before her lips, as Pitkov, shocked by the governor's anguish, whispered to him of the substitution of the sleeping potion for the drug of death.

Slowly the Count withdrew his sword and surveyed its shining surface. There was a fleck of moisture, and he raised his head to meet the governor's pleading gaze.

Something in the glance he read, the rest he guessed, and he turned to the Duchess, ashamed of his part in the sorry tragedy.

"They are dead!" he announced, solemnly, and she fled the scene to hurry to her apartments and order her household to return to the capital. It was useless to linger in this city of death: her powerful protector would find her another mate.

Hours slid by, and still the dazed parent hung shivering over his son.



ARIA IS SECRETLY WARNED OF THE DRUGGED DRINK

Slowly Aria and Ronald shook off the effects of the drug. The kneeling parent imagined it an answer to his prayers.

"Do you forgive me, Aria?" Ronald whispered, weakly.

"As you forgive your father," she whispered in return, and with a sobbing smile the governor placed her hand in that of his son.

"As you both forgive," he said, with a newer, humbler affection. "Love is mightier than the power behind the throne!"

The Moving Picture Play

By RUTH RAYMOND

From Maine to California
I've traveled in a space,
The train seemed winged with fleetness
To win a fabled race;
While geysers boiled and bubbled
The sea flung up its spray,
And mines brought forth their treasures
In Moving Picture play.

I crossed the mighty ocean
To countries new and strange,
I saw the snow-capped mountains
With cleft and rocky range.
The Alps were spread before me,
Draped in cold clouds of gray,
And valleys smiled about me
In Moving Picture play.

I looked entranced, expectant,
At every passing view,
My heart was filled with pleasure,
And not one fear I knew.
To France, to Spain, to Egypt,
By river, lake and bay,
I flew thru space unfettered
In Moving Picture play.

One hour of joy, triumphant,
As spirits wander free;
The world that I had longed for
Brought all its charm to me;
I saw God's wonders passing
Along the changing way,
And felt His power that guided
The Moving Picture play.

Thru Flaming Gates

(Rex)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

"JOHN"—Mrs. Norton turned from the mirror to look at her husband—"you're keeping in mind that dance at the Emerys' tonight? It's time you began to dress."

"I was on the point of speaking to you about it, Katherine. I'm sorry, but I cant go."

"Cant go!" His wife wheeled around with an angry flush.

"No, Katherine," he said quietly, "and I repeat, dear, I'm sorry."

"Well, that wont be a sufficient excuse for Mrs. Emery—nor me, either. Why cant you go?"

The man gave a warning glance from his wife to the child who sat talking to her doll in the corner. "Here, Toddles," he said kindly, "take your doll into the parlor, and let her play a tune on the piano."

The child sprang up and obeyed, delighted with this unasked-for privilege.

"Now, Katherine, we can talk. I dont like to have the child hear sharp words between us. I cant go to this dance because my duties as house-surgeon in the hospital wont permit it, tonight at least."

"Then why didn't you tell me before this?" snapped the angry woman, flouncing across the room.

"Because, until this moment, I couldn't bear to refuse you, dear. Then I remembered that Dr. Harrison would not be in attendance tonight."

"If he could get off, why couldn't you?"

"There is a delicate piece of work to be done tonight — the patient is mine."

"A woman, I suppose!"

"Katherine! I——" He had raised his voice, but now said drily, "No, a child, about the age of our little Toddles. Once she was just as pretty, until fire disfigured her sweet face. Her life is still in danger. Enough live skin grafted on her poor little burned face will do it. See, Katherine," he slipped up his sleeve above his elbow and disclosed a flaming square of healing flesh. "I shall contribute another piece as large as this tonight."



"I wish I'd never married a doctor, and have no chance for pleasure in life at all," she pouted.

"None?" he asked, wounded. "So Toddles and I—" He choked slightly. "Oh, Katherine, if you would only think before you speak—you're like a spoiled child."

"Well, I'm going to the dance tonight, anyway," she retorted, biting her nails.

"And Toddles?" There was a sinister note in the man's voice. "Remember, the maid wont be back tonight."

"I guess if she can be put to bed and left when we are out a while together, she can be put to bed tonight." She rose and moved to the mirror and began to attend to her toilet again.

"I shan't be treated like a child," she protested, "nor a slave, either. Toddles, come in and be undressed."

"Toddles aint 'fraid 'tay 'lone. You tin leave Toddles, Nannah."

The bravado faded from the woman again. Then she undressed the child in stolid silence. She put Toddles and her doll to bed, and then took a seat before the fire, the rebellion in her heart only evidenced by an occasional sigh. Soon she found herself following the ravishing movements of a waltz being played by some one next door. When it was finished she rose, determinedly. "Oh, I must go—for a little while—just this once. I must!"



"Katherine," said the doctor, rising and putting on his coat, "I'm on the verge of being disappointed in you. Still, I dont believe—I cant believe it—that you'll go without Toddles and me!"

He kissed her impassive brow and left the house.

She paused and thought, for a moment, a wave of fear passing thru her slender frame. Then she caught sight of her own pretty face in the mirror and made her decision.

She left Toddles asleep, a smile on her pretty face, the doll clasped close to the little heart that was coming, day after day, to long more and more for a mother's love.

Twenty minutes later she was the center of a merry group of laughing and chatting friends at the Emerys'. The house was like a fairy palace, lit with hundreds of lights and with the most delightful music stealing thru the place from a great bank of palms, where the orchestra was hidden. Some of the bitterness of the little domestic unpleasantness still tainted her enjoyment of it all. "It takes young physicians so long to rise to the point where their wives can be somebody," she was thinking, when a mellifluous male voice broke into her revery.

"What, Kathy! Well, this is a pleasant surprise!" The newcomer, a large man, with a heavy mustache and an air of familiarity, seized her hand and held it, as tho he had some right to it. He had had, years ago. Katherine and he were once engaged. "Where's John?" he continued, looking around among the gay throng.

"He—he couldn't come."

"So that's why you stand here looking like a funeral, eh? Well, dry those tears now—and I see it's up to me to do the honors. How about this waltz?" He bowed gallantly and held out his arm.

"It is yours!" she said, gaily, and laying her pretty, white-gloved hand on his shoulder, they were soon whirling about the dazzling room, all else forgotten but the dance.

"Oh, that was glorious!" she cried, flushed and bright-eyed with excitement, when they had taken seats.

"There's more where that came from," he said, still holding the dainty hand and gazing down at her with old-time admiration. "Come, let's have the whole of the next one."

They took the floor again.

"By the way, Frank," she said, as it suddenly occurred to her for the first time, "where's your wife? I've been looking about for her."

"Oh, you wont find her, because she isn't here." She thought he held her just a little tighter here, as if in assurance. It was indeed an exquisite waltz.

"Not sick, I hope?" she inquired.

"An attack of the sillies, that's all. She gets 'em often. Sometimes I'm thankful"—a little pressure of the hand this time. "The cook's kid, or granddaughter, or something, was going to have something done to it up at the hospital. So, of course, Millie had to go with the cook to the hospital. Did you ever hear anything so silly? Kid was badly burned, or something of the kind. Why, what the deuce is the matter, Kathy?"

The woman had stopped dead still, her face gone pale, her body trembling.

"Escort me to a seat," she said, thickly. A sudden dread had come over her of she knew not what. a sudden lofty veneration, too, for this woman whose sympathy was so great that she could forego pleasures such as this.

"What's it all about?" her escort was demanding.

"Why, John is the surgeon performing this grafting operation tonight on the cook's child!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the man, noisily. "If that isn't a rich coincidence! Millie and John spending the evening together at the hospital—Kathy and Frank doing the same here—at the dance!"

"At the dance," murmured the woman over and over again. "We're enjoying *ourselves,* and they're trying to make others happy!"

"But they're enjoying themselves just as much"—he glanced at the woman's unhappy countenance—"perhaps more than we are. That's their way—this is ours."

"I wish to God it were mine!"

"Tut, tut! Sit down here, before this cheerful grate fire, and we'll have a cozy chat."

She seated herself, drawing away from him with a shudder he did not notice.

"Come, come, Kathy, brace up. This isn't a bit like you." He shook the arm of the preoccupied woman.

"Look!" she cried in a voice of almost tragedy, pointing toward a glowing coal that had tumbled from the grate and rolled to the very edge

of the tiling. A little blue flame curled in a circle and licked the edge of the flooring.

"Oh, that's easily settled." He rose and brushed back the venomous firebrand with his heel. "It's a good thing we came here."

"If we hadn't?" She leaned forward tensely, her eyes filled with a terrible anxiety that saw only a room in a little frame cottage on the other side of the town, where a sweet-faced, neglected child lay alone, hugging a rag doll to her heart, and in the adjoining room was an open fire, like this. Then the image became blurred by a red glare.

"Well, if we hadn't," the man was saying, as tho obscured from her by smoke and with a voice muffled as tho by crackling flames, "it might have been a case of 'produce the policy!' You must be ill, Kathy." He was scanning her pale face and straining eyes. She rose unsteadily.

"I must go home," she whispered.

"So here's where you hide, is it?" cried a cheery voice from behind them.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. and Mrs. Emery?" responded Katherine's escort. "Mrs. Norton had a little turn during the dance, so we decided to sit it out."

"But I simply must have one dance!" protested Mr. Emery, good-naturedly. "You cant very well refuse your host, you know. Emily, you run along with Frank."

Katherine looked up helplessly into the fun-loving face of her new companion. There seemed no way out of it.

"Just one," she said, weakly, and they slipped out into the maze of whirling dancers. But to the heavy-hearted woman this was a dance of death. All that sea of bobbing faces reflected but one vision in her eyes—that of a little child, some relative of



a cook, with a face all seared and distorted.

She was now being carried, almost a dead weight, in the arms of her partner. Once it seemed to her that that burned image was—she tried to wipe away the horrid vision along with the cold drops on her forehead—the scarred face of Toddles. Her heart leaped with a new feeling, yet sweet in its agony. But the insistent call of frivolity in her nature was not yet quite stilled.

Suddenly she stiffened and stood still for the second time, her head bent forward, listening. "You heard it?" she asked, dazedly.

"What?" asked her partner, in amazement.

"The fire bell!"

"Why, that was the notes of the triangle running thru the waltz. Come, we may as well finish it—we're near the end."

And they started out heavily again. The woman still swayed, tho perhaps for the last time in her life, by weakness. A voice was growing stronger every minute in her singing ears, the voice of her own child, calling, calling. And a new voice in response in her heart was gaining volume and steeling her will and limbs to a deed of strength. And when the distant notes of the fire alarm floated again, above the music, the laughter, the gaiety, this time piercing her heart with the keen blade of remorse, she broke rudely from her partner and fled from the ball-room, roughly flinging aside all in her path. Thus Mrs. Norton lost her place in society for all time—and the dance went on!

But outside, running thru the cold, gas-lit streets of a winter's midnight, with hair streaming, white neck and shoulders cruelly bared to the blast, and the futile cry of a mother's breaking heart on her lips, was the woman who had turned from the



vanities of life to its duties, seemingly too late.

For thru the midnight stillness droned the dismal clangor of several fire apparatus, wearily making their way homeward, and in the eastern sky was the faint glow of a dying conflagration. All that was left of the Norton cottage was a tottering chimney, four broken foundation walls and an ugly mass of smoking ruins!

The desultory group of spectators who remained were watching, with morbid curiosity, several firemen, who still poked about among the ruins in an evidently hopeless search for what the fire should have left of a tragedy. The crowd was startled by a blood-freezing cry that at first seemed to rise from the midst of the steam and smoke. It was some time before they discerned a wild female figure, clothed in spattered and bedraggled silk, hugging a half-charred object close to her half-bared breast with one hand, while the other was extended before her, the fingers crooked stiffly in appeal.

Several men rushed to her side and charitably threw a warm blanket over her icy shoulders.

All the while she laughed mirthlessly, while great, meaningless tears flowed down her cheeks. Then they looked into her eyes and saw that the light of reason had departed from them!

And all the way to the hospital she continued to laugh and point to the charred rag doll, a smudge against her fair white breast, murmuring in a harsh voice, "See! I found her—my Toddles! Never shall she leave mother's breast again—*my baby!*"

And some men wept that night to whom tears had for years been strangers.

It must have been fully two hours before this when Dr. Norton had finished the first tedious stage of skin-grafting in the case of a wan little child. His assistant beckoned him aside.

"You're wanted."

"I cant come," was his reply.

"There's been a fire."

"My God! any more of this?" He pointed to the prostrate figure.

"They're calling for you again, out there in the receiving ward."

Dr. Norton, still in his ghostly operating garb, flitted sinisterly toward a cot on which lay a little creature, sobbing as if her heart would break. The man gave a sharp cry and ripped the coverlet from the bed, disclosing a nightgown with a few holes burned in it.

"Toddles! My little Toddles!" he moaned, scanning every inch of the white flesh.

"But, daddy, I lost dolly—wanta go home!" the child sobbed.

He folded her in his arms, and then turned on a fireman, demanding, "And Mrs. Norton—tell me—oh, my God, you *must* have saved her! I tell you, you must have!"

"They're lookin'—now. But I'm afraid——" The man stopped.

"Here, orderly! My coat and hat—and our ambulance! Oh, Katherine, Katherine! to think that I spoke one cross word! That I suspected you of—— What does the child say?"

"I tay," repeated Toddles, laboredly, "I tole my Nannah she tood doe—an' I 'tay home wid dolly. I want dolly!"

"The soulless wretch!" muttered the doctor, half reeling under this new intelligence. Then he turned fiercely on the assembled group. "Go! Leave me with my child! I want to be alone—oh, I want to be alone!"

And they left him, a crumpled heap, dry sobs shaking his broad shoulders, the curly head of his sleepy child nestled close to his face.

"Will Nannah tome toon?" she was saying, drowsily.

When they brought "Nannah" in, what seemed years later to all concerned, and gently laid her on a warm, white sheet, she was calmer and laughing softly now.

Some one whispered in his ear, "Come," and he followed mechanically. His pain-wearied eyes saw

nothing until they looked into those of his wife. In that moment he saw it all, and his big heart opened wide with pity, with contrition, with love, with sorrow.

"Toddles — mother's Toddles!" Katherine was whispering softly.

"Waken the child," said the doctor to the orderly. "We must act quickly. If this is a temporary aberration, perhaps we can cure it. Exposure has accentuated it. Bring stimulants and get her warm. Hurry!" He turned to the child. "Mother has come, dear. She is calling to you. Speak to her."

The child climbed on the cot and nestled on her mother's breast.

"Nannah — Toddles been talling and talling and talling 'oo!"

The woman stopped her mumbling and looked at the little creature with startled, puzzled eyes. She turned her head one side to drink in the childish voice. Then she drew the miserable remnant of a doll from beneath the clothes and looked from it to the nestling child. Then she closed her eyes wearily, and when she reopened them the rag doll dropped from her fingers. And ever so gently her hands stole round and enwrapped the little one to her breast. Then she bent her face, half fearfully, as tho she feared it were all a myth, toward the curly head. The sobbing man, just above them, could hear her whispered words, "My precious little Toddles—mother has had a terrible, terrible dream! Come, let us sleep till your dear old daddy comes back from the hospital. Precious, precious Toddles!"



But Toddles was cooing over a half-charred rag doll.

"Nannah, oo bringed Toddles her dolly back. Nighty-night, Nannah, nighty-night!"

The Old Love and the New

By O. A. Miller

Erstwhile the old-time circus was a pleasure I adored
I loved the grand calliope with harsh and strident chord;
The clown in puffed-out breeches and a big red-painted nose; —
'Twas truly an affection gay boyhood only knows.
But all that old-time passion for the wond'rous cavalcade
Has vanished and quite sadly to its final rest was laid.
There's but a single thriller that can touch my soul today —
And that's the love I cherish for the Motion Picture Play

* * *

One day I found my fancy to other fields had strayed
When in the realm of Tragedy my heart beat undismayed
I dreamed of stellar heroes, such as Barrett, Keene and Booth —
Great idols that I cherished in fancy and in truth.
But all those Thespian marvels, and the "cries" and "weeps" of old
Likewise were relegated unto the mundane mold
Today one crowning passion is all my soul can know; —
And that's the love I cherish for the Motion Picture Show.

* * *

Then Comedy came smiling with its Hoppers and its Foys;
With its thrills and laughs plethoric and histrionic joys.
But again my fickle fancy cast aside those ties of yore,
For my heart has found a new love, while it knows the old no more.
It's a love of rare attraction with the charm of all the old
Which has brought me rare contentment, pleasure sweet and joy untold.
So there's one abiding passion in my soul steadfast today; —
And that's the love I cherish for the Motion Picture Play.

Education Up to Date

By E. T. SMITH

I didn't use to like my school
A teeny, weeny bit,
And history and g'ography
Gave me an awful fit.

But there has been a mighty change—
I go to school all day—
'Cause all those things are taught us now
Just like a Picture Play.

It's funny what an interest
A fellow seems to feel
In seeing ancient Kings and Queens
A walking 'round like real.

And g'ography is lots of fun
When you can see the scenes
From Africa and India
Upon the picture screens.

So that's why I don't play hookey
To go skating on the ice,
For since there's pictures in our school
There's nothing half so nice.



For The Commonwealth

by Leona Radnor

EDISON



(Produced in co-operation with the National Committee on Prison Labor)

IN a wretched tenement room, on which the direst poverty had left its innumerable imprints, a wasted woman and a ragged little girl sat facing the door, as if momentarily expecting some one to enter. Several times the woman half rose at the sound of a step upon the creaking stairs, but after listening for a moment, she would resume her tense attitude and expression, her eyes always fixed upon the door.

"Mama," whimpered the child, "Tina is so hungry! Shall we eat soon?"

"Yes, carissima, soon. Thy father will bring something for his little Tina. Hush! What is that?"

It was only footsteps, heavily plodding up the creaking stairs. They reached the landing and dragged wearily past the door and started up the next flight. The woman's face grew ghastlier yet with disappointment. She clapped her hands tightly across her bosom and crushed back the anguish that struggled for utterance. The child crept to her and leaned against her knee, staring with great, questioning, hunger-hollowed eyes into her mother's face. Again there was the sound of steps upon the stairs.

"Ah!" gasped the woman, with a sob, " 'tis thy father at last. Now shalt thou eat, my poor little one!" She gathered the child to her and kist her pale cheeks. She almost smiled in her relief and hopefulness. The door was flung open and a young Italian stood in the doorway. The bitter expression on his face deepened as he looked at the woman and the child and read the expectancy in their dumb relief at his arrival.

"Mario!" the woman whispered, frightened at his expression.

"Niente!" he replied, despairingly, spreading his hands in a comprehensive gesture as of one who yields to unaccountable and overpowering fate.

Nothing! He had found no work; he had earned no money; there was nothing to buy food with—and they were starving! The woman's mind whirled. She felt a great terror gradually possessing her. She put her thin arms about the child and looked with blazing, accusing eyes at the despairing Mario.

"And are we to die of starvation? Is our darling Tina to weep thru another night without so much as a spoonful of milk? What kind of a country is this that you have brought us to? We are to starve while there is plenty all about us? Other men find work—why not you?"

"Because," answered Mario bitterly, "they can do work I cannot do. I know none of their trades. I went just now to a shoe factory. The foreman said 'yes, he wanted men.' Then, he asked me if I could work one of the machines. I said 'yes,' for thou knowest, Maddalena, I am quick to learn. But when he told me to show him what I could do, he saw that I knew nothing about it. So he said he wanted only skilled labor, and sent me away."

"But," insisted Maddalena, "you must find something. We cant go another day like this. Look at the poor little Tina! And she is so good—the



MARIO IS REFUSED EMPLOYMENT BECAUSE HE CANNOT OPERATE A MACHINE

poor baby!" She rocked the child in her arms and stroked the white little face.

"I know! I know!" groaned Mario. "But what can I do?"

"You can get nothing by sitting with your head in your hands," answered Maddalena with asperity. She loved Mario and sympathized with him in his trouble and helplessness, but, for the moment, her suffering and disappointment at his failure expelled all other sentiments. He felt the sting of her reproach, and, no less wretched and desperate than she, he instantly resented her sharp speech.

"Very well!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I come home, tired and discouraged, for a little rest, and you drive me out again! *Bene!* I go! But dont be surprised if I dont come back! I go to get money or food—no matter how! Until I find it, you shall not see me again!"

Such an outburst from Mario was so unusual an occurrence that Maddalena stared speechless, almost paralyzed, as the door banged and Mario's footsteps receded down the ramshackle stairs. Then the full import of his parting words touched her dazed senses like a branding iron. He was gone to get money or food—no matter how! He would not return until he got it! What was he about to do? Light-headed from inanition, a phantasmagoria of desperate deeds, with Mario the perpetrator, passed before her eyes. A surging fear swept her from the room and after him, calling his name, begging him to return.

"Mario! *Caro mio!*" she shrieked.

But Mario's anger grew, as a hungry, desperate man's will, and he hardened his heart to his wife's pleading voice and terms of endearment. As he heard her hastening after him, he started to run.

"*Ascoltami,* Mario!" she panted. Then, as he continued to run, she cried hysterically, "Stop! stop!"

Mario had not counted on the hubbub that was arising in the street,

and he was half inclined to turn back and quiet Maddalena. But the demon of resentment was stubborn and held him in his course. A sudden and powerful grip on his arm swung him round, face to face with a burly policeman.

The jarring halt and the bullying aspect of the policeman filled Mario with a fury that was little short of madness. On top of all the other injustices he had suffered, here was an officer of the law threatening him he didn't know with what horrors! He tried to wrench himself free, but the officer took a firmer hold. Then Mario began to struggle, and the officer struck him in the face. With the rage of a wild animal, Mario fought for revenge and his freedom, and it was only when a second policeman arrived that he was sufficiently subdued to be led to the station-house.

Maddalena followed with little Tina, both wild-eyed with terror and bewilderment.

"E possibile! E possibile!" the poor woman murmured distractedly.

When, at the station-house, their destitute condition became known, they were sent to a charity home until the fate of the unhappy husband and father should be decided.

This was not kept long in abeyance, for Officer Flynn, who had "no use for them wops," made out a good case of felonious assault, and the lawyer appointed by the court for the dazed and broken-spirited prisoner, seeing neither glory nor fees in the case, made but a perfunctory defense. In consequence whereof, Mario Fagri, innocent of any criminal intentions and betrayed thru misery and the madness of despair into a momentary aberration from normal and lawful conduct, heard the prison gates clang behind him and found himself arrayed in convict stripes, with a number for a name.

No wonder poor Maddalena could not understand and murmured dis-



MARIO LEAVES HIS HOME, ANGRY AND DISCOURAGED

tractedly, as she rocked little Tina in her thin arms, *"E possibile! Non capisco! Non capisco!"*

Nor could Mario in his cell understand. His misfortunes had crowded upon him so thick and fast that he felt as tho he had passed thru a raging delirium. And the worst of it was that he lived and relived that delirium in his enforced idleness. The leaden-footed hours dragged themselves haltingly into eternity as the wretched prisoner paced his cell, nursing his wrongs and muttering imprecations upon the tardy passage of time.

One day, in the midst of that maddening walk from end to end of his cell, he became aware of some one watching him thru the grating in his door. The visitor was a distinguished-looking man, with a strong, yet kindly, face. The warden joined him at the door, and Mario knew that they were discussing him. But he was too brain-weary and soul-sick to care to listen.

The visitor was the governor of the State, and Mario Fagri's half-demented condition had caused him to make inquiries of the warden.

"Why, Your Excellency, there's nothing the matter with that man but having nothing to do. He's a man who has worked all his life, and this idleness is driving him crazy. I've seen them go mad and have to be put in strait-jackets. We ought to have shops here and set the men to work. They'd all be better in every way for it."

"I'll see that you get the shops, warden," promised the governor. "Your idea is good, and you should have had them long ago. What do you favor? How would shirt-making do? I know that some of the other State penitentiaries do that sort of work, so I judge it would be all right."

"Yes, indeed, sir. Anything to get the men busy and give them something to think of besides themselves."

Within the next few days there were unwonted noises and activity in one of the wings of the prison. Several of the prisoners were taken from their cells to help install rows upon rows of sewing machines, to unpack cases of materials, and prepare the work for the hundreds of convicts who were to be taught shirt-making. The pall of hopelessness was lifted from the minds of the idle prisoners, as it was whispered about that they were to be taught a trade—that they were to have occupation for hands and brains and a chance to acquire the means of a livelihood against that dark day when they would face the world again with the prison taint upon them.

None welcomed the opening of the shop more fervently than Mario Fagri. When he was placed at a machine, and a trusty explained its operation, he took up the new work with enthusiasm. As the days went by and he bent over the machine, watching the needle flying thru the material, and feeling the wholesome companionship of fellow-workers, all intent upon their tasks, his health and spirits underwent a rejuvenation that brought with it a sanguine anticipation of his release and of a happy reunion with his dear Maddalena and the little Tina. Could he have known how it fared with them, his newly recovered zest would have shriveled as from a deadly blight!

Maddalena was not one to sink resignedly into the lap of charity. She chafed at her detention in the institution to which she had been taken, and, as soon as she had regained sufficient strength, she appealed for work at a shirt factory. She had gone back to her old tenement room, and there, haunted by the memories of those misfortunes that had ended in the tragedy of Mario's imprisonment, she sat at her rented machine and steadily added to the heap of finished shirts that she was to deliver to the manufacturer. The pay for her toil was contemptibly small, but it sufficed to feed and clothe and house her and Tina. And for that she was grateful, remembering those black starvation days. As the fall



THE SWEAT-SHOP

weather began to grow sharp, Maddalena planned to work extra hours, for there would be fuel and warm clothing to buy for the winter. "The little kitten must be kept warm," she said, with a caress and one of those rare smiles that she had for none but Tina. Gathering up a bundle of shirts, she went to the factory, hoping to bring back a larger allotment. A number of women and girls lingered about the factory doors, some downcast, others voluble with anger and indignation. Maddalena hurried past them, uneasy at their demonstrations, yet, in her sorrow and isolation, ignoring them. She delivered her bundle to the foreman and received her money; but when she asked for more work, he pointed to a placard on the wall, which, in several languages, bore the information that since shirt-making had been established in the penitentiary, the factory could not compete with the low prices and would have to close down. Maddalena now understood the reason for the excited groups about the door. But what right had she to join in their protests, even tho she had the heart to do so? Was not Mario probably one of the convicts who were taking the bread from the women's mouths? With bowed head, she hastened away, and called at other factories, inquiring for work. Toward nightfall she reached home, so fagged and discouraged and obsessed by the conviction of a malevolent fate, that even little Tina's joyous greeting failed to call forth a response.

Day after day, she resumed her search for work, from time to time getting a few garments to be made up. Then came a week when there had been no work, when she had been dispossessed of the few shabby sticks of furniture in the wretched room; and so, suffering from cold and hunger, she took little Tina and applied at the Bureau of Charities for shelter. From there they were sent to the poorhouse, along with other disabled and helpless human craft that had furled their tattered sails and run before the blasts to the nearest port.

In that institution for the housing of poverty, one day was like another in its monotony. Even the children had their share of the household drudgery to perform, and Maddalena, who had searched so unremittingly for the toil that would sustain body and soul, reflected bitterly that here was plenty of it, but without the saving grace of independence.

When she was allowed to go to the children's building and visit Tina, she could not repress the tears as she rocked the little girl in her arms and murmured, "Tina *carissima*, mama shall have her baby with her again some day. When papa comes back, we'll all be happy again."

"Where is papa?" asked Tina for the hundredth time.

"Far away, little one, but he'll come back soon," was the invariable answer.

One evening, Tina had great news for her mother, and rattled away in Italian like a little old gossip.

"I'm to have new shoes, mama," she announced, delightedly, with a contemptuous glance at the ragged ones she was wearing.

"Well, I'm glad, my sweet," answered Maddalena. "Who said so?"

"A very nice gentleman, mama. The matron says he's the governor of the State. And he came and looked around and said, 'Do you need anything here?' And I went right up to him and stuck out my foot and I said, 'Yes, sir, please, I need shoes.' And he said, 'So you do. Matron, see that this child has a new pair of shoes.' And then the matron said she had no shoes and no money to buy any. And then he said I should have my shoes, anyway. So, when the governor of the State says so, it is true—isn't it, mama?"

"I think so, dear," answered Maddalena, whose knowledge of the gubernatorial power and character was very vague.

As Tina had said, the governor had asked that shoes be given to those who needed them. To his amazement, he was informed that there were neither shoes nor appropriation for them. This gave him food for thought and suggested the solution of a problem that had been bothering him. Some weeks previous to this time, he had been waited upon by a delegation of women shirt-makers, who put before him the conditions prevailing in their trade.

"Stop the convicts making shirts, sir," was the spokeswoman's earnest request.

"Why, I cant do that. I had the prison authorities open the shop, and it has meant a lot to the prisoners. It has saved some of them from madness, many of them from vengefulness and viciousness. They are learning a trade—and self-respect."

"A trade, sir?" asked the spokeswoman, incredulously. "It isn't anything a man can work at, once he's out of prison! Shirt-making's a woman's trade. It may be a good occupation for the convicts, but it is taking the bread out of the mouths of women and girls."

This was the side of the shield that had not before been presented to the governor. Promising to think it over and give his decision after a tour of investigation thru State institutions, the governor dismissed the delegation. And it remained for Mario Fagri's child, in her plea for shoes, to put the finishing rivet to the governor's decision. Little Tina had received more than a passing glance from the governor, for her temerity in addressing him with her quaint request, "I wanta da shoe, please, sare guvno," had in it nothing of reprehensible boldness. It was the spontaneous outburst of intense desire and an appeal to one whom she believed a dispenser of benefits.

He inquired of the matron concerning the child, and once again, in the recital of Maddalena's misfortunes, the governor faced the problem of the competition of prison labor with the free labor of women and girls. And on learning of the lack both of shoes and an appropriation to supply them to the State institutions, the thought occurred to him, "Why not have the convicts make shoes for the State?"

Being a man quick to act and carry any point on which he set his mind, within a week Mario Fagri and his fellow-prisoners were seated before new and heavier machines and learning the trade of shoe-making. The change was more than acceptable to the men, for in that mysterious way in which news and information creep about a prison, even under the strictest enforcement of silence, it had become generally known that shirt-making was not a man's trade and that their work in the prison was injuring thousands of women while it was adding nothing to the men's value as workmen.

So the disaffection, that had latterly become patent to the warden, was now replaced by a genuine satisfaction. Mario's eagerness was kept at white heat by the burning thought of his fast-approaching release, and he was soon accounted the most skilled workman in the shop. When the day arrived that to so many men, incarcerated under a system that induced moral dry-rot, had meant a time of shrinking and indecision and despondency and distrust of all mankind, Mario received his discharge as a "skilled laborer," and faced his future with self-respect and courage.

He hastened back to the city and to the tenement which he and Maddalena had called "home." He learnt from the neighbors of her struggle and of her present refuge. Mario hungered for a sight of his wife and child, but a strong dash of common sense seasoned his emotional nature. He had nothing to support them on yet, and as long as they were not expecting to see him so soon, why disturb them until he could take them from the institution? First, he must get a job. To the forefront of his mind came the remembrance of the last place where he had applied for work the day of his arrest. It was a shoe factory in the neighborhood. With a confidence founded on the consciousness of his skill and of his improved knowledge of English, he entered the factory and approached one of the foremen.

"You wanta a gooda workman? Yes?" he asked.

"What can you do?" brusquely demanded the foreman.

"I maka da shoes. I cut—sew—maka all."

"Can you run this welting machine?"

"Sura!" declared Mario, emphatically. And without waiting for an invitation, he proved his declaration by a few swift demonstrations.

"Well, you can have the job. Come tomorrow morning at seven o'clock."

The prospect of this immediate job filled Mario with such thankfulness and joy that it seemed as if he must rush off and tell Maddalena about it. Then with his tender thoughts came a beautiful idea. He would not let her know just yet that he was free. With his first week's money, he would take a little flat and furnish it on the instalment plan. Then, when all was in ship-shape order, he would go for Maddalena and dear little Tina and bring them to a real home.

The week seemed very long to Mario, and he had often to admonish himself with *"Pazienza! pazienza!"*

But in due time, it all came out as he had planned. The little home was ready, and he went to fetch Maddalena and Tina. The little girl threw herself upon him in a transport of joy. Maddalena, after the manner of women, greeted him with tears, but Mario knew their meaning, for his own eyes were not guiltless. So they went away, with singing hearts, toward the city and their new life.

Before reaching home, Mario took Maddalena and Tina into a large store and bought them each a hat and coat. He committed a final extravagance in buying a doll on which Tina had fastened wistful eyes. Then he hurried them to the little flat, childishly impatient to note the sensation he was about to cause. He unlocked the door, and throwing it wide open, he laughed gleefully as Maddalena entered slowly, looking about bewildered at his cheery greeting of "Welcome!"

"Is this our home?" she asked, incredulously. "Why, Mario! it is so pretty and comfortable!"

"I dreamed of such a little place when I was between those bare stone walls!" he answered.

"My poor Mario!" exclaimed Maddalena. "And it was all my fault that you went to that terrible place!"

"Now, now, *cara mia,* that is past! We'll forget all about it, except the good things I learnt there."

Could the governor and the humane warden have heard this from the ex-convict's lips, they would have realized that their wise provision was



MARIO WELCOMES HIS WIFE AND CHILD TO THEIR NEW HOME

working not only for the temporary good of the prisoners, but would in time prove that they had builded FOR THE COMMONWEALTH!

The World Over

By D. S. WHITAKER

Thru many a land I've journeyed
Over mountain, sea and plain;
Around the world I've traveled
From Formosa on to Spain;
The New York-Chicago flier
Has hurled me on the way;
With desert bands I've wandered,
Where lurked the beasts of prey.

I've slept beneath the Pyramids,
And dreamed of far-off days;
With the modern little maiden
I have seen the famous plays;
I've been shanghaied at Calcutta,
Saw the troops at Daiquiri;
Was with Dewey at Manila,
Fought the Turks at Tripoli.

I've sailed the wide world over.
From Greenland around the Horn,
But I've never left this country
Since the day that I was born;
I've seen the snow-capped mountains,
Seen the mighty rivers flow;
For me the world turns oft around
At the Moving Picture show.

The Trail Thru the Hills

(Kalem)

By FELIX DODGE

From the Scenario of F. J. Marion

THE hills rang with song and laughter that bright May morning. The little band of pioneers were wending their way into the Land of Promise, with no thought of peril tainting their fair dreams. If bright and shining example of happiness counted for anything, the party had it in the persons of Harry Livingstone and Mary Lane, who, as usual, rode side by side in advance of the others, as tho the rough trail were a bed of roses. The end of the trail meant to these two the realization of youth's sweetest dream—love fulfilled.

Such is the power of love to turn, for the time, the hearts and minds of all who are brought in contact with it, from anxiety to joy, from sinister thoughts and even pain and peril to bright dreams!

For the unsuspecting pioneers were that moment touching elbows with dire peril. Two savages crawled like snakes in the tall grass, not a hundred yards away, who could, with a single sting from their venomous muskets, have stilled forever the hearts of the happy pair. But this would have spoiled their more ambitious plan of a complete massacre. So they stole away as rapidly and stealthily as they had come, toward a point three miles to the eastward, where the main body of the wandering tribe had just finished a piece of work to their complete satisfaction. After a desperate battle against overwhelming odds, Pat Regan, his wife and three sons had been shot to pieces in their little cabin before it burned to the ground.

One member of the unfortunate family had escaped death, however, unknown to the murderers. Kitty Regan, returning from an early morning visit to the nearest settler, had heard the ominous musket shots and had approached guardedly. Ten minutes later she startled the company of pioneers from their happy reveries, who were all sympathy in a moment, and prepared to follow her, knowing full well now that some of their number would never reach that bright earthly land of promise.

Harry was the first to volunteer to go, and lingering a moment to take in his arms the girl he might never see again, he rode away to join the relief party, with brave Kitty at their head.

A few minutes later Mary lifted her tear-stained face apprehensively at the sound of some one slowly approaching. It was Harry, leading his pony.

"Gone hopelessly lame!" he said, tugging at the injured brute's bridle to hurry him on.

"Oh, Harry!" cried the girl, running forward with brightening eyes, "then you wont have to leave me—maybe to be killed by those bloodthirsty Indians!"

Harry was carefully scrutinizing the three ponies tethered near the prairie-schooner.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Harry, for I was filled with a dread—a feeling that—that I'd never see you again. And I'm sure I wouldn't have, if you had gone!"

"Mary," said the young man, running his hand gently over her hair, "I've got to go—they need me."

She looked at him, a growing terror expanding the pupils of her pretty eyes. "But, Harry dear," she almost whispered, "cant you see that it was just fate that made old Ben go lame—and brought you back? I tell you I know it—I *know* it!"

"Even so," he said solemnly, "I've got to go, little girl. We both know that."

The girl looked at him proudly. "Yes—you are right—no matter what happens, you must go!"



HARRY BORROWS MARY'S PONY

"Will you let me have your pony, Mary? It's a good deal to ask."

"Take him," said the girl, sadly. "He may bring you luck."

The young man took her quickly in his arms, kist her and ran over to the pony. Two minutes later he was galloping away thru the hills.

Mary's pony was a pinto, exquisitely marked and formed. She was the fastest and pluckiest animal among the pioneers' stock, and seemed endowed with human intelligence.

Harry rode along at a rapid gait for perhaps five minutes before he realized that he was guiding Trixie, the pinto, in a path against her will. He dismounted and saw that the hoof-marks he was following were not freshly made.

"Pretty girl!" he said, patting the animal's steaming neck. "*You* take me to 'em!"

The moment he was on her back, the pony wheeled and swiftly retraced half the distance they had come, and then turned sharply to the right, her ears standing erect at intervals as tho catching sounds which the man did not hear.

"I believe she knows the danger we are about to face," muttered Harry, now trusting himself entirely to the animal's guidance.

The next instant he was almost pitched from the saddle as Trixie planted her forelegs stiffly and came to a halt. Harry could see her nostrils still quivering as he looked forward in vain. Suddenly the pony bolted across a depression in the thicket and made for a thickly wooded copse a short distance beyond. Harry turned to glance back, and saw a hideously painted face looking down the barrel of a musket, pointing directly at him. Instinctively he ducked forward on the pony's neck, just as a bullet came singing its song of death.

Harry's blood chilled at the thought of the insignificant action on his part that had helped save his life. Trixie, tho, was really responsible for his safety.

They were compelled to proceed

slowly now, because of the thick undergrowth. If Harry had been familiar with Indian fighting, he would have expected to be pursued by the evil-visaged savage who had attempted his life. The Indian was already in swift pursuit, and rapidly gaining on his enemy, the fingers of his right hand now and again seeking the keen tomahawk, to make sure it was there!

At length, on reaching an open space, Harry distinctly heard a continued fire of musketry, now and then accompanied by the terrible war-cry of the foe. Trixie, unurged, sprang forward across the open space toward a second grove, beyond which a mortal combat was being fought. This was a propitious move for the white man, for the Indian had stolen up to within thirty yards of him. When the horse had sprung into the open space, the Indian uttered a fierce growl and leveled his musket at the now exposed horseman. At the second of pressing the trigger, the Indian lowered the gun and grinned wickedly over the sudden thought that had come to him. Then he, too, sped rapidly across the open space and thence into the grove, grinning with malignant triumph.

Harry found the going much easier in this second bit of woods, and in a few minutes discerned blue sky but a short distance ahead. The firing and yelling had grown in volume and could scarcely be more than a half-mile away. Just beyond the forest was a sharp rise of ground. Trixie cantered lightly up the incline until its summit was almost reached, when she hesitated and refused to go on. At first Harry tried to force her. Then, bearing in mind her sagacity, he dismounted and crept stealthily to the top of the knoll.

He found himself looking over a deep gulch, with rough, precipitous sides, at least a half-mile wide. On the farther side were his friends fighting, almost hand to hand, against great odds.

From the edge of the thicket peered a triumphant face, lighted by two bead-like eyes. The Indian had slung the musket over his back. Placing the tomahawk between his teeth, he began to crawl with the stealth and sureness of a snake, closer and closer toward his oblivious enemy.

Harry sized up the situation before him, and at length decided to try his luck at sharpshooting across the gulch. He was the best shot by far among the pioneers and had little doubt, when he once found the range, but that he could pick off some of the enemy. He took up a position as near the edge of the precipice as he dared venture, and then, lying outstretched, he began testing the range.

His first two or three shots had no other effect than bringing the combatants to a standstill, both alike filled with the dread of a supposed enemy. The fighting across the chasm became more guarded, which gave the desperate pioneers a much-needed respite. From his position above them, Harry had the advantage of seeing distinctly both friend and foe, tho hidden from each other.

At his third shot an Indian sprang into the air and fell, severely wounded. He had found the range. He was overjoyed. He knew that he could hit an enemy in at least one out of every three shots. Again he brought one of them to the ground, and, half-filled with superstition over the fatal reinforcements from above, the redmen became demoralized and began to flee, being pursued and in many cases shot or cut down by the triumphant pioneers, who were as much mystified over this turn of events as their enemies.

Harry was so elated over the tables being turned, and his share in it, that he was on the point of relieving his feelings in laughter, when he heard Trixie give a whinny of alarm. He had barely time to snatch the knife from his belt and rise to meet the bronze form that had suddenly loomed up behind him. He was too late to stay the descending tomahawk, which missed his head and shoulder and sank into his thigh with a sense of fire that almost brought him to his knees. But his own blade had found the In-



THE STRUGGLE ON THE CLIFF

dian's collar-bone, giving him something to think about for a minute, else Harry must surely have been brained by him.

For a moment they stood locked, each holding the wrist of the other's weapon hand, each weighing the other's strength and weaknesses, each seeing only death in the other's half-closed eyes.

Suddenly the Indian made a vicious movement with his knee, that opened Harry's wound cruelly. The poor fellow involuntarily let go his adversary's hand, which was lifted like a flash. Harry switched around, and almost threw the Indian over the embankment. This move saved his life, for the tomahawk went whirling over the edge, the Indian making a wild clutch with both hands, catching Harry's coat, and for a moment they both tottered on the edge. Harry made a desperate lunge with the now free knife that caught and ripped the Indian's uplifted arm. Again the savage grasped Harry's wrist and tried once more to mangle the poor fellow's wounded leg. The young man flung him off with a cry of pain.

They were both bleeding freely, each confident that he would survive the longer.

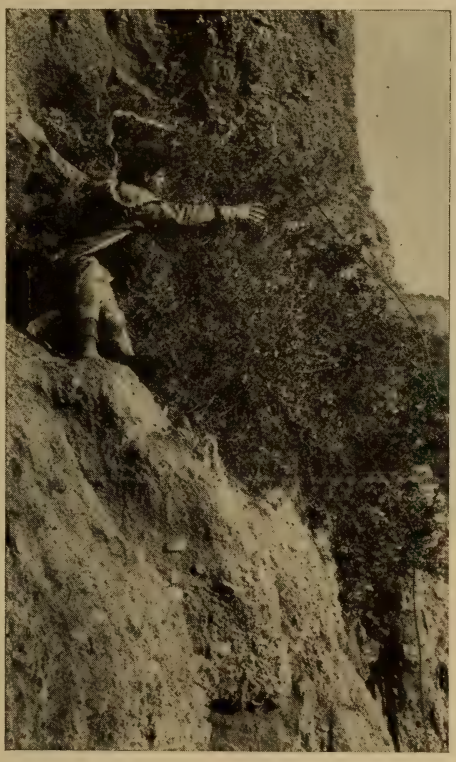
Harry at length became sure that he was fated to defeat and death unless he could win by strategy. He made a fierce effort to wrest his knife hand away from his foe. The effort cost him terrific pain and loss of blood. Then he noted with horror that his senses were becoming more and more numb by the minute. He dully wondered why his foe did not take advantage of his failing strength. At last the Indian's design dawned on him. The savage was waiting and was ever so gradually but with fatal certainty pushing him nearer the brink of the precipice. The moment was coming when a single push would plunge the weakening man over. He tried to struggle, but finding it futile and a sure indication of his defeat, he waited what seemed hours. Suddenly he was roused and thought he had been sleeping. He felt a sharp tug, then felt himself whirling thru space. He tried to scream. Darkness and oblivion mercifully came to his aid.

The Indian had triumphed!

How far Trixie's intelligence had been able to fathom the nature of the contest will never be known. When the Indian at length sat up with a suppressed groan and called to her, Trixie walked meekly over to him. The Indian climbed on her back and let her take her head, opening his eyes now and then to get his bearings. A half hour later the Indian opened his eyes just in time to meet death face to face from the dozen bullets of as many returning pioneers, among whom Trixie had led him.

But to the surprise of the conquerors, Trixie turned about with a single backward look and cantered away again. This puzzled them for a moment. Then they hurried on, anxious to reach camp and break the triumphant but sad news. For in the Indian's hand they had found Harry Livingstone's knife, cloyed with blood! There was one in camp, they knew, who would scarcely survive the news.

The pinto returned to the scene of the combat and waited, giving an occasional whinny, perhaps thus expressing her impatience or anxiety. She grazed up and down the ledge, going so close to its edge at times that overhanging turf gave way under her hoofs. Thus several hours passed. One circumstance especially annoyed the faithful animal — the long lariat attached to the saddle horn had fallen to the ground and was being dragged along, sometimes under her feet, again catching in stones and shrubs. At length it quietly slipped over the edge of the gulch, dangling down for fifty feet, and frightening wild birds in their eyries and serpents in their lairs as it swished past.



HARRY REACHES EAGERLY FOR THE DANGLING ROPE

Harry Livingstone had fallen headlong to a narrow ledge, forty feet below. This circumstance had saved his life for the nonce, altho his leg had been broken by the fall. When he came to his senses, it was in a world of writhing, almost insufferable pain. The peril of his position was as nothing compared with his agony. His calls were upon God to have mercy, rather than upon man to save him. To be free from the rack of pain was his one thought, and if the impulse to roll off to eternity had once crossed his enfevered mind, he would have complied. Amidst the most excruciating tortures he succeeded in half-binding both the wound and the broken limb in such a way that pain abated some and came in whirling throbs, leaving short, panting intervals of comprehension. During these he patched together in ragged fragments the episodes of the day. "Mary!" he muttered feebly. "Mary!" That was the sum of it all. For he saw how hopeless was his fate thrust out on a ledge, helpless, between sky and eternity, to become the food of hungry vultures, perhaps before night!

When the lariat came dangling along it seemed but a tantalizing figment of a fevered dream. Then hope and endless waiting for it to come near filled him with new fears and tortures. He tried to cry out to his rescuer, but his voice died in his dry throat. He waited what seemed days, weeping, praying and cursing by turns, now almost swooning as he writhed in a new twinge of suffocating pain. When the rope did come within reach, his hands had begun to stiffen, and it slowly was moving past.



WITH FAITHFUL TRIXIE, HARRY MAKES HIS WAY HOMEWARD

How he knotted it about his body he never knew, and the agony he suffered in doing so was but a mild sensation compared to that terrible ascent up the embankment, when the pony began to veer off in fright of being pulled over the cliff herself. He was cruelly dragged past jagged stones and sharp briers, and at length lay, more dead than alive, on the green grass above, Trixie bending over him, her nostrils sniffing as if with delight, her eyes almost expressing wonder.

In the cool of the evening, after hours of futile effort, he flung himself across her back, and, picking her way with almost tender consideration, Trixie brought him back to camp, in a terrible plight, but *alive!* To grief-torn Mary he came from the dead to the living again, and with her loving hands laving his fevered brow, he smiled and fell asleep.

For such is the power of love to turn, for the time, the hearts and minds of all who come in contact with it, from anxiety to joy, from sinister thoughts and even pain and peril to bright dreams!

A Reflection

By HARRY LEWY

Little beams of arc light,
A lens of polished glass,
Wheels and cogs of hardest steel,
And rollers made of brass.

Little strips of photographs
As off a reel they're twirled,
Make a plain white curtain
Reflect the great wide world.

Rice & Old Shoes

Wherein the humble cereal puts a different complexion on bad matters, and rectifies a shoe that pinches



by Peter Wade

Scenario by Lawrence S. McCloskey

How to be happy, tho married, is a problem as old as the hills. Dramatists have tackled its solution; mothers-in-law have been known to try to solve it; authors have torn their hair over it. It has been preached from the pulpit, written into the laws—vouched for as possible by Laura Jean Libby herself. But the little old divorce mill keeps right on separating the entities that promised to be as one.

I am not going to solve it. It's something that's got to have personal treatment—each man and woman his own practitioner. There's a lot to learn from the beasts yet, if we haven't got too far away from them. Take an old lion, for instance; if he's got an awful stomach ache, he doesn't go ramping round telling all the other lions how bad it is. Not at all; he hobbles out and chews an emetic, lying down quietly, and in a few days he's a king again. Or, if he gets a bad wound, he goes deep into the rocks and licks it to keep the germs out. For a few simple reasons like these most lions are normal, and most men are not. It might be beneficial —for the man—if they could change places, but man wouldn't, and I dont censure the lion—from what he sees of us. So, you see, like every one else, I have offered a fine solution for

human ills—and found that it isn't workable.

Having started out with a smart flourish, however, I am determined to get somewhere. And, like the lion, I am going to let my mismated ones settle their own troubles. If you seek a cure-all, pass me by, for there are authors who for the modest sum of $1.50 (with superb illustrations of the couples' downfall) will stage the horrors, furnish the "props," and give you more pleasure in the spectacle than a convert of St. Vitus with the rheumatism has.

The pair we are going to visit had been married five years, and there was nothing the matter with them. Roy Dean's great-grandfather had not tippled rum in his closet, nor eaten hasheesh, nor stenciled his arm with a morphine syringe, and Vita's grandmother had positively not eloped with the Duke of Parmesan's blond cheese-cutter. Their ancestors had led humdrum lives like most of us, and had gone to bed when tired.

If we only would go to bed when tired, most of our troubles, moral, social and marital, would be snuffed out with the light. But conscientious authors wont let us.

Being tired, it seems to me, causes all the trouble—tired of the simple life, tired of each other, tired of being tired.

Roy and Vita had both inherited money; both were spoiled in the bringing up, and tho 'tis said a good chef can do it, two spoiled things dont make a harmonious *one*. Their wedding had been a grand one, where the reporters sat in the back pews making beautiful copy, and a crowd of the uninvited stood out on the sidewalk in the rain. But they had walked past roses in the aisles, under the canopy, into a limousine, and had kept it up ever since—the exotic part, not the honeymoon, of course.

Society had flung wide its doors to them. Ergo, not being entirely insane, they had tired of society. The usual run of things occupied them: opera (bouffe, grand and etta), house parties and shell-fish out of season; horse shows and garages masquerading as social affairs in town. Our friend and teacher, the horse, had a few tears shed over him under one roof; beneath another, his carcass made touring-car seat cushions. So being consistent, they naturally tired of these things.

Then she thought of something different. The home's the thing! And she set about making it homey. But Vernier Martin furniture and a crest on the soup tureen dont make a home; it's got to be laughed over, and cried in, and put together, stick by stick (popular furniture "ads." will bear me out), and this they had neglected to do.

There is nothing sadder than a "ready-to-move-in" home, especially for the moral muscles. So Roy thought, for after a few long evenings in this splendid place, he suddenly remembered his list of clubs. At one of them his father had proposed his name at birth. It was impossible to get on the waiting list otherwise, so he was naturally curious to see the place.

If there is any ancient synonym for club man it is monk; both's main object seems to be the building up of the stomach and the quenching of unquenchable thirst. I believe the monk had other things to do — between times, but a club man—never! There is this main difference to be considered: a monk took vows of celibacy and sometimes kept them; a club man is usually married, but dont show it.

At any rate, Vita and the "home" seldom saw him. She took to the companionship of her French maid, French novels and long spells of inconsequent thinking. She ought never to have married; she knew it now. She was not half so happy as Dolly, her little sister in Harrisburg, who had broken away from her joyful friends to take up trained nursing. And with her desertion, the social leaders had shook wanton curls and whispered, "Isn't it shocking!"

Then Vita's vague vaporings began to take definite shape. When

one has money to gild over things, society will stand for anything. If a divorcer, or divorcée (it makes very little difference), can pull off the thing without scandal or vulgarity, he or she is fumigated for a few months in some Western town and brought back as good as new. So she decided to take the warm plunge.

One night, as Roy was dressing for the club (he did keep his wardrobe in the "home," which is a curious affectation of club men), she discussed the subject with him. He concurred in everything she said—brutally, she thought. He could, at least, have had exclaimed: "Vita, this is terrible!" and at the end have said, resignedly, "I shall do this for your sake."

And so the matter was arranged as calmly as bringing off a bridge party. You see, they could pay the stakes, and the most discreet attorney in town was called in to plan the details. It was agreed upon that Vita should be the aggrieved person, and her cause of action, desertion, tho this necessitated the removal of Roy's wardrobe to quarters new, much to his distaste. But the law is harsh, and some say impartial, and he proceeded to make ready his luggage. Besides, it might come out as ridiculous, this dressing and undressing in a deserted woman's house, so he decided to deprive her of his dressing-gown and shaving stand. The unfaded spots on the wall-paper, where his personal furniture had been; would lend just the right air of tragedy.

Then, as the goat's belongings were about to be separated from the ewe lamb's, and a wedding gift—a portrait of Cupid leading Venus to a bower—was given to the cook, a letter came from Dolly, the outlawed one, and from it dropped an invitation to *her* wedding.

Vita read the affectionate letter aloud to him.

"The law of partial compensation," he murmured; "the cutting of the threads starts a new couple sewing."

"Basting in our case," she suggested.

"It seems a bally waste of time," he yawned. "I wonder what she's doing it for?"

But Vita was thinking. "Roy," she said finally, "let us put off our decision until after this wedding."

"Good idea; the newspapers might run the events in parallel columns."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said, uncynically; "but we really should go to this wedding, and it would look better as husband and wife."

"Dolly's a good little girl," he admitted.

"Shall I send on a gift in both our names?" she continued.

"By all means, and dont be stingy." He smiled broadly at something. "I say, if you are determined to put this thing thru, let's do it in partnership. I cannot imagine the farce of your going in to breakfast on the arm of some solemn sawbones smelling of iodoform, and my discussing cancer cures with a nurse-bridesmaid over the chocolate.

Vita laughed. "Appearances are everything, you know——"

"My *disappearance* will be everything," he broke in; "they can serve me upstairs, with a toothache or something. By Jove! you dont suppose they'll run it off in a hospital, do you?"

"Dont be such a timid creature," Vita said, smiling. "Besides, we are violating the law by getting so 'bunky.' Run out and consult the club 'Bullinger' on trains; I have a book to finish."

A week afterward found them in Harrisburg at Dolly's wedding. She *was* marrying a young physician; not a bad-looking chap, Roy thought, and not the trace of a smell about him. A friend's home had been loaned for the occasion — a merry-making one, where every one was happy, just like a children's party.

Dolly looked very pretty and charming, and the bridesmaids didn't look "nursy" at all. "Poor lamb," thought Vita, after the ceremony,

"led to the slaughter." Roy pitied the embarrassed young medico. "He'll find her pulse wont need constant attention, after a while," was his self-communion.

Their train lacked several hours of coming, so they waited in the hallway with the others for the happy couple to descend. Some little flower girls stood on the stair-landing just above them, as tokens of somebody's felicitous wedlock, their hands full of rice.

The broad brim of Vita's beaver hat caught their mischievous eyes, and grains began to patter down on it. One, more daring than her mates, reached slyly over and carefully slid a handful beneath the folds of Vita's traveling veil, wound round the hat's crown.

As if not satisfied with her undetected skill, she carefully tucked little handfuls under the fur of the strange lady's collar. Then "Here they come!" was called out, and love's shower began to pelt the couple coming down the stairs.

Roy heard the coach door slam, to be thrown quickly open again. "Has the trunk been checked to Old Point Comfort?" the nervous bridegroom asked the driver. A well-directed old slipper interrupted the jehu's answer. "Pshaw!" Roy grunted, "I might have known that lancet and Dolly, with his bundle of bandages, would pick out such a place to rub noses."

He lit a cigar and stepped out to watch the coach disappear down the street. The dust, or something, got into his eyes. "She's a plucky little girl, anyway; so here's good luck!" he said, with the gesture of a toastmaster.

In a little while Vita had gone with him to the station. "I'm very sorry, sir," said the formidable representative of Mr. Pullman, coming down from his car, "but there are no parlor-car seats. Did you wire ahead for a reservation?"

"What's the next train?" asked Roy, grimly.

"Philadelphia accommodation, sir."

At the sound of that dreadful juxtaposition of words, Roy followed Vita quickly up the car steps. "Anything but Philadelphia accommodation," he murmured; "I'd rather be held up on Avenue A, New York."

In this humble spirit their journey home began. Her rare furs and his shining top hat appeared unusually conspicuous in the day coach. Now that their little play was over, and the businesslike end of their unjoining was to be taken up, a spirit of reserve fell on both of them. Their fellow passengers judged it the usual reticence of *haut ton,* and as they continued this indifferent pose without seeming effort, one aged henpecked had the hardihood to suggest their good example to his loose-tongued wife.

"Goodness gracious, you old fool!" she snapped. "Cant you see that they're just married?"

He faded back into insignificance, but remembered sadly that she had adduced sundry and divers orations on *their* wedding journey.

By this time the whole car full had come to the same conclusion, and Roy felt the curious pairs of eyes centered on them. He turned his head to look out of Vita's window, and her face kept curiously passing and re-passing on the glass. This is a habit of all well-regulated car windows, however, and should not have bothered him. But it did, this exquisitely sad recurring portrait; and, what disturbed him more, little grains of rice kept continually jarring from the brim of her hat.

Smiles and nudges became the freemasonry of those about them. His face flushed at the spectacle they were making, and he felt all the sheepish qualms of a detected groom. "Dont they do it well?" some one whispered in audible admiration. Roy wondered if he was growing lover-like in spite of himself, and shuddered inwardly.

"Philadelphia!" shouted the trainman, after days, it seemed, and Vita aroused herself to hurry after Roy to the door.

"Good luck!" some one shouted, as they walked along the platform, and a feeble cheer rose up in chorus above the roar in the train shed.

Vita looked up. A row of faces, old and weary, and young and tireless, craned out from the car's open windows. From each the same ineffable expression beamed. "Heavens! I believe they think we're just married!" she gasped.

Roy grasped her arm, and they hurried thru the crowd. Every one made way for them, as if not even the steps of new love should be hindered, and, once in the open, Roy made a precipitous dash for an ancient cab by the curb. The thing was getting on his nerves, and, besides, he had a dinner date at the club, to be followed by a three-cornered interview at his house with Vita and her attorney. The final make-up of the divorce papers was to be gone over before filing—and freedom!

Vita still looked out of a window, the little dusty one in the cab. It was the first time in months that they had been so long together. And he felt that she was deliberately slighting him. But there comes an end to all things.

On arriving at the house, they had gone into the library, and she had stopped long enough to take off her furs. The interminable stream of white grain started up again and pattered softly on the waxed floor.

"I suppose you will be in later?" she asked, facing him.

"Yes, I have a date with Lexon."

Her eyelids fluttered slightly. "I am sure you will excuse me until then," she said; "I am tired."

She turned to go, and he watched her girlish back cross the room. "By Jove! she's Dolly to a line!" he exclaimed, struck with the likeness. "But Dolly's pretty and plucky—and married to a forceps flourisher, and all that sort of thing!"

Then the queer twist of the thing, the disunited ones going to a wedding to bless it with their presence, and the fond interpretation that people had given to their home-coming, struck him as something to



meditate over, and he sat down, toying with little droppings of rice as he did so.

"Everybody has a home," he sighed to himself. "Why cant I?"

He went on playing with the misplaced cereal. A maid came in to get Vita's coat, and would have brushed it up, but he waved her away.

"Why is Dolly going to be happy?" he asked himself. "Why?" he repeated, as if here lay the crux of his own situation.

"Because, my boy," he said seriously, "the medico is a brick, and she knows it. I know his kind—I used to cut them at the club—that earn a full portion of love and happiness by working with their coats off—it's the same whether he carries a brick hammer or a judge's gavel—the blow's the thing!"

The fine particles kept dripping thru his tightening fingers.

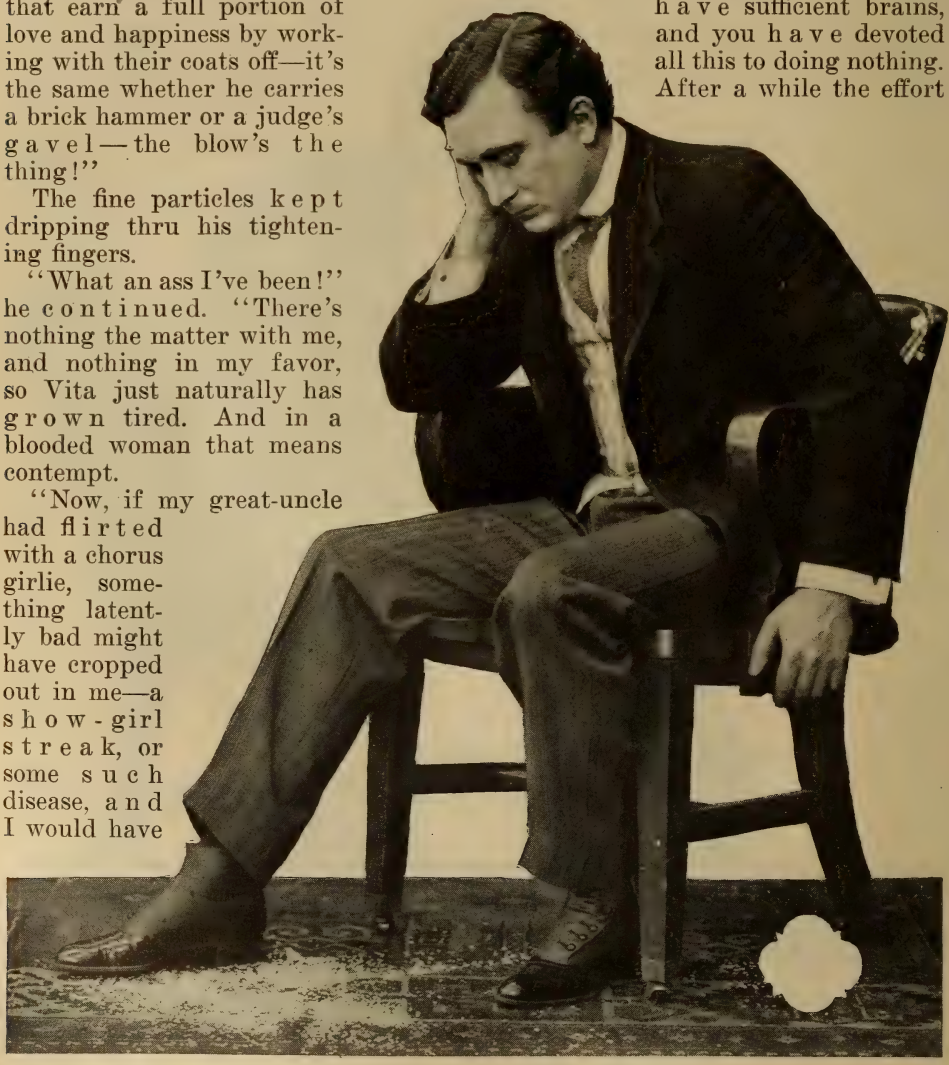
"What an ass I've been!" he continued. "There's nothing the matter with me, and nothing in my favor, so Vita just naturally has grown tired. And in a blooded woman that means contempt.

"Now, if my great-uncle had flirted with a chorus girlie, something latently bad might have cropped out in me—a show-girl streak, or some such disease, and I would have to be isolated for a few months, while the lawyers treated me. But it hasn't. Guess I'll go ask her what's the matter with me."

And he did. He found Vita in her darkened room, still looking out of a window.

"Vita," he said, with somewhat of his youthful voice, "what's the matter with me? I mean, why have I dropped down to zero in your estimation, and the thermometer getting colder every day?"

"It's a long story, Roy," she said, turning away from the window. "To begin with, you are big and strong and husky; besides, you have sufficient brains, and you have devoted all this to doing nothing. After a while the effort



of doing nothing in a hundred different ways began to tire you, and you prematurely centered yourself on becoming a selfish, non-human, uninteresting, bloodless, cadified——"

"Perhaps there are other truthful qualifiers," he interrupted, "but these will do. I am labeled enough to satisfy Dr. Wiley—but not yours humbly, who will make a few statements.

"Number one," he announced, sharply. "What is Lexon's 'phone number?"

"3440 Market. Why?"

"I am going to ask him not to call tonight, Vita," he answered, determinedly.

"Yes?" She was becoming interested.

"Number two. I am going to work. They say that farming is hard and sweaty, and I want to try the hardest and wettest."

"Yes?" She looked up, surprised.

"I'm going down to Alabama to start a rice plantation — nothing nicer."

"Yes?" She stared at him now, the color rushing to her cheeks.

"Number three—and this is the hardest of all — I dearly want my wife to go with me. Will you go?"

A swift, shadowy form crossed the room and fell into his arms, crying joyfully.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she sobbed—you will notice, not in the interrogative. And that is just how it came about that the lawyers lost a job.

"The Better Land"

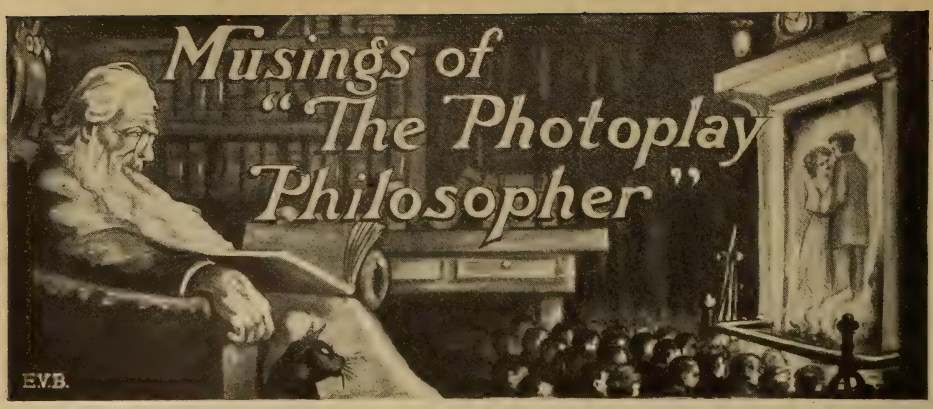
Revised by J. A. CLARK, JR.

"I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance thru the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under the sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"You have been there, my darling lad,
For it's in your heart, when returning glad—
You never went out with a gloomy look
(I can read your thoughts as an open book)
That you did not return all aglow
From the mystic land of the Photoshow.
Yes, there, quite there, my child!"



Motion Pictures have arrived at that stage of perfection when something should be done to attract the attention of the unbelievers. Everywhere you may go you will find persons who laugh at Moving Pictures, and who treat them as a sort of foolish amusement for children and the so-called lower classes. Some of the best writers in the world are now writing scenarios for Motion Pictures, and some of the best actors in the world are playing them. Why can these facts not be made known? While it is true that thousands of men and women in high stations of life are regular patrons of Motion Pictures, the fact remains that a large number of people have not the vaguest idea of the progress the industry has made in the past few years. I am of opinion that there should be an organized movement among the manufacturers to give publicity to the industry by means of the public press. About all we see in the newspapers nowadays is something in the nature of an attack: why not announce, by advertisement or otherwise, that the best novelists and poets of the age are contributing to the uplifting of Moving Pictures? Why not see that the names of some of the great scenario writers, actors and Photoplays are given more publicity? Of what use is a great name on a film (particularly when it appears for only one brief instant—so brief that the onlooker can hardly see it) when the public are not apprised of it?

According to the Knoxville *Sentinel*, the Rev. Thomas Priddy, of that city, says that "Poolrooms, operas, dramas, plays, Motion Pictures, cards and other worldly amusements belong to the devil, and in a majority of cases are patronized by the devil's crowd." If this be true, the devil has a large and rapidly growing following.

All fortunes come from hard work. Even when they are inherited, it is hard work to recover them from the lawyers.

A character in the play, "The Penalty," is made to represent a business man of average tastes, and his wife remonstrates with him because he prefers Motion Pictures at five cents to grand opera at five dollars; whereupon he defends himself by saying, "Well, if they were selling champagne at ten cents a bottle, I'd want to drink it just the same." A Columbus, Ohio, paper comments upon this speech thus: "If it cost two or three dollars to see Moving Pictures, it is likely that we all would be raving about them in long words and high-sounding phrases. As it is, they are ridiculously cheap, but they are no less wonderful, and the amusement-seeking public the world over evidently knows this."

There may be no royal road to knowledge, but Motion Pictures soften the road. Perhaps, when all schools have them, our children will scoot to school with the same fleetness and avidity that they now move to the Moving Picture theaters.

The readers of this magazine doubtless remember the beautiful story of the beautiful film, "His Mother," which appeared in the January issue of this magazine. Unfortunately, the name of the scenario writer did not appear with the story, and it is with pleasure that we now announce that Gene Gauntier was the talented author. This magazine is more than anxious to give credit to the scenario writers whenever possible, and it is possible every time the manufacturers notify us in time.

It is pleasing to know that the Edison Company has made a rule to publish the name of the scenario writer upon the film itself, so that the audiences may know whom to thank for the idea around which the film was made. If every manufacturer would do likewise, perhaps the great names in modern literature would soon become familiar upon the screens, for the best writers would then be attracted to the art of scenario writing.

Among the scenario writers who have had marked success are Emmett Campbell Hall, Louis Reeves Harrison, Bannister Merwin and Beta Breuil. Among the notable scenarios written by Beta Breuil are "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Easter Babies," "White Rose Leaves," "Indian Romeo and Juliet," "On Board a Tramp Steamer," "Rock of Ages," "The Misses Finch and Their Nephew Billy," "Auld Lang Syne" and "Nellie's Farm." These are selected from a list of 140 scenarios written by the same author and it shows her remarkable versatility. Doubtless Gene Gauntier has a list equally as formidable, but it is not at hand from which to quote.

In Chicago, one of the Motion Picture theaters has opened a checking room for babies, so that weary mothers may be able to sit quietly and enjoy the Photoshow without being disturbed and without their babies disturbing others. Why not a checking room for women's hats? They create more disturbance than do the babies, because eyes are to be considered more than ears.

One of the most beneficent effects of Motion Pictures is the instilling in the hearts of the young a love for virtue and a hatred for evil. All heroic qualities are exemplified by the silent drama. Vice is always denounced or punished and virtue is always rewarded. And, to show that virtue is not only recognized but appreciated, it will be observed, even in those Photoshows that are attended by the lowest types of humanity, they never fail to applaud the hero and to hiss the villain, or otherwise to show their approval or disapproval.

The Motion Picture may be looked upon as an advanced edition of the printing press. What Gutenberg's crude press was to the people of his time, disseminating knowledge and familiarizing the people with other peoples and with other countries, the Moving Picture is to us today. The printing press and the cinematograph are brothers: the former is the older, but the latter, coming after, is an improved edition.

One of the most interesting parts of the newspaper and magazine is the advertising department. These business announcements are valuable because they tell the news of what, when, how, where and why things are for sale. They are a bulletin of new inventions, new ideas and new methods. I sometimes think that the advertising part of a magazine is as valuable as the rest of it.

One of the unfortunate things about Motion Picture theaters is that they change the films every day. As a rule, very few persons attend the same theater two or more nights in succession; the average attendant goes but twice a week. Hence the attendance each night is entirely different, and the theater management goes to a useless expense when it shows a different set of pictures every night. The regular theaters succeed in producing the same play for months, night after night, and they do so because the audiences are pleased and spread the news among their friends. In the Motion Picture business a person sees "Vanity Fair," or "Arrah-na-Pogue," or "Martin Chuzzlewit," or "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," is pleased, and tells his friends about it. The friends want to see the same thing, but there is no way to do it, because perhaps no other theater in the city is showing the same pictures the next day, and, even if they were, there is no convenient way to find out. This is one of the defects in the Motion Picture business which, no doubt, time will remedy.

The last decade has seen many advances in the Photoplay, and the next ten years will see many more. The drama is over two thousand years old, and is now dying of old age. Its successor is the Photoplay. Our children who will attend the Photoshow ten or twenty years hence will see improvements and advances that are not dreamed of today. One of the improvements will doubtless be a great advancement in the art of artistic photography. Have you not seen scenes that are beautiful in the general effect, but which are weak in detail? Most studio pictures are made under the glare of many strong electric lights. The general lighting may be strong and good, but the faces of the players are often chalky white. The director usually looks to the general effect only. He sees to it that the characters are well posed, that the dark corners are well lighted, and that the general effect expresses the action desired. But he seldom bothers about the faces. As long as they scowl, or smile, or express anger or fear, or whatever the piece calls for, he is content. Now, if you go into a first-class photographic studio for some portraits, what do they do? They spend half an hour arranging screens, reflectors, subduers and various devices, in order to get the precise kind of lighting desired. They take great care to see that the face is well modeled, with proper gradations of light and shade. They shut off a ray of light here and add a ray of light there; they move the camera from one place to another; they move the sitter so that the light from the skylight strikes first on one side of the face and then on the other; they produce a high light on one part of the face and then on another: in other words, they exercise all their art and ingenuity in an effort to get the best effects, the best lighting and the best modeling of the countenance. Of course, all this is difficult in taking moving objects. But all of it is not impossible. In a large group, where the figures are small, it is not necessary to pay much attention to facial lighting, and in outdoor pictures it is almost impossible; but where there is one central figure, and where that figure is portraying intense feeling or emotion of some kind, the skillful, artistic, careful, painstaking director will devote ten minutes' extra time consulting with the photographer in an effort to produce effective modeling of the countenance. Otherwise, of what use is the art of facial expression? Edwin Booth was a master of intonation, modulation and of the speech arts, so that he could make his voice express anything. Richard Mansfield could express any sentiment or passion by voice tricks. But both of these great actors, and all others, amplified and intensified these effects by facial expressions. Photoplayers must accomplish with their facial muscles alone what other actors accomplish with the assistance of the vocal organs. Hence the Photoplay directors and photographers should make a special study of the art of lighting so that the Photoplayers shall not be too much handicapped.

If the censors get too severe, there is one way to overcome the obstacle: just have the Photoplay done into a regular drama and produced at one of the high-class theaters, with a good name as author. Or, if it is desired to show crime in all its hideousness, including murder, poisoning, burglary, abduction, kidnaping, stabbing, seduction, etc., all that is necessary is to take any great book, or opera, or even the Bible, and write a Photoplay from it. Almost any kind of a play will "go" on Broadway, and the modern melodrama that does not contain plenty of crime and indecency is considered tame and uninteresting. And any Photoplay, however hideous and immoral, will pass, provided it is taken from the classics. But, if a murder is shown or suggested, or a burglary, if it is not from a Shakespearean play or other classic, it is BAD and should be suppressed! It seems strange that children are allowed to read history, and Shakespeare, and the classics, and the Holy Bible, and the newspapers, with all the accounts of human depravity and crime, and yet are not allowed to see the same thing on the screen. Must all Photoplays be educational or religious? If so, how are we to teach how to avoid the evils and pitfalls of the world without showing something of these evils?

Many and varied have been the attempts of famous educators to create a taste in the public for good literature, and now comes the Motion Picture to solve the problem. All of the great novels, poems, dramas and operas have been, or soon will have been, done in Moving Pictures, with the result that millions who have seen these classic productions will be inspired to read in type what they have seen in pictures.

To some people, the only kind of unobjectionable Moving Pictures are those seen on moving vans.

Pity him or her who has fallen, and help them to rise, rather than hold them down by repeating what thou hast heard. We all have erred, and the only difference is that some of us have not been found out.

There is no doubt but that the sentiment of patriotism has been greatly increased by Motion Pictures, and all our great heroes, like Washington and Lincoln, are better loved by the masses than ever before. Seeing these characters move has given them human interest, whereas before they did not seem to have been clothed with reality.

Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, of Philadelphia, has a novel scheme to defeat the arch enemy of uprightness, as witness the following from one of his speeches: "Churches should fight the Moving Picture danger by exhibiting Moving Picture films in the church itself during the week. In that way they can show films of the proper kind, and keep the children away from the five-cent shows."

It is pretty generally conceded that high prices have come to stay. That being true, let us hope that about one-quarter of our city population is attracted to the farms in the hope of profiting by these high prices for foodstuffs. The farms of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey are not half cultivated, and anything that will relieve the congestion of the cities and add to the sum total of farmers is to be welcomed with open arms.

With all our wisdom, there are five things that we have not mastered yet: The quadrature of the circle, perpetual motion, the inextinguishable lamp, the philosopher's stone and how to elect a President without upsetting business for the ten months preceding.

Speaking of objectionable Moving Pictures, why is it that nobody has punished the thief of Mona Lisa? Before it was stolen, few cared much for Mona Lisa, but now every visitor is crazy to see the frame from which it was stolen, which shows that the art of stealing is more interesting than the art of painting.

Motion Pictures are a form of the gesture language. In prehistoric times, before primitive man could speak, he communicated his thoughts by means of gestures. Gestures came first, and speech came next, but thousands of years have failed to abolish the gesture language as a means of communication. Actors use it, orators use it, and even in polite conversation we find gestures and facial expression useful to emphasize words of mouth. Sometimes we can say more by a look than we can by a word. Recently, in New York, a company of Irish players were severely criticised for talking too much and acting too little, and shortly after, a company of German players appeared with a play which was all action and no speaking. This play was received with great favor, and it created a sensation. The Boston *Transcript* sent down a critic, who reported in glowing terms, in part as follows: "Mere description can give no notion of the vigor, the frenzy, the vitality, the vividness of this pantomime. . . . You lose not a touch of reality." Shortly before this play was produced, Professor Reinhardt had said that he wanted to produce a play in which acting, pure and simple, was to have full sway, so as to provide a wider field for the actor's personality. In this play without words the actors "express thru their individuality, their bearing, their eyes, their action, their whole beings, feelings which would otherwise need expression so powerful and pregnant as to be within the reach of only the greatest poets." Now, this play, "Sumurun," has created a sensation. But why should it? All that these clever German players have done has been done thousands of times by the Motion Picture players, and is being done every day.

The time is coming when the picture theaters must have a scale of prices to accommodate two or more classes of patrons. We are not all democratic enough to be willing to sit with our wives and daughters, attired perhaps in evening dress, when directly alongside of us sits our butcher, baker and candlestick maker, attired in their shirt sleeves. This does not usually happen, it is true, because the humblest of tradesmen have some regard for the propriety of things, and they are generally willing to dress in a manner becoming to a public entertainment. But, once in a while, a negro, or day laborer in overalls, finds himself sitting next to a banker in evening dress, and if the former does not feel just a trifle cheap, the latter does. The same thing may happen in a regular theater, but the higher prices usually keep the different classes in separate sections. It is a problem, however, to know just how to divide a picture theater. Some think that the back seats are preferable, and some prefer the front seats. If the seats are raised, then the people behind cannot see. Boxes are objectionable, because they are usually at the sides and do not yield a straight view of the screen.

Now that the Church has found its attack on Sunday Moving Pictures unavailing, altho, no doubt, the latter is a competitor of the former in the hunt for followers, perhaps it will presently make an attempt to suppress the Sunday newspaper supplements. As long as people are supplied with good reading matter for five cents, and enough to keep them busy all day Sunday, they can hardly be expected to go to church.

Popular Player Contest

THE RESULT TO DATE

Over 250,000 votes cast already, and you still have another opportunity to vote for your favorite Photoplayer

1912

This is to Certify

that

M _____

received _____ *votes in the*

Popular Player Contest

conducted by

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

and was awarded _____ *prize*

among over two hundred contestants

Managing Editor

HAD we known, when we opened this Popular Player Contest for our readers, that it was to assume such colossal proportions, we might have hesitated. The seven pages devoted to this department in this issue are not nearly enough in which to give the players and our readers adequate representation. We know that there is not a single city, and we doubt if there is a single village, that has not been heard from, and the quantity of appreciations, both in prose and verse, that we have received is amazing. We were aware, when we began this contest, that thousands of readers would be glad of the opportunity to applaud their favorite Photoplayers, because it is the only way they can show their appreciation of the actors in the silent drama; but little did we dream that hundreds of thousands of readers would so quickly and so enthusiastically respond.

We have decided to let the contest run a month or two longer. In the next issue we shall announce the date of closing and the prizes that are to be awarded to the winners. We have had made a copper plate engraving, which we have reproduced in miniature on the preceding page. The fifty players receiving the highest number of votes will receive one of these certificates, size about 10 x 12, properly filled out. Some of these will be stamped on sheepskin, some on parchment, some on vellum and some on banker's bond paper. Some of these will be suitably framed and sent to the winners, together with the other prizes.

We wish we had room to print more of the comments received from our readers. Did we print them all, there would be no room for anything else in this magazine. Some show decided literary talent, while others are commonplace. We have taken a few dozen at random out of the thousands received, not because they are the best, for it would require weeks of hard work for our entire staff to go thru the files and make selections according to merit. We believe, however, that the following are fairly representative:

Mrs. N. H., of Buffalo, contributes the following, dedicated to Florence Turner:

There are beauties rare upon the screen,
But the fairest one I've ever seen
Has starry eyes of wondrous size,
In bearing and grace a queen.
Not of the dreamy type is she,
But wide awake, bright as bright can be;
From darkest frown, it's well worth while
To see her change to sweetest smile.

"Billy Girl," of 2161 Washington Avenue, New York, indulges in a Leap Year Reverie. We trust that 1912 may prove her lucky year.

Here I sit and ponder as girlies often do,
And wish I had a mighty clever leap year clue;
You see I'm mighty lonely, for you can bet your life,
No fellow ever wants a girl with freckles for a wife.
So I think I'll go proposing to all the boys I know,
To begin, I'll take the heroes from the Motion Picture show.

Now first, there's Maurice Costello,
I guess he's some rattling good fellow;
But Gee! There is no show for me,
He with a wife, and kids two or three!

There's Selig's hero, Sidney Ayers,
He'd never let me have any cares
If I were his wife, but 'tis my fate
That here, also, I'm a few years late!

Here's Arthur Johnson; oh, Arthur, dear,
To be your wife I would have no fear,
But then, I have heard you are awf'ly gruff,
And that it is because you are in "luff"!

When Gilbert Anderson I see,
Quickly all other pictures flee;
For he's the ideal of my heart,
Altho we're many miles apart.

Now if any of the ones above
Should care to have my entire love,
I'd promise to love, honor and obey,
For never, never, would I say nay.

Ambrose W. Barrett, of Scranton, Pa., is one of the many adorers of Miss Florence Lawrence. We print part of his effusion and wish we had room for all of it.

In my parlor hangs a picture of the sweetest girl I know;
I met her at the Bijou in the Moving Picture show;
She's clever and she's pretty and I want you all to know
She's my little rippling brooklet, she's my little rivulet Flo.
But, alas! I cannot tell her, for a gulf rolls in between,
You see, she's on the curtain, on the Moving Picture screen,
But she's my favorite actress, and I want you all to know
She's my little rippling brooklet, she's my little rivulet Flo.

Mrs. Everette J. Brown, of Lafayette, Indiana, speaks up for her favorite actor in these lines:

Here's to a player with Essanay,
When he comes on the screen I want him to stay.
He's not very big, but exceedingly funny,
To see him in a picture is well worth the money;
Now I am Irish, but this is not blarney,
But just my opinion of Augustus Garney.

Miss Nona Brown, of 3521 Lexington Street, Chicago, writes: "As I am no poet, I dont think I will risk writing poetry, but I send my votes as follows: Two for the blonde in the Biograph, the same for Alice Joyce, Gene Gauntier, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, and the curly-haired fellow in the Biograph."

J. A. C.-K. entitles his effusion "Beats Them All."

Gwendolyn Pates is sure a beaut,
Florence Turner is just a dream,
Gene Gauntier is a swell one, too,
Alice Joyce is as rich as cream;
But above them all is the Lubin girl,
(Tho she left the Lubin some time ago)
The pretty little unequalled pearl,
Is Florence Lawrence in the Photoshow.

M. H., of Huntington, West Virginia, sends these "Ravings of a Motion Picture Fiend:"

Alice Joyce— Demure and sweet,
To see her always means a treat.
Florence Lawrence—Comedienne fair,
Her acting to all is a pleasure rare.
Gene Gauntier— The little lass
Whose Irish rôles sure mean some class.
Mary Pickford— With eyes coquettish, so childish and kind;—
Sounds queer, but she is an "Imp" divine.
Florence Turner— The Famed Vitagraph girl,
Of her, '*Nuf Sed*,' my head's in a whirl.
Marion Leonard— Blond and stately,
Has not been in pictures lately.
Lillian Walker— With her dimples so deep, and her hair so fair,
Many hearts has won, I do declare.
Helen Gardner— A Juno indeed;
In becoming a favorite, I know will succeed.
Mrs. Mary Maurice—With her soft, silvery hair
And her sweet old face,
In all the rôles allotted her,
She surely fills her place.
——— ——— I know not the names of the Biograph dames,
Incog. it seems they wish to remain.
Here's hoping the "Diving Girl's" glory ne'er wanes.
G. M. Anderson— Idol of the kids and a real live wire,
Is he brave, or
Would he run
If he heard a gun fire?
All these people are very clever,
In comedy rôles, or in heavy "*drammer*,"
But if you wish to bury trouble,
And enjoy a hearty laugh,
Go to see Big John Bunny in
A comic Vitagraph.
"Dimples" Costello— It's "Not because his hair is curly,
Not because his eyes are blue,"
It's just because the girls adore him,
He's riddled their hearts thru and thru.
Arthur Johnson— Long and lanky,
His acting is good, but—
I'll bet he's cranky.

Miss Belle McMichael, of Detroit, Mich, is "for G. M. Anderson, first, last and always. As a sheriff, he has no equal."

Two thirteen-year-old girls, "Grace and Charlotte," from San Francisco, send some clever verses for Miss Fuller and Mr. Costello, closing as follows:

She has brown hair and eyes of brown,
And a mischievous little frown;
I'm sure there would be nothing duller
Than Moving Pictures without Mary Fuller.

But cant you guess the one I mean.
That very handsome fellow?
Why, he acts in the Vitagraph,
His name? Maurice Costello.

"Miss Marie," of Louisville, Ky., says that Francis X. Bushman is the grandest ladies' man ever shown on the screen.

Mrs. Stella Pohl, of Nashville, Tenn., wishes, for the first time in her life, to be a poetess that she might sing the praises of handsome, debonair Arthur V. Johnson. "His picture hangs over my piano while I practice. It is a pleasure to glance up and see Genius."

Fred E. Whitehouse, of No. 172 Nott Avenue, Long Island City, sends us this Photoplayer's alphabet, which is so clever and so impartial that we have made room for it in full:

A stands for actors, of Photoplay fame—
With your kind attention, a few we will name:
There's Anderson, actor of tales of the West,
And Arling with Pathé is seen at his best.

B is for Bunny, he can hand you a laugh,
That funny fat man of the old Vitagraph;
Then there's Bosworth and Bushman and Carlyle Blackwell,
Of their good work in pictures there's no need to tell.

C for Costello, with his dimples and smile,
He's really an actor, the girls think, worth while;
In both drama and comedy a hit he does score,
Of a fellow named Chapman we would like to see more.

D for Delaney, he's some Juvenile,
A neat, natty dresser, an actor with style.
D also stands for wee Adele De Garde,
Also for Will Duncan, our strong friend and pard.

E is for Elder, of Lubin Stock fame,
We all know that Ethel's this lady's first name;
Both a lead or a character she can portray,
She is well liked by all, you'll hear every one say.

F is for Fields, Miss Gladys we mean,
In romantic western parts she stands supreme;
Then there's Miss Mary Fuller, whose sweet, winning smile
Makes Edison pictures a picture worth while.

G stands for Miss Gauntier, Gene Gauntier, too,
If she ever left Kalem, pray what would they do?
She travelled to Ireland and now she's back home,
Saw the old River Shannon, kissed the dear Blarney Stone.

H is for Handworth—Octavia, you know;
When she's in a picture, you'll enjoy the show,
And for Pathé indeed 'twas a fortunate day
When he signed her to pose in his new Photoplay.

I is for Ince and I know you'll agree,
He's got Abe Lincoln's make-up right down to a T;
If Abe rose from his grave and they faced one another,
'Twould indeed be a task to tell one from the other.

J stands for Joyce—Alice, you are the goods;
You ought to be starring for Mr. Al. Woods;
J's also for Johnson, not the fighter we mean,
But Arthur, the actor, seen oft on the screen.

K is for Kent, the fact you'll not o'errule,
He's a sterling old actor, he's from the old school.
K's also for Kenneth, the Vitagraph boy,
To both children and grown-ups his pictures bring joy.

L stands for Lawrence, sweet Florence demure,
You've got to go some to beat her, I'm sure;
L's also for Linder, that sure funny man,
There's few of them quite bring the laughs that he can.

M for McDermott; say, Mark, you're all right,
For popularity's bid you put up quite a fight;
Then there's Meyers, McGovern, just watch these boys grow,
Mrs. Maurice plays the best mother parts we all know.

N stands for Nesbitt; yes, Miriam's quite clever,
Let's hope that her good luck will last her forever;
Hazel Neason is next, and then last but not least,
Comes Miss Normand—you bet for the eyes she's a feast!

O is for Olcott, a Photoplay actor,
In that industry he has become quite a factor;
No relation to Chauncey, that I surely know,
His first name is Sidney—he just acts, dont you know.

P stands for Miss Phillips and Gwendolyn Pates,
Of their clever work I dont have to relate,
Miss Pickford and Panzer are next on the list,
And on pictures with them in the public insist.

Q A hard one to rhyme, but I'm not going to shirk,
So let's give three cheers for clean-cut Billy Quirk,
In "The Hoodoo" he gave us some pictures you bet,
Why, he's even got some of the folks laughing yet.

R stands for Randall, he acts with Pathé,
Also for Ruth Roland with her pleasing way;
Not forgetting George Rheems, people like him immense,
When Lubin took him on he showed some good sense.

S To mention all S's I indeed would do well,
But first I start in with our friend Bill Sorelle,
Then there's Stuart, Fred Santly, Edith Storey and Shay,
One of the best character men in the business today.

T Miss Turner, you should have a page by yourself, ,
Tho years you've been posing, you're not on the shelf.
Will we ever forget that Vitagraph smile?
As an actress you've most of 'em beat by a mile.

U Mr. Urelle is playing small parts with Gaumont,
And slowly but surely will come to the front;
He's the only one now whose name starts with a **U,**
So here's the last line—with the letter I'm thru.

V stands for Vignola, as Bob we all hail him,
That good-looking actor who poses for Kalem.
In Italian parts he sure is the candy,
And with any company he would come handy.

W for Walthour, Henry is his first name,
To the title of actor he can surely lay claim;
Then there's Miss Kathryne Williams along with the rest,
In plays of the jungle she's seen at her best.

X Are left at the bottom,

Y We'll lay them aside, but they'll not be forgotten;

Z If there's an actor of pictures who can call one his own,
Just let him step up and we'll finish this poem.

Miss Margaret Billman, of Shelbyville, Ind., does not know for whom to vote, and she tells why in verse:

The world has had some great heroes,
Who fought in the wars long ago,
But those that thrill me with ecstasy
Now are found in the Photoshow.
I confess my love for Costello;
F. X. Bushman I really adore;
G. M. Anderson is great in the Western,
And Johnson is solid gold ore.

I smile when I see John Bunny,
For he fills me with laughter and glee;
And Carlyle Blackwell, in the pictures,
Is fine as an actor could be.
And now, dear Editor, I'm so worried
(As perhaps by this you will note),
For they're all so fine in their line,
That I dont know how I should vote.

F. A. Wilske, of Champaign, Ill., says: "Please hurry up with the next issue of the magazine so I can vote for Miss Turner some more."

Fred. W. Smith, of Brooklyn, writes: "My appreciation of the work of Mr. Carlyle Blackwell cannot be told in words. In my estimation he is the greatest and most attractive photoplayer of the present date—bar none."

Mrs. Iris Irwin, of Mitchell, Ind., wishes she could give a million votes to Miss Marian Leonard because she is so beautiful and sweet.

Ruth Lupton Mills writes: "I take great pleasure in casting my votes where my heart has long been—at the feet of Miss Florence Lawrence. Not having seen her for several weeks, I am positively lonely for a sight of her again."

"Oklahoma City is for Alice Joyce every time, and we cant see her enough," writes J. B. Sanford from that city.

D. M. Denegri, chairman of the committee on commissions and public expenditures of the California Legislature, writes: "Miss Cassinelli's marked improvement shows clearly that Miss Cassinelli will shortly be the Sarah Bernhardt of the Moving Picture stage."

Miss Helen Hogue, of Kansas City, Mo., sends this acrostic:

K ing Baggot, to my fancy, is
I ndeed the "king" of all!
N ever tiring in his efforts,
G lad to please—both great and small.

B lest, by birthright, with an art,
A silent "call," that stirs the heart;
G raced by fortune with handsome face,
G ifted, naturally, with manly grace,
O h! do you wonder why I call
T his man King Baggot—the "king" of all?

The identity of the Biograph players is not supposed to be known, and since that company will not give information, we must request our readers not to vote for Biograph players. We shall respect the wishes and policy of that company as far as possible.

Kenneth Casey receives many tributes from the girls. Theresa Cappelena, of Norwich, N. Y., expresses her sentiments in rhyme.

"I love all the players I go to see, but Jack J. Clark is the one for me," sings a miss from San Francisco.

"A Brooklyn Admirer" thinks Adele De Garde the most fascinating little girl on the American stage.

Mrs. Julia Holt, of New York, eighty-five years old, is a Motion Picture fan, and says that the acting and appearance of Arthur D. Johnson have a peculiar fascination for her.

Helen Gardner is popular in Washington, and this tribute comes from W. A. Kennedy, of that city:

"EUPHEMIA"

We see her still!
Remembrance, faithful to her talent
The gard'ner calls her, from the gallant.
She comest in some plays quite light,
She is with us in fine deeds of might;
On screens we see her, reels new and old,
Where by *her* deft moves the story's told,
And her sweet manner brings us cheer.
In many scenes, Helen Gardner dear,
We see her still!

Votes continue to come in from his native State of Indiana, as well as from many other States, for Warren J. Kerrigan. It's a good man who is popular at home.

Students from the University of Pennsylvania have sent in a long list of signed votes for Ormi Hawley.

Blanche Tompkins Galietta, of Ravena, N. Y., writes of Miss Hotely:

In THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE,
Miss Hotely's face is the prettiest seen;
I cast my vote for her success,
And wish her health and happiness.

Mrs. L. T., of East Stroudsburg, Pa., writes of Mary Fuller:

My choice is Mary Fuller, whom if you chance to know,
Is the greatest of all posers in the Motion Picture show;
I watch for the name Edison to appear on the screen—
And wonder, in amazement, if Mary will be seen!

From Sheridan, Wyo., Miss Evangeline Smith sings the praises of Earle Williams:

Just because you're strong and manly,
Just because your eyes are brown—
You, Earle Williams, are my favorite
Of the pictures in our town!

Out in Los Angeles, a girl named Betty searches every magazine for pictures of Crane Wilbur.

Buster Trishy, a Texas boy, is working hard for G. M. Anderson. He says:

I love to watch the cowboys
And see the horses run,
I wish I had a hundred votes
For Gilbert Anderson!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

So many of our readers have taken the trouble to go among their friends securing votes for favorite players that we have decided to encourage this work. We have already heard from numerous schools, societies, colleges, factories, Y. M. C. A. branches and other organizations, but there are doubtless many others who will take advantage of the offer we are about to make.

For the past three months we have received complaints from all over the country that people could not buy our magazine—that the theaters and newsstands had sold out. While we are doing our utmost to overcome this difficulty, we strongly urge our readers to subscribe for the magazine, thus making sure of getting it on time.

On another page will be found several coupons. We now make this additional offer: Any person who secures three subscriptions may cast 2,000 votes by sending us only $3.50—the extra $1 the sender may keep. Any person sending us five subscriptions will be entitled to cast 5,000 votes, provided $5 accompanies the order. Any person sending us ten subscriptions will be entitled to cast 15,000 votes, provided $10 accompanies the order. No coupon need accompany these subscriptions, but in all cases the money must accompany the order.

Persons not desiring to subscribe may cast one vote by simply writing his or her name and address on a slip of paper or postal card and the name of the player to be voted for.

We have received many requests that, when the contest is closed, we send each player all of the votes, letters and poems, as a token of appreciation; and if there are no objections this idea will probably be adopted. Each reader may vote once each month for a male player and a female player.

Up to 12 M. February 29, 1912, the leaders in the contest stood as follows:

Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	38,748	Gladys Field (*Powers*)	1,198
E. Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	37,723	John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	1,183
May Hotely (*Lubin*)	26,059	Marian Nesbitt (*Edison*)	1,162
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	23,805	Mabel Normand	1,144
Francis X. Bushman (*Essanay*)	16,170	Sadie Osmon (*Essanay*)	1,141
Florence Lawrence	15,428	Kenneth Casey (*Vitagraph*)	1,031
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	14,701	Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	1,022
Florence Turner (*Vitagraph*)	11,498	Jac J. Clark (*Kalem*)	1,011
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	9,522	Elsie McLeod (*Edison*)	908
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	7,381	King Baggot (*Imp.*)	869
Mary Pickford	6,316	Kathryne Williams (*Selig*)	822
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	6,274	Pearl White (*Pathé*)	789
Helen Gardner (*Vitagraph*)	4,027	Judson Melford (*Kalem*)	763
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	3,480	Robert Gaillord (*Vitagraph*)	747
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé*)	3,007	Henry Walthall	716
Mildred Bracken (*Méliès*)	3,000	William Clifford (*Bison*)	680
Warren J. Kerrigan (*American*)	2,725	James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	672
Gene Gauntier (*Kalem*)	2,071	Paul Panzer (*Pathé*)	667
Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	2,044	Tom J. Carrigan (*Selig*)	665
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	1,948	Owen Moore (*Thanhouser*)	636
Marion Leonard (*Rex*)	1,868	Julia Swayne Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	627
Gwendolen Pates (*Pathé*)	1,784	Jack Standing	627
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	1,739	Eleanor Blanchard (*Essanay*)	619
J. W. Morrison (*Vitagraph*)	1,641	Marc McDermott (*Edison*)	619
Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	1,332	Gertrude Robinson (*Reliance*)	618
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	1,249	Harold Shaw (*Edison*)	608



Chats with the Players



MAURICE COSTELLO, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

If all I have been told by travelers in the Orient is gospel, trying to interview a famous picture player is about as discouraging as permission to salaam or kowtow, as etiquette may be, to the Gaikwar of Baroda or the Sublime Fuzzy of Bing.

It isn't that the actors and actresses are stand-offish or reticent, when once you have crab-netted them. Not at all; I have always found them courteous, painstaking, and friendly to an interviewer. But the trouble lies in bearding one in his lair, or in catching her when her "Marcel" waves like the ocean.

It's rather easy to get about Brooklyn (so the inhabitants said), and I made three little journeys to the home of Maurice Costello, with the same result: "Not in." The druggist on the corner seemed to be full of misinformation about him, but it was not until I was warming up in a nearby garage that I got a direct clue. His hobby is automobiling, I was told, and he keeps his machine looking like an instalment piano.

As I neared his house, now grown quite familiar, from its outer side, the humming of a motor sang to me hopefully. The sound came from a private garage in the grounds, and as I entered it, I found the auto, with hood off, and engine complacently running. But look where I could, no owner could I find.

"Can it be," I thought, "that he's such a bug that the chatter of his engine puts him to sleep?—I've known such extreme cases."

I was about to walk out when a pair of woodman's shoes slid out from the rear axle, and wiggled violently. These were followed by a length of overalls. "That's it! I knew it. He does sleep under it," my thoughts went on, and then an arm with a spanner wrench and a tousled head of hair followed, making for the open.

"Beg pardon," I shouted, as he sat staring at me. "Can you tell me where Mr. Costello is?"

The woolen undershirt and shock of hair came up slowly even with mine.

"He was under there some time ago," the mechanic said, pointing to the car; "must have got lost or something."

Then his identity slowly dawned upon me.

When he had shut off the nerve-racking noise, and I had made my business plain to him, he smiled like a schoolboy. "Have a chair," he said. "No? Oh, there aren't any, I see. Well, climb up in the car, and let's have our little say."

"To begin with," he said, "I've been reading your writeups in The Motion Picture Story Magazine, and cannot qualify on a lot of your pet questions; so let's get them out of the way. I have never gone to college, haven't any favorite flower, never did anything heroic, and know all my neighbors."

"Thanks," I interposed, "that's very clear, but I'm afraid it isn't interesting. But since you like the categorical method, suppose we commence."

Q. Have you a nickname?

A. Yes, known everywhere as "Dimples."

Q. It isn't necessary to ask you how you came by this?

A. No, I was born with it.

Q. Where were you born, and when?

A. In Pittsburg, and I wasn't old enough to remember the date, at that time.

Q. What nationality are your parents?

A. There is a good deal of misunderstanding on this point, but not on their part, for my mother is Irish, and father, Spanish-Irish.

Q. What interests you most?

A. Loving Dolores and Helen Costello.

Q. Then you are married?

At this rude question, the infernal motor started up again, and was like to have shook me from my perch. In the interests of a lot of my young lady friends I kept the question balanced on the tip of my tongue, and when the racket subsided, put it again.

A. "I suppose I'll save your inquiry man a lot of bother," he said, laughingly, "if I told you, but my answer is, 'Guess.'"

I'm still guessing.

Q. Are you interested in politics?

A. Judging by my mail, I'm a leading suffragette.

Q. Do you ever personally appear before theater audiences?

A. Yes, to oblige personal friends, not otherwise.

Q. Have you ever been featured in the newspapers because of an heroic deed?

A. Certainly; I was arrested once for speeding my auto. Otherwise my heroic rôles more than satisfy me.

Q. About how many parts have you played?

A. I should judge between four and five hundred.

Q. Can you name some Photoplays in which you think you were at your best?

A. Off-hand, I should say as Sidney Carton, in a "Tale of Two Cities," and as St. Elmo, in the picture of that name. As Sidney Carton, the English press compared me very favorably with Martin Harvey, a creator of the rôle in regular drama.

"Tell me all about yourself, physically?" I asked.

"I am five feet ten inches tall, and weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, tho this varies a little. In summer, we do a good deal of out-door work, and then I feel like a prince. In fact, the more I can get of life in the open, the better I like it; whether it be walking, swimming, motor-boating, or any out-door sport. Speaking of working out-of-doors, I had an experience last summer which called up all my physical fitness —and kept calling for more. We were making a picture entitled, 'On the Wings of Love,' in which it was my duty to climb to the top of a thirty-foot windmill and rescue a woman supposedly in deadly peril. As a matter of fact, after I had climbed out on the frail wheel and taken her in my arms, the danger became very real, and not stage business. The iron pipe axle of the revolving wheel slowly bent, and tho I knew we were due for an ugly fall, I did not let go of her. We fell, all right— it seemed a mile. But we got off with a few nasty bruises. First time I've been a fallen hero.

"I am sorry to say that I am not musically gifted," he continued; "dont sing or play, but I'm very fond of good music, and even poor music, if it's well executed. And," he added, "I think I like to hear the old engine singing smoothly better than anything else.

"It's hard to give you my stage career in a few words, but I played, among others, with the Grand Opera Stock Company of Pittsburg, the Nashville, York, and Columbia Stock Companies, respectively, and here in Brooklyn with the Spooner Stock Company. Before coming to the Vitagraph Company—my only Motion Picture connection, by the way—I played in 'Strong Heart' with Maud Fealy.

"I would like to say that stage art has changed very much in Motion Pictures in the past three years. Then, the principal object was to work out the plot—let the characters take care of themselves. As a result, they were all very much alike. Now that we have character parts, much more careful study is required; an ability to express the part distinctly, briefly, truly, and eloquently or with appeal. These things—and each part requires a different shading of them—I endeavor to do as well as I can; for if a man, or woman, does not take absolute and feeling interest in the work, it would show itself as poor to the most uncritical.

"I think I owe a good deal of my success to criticism, and I feel that appreciation is helpful, too. But I want appreciation only after the sternest kind of effort— perfunctory applause does not interest me. My oldest friend, and director, Mr. Van Dyke Brooke, is, I am glad to say, my most severe critic. It was he that first showed me the possibilities of Motion Pictures, and since then we have always worked together. But I feel that his harshest criticism is his friendliest.

"What's that? Cant use so much theory?" And here he brought the spanner down on the harmless bonnet with a thump. "Well, some day, I want to get it all down for you—an article on the Motion Picture from an actor's standpoint. Something new, eh? I tell you, I feel a lot of things that haven't been in print."

ORMI HAWLEY, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

MISS ORMI HAWLEY lives in a cozy little apartment in Philadelphia, and all her neighbors know her. In fact, it was a neighbor who directed me to the home of this interesting actress, where I was cordially admitted.

"I haven't much to say about myself," she smiled, "but I'm glad to see you, because I read your magazine. It's GREAT!"

"What part of it do you enjoy?" I asked.

"I read every bit of it; even the answers to inquiries."

Miss Hawley is one of the artists who take their work very seriously. Perhaps that is why she prefers emotional rôles. It is evident that she loves her work, for her expressive face lights up as she talks of the pictures, in a manner that leaves no doubt of her sincerity.

From an old New England family, born in Holyoke, Mass., and educated at the

New England Conservatory of Music, Miss Hawley played on the regular stage before going with the Lubin Company.

"Sometimes I miss the footlights and applause," she confessed, "but on the whole I like the Photoplay best. No, I do not dislike rehearsing—it means success. I try to see all the Photoplays in which I appear, and find every chance for improvement."

"You dont think your work in 'The Scandalmongers,' or 'A Physician's Honor,' could be improved, do you?" I asked, recalling the delightful scenes which seemed perfect to me.

"Anything can be improved!" she declared, with an emphatic nod.

Miss Hawley loves the farm and her summers are spent at her country home. Her favorite amusements are reading, music and the theater. She sings, plays and is fond of society—and society is fond of her.

LILY BRANSCOMBE, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

Miss Lily Branscombe, who was born in New Zealand and educated in New South Wales, is pretty, petite and brimming over with life and animation. Apparently she is young, but I cannot state this authoritatively, for when I ventured a hint in this direction she drew herself up to her full five feet three and looked reproachful.

"It's rude to ask a lady her age," she informed me.

Miss Branscombe began her stage career in '94, by playing Little Eva. Her Photoplay work has all been with the Essanay Company and her favorite rôles are comedy and emotional.

"I like the work, and the rehearsals are fun," she said, "but my best work?—dont ask me; wait till I have been longer in the business."

"Are you married?" I queried—simply because the question is on my list.

"I'm living in hopes," she sighed, but her dancing eyes belied the pensive tone.

"I spend my evenings enjoying myself," she declared in answer to another question. "I read, sing, play, go to the opera or to the theater. I love to read, first all the newspapers I can get my hands on, then the standard authors, especially Lytton."

"And do you like parties, dancing, etc.?"

"You bet your life!" was the ready response. "Everything interests me. I do plenty of walking and swimming, and I adore the briny deep—after the *mal de mer* is gone. Last summer I spent on the Mississippi River."

"How about politics?"

"Nothing doing; dont know a Democrat from a buzz-saw," she laughed.

It was like some sparkling tonic, my interview with this vivacious little lady, so full of the joy of life. It is good to find sincerity and high ideals combined with youth and the bubbling spirit of fun.

Write to Mother

By K. MAXWELL RICHARDSON

Well, at last I've written mother,
Dear, sweet mother, old and gray,
Who has patiently been waiting
For the postman many a day.
Not because I do not love her
Had I failed so long to write,
But every day that seemed so busy,
Always brought a busier night;
Sometimes work, but often pleasure,
Called me from my lonely room,
And I always eased my conscience
With a promise to write soon;
Till tonight, while idly sitting
At a Motion Picture show,
Thrown upon the screen this picture,
Set my face with shame aglow—
Like my own, a patient mother,
Worn with yearning for a son,
Had laid down her earthly burdens,
For her gentle life was done.
In her lifeless hand a letter
That had come a day too late,
Told the whole relentless story
Of the silent work of fate.
Bitterly my heart accused me,
Blinded were my eyes with tears;
Hurriedly I left the theater,
Haunted by a host of fears.
So tonight I wrote to mother,
And as I penned each loving thought,
I blessed the Motion Picture
For the lesson it had taught.

The Onward March

Former Mayor Bridges Smith, of Macon, Ga., is a real fan. He was recently interviewed and his remarks are worth repeating. Here are just a few of them: "Moving Pictures are the greatest things ever devised for the delectation of man, and the most wonderful. And they are just in their infancy. What they will lead up to, no man can tell. They are a blessing to mankind. It is the best recreation, the best diversion, the best short vacation, that a busy man can take. Many a man, I really believe, and woman, is made better by going to these plays.'

The public school buildings in America are put to good use in the daytime, but to what better use could they be put to in the night time than to give them up to educational, instructive, and amusing Photoplays?

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan entertained their friends during the holidays with an exhibition of Motion Pictures, at the Morgan mansion, 219 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City. And yet they say that Motion Pictures are only for the poor.

If the reader of this column should read several hundred clippings each month from all parts of the country, as the writer of this column does, he would be surprised at the number of civic societies that are devoting themselves to the task of "Stopping Immoral Films." When these societies start out, they are thoroly convinced that most of the films are immoral. When they investigate, they learn that most films are not immoral, and these same gentle persons themselves soon become "fans." Thus, every cloud has a silver lining, and the more the Moving Picture business is investigated, the larger becomes its following.

Miss Kate Davis, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., of whom mention was made in these columns last month, has pronounced the Motion Pictures shown in Williamsport morally wholesome. We congratulate Miss Davis on her discovery.

There were recently shown before the Lackawanna County Medical Society, in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium at Scranton, Pa., a series of Motion Pictures, thru the courtesy of the Lubin Company, that promise to be a great scientific aid to the medical profession everywhere. The views embraced all the important nervous diseases, and extended thru the field of neurology, including the study of insanity. The medical fraternity is indebted to Dr. T. H. Weisenburg, as well as to Mr. Lubin, for these important pictures.

The New York *American* recently said editorially: "The Board of Education should take action to have the Moving Picture shows in public schools resumed as quickly as possible. Their success has been remarkable. Their educational value is beyond question. The *American* speaks for a wide public in insisting that this new and inspiring form of public instruction should go on and grow to greater prevalence. Quite apart from their significance as a means of amusement, the Moving Picture exhibitions in the public schools are making whole communities, young and old, aware of their vested rights in the public school buildings. Thus the people are getting ready to make schoolhouses the rallying places of a new and nobler politics—the centers of democratic social life."

To all of which we subscribe. Those exhibitors who think that Motion Pictures in the schools will injure business are certainly short-sighted, as pointed out in these columns long ago. It will help business, by winning thousands of converts who otherwise would never step inside a Picture House.

The stage began its career as a moralizer, and for two centuries or more continued on its upward journey, until in recent years it began to decline. Motion Pictures began its career, not as a moralizer, nor as an educator, but twenty years of progress have made it a rival of the stage in its halcyon days. And, it has just begun!

Thirty thousand miles is a long way to go for a Motion Picture. Add tribes of savage and treacherous black men, an almost unknown country, and a superabundance of venomous reptiles, and you are able to form some idea of the kind of enterprise that one of our manufacturers has cheerfully undertaken in order to produce for you some striking and instructive films. The parts to be explored with the camera are in the Northern Territory of South Australia.

To that large class who are advocating "Early to bed and early to rise," Motion Pictures are useful as a means of evening entertainment. If one goes to a regular theater, one can hardly expect to get home before midnight; whereas if one attends a Photoshow, one can begin at any hour and get back home at any hour. Furthermore, where one play is seen at the regular theater, four or five are seen at the Photoshow, and in half the time.

Superintendent Friedman of the Government Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., objects to the Motion Picture Indians, and says that these films are creating a wrong impression of the red men. Perhaps the Photoplay does exaggerate the Indian's bad qualities, but at the same time it emphasizes his good ones. It might be a good plan to show less pictures of Indians as they were, and more of the Indians as they are.

Cleveland, O., has three-cent car fares, and now there is a movement to have three-cent Motion Picture shows.

"Children Who Labor," the story of which film was printed in the March number, is a fitting companion to "The Awakening of John Bond," in the educational series produced by the Edison Company. Every theater should show this film, and everybody should read the story, also "For the Commonwealth," the story of which is in this issue.

Moving Pictures are soon to be added to the curriculum of the Los Angeles Public Schools.

The number of letters, poems, inquiries and manuscripts received by this magazine every week would fill a bushel basket. It takes time to go thru them all, and our readers must not be impatient if letters are not answered, or poems not published in the next issue. Some magazines are made up five months prior to the date of issue, and no magazine with a circulation of several hundred thousand can get its material set up, printed and distributed inside of thirty days from the time of receipt. Thus, if an inquiry is received on, say March 10, and it required ten days to correspond with some company in order to obtain a correct answer, the query would probably not appear in this magazine till the May issue, which will be on sale about April 20.

One of the greatest problems in theater building is the acoustics. The best architects often fail to produce an auditorium in which the actors can be heard from every point, and even in some of the best theaters it is difficult to hear plainly all that is said even when sitting far up in front. To the deaf, and to the hard of hearing, this is a calamity; but no such objections can be made to Motion Pictures—the silent drama.

To see a Shakespearean play requires about three hours, and then you cannot hear half of what is said. The same play may be seen in Motion Pictures in half an hour, and the words may be read at home, as they should be.

The Williamsport, Pa., *Bulletin* says: "Already private schools are installing projecting machines. A new public school building in Connecticut has a special Motion Picture hall attached. And elsewhere the attention of educators is turning seriously to this new weapon of instruction."

On February 14, President and Mrs. Taft posed at the White House for The Vitagraph Company of America. Commenting on this, the New York *Sun* says: "The campaign is approaching and many politicians think the day is coming when the Moving Picture method of campaigning will be the most popular."

Those who think that Moving Pictures are but a fad, or an amusement for children and workmen, are very much in error. We are now witnessing the decay of the drama, and, if our vision is clear and we are observing, we are also witnessing an institution that is destined to replace the stage. If you have not seen "A Tale of Two Cities" by the Vitagraph Company, or "The Battle," by the Biograph Company, or "Martin Chuzzlewit," by the Edison Company, or "Arrah-na-Pogue," by the Kalem Company, you will not know what is meant by the statement that Motion Pictures are to replace the drama. In the South and West, they have Moving Picture theaters as commodious and as splendid as our regular theaters; and it is no uncommon thing to see carriages and autos draw up before them and discharge wealthy passengers in opera cloaks and evening clothes. We have not got that far yet, here in New York, but the time is coming. Motion Pictures have only been in existence for about twenty years, and they are now just developing. The drama is over two thousand years old, and is now on the decline. The sun of Motion Pictures is just rising.

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The Woman's City Club of Chicago is now trying to show how "Citizenship may be made easy by Moving Pictures." Twenty-five organizations in the South Side will unite with the Woman's City Club in giving exhibits showing the City Beautiful by means of Motion Pictures.

Motion Picture Story Magazine scrap books are now quite the fashion. Many of our readers are making them.

The new school board at Washington, Pa., has announced its determination to install Motion Pictures in the public schools to be used in the study of history, geography, chemistry and botany.

Out in LaSalle, Ill., the aldermen have passed an ordinance limiting the number of Moving Picture theaters to three until the population shall have reached 15,000. The three will no doubt receive this news with favor. Others think that it is carrying Puritanic laws pretty far when they limit the amusements of the people.

The Pathé Frères have taken some important Motion Pictures of microscopic life magnified 600 to 1,000 times, at the rate of several thousand a minute. Among the most interesting films are those of the blood in circulation, with its normal and abnormal contents, the tail of a tadpole, showing a number of little blood vessels—each 1.2500 inch in diameter—thru which the red corpuscles pass with the circulation, while the colorless cells or leucocytes change about with an independent motion of their own. In some films these leucocytes, now known to be the blood's scavengers, are seen in the act of seizing and absorbing foreign matter, such as diseased cells or microbes.

Of three hundred clippings examined this month, which were sent in from as many newspapers from every part of the United States and Canada, about one hundred were entitled "Moving Pictures as an Educational Factor," or words meaning the same thing. About twenty-five contained the usual rubber stamp heading, "Blames the Movies for Boy's Downfall," which is comparatively a small number. The old rubber stamp used to read "Blames Nickel Novels for Boy's Downfall."

Several readers have inquired why the trademark of the manufacturer often appears in most all of the pictures. You have probably observed, in the Indian films, the little bell label under a mantelpiece, or on a tree, and have wondered why it was put there. The reason is that there are many counterfeiters who make it a business to hire films, re-photograph them, put on new titles, from which they make many negatives, and then sell them as their own original product. This is called "duping films." This illicit business is not so common now as formerly, because it is quite impossible to eliminate the little trademarks without spoiling the whole film.

A Photoshow Vampire

By LILLIAN MAY

A man there was, who wanted to go
(Even as you and I)
And take his wife to a Photoshow
On Easter eve, but she wouldn't go,
He couldn't tell why she acted so
(Even as you and I).

She had a new hat with plumage gay,
The finest in the land.
She always adored the Photoplay,
Was ready to go either night or day,
Never before would stay away,
So he couldn't understand.

"My dear, that hat becomes you so,
Come out, and show it off!"
"That's just the trouble you ought to know,
What is the use for me to go
And wear a new hat to a Photoshow,
Where I have to take it off?"

Said he, "Is that what troubles you so?"
(Beginning to understand)
"I'll find a seat at the end of a row,
You can see every bit of the Photoshow,
And still wear your Easter hat, you know,
I'm glad that I understand!"

Oh, the ways of women, where'er you go,
Are hard to understand!
When duty and pleasure conflict, you know,
You never can tell which way they'll go,
But all love to see, and to be, a show,
This much we understand!

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TOMORROW morning, as you go forth to business or shopping, note the faces you meet. Some of them wear a tired look; on the others you see the glisten of freshness—*the Ostermoor Smile!*

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Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

The increasing pressure upon our columns and the length of time that of necessity elapses before a question can be replied to in a magazine, which must remain on the press almost a month, has led us to extend the usefulness of this department.

Hereafter those questioners who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. A stamp alone will not be sufficient. It must be affixed to an envelope bearing your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper and use separate sheets for replies to the contests or inquiries of the business office.

The magazine cannot undertake to guarantee replies, but every effort will be made to obtain the correct answers to all legitimate questions clearly stated.

VIVA L., "NEW READER" (who is urged to be more definite in her questions), M. P. FAN (who wants to locate a blue-eyed man), C. D. C., MRS. J. H., M. S. V., M. D., "TRIXIE," NAN W., P. G. (who wants to know how old they are), A. B. C., Fort Plain; A. SPRECKLES (who is 'way out of order, not alone in this, but other questions under various names), H. S. B., MRS. McD., MISS L. A. S., MRS. M. S. R. (who does not give title of film), "ASBURY PARK GIRL," F. L. M., M. A. L., MRS. B., MABEL H., M. V. S., E. O'N., A. B. C., L. R. and M. G., D. LA GRANGE, G. D. B. (who ask about marriages), W. H. F., PHOTO PLAY (Glens Falls), R. R. M., E. R. K., A. K. M., FLOSSIE C. P., who should write Pathé Frères; "FRESH," S. T. R., C. A. R., M. D. and B. P., E. M. G., P. W., PAT & Co. (question answered elsewhere), ANNE, W. A. J., S. S. L., R. A. S., "THE GIRLS," B. T., J. I. S. E., M. L., "ANXIOUS BILLY," "TRUE FRIEND," P. D. Q., ALICE S., MAMIE C., R. P., G. B., H. H. J. (who raves about "adorable" players), MRS. E. S., LOUISE Z., "RUBY CURIOSITY," F. T. S., MRS. I. J., E. J., "RECENT CONVERT," S. M., "RAGTIME LIZ," MISS C. B., G. H., "REGAL," MISS M. L. B., G. M. A., MRS. M. F. (who seems to be mixed in her films), MRS. E. S., ALICE M. J., J. R., C. W., "A LITTLE GIRL OUT WEST," MRS. W. N. T., E. H., S. K. W., "PEGGY," MILDRED COSTELLO, E. J. H., MARIE, MARION C. (who is not mistaken), D. D., R. L. W., WYOMING HARRY, J. T. A., D. H., D. W., MISS N. B. F., MARY W., CONSTANT READER, MR. INQUISITIVE, MRS. GUS J., H. H., MRS. E. V. S., L. MONTREAL, M. F. R., G. O., DOT AND FLO, BRIGHT EYES, K. A. M., J. D. R., MISS M. B., W. E. M., G. K. S., CARL S., M. A. A., E. M. B., cannot be replied to because they have been answered before or because they do not comply with conditions.

MRS. C. V., BROOKLYN.—The wife in Essanay's "A Western Redemption" was Mrs. A. Mackley.

S. K., HUMPHREY.—Miss Mabel Normand played opposite to Mr. Costello in the Vitagraph's "The Changing of Silas Marner."

BERT, ASBURY PARK.—T. J. Carrigan was the brother in "Why the Sheriff Is a Bachelor" (Selig).

C. W., EAST HARTFORD.—Miss Clara Blandick played both the leads in Kalem's "The Maid's Double."

E. F. W. R., TACOMA.—"Milkface" in Essanay's "The Coward" was Ernest Goerner. "Shorty" is Augustus Carney.

B. F., LONG BRANCH.—In Imp's "'Tween Two Loves" Miss Mary Pickford was the wife; William Shay, the husband, and Farrell McDonald, the father.

F. S., NEW ORLEANS.—Leo Berger played opposite Miss Agnes Hollister in Kalem's "Driving Home the Cows."

R. E., CHARLESTON.—It was a real negro in Pathé's "Revolution in a Bachelor's Club." The company does not place his name.

W. L., CLEVELAND.—Jack in Pathé's "A Boy of the Revolution," was Jack Smith.

F. D., CHICAGO.—Miss Lily Branscombe was the leading woman in Essanay's "The Empty Saddle."

L. T., NEW LONDON.—Guy Coombs and Miss Anna Nilsson were the two spies in the Kalem play of that title.

E. F. M., MOBILE.—The Thanhouser company does not place the Diving Girl in "Nobody Loves a Fat Woman." Locally she is known as "Little Tich" and is a crack swimmer.

V. H. E., FRUITVALE.—The pronunciations of Pathé Frères and Méliès are *Pa-tay Frayer*, with the first short, and *Maylees*. Herbert Rawlinson was the other pal in Selig's "For His Pal's Sake." The player is with Reliance.

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"The Selig Polyscope Co. has bought 'His Brother' and 'The Strike Breaker'."

"I sold 'The Mysterious Letter' to the Vitagraph Co."

"The Biograph Co. accepted my second scenario."

"The Lubin Mfg. Co. has just sent me a check for my first scenario."

"Kalem has bought 'The Blackfoot Half-breed'; this makes two."

Names of above students and many other successful ones on request. If you go into this work go into it right. You cannot learn the art of writing motion picture plays by a mere reading of text-books. Your actual original work must be directed, criticised, analyzed and corrected. This is the only school that delivers such service and the proof of the correctness of our methods lies in the success of our graduates. They are selling their plays.

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Street and No._____

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T. H. C., Ashtabula.—Miss Glynn and Mr. Neymayer had the juvenile leads in Lubin's "A Question of Modesty." "The Making of a Man" was done long after Owen Moore left the Biograph company. Read recent issues for your other questions.

Subscriber, Milwaukee.—Miss Ethel Grandin was the girl in Imp's "At the Bottom of the Sea." Miss Blasdell is with the Vitagraph.

S. R., St. Augustine.—In Lubin's "Who Owns the Baby?" the husband of one of the sisters was Charles Arthur.

St. B., Pontiac.—Mr. Scott and Miss Weston were Professor Teachem and his pupil in Essanay's "Ragtime Romance." Mrs. George W. Walton was the nurse in Thanhouser's "Romeo and Juliet." Mutt and Jeff are not named. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was made by Vitagraph, "The Star Spangled Banner" was made by Edison, and several companies have done "The Taming of the Shrew," but we presume you mean the Eclipse version, the most recent.

R. S., Oakland.—Jack Standing was Miss Ridgley's lover in Lubin's "A Cowboy's Love." Carlyle Blackwell was the young poet in Vitagraph's "Dr. Cupid" before he went to Kalem. The Edison company has several leading women. We obtain our illustrations from the makers direct and not thru authors.

R. E. S., Youngstown.—In Essanay's "Mail Order Wife," Bryant Washburn was the grouchy and F. X. Bushman the genial bachelor. Albert McGovern was the Doctor in Lubin's "A Blind Deception." We bar questions "about four or five years ago."

M. R., Cincinnati.—Miss Edna Fisher played opposite G. M. Anderson in "Broncho Billy's Adventure." Miss Dolly Larkin was the lead in Powers' "Home, Sweet Home."

M. P. F., New Orleans.—We have not printed Mr. Carrigan's picture. Jerold T. Hevener was the husband in Lubin's "A Poor Excuse that Worked." Jack J. Clarke was Terrence in Kalem's "His Mother."

K. La S.—The lady who so resembles Miss Kathlyn Williams is Miss Kathlyn Williams. Earle Williams was the opposite to Miss Storey in Vitagraph's "The Military Air Scout." Mace Greenwood was the father in Reliance's "Thou Shalt Not Lie." Miss Gertrude Robinson was the daughter in the same company's "Thou Shalt Not Steal." James Kirkwood was Miss Leonard's husband in "The Thin Dark Line." He was formerly a Biographer. James Cruze was Bob's brother in Thanhouser's "Brother Bob's Baby."

H. J. S., Providence.—Harry Cashman was the one to show Crocker the paper in Essanay's "The Goodfellows' Christmas Eve." Miss Eva Prout was the Goldilocks in the same company's "The Three Bears." Miss Hazel Neason was Dorris in Vitagraph's "Two Wolves and a Lamb."

Nosie.—Al. McGovern was the artist in Lubin's "The Show Girl's Stratagem." Ryan Sherwood was Steve in Essanay's "A Western Redemption."

E. C. F., New Orleans.—Jack Halliday and Miss Ormi Hawley were the son and his wife in Lubin's "Somebody's Mother." Your other questions have been answered or cannot be answered.

Curious, Cohoes.—Hobart Bosworth was Jack in Selig's "The Right Name, but the Wrong Man." See M. R. Harry Myers was the successful lover in Lubin's "Love's Labor Lost."

C. E. S., Denver.—Ed. Coxen had the title part in Kalem's "The Dude Cowboy." Miss Bessie Eyton had the title part in Selig's "A Diamond in the Rough."

A. C., San Jose.—In Kalem's "How Texas Got Left," Ed. Coxen was Jim, P. C. Hartigan was Texas, and Miss Ruth Roland, Dell. In Lubin's "My Brother Agostino," Miss Ormi Hawley was Rosa; Miss Kent, Agostino; Martin Faust, Tomasino, and John Halliday, Pietro. In the same company's "The Ranchman's Daughter," the leads were Misses Mabel Wright and Frances Gibson and Romaine Fielding.

E. C. McC., St. Louis.—Miss Betty Harte was the coquette in the Selig film of the same title. Charles Brandt was the father in Lubin's "His Chorus Girl Wife."

M. E. G., Pittsburg.—Dolores Costello was Alice in Vitagraph's "For the Honor of His Family." Miss Phyllis Gordon was Margaret in Selig's "An Evil Power." Miss Frances Gibson was Rose in "The Mexican."

A. L. S.—Read any back numbers for the Costello children. The name of the child in Kalem's "Big Hearted Jim" is not known to the company. It is Mae Hotely. Hotaling was a misprint.

A. G., New Orleans.—Mr. Carrigan was a regular member of the Selig stock, but he has dropped out. John Halliday and Miss Ormi Hawley were the players in Lubin's "A Timely Lesson." Miss Bessie Eyton was the girl in Selig's "The Mate of the Alden Besse."

Miss Inquisitive.—Francis Ford was Bob in Méliès' "Smiling Bob." Read back for other questions.

H. O., Aurora, Ill.—"Tho Your Sins be as Scarlet" was fictionized in the magazine for April, 1911. See Miss Inquisitive. William Clifford was Tom in Méliès' "The Mortgage." Harold Shaw was Tom Pinch in Edison's "Martin Chuzzlewit."

V. S., Atlanta.—The picture is not that of Miss Alice Joyce. She does not pose except for the Kalem company now.

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THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 576 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

M. L. S., Augusta.—"Her Little Slipper" was a Pathé, but the company does not place the player. Miss Gladys Hulette was Jack in Edison's "Jack the Giant Killer." The trick work cannot be explained. The "sober man's little girl" in Imp's "After Many Years" was Mab Tompkins.

N. E. C., Washington.—"The Impostor" and "In the Drifts" are both Lubin subjects. The player is not a real Mexican.

C. M. W., Yonkers.—We print in this issue a picture of Miss Joyce in Indian dress. We believe the company has one in colors, for 40 cents. Jean, the Vitagraph dog, is not dead.

D. E. E., Seattle.—Miss Alice Washburn is the lady with "that awful make-up" in the Edison company. She had the eccentric rôles in all the plays you name. We pass the Biograph question. The Essanay Western company is located at San Rafael, Cal. It was Dick Storey who carried the message from Rawdon Crawley to Becky in Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair." A complete list of Biograph productions would be a pretty big order, as they issue two reels and usually three titles a week.

R. M., Muncy.—Read this department monthly and keep posted. Florence Foley had the child's part in Vitagraph's "In Northern Forests." The Clarendon is an English company releasing thru the National. A scene from "The Two-Gun Man" was our frontispiece for August, but we did not run the story.

A. L. G., Bronx.—All letters count as votes, but you are not supposed to vote more than once.

E. M. B.—Vitagraph's "The Black Chasm" was made in Ausable Chasm, near Keeseville, New York. Miss Helen Case, Tom Powers, Robert Thornby and Eagle Eye had the leading parts. Mr. Powers was Yellow Eagle.

P. D. L., Reserve.—Miss White and Miss Trunnelle are two different persons and are not related.

Three Fans.—No. Miss Joyce does not play for the Biograph, but for Kalem.

C. L. W., San Francisco.—Harry T. Morey was Black Bart and J. Williams the Sheriff in Vitagraph's "Man to Man."

Couple oe Moving Picture Fans.—Arthur Johnson was the Professor and Miss Ormi Hawley, the niece in "Her Uncle's Consent." The other is not Mr. Johnson's brother.

M. St. J., Brooklyn.—Send to the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, for a slip that will show you scenario form. Prices run all the way from $5 to $50. They should be typed and addressed to The Editor of *Scenarios*. Miss Laura Sawyer was the Lady Eleanor in Edison's "Buckskin Jack." You have Shaun answered by now.

Winnifred W.—Look in the advertising pages for the Kalem address.

R. O'N., San Francisco.—The Essanay Company does not sell portraits of its players. We ran pictures of Mr. Bushman in the September and March issues.

L. R. A.—Mrs. Kate Price was the nurse—not matron—in "A Doubly Desired Orphan."

L. S. Warren.—We do not advise copyrighting a manuscript. Wait eight weeks before you ask about a manuscript. If you want to know before then, enclose a postal card addressed to yourself and ask that it be mailed on receipt. In most studios a delay of more than two weeks is a favorable sign, so do not spoil your chance by over-anxiety.

G. A., Bayfield.—Miss Walker is "a" leading lady with the Vitagraph, not "the" leading lady. They have a dozen. Back numbers are fifteen cents each. The last question suggests that you are a newcomer, so it is explained that the Biograph forbids its players to make themselves known. It is a matter of office discipline that does not concern us beyond the fact that we cannot obtain the names. It was Arthur V. Johnson in the Lubin play you mention.

F. F.—Miss Kathlyn Williams was the Nina Brooks of Selig's "The Prosecuting Attorney."

H. L. S., Philadelphia.—Henry Stanley was Pete in Méliès' "The Ranchman's Debt of Honor," and G. M. Anderson was Tom in Essanay's "A Western Redemption."

E. S., Jersey City.—The Essanay pictures are not yet on sale.

E. A., Bronx.—"The Half Breed's Daughter" is a Vitagraph and the leads were Tom Powers and Miss Lillian Christie.

A. L. W.—In Edison's "The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of," Miss Mary Fuller was the heroine, and Miss Laura Sawyer the villainess. We think you refer to Harry C. Myers and Albert McGovern, the latter being the shorter of the two. The lady is probably Miss Ethel Elder. Mr. Myers is the only one of the quartet still with Lubin.

D. H., Dover.—The Lubin Company has portraits of the players mentioned, but does not offer them for sale for some reason. You might query them.

G. H., New York.—Since you say you are a newcomer, we're going to tell you it's Miss Leonard you have missed. We do not know where you can get any of the portraits you ask for save in this magazine, with the possible exception of Miss Fuller. Send stamped envelope for a list of addresses of manufacturers. Charles Arthur was the Lubin player in "A Timely Lesson."

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Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED
144 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

D. L. D.—Miss Marion Leonard, now with the Rex Company, is the player you ask for. Mr. Johnson was a Biographer. The answer you saw did not offer his entire pictorial history.

W. M., ATLANTA.—Miss Buckley is now the leading woman player with the Lubin Company. Query the Vitagraph about its pictures or read their advertisement. Arthur Johnson was chatted with in the February issue.

CHATTANOOGA GIRL.—Miss Lily Branscombe and Francis Bushman had the leads in Essanay's "For Memory's Sake." Miss Ormi Hawley was the girl in Lubin's "The Surgeon's Heroism."

Z. D., MANCHESTER.—Even if you've only been reading the magazine the last two months you've seen one question answered. The players you name have all been Biographers, but not at the same time. Miss Leonard has not been on the dramatic stage this season.

A SINCERE ONE.—The Nassau Street address is the business address of the Vitagraph. There is no studio there. Miss Flora Finch is not Mrs. Costello. The error probably arose from the fact that it was known Mrs. Costello was in "Her Crowning Glory," and rumor has married the Vitagraph favorite to every feminine member of that cast.

M. J. W., BROOKLYN.—"The Secret" was released by the Lubin Company, August 28.

R. S. B., WINCHESTER.—If you get the magazine every month, read back for these questions. They have been answered repeatedly.

D. S. R. M.—There is no schedule of releases in which certain players appear. We've already explained that it *isn't* possible to get into a picture company.

M. F. H., NEW YORK.—Mr. Delaney has not died. There are Kalem studios (six or seven of them) between Jerusalem and Los Angeles. Miss Joyce claims no cowgirl honors.

W. R. B.—Miss Pauline Bush and Warren J. Kerrigan had the leads in American's "$3,000,000." Send stamped envelope for addresses.

S. M., NEW YORK.—If you've seen Miss Lawrence in the Vitagraph film lately, you've seen some remarkably old ones. She has not been with them for four or five years, and it is two years since she posed with the Biograph.

P. W., ST. ALBANS.—You forgot the envelope. It was Herbert Prior who played the parts you mention. You have Miss Fuller correctly placed in No. 3, but No. 4 is too old a film. Arthur Johnson is the player you mean. We ran his picture in August. The Essanay has real cowboys, but we do not know about the ranch. Anyhow, Mr. Anderson's name is Gilbert, not George.

T. S., VANCOUVER.—Jane Fernley and Mace Greenleaf had the leads in Reliance's "The Empty Crib." Mr. Pollard is not now with Selig. Trick photography cannot be explained in this department. If you get Independent films you should get Thanhouser's. It's a matter for the exchange and the house manager. You can have questions answered by mail if you enclose stamped and self-addressed envelopes. James Morrison and Jack Richardson were the sheriff and the repulsed suitor in American's "The Sheriff's Sisters." Miss Kathlyn Williams played in "Lost in the Jungle." The animals were leopards, not tigers, and with the elephants form a part of the Selig animal stock company.

E. A. K., PHILADELPHIA.—William Louis was the leading man in Lubin's "One Way to Win."

I. D., PHŒNIX.—Howard Mitchell and Albert McGovern were the hotel clerk and the bachelor friend in Lubin's "One on Reno."

E. M., PORTLAND.—"Beyond the Law" is the release title of "Code of the Hills." Harry T. Morey was the husband. Miss Florence LaBadie was the Thanhouser Cinderella. Miss Ormi Hawley was the wife in Lubin's "The Idle Boast." The player in Pathé's "A Western Memory" is not known to the company.

F. M. T., BALTIMORE.—The matter of Reliance and Champion releases is purely a local condition. The Thanhouser company gives Miss Florence LaBadie as Ross in "Master of Millions." Perhaps you've got the wrong character name.

W. P. M., PORTLAND.—Warren J. Kerrigan was the hero in American's "Gold Lust." In Thanhouser's "The Missing Heir," Harry Benham and Miss Marguerite Snow were the policeman and the girl. Miss Florence LaBadie was the leading woman in the same company's "Beneath the Veil." Harry C. Myers was the matinée hero in Lubin's "Her Uncle's Consent."

ALMA X., SAN FRANCISCO.—We do not know which Motion Picture company visited Truckee. The Pathé Frères cannot name Violet in "A Western Memory."

CONSTANT READER.—It was a woman, Miss Kent, who played the title part in Lubin's "My Brother Agostino." Ed. Coxen was Jack in Kalem's "The Desert Trail."

N. W., BALTIMORE.—Paul Panzer was Lancelot in the Vitagraph's "Elaine." The film is a Vitagraph. We have not yet run the pictures you ask for. Ask the company about Miss Joyce's picture. Darwin Karr was the young inventor in Edison's "The Girl and the Motorboat."

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Many stories have been told of the evils of convict camps. In this drama we have endeavored to depict conditions as they exist today.

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A novel story of New Orleans in the days before the Civil War.

RECONCILED BY BURGLARS

The decidedly novel situations in this farce comedy will bring rounds of laughter.

THE KALEMITES VISIT GIBRALTAR

A delineation of the strongest fortification in the world, and the quaint town of Gibraltar.

THE DEFEAT OF THE BREWERY GANG

A realistic exposé of undesirable political methods.

A BUCKTOWN ROMANCE

This New Orleans comedy is full of local color and striking originality.

THE TRAIL THROUGH THE HILLS

Every one is interested in the early settlement of the West. In this portrayal we show Western life as it really was fifty years ago.

OUTWITTING FATHER

This uproarious comedy brings the barber's daughter into the limelight.

THE KIDNAPPED CONDUCTOR

A laughable farce brimful of action.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER

A social drama with a gripping plot.

JEAN OF THE JAIL

A very thrilling story of the faithful daughter of an old jailor, who made the boast that he had never lost a prisoner.

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In the early days of Spanish rule in America the men sent out to govern were of a very undesirable class, often cruel and selfish in the extreme. The incident around which this story is built is typical of the times.

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A breezy Western comedy with delightful scenic backgrounds.

Watch for our feature productions now under way in Egypt and the Holy Land.



KALEM COMPANY

235 WEST 23d STREET

NEW YORK

J. J. T.—See reply to E. M. Miss Gene Gauntier, Sydney Olcott and Jack J. Clarke were the leading players with the Kalems in Ireland. Mr. Johnson has been with the Lubin Company for something slightly more than a year.

INTERESTED, NEW YORK.—The Chinaman in Vitagraph's "Father and Son" was Eagle Eye, an Indian.

W. L., CLEVELAND.—We do not know any company selling Motion Picture cameras. Miss May Buckley played Winnie in Lubin's "A Poor Relation."

DEEPLY INTERESTED.—Harry Myers' picture was used in the May issue. See reply to L. T.

JEALOUS.—We give it up, but you might write him and ask.

A. G. S., ATHOL.—Write the Edison Company for photographs. Kalem and Vitagraph have both released "His Mother" recently. Which do you mean?

SIS HOPKINS.—The picture is too small for identification. Miss Jane Wolf was the Kalem player.

M. P. FAN, ANTIGONISH.—The picture looks like William Clifford, but we are not certain in the identification. The Pathé Weekly is handled the same as any other release.

FLOSSIE C. P.—You got it wrong. We said "there is small chance" not "*a* small chance." It makes a lot of difference.

E. D., ASHLAND.—The Lubin Peggy is Miss Elsie Glynn, who came to them from the Thanhouser Company. We do not know the player's stage connection. The information has been refused several times.

I. A. M., NEW YORK.—Mr. Anderson's pictures are not for sale. You'll have to be contented with the picture in our February issue.

L. B., HOT SPRINGS.—Write the I. M. P. Company.

J. I. T., NEWPORT.—We accept only produced scenarios which we obtain from the film makers. Don't send your story to us. Send it in scenario form to the manufacturers.

H. C. G., NEW YORK.—The handsome man is Maurice Costello, and as there is a Mrs. Costello he probably would not be interested in "an heiress of millions" who breathes her love on post cards.

A SCHOOL GIRL.—Mr. Costello has not left the Vitagraph.

PAT AND CO.—Miss Mary Fuller is the Edison player you are trying to locate. What part did the blond chap play?

J. R. G.—We do not quite catch your meaning. Films are released in Pittsburg the same day as in all other parts of the country. They are "in Pittsburg" until they get worn out. We try to have stories of the films for the month the magazine is issued.

E. M. F., CINCINNATI.—We do not know where a letter will reach Miss Lawrence, who is abroad. Other questions answered before.

T. B., HOBART.—We cannot obtain the name of the Pathé player. The film you ask for is too old to be located.

C. O. L., SPRINGFIELD.—Mr. O'Connor's picture has not yet been used.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—Mr. Anderson does not own the upper or the lower half of the Essanay Company or the Eastern or Western half. He owns a part interest in the whole works.

L. E. W., NEW BEDFORD.—"A New York Cowboy" is an Essanay. T. J. Carrigan had the part.

S. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—The Essanay Western negatives are probably developed in Los Angeles and sent to Chicago to be printed. Mr. Bushman is with the Chicago company.

N. A., SANTA ROSA.—Mr. Kirkwood is still director for the Reliance and you can identify your fine-looking young man by reading this department thru.

C. H., QUINCY.—Helen Costello was the child in Vitagraph's "Regeneration."

D. N., GALVESTON.—Marc McDermott played both parts.

M. P. FIEND No. 999.—(Glad one knows his number). It is probably the same Gladys Hulette. There's only one.

A. C., VANCOUVER.—Miss Cleo Ridgley and Jack Standing had the leads in Lubin's "A Gambler's Influence." We have no idea why you do not get Miss Turner and Mr. Costello in your Vitagraphs. Kick.

L. McM., BROOKLYN.—Miss Helen Gardner and Robert Gaillord had the leads in Vitagraph's "Arbutus."

M. W., BOISE.—The Thanhouser Kid was Just a Bad Kid. Her mother calls her Marie Eline. Georgie Oliver and Miss Lamp were Bess of the Forest in the Lubin picture.

M. S., T. W., T. J., S. W., R. J. and F. G., WAUSAU.—Miss Dorothy Phillips was Dorothy in Essanay's "The Burglarized Burglar." You can take turns reading back for the other questions. They've all been answered recently.

THREE KIDS.—Miss Mabel Trunnelle had the lead in Edison's "Buckskin Jack."

D. H. G., POTTSTOWN.—Miss Leonard never played with Lubin. She did play the Rex release you mention.

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FOR APRIL

Its purpose is to assist the scenario writer and promote his welfare, being devoted to the best interests of picture playwrights. It gives such information as is desired and needed by students of the photoplay.

It helps you write scenarios and, most of all, sell them.

The best known scenario writers and editors contribute to this magazine.

The April Issue is Free

to scenario writers who will send us their name and address at once. *Only a Limited Number of Free Copies,* so send today and we will mail you a copy *Postpaid.* Write today. *It's Free.*

Photoplay Enterprise Association

Desk 10 **BOONVILLE, INDIANA**

S. C. P., McSHENEYSTOWN.—Write the Kalem Company. Their address is in the advertising pages.

D. J. C., BRONX.—You dont need a pass to see Motion Pictures made. You need a "pull," and a mighty strong one.

R. B. H.—Send a stamped envelope, re-stating your question.

E. M. S., BOSTON.—Miss Mabel Moore was Mildred in Essanay's "A False Suspicion." Other questions answered.

G. W. B., SHERBROOKE.—If you state that first title correctly, it is too old. Kenneth Casey is attached to the Brooklyn company and does not travel. Ralph Ince plays other parts than Lincoln.

TROJAN M. P. FAN.—Mr. Costello is not dead and we do not know what salary Miss Lawrence received.

HERMAN.—The publication you mention is not the product of this company. Does it look like it?

A. J., NEW YORK.—You can obtain Vitagraph and Kalem pictures from those companies. Mr. Anderson's pictures are not on sale.

J. C. S., CALUMET.—William Dunn was the villain in Vitagraph's "Saving the Special." The *Film Index* was absorbed by the *Moving Picture World*, 125 East Twenty-third street, New York.

NEW READER, PITTSBURG.—Miss Edna Fisher is the Essanay player you want, and Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush the American players.

C. W. D., MIDVALE.—G. M. Anderson was an actor before he became a photoplayer. Miss Edna Fisher is his leading woman. John Bunny needs no make-up. We think the player on the cover is Edward O'Connor. You have reference to Vitagraph's "The Woes of a Wealthy Widow." The widow was Miss Flora Finch.

L. O., BEVERLEY.—We think the subject has been made by the Champion.

N. G. T., SONORA.—Miss Handworth is still with Pathé. Harry Coleman is in vaudeville now.

M. V. V., BOISE.—Robert Gaillord was the engineer in Vitagraph's "Saving the Special." Miss Gauntier resides in New York when she's home, but is in the Holy Land at present. We do not place Miss Smith, and the other question is shockingly personal.

C. C. J., BOONVILLE.—Robert Gaillord was St. Troyan in Vitagraph's "A Red Cross Martyr." The best of the European picture theaters are in advance of our own, notably houses like the Scala in London, but it's about an even break on the general run. "Larry" and Lawrence Trimble are one and the same and he's a Vitagraph director and the trainer of Jean.

SUBSCRIBER, BRIDGEPORT.—Owen Moore was the husband in Imp's "The Last Appeal." King Baggot and Ethel Grandon were the leads in "Over the Hills" by the same company. Herbert Prior was leading man in Majestic's "Will You Marry Me?"

C. D. M., BRONX.—Miss Dorothy Phillips was the woman lead in Essanay's "Saved from the Torrent." "My Brother Agostino" was made in Philadelphia. Miss Hazel Neason was opposite Mr. Costello in "A Romance of Wall Street." "Pressed Roses" is outlawed by age.

E. M., BALTIMORE.—Miss Cleo Ridgley was the giddy wife and Phillips Smalley the sport in Rex's "Saints and Sinners." Miss Lucille Young was King Baggot's wife in Imp's "Tony and the Stork."

A. W., NEW YORK.—Miss Viola Barry and Hobart Bosworth were Evangeline and Gabriel in Selig's "Evangeline." The Pathé Frères do not place the player. Miss Myrtle Stedman was the girl in Essanay's "The Bully of Bingo Gulch." Miss Alice Washburn was the Aunt in Edison's "Freezing Auntie." Other questions have been answered or cannot be.

M. E. S., WASHINGTON.—See above.

FLORENCE W.—Miss Trunnelle was the girl in Majestic's "Will You Marry Me?" Solax does not reply. You are right as to the Kalem.

D. P. C., OAKLAND.—Your votes have been registered for Miss Ormi Hawley. The Western section of the Biograph is in Los Angeles.

SOLDAN.—Miss May Snow was the stenographer in Thanhouser's "Little Old New York." King Baggot is with Imp. Owen Moore seems to be unattached at this writing. The other titles are too old to be placed.

HANS AND FRITZ.—Alice Wayne in Pathé's "The Reporter" was Miss Pearl White, Henry F. Goerner was the cowboy in Essanay's "The Cowboy Coward." The title rôle is the part the play takes title from—when it does. The title rôle in "Some Mother-in-Law" was the mother-in-law, played by Miss Mae Hotely. The son-in-law was Harry C. Myers.

C. C. C.—"The Regeneration of Apache Kid" was released August 15, 1911. Al Ernest Garcia has the title rôle.

ZEKE, WILMINGTON.—Francis Bushman was Weston in Essanay's "Alias Billy Sargent."

A. L., JOHNSTOWN.—You do not have to cast the characters in writing a Photoplay. The director casts the players as his judgment dictates.

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ADDRESS:

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT,
VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
East 15th Street & Locust Ave.,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

R. M. B., NILES.—Misses Betty Harte and Eugenie Besserer were the two girls in Selig's "The Bootlegger." Questions of hair and complexion are too deep for a mere man. Adele de Garde was the deaf mute in Vitagraph's "The Voiceless Message."

I. A., SAN FRANCISCO.—Most picture companies go to Los Angeles and avoid the fogs. Evelyn Coates was the child in "Alias Billy Sargent." Dont ask for Biograph casts. We do not know the length of the Coronation pictures, but believe they ran about 6,000 feet. There are two "Infernos," the Milano in five reels and the Helios in three.

MISS MAY.—"The girl that played opposite Mr. Costello" is too vague. Ask something more definite. Miss Eleanor Kahn was Nina in Essanay's "The Clown's Sister." Misses Helen Gardner and Hazel Neason had the leads in Vitagraph's "She Came, She Saw, She Conquered." If you will look up the story of "Things Are Seldom What They Seem," in the February issue, you'll find the entire cast on page 113. Your questions do not make much of a hit with the Inquiry Editor.

P. J. T., JERSEY CITY.—As long as you have votes you may cast them for whom you please, but that doesn't help any favorite in particular.

L. H. T., DECATUR.—Henry Walthall played opposite Miss Robinson in Reliance's "The Birthmark." He is not "often seen in the Thanhouser releases" because he never played with that company.

VERY MUCH INTERESTED.—Look up the Vitagraph releases for September 12, 1911; see what you find there and then say "excuse me," and we will.

E. D. D., NEW BRUNSWICK.—Write Edison about the portrait. Do you mean the Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair"? That was made in Brooklyn. Pictures are not made to music in the studio. The Vitagraph tried the experiment some years ago, but results did not warrant the trouble. Now and then, as in the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" in the Edison film of that title, a piano is employed, but not often even when dancing is shown.

A. H., WAUSAU.—You are answered elsewhere.

MUCH INTERESTED.—Miss Lillian Walker was the lead in Vitagraph's "The Second Honeymoon." Miss Joyce had the lead in Kalem's "The Love of Summer Morn."

L. B.—Charles Kent is still with the Vitagraph. Master Storey is with the same company. Lubin's "During Cherry Time" was made in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

V. G. W., and H. E. A.—The Kalem releases made in the Holy Land are not due for some time yet, but the company is working there.

M. A., PORTLAND.—Edison's "The Cliff Dwellers," was made at Manitou, Col.

R. R. D., NASHVILLE.—In Thanhouser's "East Lynne," Miss Florence LaBadie was Barbara; Miss Marguerite Snow, Lady Isabel; William Russell, Sir Francis Levison, and James Cruze, Carlyle.

P. R., BRIDESBURG.—Camille has been done several times. It will presently be shown as a special release of two reels with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle.

L. B., MONTREAL.—We do not know where Miss Gladys Fields is. Miss Edna Fisher was Mr. Anderson's opposite in the rôles mentioned, but his present leading woman is Miss Vedah Bertram. We dont know why you do not get Leo Delaney and Miss Storey in Montreal. They are to be had if the exchange wants to pay for them. Make a kick to the manager.

E. M. A., BOWLING GREEN.—Harry Eytinge was the Giant in Edison's "Jack the Giant Killer."

READING FAN.—Miss Elsie McLeod was the girl in Edison's "Please Remit." Look elsewhere for the rest.

L. S., OAKLAND.—Sometimes children are regular members of a company and sometimes they are engaged for some special part. The scenario is the story of a Photoplay told in action and divided into scenes with explanatory leaders.

R. G., FLAGSTAFF.—Billy Quirk was Billy in Pathé's "Billy's Marriage." Miss Edith Storey was the Southern girl in Vitagraph's "The Wages of War." Look over the questions in this and the last magazine to get the other information.

N. G., PORTLAND.—What we said was that when Mr. Costello appeared at some Photoplay theater he did not exact payment for his services; not that he acted for the Vitagraph without charge. If you had shown proper care in your extensive search you would have made the discovery that we do not answer Biograph questions.

E. B., LANCASTER.—Both of the children in "The Meeting of the Ways" are the little daughters of Maurice Costello.

A. P. M. C., COOPERSTOWN.—Mr. Ince pronounces his name to rhyme with "mince" (we dont think that Quince is a polite forinstance). Mr. Anderson writes many of the Photoplays in which he appears.

L. K., NEW DUNHAM.—John Barton in Essanyay's "A False Suspicion," is Francis Bushman, not Howard Missimer, but the latter may have been the blond creditor.

G. E. W., EUFAULA.—The pictures you desire are not to be had, either life-sized or smaller.

C. I. S., OSSINING.—The companies shift about too much to keep track of the field work.

$200.00

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The Photoplay Enterprise Association wants the best dramas and comedy scenarios they can buy. To stimulate the interest of all writers we are offering special prizes for the best scenarios received at our office before May 1st. (We originally intended to close this contest on April 1st.) The prizes will be distributed as follows:

FIRST PRIZE - -	$100.00
SECOND PRIZE - -	60.00
THIRD PRIZE - -	40.00

The winning scenarios will be paid for just the same as any other scenarios, the prizes being extra and merely a bonus for merit. All other scenarios found available will be bought and paid for at the highest prices. Let's have the best you've got, and quickly. Address scenarios to

Contest Editors

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NEW YORK

M. C., FLATBUSH.—You are mistaken in your identification of Mr. Anderson.

FLOSSIE C. P.—The Pathé and Kalem Western studios are in the vicinity of Los Angeles (there are several Kalem companies), but Mr. Wilbur and Miss White are members of the Pathé Eastern company in Jersey City Heights.

M. C. H., BRUNSWICK.—Miss Hazel Neason was Milly in Vitagraph's "How Milly Became an Actress." John Halliday and Miss Cleo Ridgley were the leads in Lubin's "Her Inspiration." Others have been answered recently.

J. D. H., BILLERICA.—"Esmeralda" was a French product and names are not to be obtained. Mr. Bunny has been with Vitagraph something more than a year. The other question has been answered since you wrote.

E. W. S., NEW YORK.—The full cast of "Alias Billy Sargent," printed in the February issue, is Weston, Francis Bushman; Mrs. Weston, Miss Lily Branscombe; Baby Weston, Evelyn Coates; Sargent, Mr. Dayton; jewelry clerk, Mr. Hickman, and hotel clerk, Bryant Washburn.

A. H., ISLE OF WIGHT.—We do not handle post-cards. The Vitagraph, Pathé, Kalem, Imp and other companies advertise portraits and post-cards at varying prices, but the company you name has nothing whatever to offer. You can possibly get portraits from Markt & Company, Edison Company and others in London, the addresses being obtainable from any picture theater management.

G. B. T., CHICAGO.—Miss Peggy Glynn was the girl in Lubin's "Quick! a Plumber." Miss Ormi Hawley was the girl in the same company's "The Physician's Honor."

H. J. R., PEORIA.—We have not fictionized "The Black Chasm." The photos of scenes from that play cannot be had. These are made only for advertising use.

H. M. S., NEW ORLEANS.—We do not place Miss Theby before her appearance in the Vitagraph productions, but believe that she comes from the stage.

J. H. S., ODELL.—It was Warren, not Maurice, Kerrigan. He is with the American Company.

B. C.—"The Courtship of Miles Standish" has been done in film. We do not purchase Photoplays from authors, but arrange with the manufacturers for plays already produced. Send a stamped envelope for a list of addresses and send them direct.

G. P., PHILADELPHIA.—We do not recall the story you cite. Mr. Anderson now makes his home in San Rafael, Cal., if that is what you mean by his home town.

A. W., BOSTON.—Charles Brandt was Emily's father in Lubin's "A Physician's Honor." We have not yet had a portrait of Mr. Coombs. Most scenarios are so altered by the director that they are not generally credited on the film, and until the practice becomes general, we will not be able to use the names of the writers of the scenarios used in this magazine in fiction form.

DEAR OLD VERMONT.—Miss Kathlyn Williams has been in our portrait gallery in the April and July issues for 1911. These may be had of the publisher for fifteen cents each.

X. Y. S., CHARLESTOWN.—Miss Marguerite Snow was the lighthouse keeper's daughter in Thanhouser's "The Lady from the Sea." Send a stamped envelope for the studio addresses.

CALIFORNIA M. P. FAN.—Never heard of "Paul the Boob." Some people catch the hang of playing the pictures almost from the start. Others never learn. See the article in February magazine for reasons why you cannot get with a company.

A. M. F., EASTON.—We do not undertake to answer questions on pictures more than a year old. See elsewhere for the full cast of "Alias Billy Sargent." Romaine Fielding is the player referred to in your third question. Charles Arthur was Walton in "Tricked Into Happiness." We have given the cast of "The Poor Relation." Miss Ormi Hawley, Miss Grace Scott and now Miss Lottie Briscoe have been the leads with Arthur Johnson, following Miss Lawrence's departure.

M. K., WASHINGTON.—Romaine Fielding and Miss Frances Gibson were the leads in Lubin's "The Blacksmith"; Bigelow Cooper and Mrs. C. F. Williams in Edison's "The Commuter's Wife." Miss Ormi Hawley is the only woman in the cast of Lubin's "A Cure for Jealousy," whom we have.

J. H., NEW YORK.—Very encouraging reports come from California concerning Miss Florence Turner, who is rapidly regaining her strength.

M. B., ALBANY.—Mr. Costello is still with the Vitagraph. Miss Gladys Fields has recently located herself with the Powers Company, now working in Mexico.

E. B. S., CHATTANOOGA.—We've never noticed Mr. Costello's watch charm, but it probably is a masonic charm, since he belongs to that order. It might be an Elk charm, or the two in combination.

O. P. W. B.—Please be more definite than "who is the man?" when there are more than one. Uncle Tom is too old for identification. The Essanay release days are Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

N. V., SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Seay is still with Edison, but Harold Shaw was the brother in "A Bachelor's Waterloo," and reference to the "Alias Billy Sargent" cast elsewhere will set you right on that. We do not know if Kenneth Casey plays the violin. Your other questions have been answered.

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A Little Letter to the Inquisitive



By The INQUIRY EDITOR

WE'VE asked the Managing Editor for the space to write a little letter to those who write us, in the hope that a better understanding of the Inquiry Department will make it possible to handle the ever increasing mass of mail. Last summer, when Mr. Brewster suggested that we take over a department for questioners, we were inclined to scoff at the suggestion that such a department would be of interest to the readers, but the response was so instantaneous that we had to apologize to him, and now the letters are considerably in excess of two hundred weekly, and the mail increases each month.

Handling two hundred letters is no child's play, and you can make the work very much easier for us if you will. The most helpful way will be to write your questions on a slip of paper apart from the letter you send. We like to have you tell us what you think of the magazine, but the Managing Editor wants to see those letters, and if you put it all on one sheet of paper, the letter is passed from hand to hand and the question is delayed, because it is at the end of possibly four or five pages of appreciation of the magazine and the players. Write the questions on a separate sheet, with your name and address, and this sheet will come to the Inquiry Department without delay. Some letters are intended for the business office, the Managing Editor, the Inquiry Department, and the Contest Editor, and if it is all run together, some one in each of the four departments must read the entire letter to get at what he needs to know. Send a separate sheet for each and put your name and address on each sheet.

Take a paragraph for each question. That helps a lot more than you realize. And be definite. Dont ask the name of the blue-eyed actor who stands on the left-hand side of the third scene in "Her Boy." To begin with, there are two films titled "Her Boy," to say nothing of "Her Boys." We dont know which one you mean, and if we did, we cant remember back to the third scene for the blue-eyed actor. How do you know he has blue eyes, anyway?

We cannot possibly see all the Photoplays. The weekly papers have to have three or four critics to cover the ground, working six or eight hours a day. Ask "Who was Jim in Blank's 'His Last Chance'?" or "Who was the brother in Dash's 'Caught in the Net'?" and we know what you mean. Probably we have the information, or if we haven't, we ask the manufacturer, and he very kindly tells us. We dont guess at it. Either we know or we find out from those who do know. It's easy to be more definite than "That fellow that plays with the girl in the story where she kills a man to save his life," and you are much more apt to be answered.

And try and get the right title. If you forget the name of the Photoplay in your interest in the story, look at the billboard as you go out. Our information is filed on cards under titles, and we do not readily find "Two Wolves and a Lamb" when we look for "'Wolves of Wall Street,' or something like that—I think it was a Vitagraph." You can get the title at a glance on the way out, and you will save us five minutes' useless work. There are between eighty and ninety titles released each week and we cant be expected to remember them all. And dont ask questions just because you want to see your answer in print. The idea of this department is to help satisfy intelligent curiosity, and when we get from ten to twenty questions from one person, we cannot be blamed for feeling that the curiosity is other than intelligent. You are taking up more than your share of the space, anyhow, and that alone bars you out.

And dont ask for entire casts or a list of plays in which some favored player has recently appeared. We cannot spend an hour going over the files to locate the latter information. If you will write the manufacturer, he may supply the information. We cannot spare the time for that one question.

And we dont think that questions as to the age or nationality of the players belong in this department. If Carlyle Blackwell is a good actor, what difference does it make whether he is American born, or an English importation? Such questions belong in the same class with inquiries as to whether the player be married or not. It does not affect the merit of the acting, and is the private affair of that person unless, as in the case of Mr. Costello, announcement is made in self-defense. You waste your postage and our time whether you ask "Is he married?" or "Does Mrs. Dash play with her husband in the Blank pictures?"

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And we cannot explain some pictured tricks, not only because many of these are trade secrets, but because the explanation would spoil the effect for many others. You may belong to those who want to get behind the scenes and see how it's done, but it's a lot nicer to sit out front and see the effect without realizing that the fairy flies because a man in a dirty undershirt is pulling on the other end of a rope she's tied to. The majority want to believe that the fairy flies, even tho she doesn't, and the will of the majority rules.

And dont ask for the personal addresses of the players. The address of the player is in care of the company he works for. A letter sent to the office will be forwarded. Even if we knew, we would not give personal addresses. Surely the player is entitled to some privacy, to the security of his home. If you want to tell him or her how much you admire the acting or to ask for an autograph, send the letter to the company. For a stamped and addressed envelope, we will send you a little list of all the companies' addresses.

We cannot undertake to answer questions as to the identities of the foreign players. These casts are not filed with the American office, and letters to France and Italy bring no response. There the play, rather than the player, is the thing, and they do not note the casts.

Please remember that we do not answer questions by mail unless a stamped and addressed envelope is sent. A stamp alone will not do, nor will an unstamped but addressed envelope. We can afford an occasional stamp or blank envelope, but we argue that if you are not sufficiently interested in your question to comply with the conditions imposed, you are not sufficiently interested to deserve an answer. This mail reply entails extra work and expense, and we want you to be sufficiently appreciative to comply with the very reasonable conditions.

Please follow these rules and make us like you:

Write plainly on one side of the paper only.

Keep inquiries on a separate sheet.

Give the title of the film and the maker, where possible.

Be definite in your question.

Do not ask for personalities or trade secrets, and

Dont ask "Is he married?" *please.*

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:—When "The Cabin Boy" shot "The Black Arrow" "Thru the Air" at "The Mexican," and "Old Billy" carried "The Last of the Mohicans" "Beyond the Law," "A Cowboy's Love" for "The Ranchman's Daughter" got him "His First Commission" "To the Ends of the Earth" with "A Message From Beyond." He was "Lost in the Jungle" and thru "The Sheriff's Decision" became "A Prisoner of Mexico," but escaped thru the workings of "Wilful Peggy," to whom he showed "The Greater Love," "Alias Billy Sargent." "He Fought for the U. S. A." in "The Battle" "In Old Florida," and was accused of the theft of "The Stolen Nickel," but was "Saved By the Flag." "His Stubborn Way" would not permit him to be called "The Coward," so he planned "An Aeroplane Elopement" with "Bess of the Forest," and on "The Return" he was put to "The Test" by "Smiling Bob," and "His Exoneration" followed. Then he received "The Ghost's Warning," which said, "Things Are Seldom What They Seem."

"Captain Brand's Wife" engineered "Slick's Romance" until "The Tempest," when "The Bosun's Watch" stopped, and "Red Deer's Devotion" to "Mme. Rex" and "Lady Godiva" made him invent the "Cure for Dyspepsia." "The Wasp," who caused "The Great Train Robbery," was captured by "The Girl Spy," after "The Death of King Edward 3d," and "By the Terms of the Will," the "Near-sighted Chaperone" married "The Trackwalker."

"The Gossip" has it that "The Awakening of Jno. Bond" was brought about by the meeting of "The Colleen Bawn" and "The Playwright" at "Mary's Masquerade," but this is "Outgeneraled" by "The Artist's Sons," who practiced "A Blind Deception" on a few "Western Hearts," and the episode will soon be "Forgotten."

SHELLEY C. HUDSON, Circleville, O.

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Sir:—High and low, rich and poor, all confess they like the Motion Pictures. The wealthy occasionally hire an outfit and have a private exhibition in their homes, but many of the middle class, who cannot endure the odoriferous (?) blending of stale tobacco and garlic in the poorly ventilated shacks, styled theaters, and who cannot tolerate the vaudeville billed as refined, have to deny themselves much pleasure. There are thousands of children who are denied the pleasure and instruction combined in the good Motion Pictures, simply because their parents do not approve of the places where they are exhibited. For the admission charged one does not expect palatial surroundings; but there is a much-felt want among the Motion Picture admirers in every community for a respectable building where the best pictures can be given without horse-play and poor vaudeville between each reel; these same people would gladly pay more for admission that they might have more comfortable and edifying surroundings. It is not altogether the Photoplay that is censured, but the environment that the low price of admission necessitates.

HARRIET R. WHITAKER, 26 Oakwood Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

Lochinvar on Broadway

By LILLIAN MAY

Oh, Young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
He saw the great city with swiftness and zest.
"Say, this is all right; it is better by far
Than vast, windswept prairies," quoth Young Lochinvar.

He spent all the days and most of the nights
In seeing the ever new wonderful sights,
His delight in old Broadway no mentor could mar,
"I'll stay here forever!" said Young Lochinvar.

But opera's high, and the taxis as well,
Thought he, "I'm becoming too much of a swell;
It's me for a bus, and I'll find out how far
I can go for a dime." Now behold Lochinvar!

He speeds up Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive,
Each moment becoming more glad he's alive,
Back to Washington Square—"It is better by far,
Than subway or hansom," quoth Young Lochinvar.

Alas! It was March, and the wind blew that day,
It lifted his derby and bore it away;
Then "Oh, for a shelter, 'tis worse here by far
Than out on the prairies," declared Lochinvar.

His funds are quite low and amusements come high;
He saw a most beautiful entrance close by,
"It is only a dime to that fine Photoshow,
'Twill at least be a refuge from bluster and blow."

It was cozy and warm and the finest he'd seen,
He was filled with delight as he looked at the screen;
Then an uncanny feeling of wondering awe
For his own Western home in the pictures he saw.

He saw the wide prairies, the grain waving tall,
With its promise of plenty and comfort for all;
He saw men and women with vigor and vim,
He could almost hear mother, low calling to him.

Thought he, "I'm a fool, and tomorrow I'll start,
I'll go back to the West and the girl of my heart.
My future's before me, to make or to mar,
So it's good-by to Broadway," quoth Young Lochinvar.

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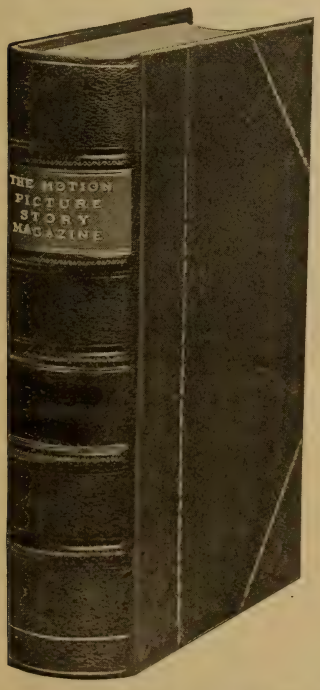
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:—Yesterday afternoon, finding time hanging heavy on my hands, I strolled out for amusement, by chance stopping before one of the new odeons here, just opened under new management. A slide was shown telling of the fact that your magazine could be bought at the Box Office. I asked what this was; the result being my quickly buying one. This was the first intimation I had had that such a magazine was in existence, altho I had tried in the past to obtain information of this sort. Upon reaching home, I devoured its contents, like a schoolboy going after something good to eat. Then my brother got hold of it, and after he finished, mother glanced over its pages. Thus, for the small sum of fifteen cents, three persons were made very happy, and the anticipation of future issues gives them pleasant thoughts.

I must say the paper is indeed a splendid one, so much superior to a number of magazines which one buys for the same price, and which are so cheaply gotten up. The stories are very good in themselves, and when one realizes that sooner or later he will see the scenes upon the screen at the odeon, the interest becomes doubly keen. In fact, the same afternoon I saw "The Stolen Nickel."

As a lover of the clean and beautiful, I hardly know how your magazine could be improved upon; besides the pictures in the "Gallery" are surely welcome, and I would be glad to get these pictures to lay away for the years when I will have become an old man.

At first I thought it would be foolish to write, as, no doubt, you are swamped with letters, but I believe in never holding back kind words, praise, or the outspoken greetings. Therefore, I want to extend to you my every wish, humble as they may be, that your paper will live long, will do much for pleasant amusement and educational factor, and that you will meet with success in your every endeavor. As to your "Most popular player contest," it needs publicity to arrive at a true decision. I myself believe candidly that the real choice will fall on a man, for one must always remember that the feminine sex adores a good and honorable man, and the younger men are frantic about the men in the Western pictures. Have you any back numbers on hand, and, if so, how can I get them?

Very sincerely,
EDWARD A. LIFKA, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Editor:—Motion Pictures are an innovation of significancy. "The Visit of the Governors," "The Birth of the Flower," "The Wonderful Disappearing Guns," "The Cocoanut Industry," with numerous other subjects, read to us a lesson of intense interest. And yet there are some pictures that cause a shudder of horror. One is the torturing of a lovely Indian maiden in "The Cave of the Sioux"; second is, "Love's Terrible Sacrifice," the title is a misnomer. What did Achilgar know of "The Sweetest Story Ever Told?" Love to him was merely a sensual pastime. He permitted an anticipated victim to be cruelly tortured by a discarded victim, then with bravado destroys his eyesight, hereby depriving Viamallah of justifiable protection from further torture. But what an elevating relief when we behold the picture "The Oath of His Office"; there we see and feel the full sublimity of "Love's Sacrifice." If Sheriff Bob could have heard the grand applause that was a greeting to him, he would certainly have felt pleased. We all admire Sheriff Bob. Can we say the same of Achilgar? Give us weeps, and give us thrills, but from shudders, "Lord deliver us."

MRS. L. A. L., New York City.

Sir:—I find your magazine a very interesting and beneficial magazine to the Motion Picture enthusiast. The object of this letter is to make two comments that I hope will serve you or your columns. I note that you feel that Motion Pictures have many enemies among apparently bright people, but it has been my experience that really bright people do not condemn a thing they are not familiar with, and if one becomes familiar with the Motion Picture world, as it is now, in an extremely advanced stage, they could not condemn it conscientiously, so why let them receive even your slightest afterthought?

I note by your last issue an article strongly in favor of drama Photoplays in preference to comedy. I wish to endorse that article, with the following reasons—because a comedy at a regular theater relies principally upon its clever lines, not the action in particular; while in order to carry out a similar idea in Motion Pictures would require turning the whole thing into an extreme farce, which is, I feel, not necessary to the picture field. The screen has shown a few clever comedies, but also a large percentage of absolutely impossible so-called comedies that really have no excuse for the making. I did not intend to use so much space when I commenced.

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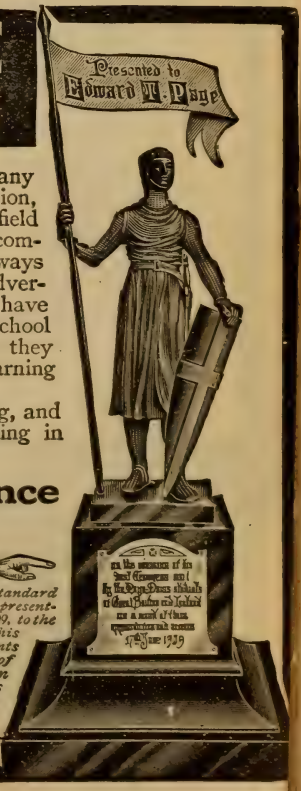
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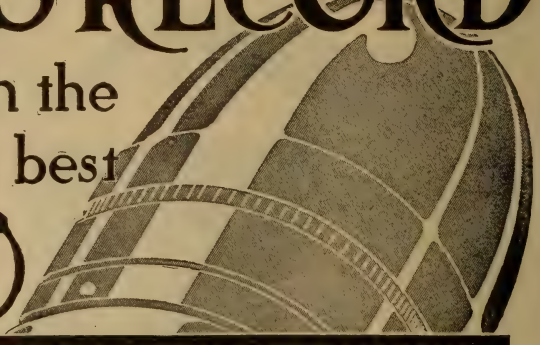
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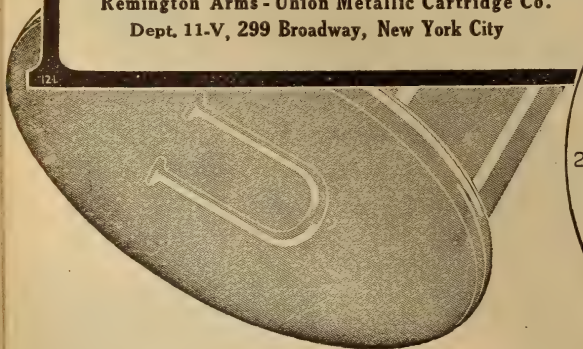
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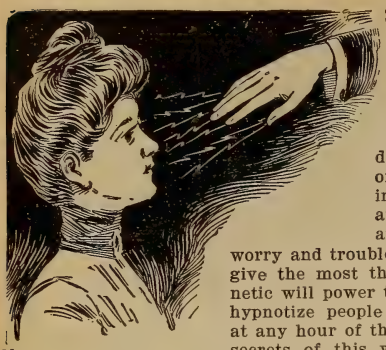
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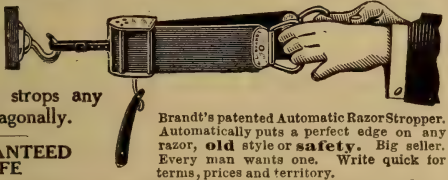
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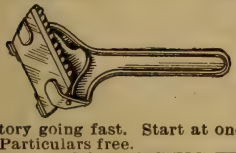
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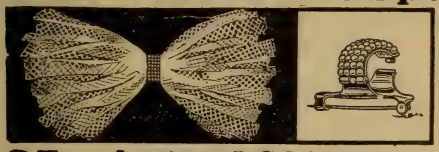
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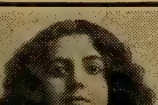
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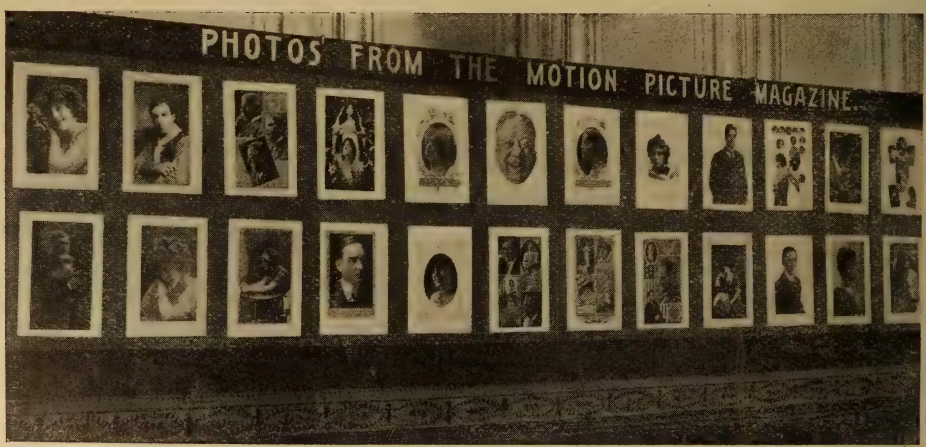
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster ..... Managing Editor

Montanye Perry, Edwin M. La Roche — Associate Editors.

Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager

V. H. Kimmelmann, Advertising Director

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1912

Vol. III No. 4

The Lesser Evil

(Biograph)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks as the dawn of day,"

And the sunbeams danced in her flaxen hair, and the waves lapped at her feet, as the little fisher-maiden looked dreamily across the vast expanse of ocean lying between the quiet hamlet, which was for her the round of life, and the shores of that far-away land of cherry blossoms and wistaria about which she had so often dreamed.

But the plaintive, wistful calling of the sea which had always stirred her inmost depths failed to move her to-day. Fair Japan's appeal to her imagination was lost in the homely hamlet's persistent tugging at her heart. A faint smile of tender reminiscence lurked in her eyes and trembled on her lips, as she made her way with lagging steps along the rocky shore. Lagging, but not quite aimless, for was there not a chance that what had happened yesterday, and the day before, and several days before that, would repeat itself today? Is it not true that when two people have met at the same place four times—just by accident—there is a more than possibility that they will meet there a fifth time by the same chance, especially if they happen to be simple fisher-folk?



THE OLD, OLD QUESTION—AND THE USUAL ANSWER

Moreover, the place where one has met happiness has a wonderful way of drawing one back. It is as tho one staked it out with bright magnets and planted four-leafed clovers to mark the path, then enshrouded it in the cool, restful mist of memory so that the words which had fal-

len there sprang up like lilies-of-the-valley and spread and blossomed into myriad fragrant thoughts.

And each time one went back one gathered fresh blossoms, more than one's heart could hold, and gave them into the Other's keeping, and as one did so, some slipped to the ground, which one always remembered afterward, so that one needs must hasten back to pick them up lest they be lost, and fade, and be forgotten. But they never are. Nothing ever fades, nothing is ever forgotten —THERE, because the Other always knows and understands. No matter what other times and other places may bring, the Place of Happiness is always the same—redolent with memory's flowers.

So the little fishermaiden wandered back thru the Land of Memory to the Place of Happiness, and the marvel was that a deserted, dilapidated fishing-shack, with nothing to recommend it but its isolation and a few tête-à-tête barrels, could have played so important a rôle.

As she came around the headland, she saw that one of the barrels was already occupied, whereupon she hastened her steps so that she almost ran, which would account for the color in her cheeks and the throbbing of her heart as she sank upon the opposite barrel. And now another heart began to throb, and clear eyes met her beaming ones as Alec took the dream-pipe from his lips.

"Nancy!" he breathed, "I been wishin' for you," and his hand sought hers, and clasped it.

"I been thinkin' how 'twould seem to have you sittin' there—thinkin' 'bout it, till I fair could see you, and next I knew—you'd come. I got another dream, girl. It's to see you sittin' so—opposite me—always. Could you make that one come true?" he pleaded, and his ardor carried them both to their feet.

"I reckon, man o' mine," she whispered, "that's what I been dreamin', too."

And now birds sang in the Place of Happiness, to the accompaniment of two caroling hearts, and Alec's pipe went out.

But time and tide wait for no man, and no man knows this better than a fisherman, and the call of duty waits only upon the clock by which it works. Alec's watch was doing its best to make itself heard above the throbbing of their united hearts.

"Time-is-up, time-is-up, time-is-up, time-is-up," it persisted, until Alec drew it out and looked at its excited face. Then he watched Nancy down the homeward lane, and returned to his afternoon work, promising to meet her at the same place at half-past five.

Have you ever studied the language of clocks? I confess that I had never given it a thought other than to suppose that all clocks spurred themselves on with the same monotonous motto—"Keep-a-goin' "—until Little Clock came to live on my mantelpiece.

I was attracted by his singularly open face, and we became great friends at once. Moreover, the way in which he held up his record-books, in plain view, while he methodically turned over a page a minute, fascinated me. I soon found that he talked quite as much to me as to himself, and the motto which I had supposed was meant especially for him began to take on a special meaning for me, and, when interspersed with "Do-it-now," was really nothing short of inspirational.

As time went on, he began to take an interest in my friends, and got to shouting out, "Time-to-come, time-to-come," quite as soon as I did. Imagine, then, my surprise to hear his behavior pronounced as rude by one of my visitors, who declared that the moment she arrived, Little Clock began to say, "Time-to-go, time-to-go," just as fast as he could, and became so excited toward the end of her stay that "Hurry-hurry-hurry-hurry" was all he could get out.

Now, between you and me, I know she was wrong, for I distinctly heard Little Clock say, with me, when she arrived, "Glad-to-see-you, glad-to-see you!" Yet I will admit that he turned over the pages of his Hour-Book a lit-

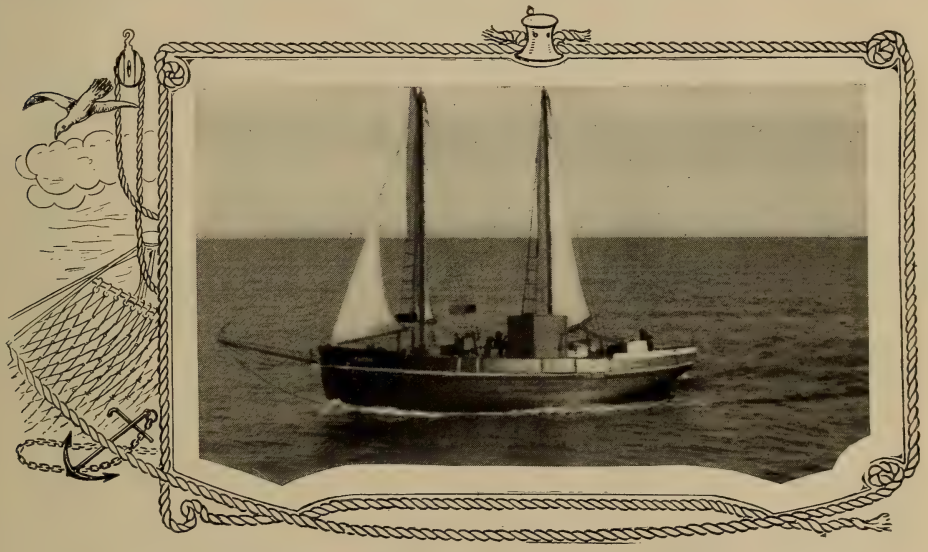
tle more swiftly than seemed necessary; but he covered it up by a continued chatter, which said plainly enough, "Dont-go, dont-go, dont-go, dont-go," and even when she was half way downstairs he would call after her, "Come-again-dear, come-again-dear," which shows that Little Clock is far from rude. He is a sympathetic little piece, too. Why, I have known him to stop right short in the midst of a telephone message!

Having discovered this much about clocks, one cannot wonder at their realization of the important part they play in human destinies, nor need one be surprised at the actions of Alec's watch. All afternoon it had ticked on as usual, sometimes to itself, sometimes to Alec, but more often to the little fishermaiden smiling in the front of its case.

About five o'clock it was startled by sudden subtle vibrations—premonitions that something unusual was happening. Looking into its crystal, it found that its fears were well grounded. Drawn up before the sequestered shack where Nancy and Alec were to meet, was a wagon loaded with odd-shaped boxes and barrels, which sullen-faced men were unloading, to the harsh accompaniment of kicks and curses from the head man, while two well-dressed individuals took account of lading. The stealthiness and speed with which it all was done, the furtive looks of the leaders, and the desperate character of the men, alarmed the watcher all out of time.

Beating upon its case with all its pent-up power, it called desperately to Alec, "To-the-rescue-rescue-rescue, head-off-Nancy-Nancy-Nancy, there-are - smugglers - smugglers - smugglers in-the-shack-house - shack-house-shack-house."

But Alec went on with his work, utterly oblivious to everything save that in half an hour he would meet Nancy again.



THE SMUGGLERS' SCHOONER MAKES PORT

The little watch redoubled its efforts. It shouted and ticked with all its might, losing all count of time, but could not attract Alec's attention. Once more it looked in the crystal. The head man and one of the truckmen were locked in a fierce struggle, and in an instant the latter was thrown rudely to the ground. The violent act, the brute faces of the men, sent a throb of horror thru the watch. It sprang to one final effort, then stopped. The spring had been its undoing.

Thus it happened that Nancy, having made her way to the trysting

place, and not seeing Alec awaiting her, but hearing voices inside the shack, thought that he was there, and, entering, found herself face to face with a band of desperate contrabandists.

The horror on her face was not more intense than the cowardice on theirs. Caught red-handed by a chit of a girl! But Nancy had no idea what the men were doing there, nor did she care, her only desire being to get away.

"Hold her, Hook!" commanded a harsh voice, as she tried to open the door.

She was caught, and pushed roughly to one side, a handkerchief fastened over her mouth, and her head held down so that she could not see the two men who made their escape, after sharp commands to Captain Hook to "make a quick get-away and lock up the girl on board."

Then, amid rolling barrels, falling boxes, and cursing men, Nancy was dragged down to the shore and put aboard the tender.

With frightened, beseeching eyes she scanned the cliff for Alec. Why hadn't he come? What could have happened to him? How would he ever know what had become of her? He must be somewhere on the cliff. Surely, surely he would come!



NANCY IS TAKEN ABOARD THE SMUGGLERS' SHIP

As if in answer to her crying need, a hurrying figure approached the old shack. It was Alec! Would he notice the freighted tender putting out from the shore? Would he look before she was too far away to be recognized?

"Alec! Alec!" she tried to call, but the handkerchief was only tightened. Then she lifted her arm high above her head and signaled. The sleeve of her sailor blouse slipped down, and the sun brought out the gleaming

whiteness of her arm and the glory of her fair hair.

Then Alec saw her. Saw his Nancy, a struggling captive, and knew that he was powerless to help her. Not a soul lived on the point, not even a hermit-artist. Not a boat was to be seen, and if he had secured one, what could he, one man, have done against that fierce crew?

He ran along the cliff, waving his arms wildly, trying to assure her that he would follow soon. And so, in desperate agony, he saw her dragged aboard the black-hulled vessel, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, saw the schooner weigh anchor and get under way.

Heedless of rocks and sandbanks, he followed the cliff, keeping the vessel in view, fearful lest she should change her course. As he approached the cove he searched eagerly among the small boats anchored there for one or two that he knew were swift enough to overtake the smugglers' ship. They were not there. He would have to go on to the harbor. Cutting off Long Point by a dash thru the marshes, he came up on the cliff again, overlooking the harbor. Signaling to the harbor patrol, he scrambled down to the shore, and soon a swift power-boat was cutting thru the waters in pursuit of a distant black hull.



ALEC PURSUES THE SMUGGLERS

Meanwhile, the men on board the smuggling vessel had lived up to the worst that could have been expected of them. Captain Hook had roughly thrust Nancy into his cabin, and locked the door upon her, not, however, before the leering eyes and loathsome faces of the crew were stamped indelibly upon her memory.

For some time she lay crouched on the hard bunk, in a sort of stupor, too bruised in body and mind to move. Outside on the deck all was quiet.



NANCY IS IMPRISONED IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN



THE DRUNKEN CREW ATTACKS THE CAPTAIN, IN SEARCH OF THE PRISONER

The captain had evidently driven the men forward. Gradually, however, a sound of hammering and of splitting wood reached her ears. She concluded that they must be opening the booty. Then came confused murmurings and frequent shouts of coarse laughter, followed by a sound of breaking glass. Soon the voices drew nearer. She could make out some of the words.

"She's some gal, she is! Did yer catch on to the fez? Have her out, Cap. She aint yourn to hide."

The captain's voice sounded just outside of the cabin door, as he peremptorily ordered the men back.

"No yer dont!" they snarled. "We aint clearin' the deck for the likes of you! Come on, fellers! It's ten to one we get her!"

Nancy, locked in the cabin, sat up with a start, as a shot rang out, followed by three others in quick succession. A yell of fury burst from the crew; cursings and threats and the sound of many feet shuffling under a heavy burden, filled the air.

At that moment the lock turned in the cabin door, and Hook put in his head.

"Get that gun, under the bunk—quick! The crew's drunk. I killed one of 'em—there'll be mutiny next."

Nancy did as she was bidden, but her hand trembled so that she could hardly hold the heavy pistol. Then the door was closed again, and there was an ominous silence. In a moment, however, the crew rushed forward, with redoubled fury, and the shooting began again. Nancy put her hands over her ears, to shut out the dreadful sounds. The next thing she knew, Captain Hook was in the cabin, barricading the door.

"Got to reload. There's only one more cartridge left in this gun," he muttered, as he searched for his cartridge box. At last he found it. It was empty!

Even as they looked at each other with mute horror, heavy blows fell on the door. Only that cabin door and one cartridge stood between them and a crazed and murderous crew!

The captain looked at the slender girl, whose eyes sought his with such eloquent appeal, and thought of the evil hands into which she must fall. Then something stirred within him; some latent instinct of kindness, that had never before come to the surface, urged him to do a good deed—a deed that would mean death to both of them.

"They'll be in here in a second," he muttered; "nawthin' kin stop 'em. I dont care for myself, child, but——"

"Oh, save me—dont let them take me," sobbed the girl. "I'd rather die than——"



NANCY CHOOSES THE LESSER EVIL

"That's jest what I surspected. This one cartridge that's left—if you say so—I'll——"

She covered her eyes with her hands to steady herself against the reeling room. All that life held dear to her passed thru her mind—the little hamlet, Alec, dawning happiness. Then came the vivid picture of those leering, reckless, merciless faces which knew no law or pity. The captain was right. It was the only way. She nodded her assent, while a prayer that Alec might find comfort trembled on her lips.

The captain raised his pistol, and was about to press the trigger, when he suddenly stopped. The hammering on the door had ceased. Strange



HOMEWARD BOUND

voices shouted quick commands amid sounds of struggling on the deck.

Nancy lifted her head. Was she dreaming? Surely that was Alec's voice, calling her name! Out of the door she flew, straight into the outstretched arms of her rescuer; and Captain Hook, taking advantage of the opportunity for escape thus offered, dropped over the side of the ship, and swam ashore, where he emerged with a new name and character.

As the captured ship made her way homeward in the twilight, along the path of the rising moon, there rose from two hearts, communing in the bow, one common prayer of praise and thanksgiving, and perfect happiness was theirs.

"All's well—all's well—all's well," ticked the watch in Alec's pocket, contentedly. He plucked it out, and it smiled in the moonlight.

"We'll be there 'n half 'n hour," said Alec.

"Where?" asked Nancy, and she received a quick answer:

"Why, at the minister's, o' course!"

Acrostic

By GEORGE B. STAFF



P ictures from each phase of life,
H igh and low, and good and bad.
O ne may portray hatred's strife;
T eaching us a lesson sad.
O r it may be that the play,
S hould it be a lighter one,
H inges on adventures gay
O ut of which come joy and fun,
W ith a wholesome laugh or smile—
S urely such a thing's worth while!



The Anonymous Letter

(Pathé Frères)

By SAINTE-ANNE LAVOISIER

CAST

Lycie Borgonev.....*Mlle. Napierkowska, première danseuse, L'Opéra, Paris*
Achille Marchidon.....*Henri Krauss, Comedie Français*
Susiane, his wife.....*Mlle. Blanc, Odéon*
Paul Androv.....*Eduard Peut*

THEY were from Russia, tho they did not mix with their compatriots at Monaco. Achille, recovering from his long fever, watched them daily from his steamer chair on the hotel veranda. There was a subtle charm about these sisters, even to a sick man. The younger was not over fourteen, awkward like a colt, tall, with a clear light back of gray eyes; the older was at least twenty, equally tall, full-breasted, with large, deep-fringed dark eyes. Physically, she was a promise, magnificently fulfilled, but her expressive eyes never smiled. She seemed to be looking for something out of the past.

Every one had a kind word or a smile for the convalescent, a big man, with rugged features, as they passed in parade. He was so like a wounded lion sunning in the glass-enclosed cage. It became the habit, too, of the sisters to stop before him and to cheer him with unconventional words due the sick. As he grew stronger, their friendship ripened, and he learnt that they were orphans. Susiane was taking her young sister, Lycie, to Paris, to be educated, and she herself thought of the convent.

Achille hastened to dissuade her. In their walks along the cliffs, he became her adviser and advocate. She should not cast herself away in this medieval fashion; it was ridiculous, without reason.

When the time came for his return to Paris, he ordered his clothes packed, as if the locking of his trunk would sever him forever from those he had met. But this simple thing acted the reverse from what he expected. He realized that he was about to miss them terribly; they had become as beautiful crutches in his restless life. So that night, on the sands, alone with her, he asked Susiane to become his wife.

The following



MLLE. NAPIERKOWSKA AS LYCIE

week they made the return trip as husband and wife. Lycie thought it a delicious romance, quite unheard of, and her eyes now shone steadfastly with brother-like affection, also.

He took them to his fine old home, set in a deep park, at Montmartre. There, his servants, who had been his father's, and his collection of paintings and tapestry, which was his vice, were turned over to her. At least, this was implied as he led her from one hall to another filled with his hoardings. Lycie followed close after them, filled with expressions of wonder. When he had assigned them to paneled rooms, each with its carved bed and silken valance, she could not restrain her kisses of pure joy.

Two years had slipped by, and they had led the life of a little family. At times, Susiane's slow smile would form, a wonderful thing, coming from great depths; but, as a rule, she was as one who looks across the steppes.

Achille decided it was time to introduce her to his friends. The family atmosphere had undoubtedly begun to pall on her. She needed a social tonic—dress, friends, admirers—and he meant to be prodigal.

With Lycie's connivance, he arranged a ball which should formally introduce her. His family and her strange beauty would force the rest of the entrée. And so he gave himself over to planning the affair. Lycie was quite beside herself with the excitement of it. Great personages, who had been mere names to her, were to be invited. A Russian orchestra would lend verisimilitude. The house would be made a vast winter garden as a setting for what he wished.

Until the florists' vans began to arrive, Susiane was kept in ignorance of it. Then her smile seemed a warranty of complete happiness. Lycie had posed for her sister's gown, and her slighter figure made its tightness the more fashionable. The details were like entraining an army corps, but everything was planned.

When the hotel had become a flare of lights, and the last plants had been set, the guests began to arrive. The sisters were taken as a matter of foregone and delightful fact, tho they were burning with curiosity. "The unknown Russians," was whispered behind lace fans, and then hands met in introduction, to give way to entering others. Lycie had never seen so many gorgeous dresses before; they swept to her and away like the jockeying of yachts, each accompanied by a solemn tugboat in evening clothes.

Without reason, a shock of curly blond hair, beneath which the face could not be seen, sent chills of fear down her spine. The man stood in line back of others, and she knew he was coming toward her and Susiane. It could not be! He was in prison in Russia, leagues away, and years ago! Yet the likeness came nearer. She almost swooned as strangers grasped her hand. This man, coming inevitably nearer, was stranger than any. Her sister's playmate and lifelong friend and lover.

His face, with deep-set, sanguine blue eyes, became unmistakably plain. It pierced thru the backs of those in front of him. She could have cried out in terror for him to stand back. Who had pardoned him? Was it thru the influence of the all-seeing Achille? Was it a surprise for Susiane? Her thoughts came and fled with electric rapidity, until the man stood finally in front of her sister. Susiane's self-control was wonderful. She did not appear to recognize him, tho her breath gave a little choking gasp. They had eyed each other a moment —the measure of life it seemed to Lycie—and then he had passed on.

At last the ceaseless banging of cab-doors ended, and the stream of people ceased to flow toward them. The orchestra was playing soft Russian music, which broke out now and then in strangling gutturals. Achille stood talking to a group of men with orders glistening on their breasts.

Susiane walked rapidly thru her guests, down a corridor, and into a vacant anteroom. It was away from the chatter which the notes of the distant music could not subdue. She knew that she and Paul Androv had



THE ANONYMOUS LETTER AWAITS ACHILLE

to meet again, and it were better that he find her alone.

He stepped out from behind some statuary, as if he had compelled her to come there. An ecstatic look flamed in his eyes. He stepped across to her quickly, and, taking her still hands, drew her toward him. Her face had turned as fixed as chiseled Diana's, but she permitted his endearing attitude.

"Beloved one," he whispered, close to her.

She heard him, without resistance, then shivered slightly.

"Paul," she said, rapidly, "you risk too much; the Russian ambassador is here to-night, and——"

"We saw each other," he said.

"Then you are lost; he is merciless."

"But too clever to make public arrests."

"S-s-h! I hear some one coming! Step into the conservatory."

The room became suddenly empty again. A delicate hissing sound, as of friction from silk, came rapidly down the corridor. Lycie entered the room. She had missed Susiane, and was looking for her.

The conservatory led off from the anteroom at right angles from the door by which Lycie had entered. It was concealed from the view of a person looking down the corridor. But one thing had been overlooked. A large console mirror hung in the room, in such a direction that the aisle of the conservatory was reflected down the corridor.

Lycie had seen the images of her sister and Paul as she came toward the room. But she kept on. They were bent forward in a listening attitude, and she was compelled to perform the rest of her journey. The girl had grown into sudden womanhood in the past few months, and her awkward actions had become fawnlike

and effortless. Neither the springy activity of adolescence, nor the studied grace of maturity. Her graceful body swept into the room, stood poised a moment, and then her hands picked up a book, and she had gone. She had performed an evident mission, and maybe a silent warning.

While this scene without words was being acted in a mirror, Achille had received a terrible blow: a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. A lackey had brought him a note, and he excused himself from his friends to read it. "Your wife has an appointment tonight. Watch!" it announced, simply, without signature. The ambassador, from across the room, watched Achille's face closely as he read it.

"Where did you get this?" Achille asked the servant, rapidly.

"It was placed on my tray as I was serving sorbet."

"You saw no one do it?"

"No, monsieur."

Achille's dark skin became blotched. The blood was leaving his face. He was being drawn into horrible intrigue. Whether Susiane was guilty or not, there was poison in the air, directed at them.

He resolved to go to the conservatory to think out matters calmly. He started down the corridor. Lycie came toward him, smiling.

"Listen to the air the orchestra is playing," she said, with a checking hand on his shoulder. "It is Russian, and I promised to teach you la danse de la Russie." Her arm clung to his shoulder in the embracing posture of a dancer. Several young officers watched with admiration her gliding opening steps, without the slightest pause of movement, like a portamento of music.

It was past three o'clock when the doors had folded upon the last guest. Candles guttered everywhere, smoking evilly in sconces. The rooms looked dreary in tenantless disarray.

Susiane had stood by the doors and bid each guest good-by. Her beauty and slow smile had touched every one. Now she had gone to her rooms. Lycie followed her quickly. When they were alone, her eyes sought Susiane's, thirsting for the truth. But her sister could not unloosen her chaos of sorrow and joy: a wordless, crushing thing.

Lycie clasped her sister's hands. "Tell me," she said, calmly.

Susiane's dry sobs choked her. "He has escaped, and is on his way to America. He is braving everything to see me once more."

"Think of Achille."

"I do," she sobbed, "and it tortures me beyond endurance."

"Can you not treasure Paul in your mind, without surrendering your soul?" said Lycie, inexorably.

"His eyes flash thru me like fire."

"Then your soul is in danger. Destroy his image."

Susiane gave way to unchecked weeping.

"There is no compromise," went on the younger voice. "Your soul, your life, your happiness, are in the scales."

The listener sank into a cowering mass on the sofa. For a long while she shivered and moaned, as tho in bodily torture. Suddenly she sat upright. "I will get his letters, which have linked me to the past, and burn them. It will dissolve everything between us."

She arose unsteadily to go. Lycie clung tenderly to her shoulders, and supported her across the room. "Ah! the morning will dawn again, beautiful for you," she said to the bowed head.

Achille had not gone to bed. Instead, he drew a revolver from his escritoire, and tested the working of its cylinder carefully. The furrows on his forehead had become fixed and distinct like the strands in rope. His face was lionlike, but the sleepy, good-natured look had left it. His jaw had become undershot, and his eyes almost yellow.

His plan was to go out of the house by a back stairs, thru a greenhouse, and thence upon the lawns, where he could command a view of every light left burning in the building. Upon



LYCIE PLEADS FOR A CONFESSION AND RENUNCIATION

his staring eyes the faintest candle gleam would leave an impression.

He proceeded upon his errand of espionage. No one would detect his getting out in this way. It was at that still hour just before dawn, when every sound increases a hundredfold: the imagination multiplies rapidly. But he slipped down the stairs and crossed the little space leading to the greenhouse as adroitly as a thief. The swing window shrilled on its hinges, as he opened it, like a woman's scream. He stepped into welcome gloom carefully, and crossed thru the building to its door leading on the lawn. He did not turn, but if he had he would have noticed a white shadow fill the window's space for a moment and then drop like a leaf inside.

It was Lycie. She had felt his wild heart-beats while dancing with him, and to her their generous throbs had given place to a devil's rataplan. Now she followed him as softly as his shadow. In the patches of pale moonlight she saw something glimmer in his hand: a physical enemy of sick souls; and she now guessed the meaning of his actions.

Achille took up a position under the trees, and waited, with face turned toward the house. It was as if he expected a signal. Susiane's boudoir and bedroom were on the ground floor, in a wing, and these he was watching.

The wing was perfectly dark, but Lycie, back of him, felt that all had not ended. Susiane had burned the letters, but had their tiny flames exorcised her?

The two sentinels waited patiently, like ones trying to read the face of a clock in the dusk. At last a light came, faint at first, but, as the candle gathered strength, sending a steady glow from the boudoir.

Achille's shadow left him. She fled on wings of fear; hers must be swifter than his actions to gain the greenhouse first. The race of lion and fawn commenced. She could hear his heavy feet stumbling after her, but she took the precaution to shut the greenhouse door, as she had found it.

Up the back stairs, thru the long, silent halls, she ran. It seemed like running thru a deserted city before she had come to the wing. She burst



"HE IS A GHOST FROM THE PAST," SAID LYCIE

into the room. Paul held Susiane's hands in his, and from their eyes tears were streaming. Salt jewels of renunciation and farewell.

Lycie's heart gave a glad bound, but her face conveyed the fearful warning. She pointed to Susiane's room, and her sister entered it. Then she clasped Paul to her breast, and held him, with the ferocity of a bear.

She had not long to wait. The heavy, pounding feet came rapidly up the hallway, and Achille threw the door open. He saw a man's back and Lycie's tear-stained face staring at him over the stranger's shoulder.

"Go!" she whispered, and Paul rushed to the window and jumped out of it, to be swallowed up in the night.

For a long time Achille stood with the revolver in his hand, while he stared at the young girl before him. As she stayed by the window, with arms outstretched, she heard him stagger across the room.

"Lycie!" he gasped, like one strangling.

She came softly toward him. He lay in a chair, as his brain reeled like a drunkard's.

"You will never see my lover again," she said, kneeling at his feet, and loosening his clenched fingers. "He is a ghost from the past."

"Art, in fact, is the effort of man to express the ideas which Nature suggests to him of a power above Nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being, or in the Great First Cause, of which Nature, like himself, is but the effect."—*Bulwer.*

The Plaint of the Gallery God

By F. W. HARRISON

Backward, turn backward, oh time, in your flight,
Bring once again the keen boyish delight
That used to be mine in the long, long ago,
Every Saturday night when I "took in" the show.
In the glad days of yore, my joy was complete,
With a bag of peanuts and a gallery seat.

Oh, bring back the villain, whose sardonic leer
And bloodthirsty oaths made me tremble with fear;
Who hissed thru his teeth while he brandished his knife,
"Sign the papers, Jack Dalton, or forfeit your life."
But I never saw one make a safe get-away:
He always got caught at the end of the play.

Oh, bring back the hero, dear brave-hearted Jack—
(Oh, can it be true he will never come back?)
How I would stamp, shout, whistle and cheer,
When just in the nick o' time he would appear.
I never saw fire, flood, pistol or knife
That ever yet made him surrender his life.

Where is the heroine? sweet angel-faced Nell,
Who loved only Jack, but never would tell
Until the last act, when, with eyes streaming wet,
She'd murmur: "I've loved you since the first day we met;"
While the villain looks on with impotent rage,
Till McGregor, the cop, hustles him from the stage.

Bring back dear old Daddy, who mortgaged the farm,
To go to the city and shield Nell from harm,
But ere he could find her, the villain so slick
Induced dear old Daddy to buy a gold-brick.
But the ill-gotten wealth doesn't stay with him long;
He is forced by the hero to right the foul wrong.

Bring back the mother whose shrieks fierce and wild
Rang out on the night air, "My child! Save my child!"
Bring back the poor shop girl, who would always exclaim:
"Do your worst, soulless fiend, I'll protect my good name."
Oh, where's the poor orphan, forced always to roam,
Barefoot in the snow in search of a home?

Bring back the colonel's daughter, so demure and sedate,
The prettiest lass in the whole Blue Grass State,
Who quickly donned the drugged jockey's clothes,
Mounted "Queen Bess," and won the race by a nose,
Thus winning a million or more for her Dad,
And putting the rascally "bookies" in bad.

Bring back "Hungry Pete" the villain's shout,
"Unhand her, you cur, or I'll blow your heart out."
Bring back "Hungry Pete," the villain's foul pal,
Who was always instructed to "Go steal the gal;"
"Set fire to the house," "Get the papers, and be
Down by the old bridge, at quarter to three."



Dear old mellow drama, full many a fright
You gave my young heart every Saturday night,
Each grief so distressing, each joy so sublime
Was at my command, if I had but a dime.
But out of my life you have gone like a dream,
"Driven from home" by the picture machine.



The Sewer

(Solax)

A STORY OF THE UNDERWORLD

By STELLA MACHEFERT

"YUH gotta do better'n that, yuh young idgit, or yuh'll get the hide wallopt offen yuh! Go to it, now!"

The child, a little boy of barely seven years, shrank from the threatening swish of a heavy cane, wielded by a burly individual who was more brute than man. "Go to it!" he repeated, fiercely, as the child, his terrified eyes fastened on the cane, sidled up to a figure that stood motionless in the middle of the floor.

This figure was a dummy, dressed in a suit of clothes, and hung with bells. The child approached, and attempted to draw a handkerchief from one of the coat pockets. But the little hand trembled, and a bell tinkled. Down came the stick with savage blows upon the tender shoulders. A few strangling sobs escaped from the cowering child. He knew better than to cry out, for any such announcement of his torture would only have excited the wrath of the half-dozen men playing cards at a table.

There was but one in that dark and dirty den to whom little Jack could turn for sympathy, and that was his companion in misery, his brother Jimsy, who, being but two years older than Jack, could champion him only in silence. Jimsy wrung his thin



JACK IS THRASHED FOR HIS UNSKILLFULNESS IN PICKING THE DUMMY'S POCKET

hands and whimpered, in his dark corner, as he witnessed the cruel beating.

"Aw, stow it, Slogger!" at last exclaimed one of the ruffianly card players. "That dont learn the brat nothin'. If ye're goin' to make a dip of him, keep him on de job, an' dont knock de nerve out of him."

"Petey's got de right sense of it, Slogger," seconded another at the table.

"Youse dry up, the whole bunch of youse!" growled Slogger. "I got a phoney deal with these here kids, adoptin' dem out of the kindness of my heart when their father goes an' croaks. Orphans they was, without a relative or a frien', so far's any one in the tenement knows. He'd came down in the world, an' he was close with his secrets, so what was there for the kids? The Orphans' Home? Well, I takes them, an' gives them a home, an' they'll do as I tells them, or I'll cut their precious hides in ribbons!"

"Go as fur as you like!" laughed Benny the Fox. "Your deal, Petey."

But Petey's ear was bent toward the door, and his hand stealthily sought the gun in his pocket. "Get yer mitts on yer gatts! Some one's comin'!" he said.

There was a brisk step down the hall, then a sharp rap, quickly repeated. A sigh of relief broke the tense silence.



THE THIEVES QUARREL OVER THEIR LOOT

"It's Dandy Dick," vouchsafed Benny the Fox.

When the door was opened it admitted an individual who would seem to have strayed in by mischance, so out of place did he appear among the rough and unkempt occupants of this foul thieves' den. But they were his familiars, in spite of his distinguished air, that grooming and good tailoring had lent him.

"Well, Slogger," he began, addressing the leader of the gang, "there's a job on for tonight."

"Good! What's doin'?"

"It's a schlam—house uptown—rich guy named Stuart. He's one of these here crank reformers, doing the philanthropist act."

The men had crowded about him, and were eagerly drinking in his words.

"I pulled off a good one on this Stuart today. I had a few cards made——" He paused, and took a cardcase from his pocket, and from it extracted a card that he smilingly displayed to the group. "Pretty neat, heh? 'Mr. Richard Barker, Agent of the Helpers of the Poor Society.' I handed one of these to the maid, to take in to Stuart, and he had me right in to see him. I gave him some dope about his and his wife's charities, and pretended to be very much interested. They had a lot of beggars coming in and getting bundles of stuff, so I had a chance to spy out the lay of the place. It's easy. The house is on a corner. You can boost a kid up thru a side window, and he'll open the door for you; and the get-away's a cinch."

"It looks good to me," commented Slogger.

"What about a kid? The smaller the better," advised Dandy Dick.

"Here, you Jack!" called Slogger, with a curse.

Jack and Jimsy had been crouching in a corner, their arms about each other, glad of the respite, and hoping that the men would go and leave them alone for the evening. Terror again seized them at the Slogger's call. Jack tremblingly crawled up and went to the man.



THE THIEVES CHUCKLE OVER DANDY DICK'S NEW CALLING CARD

"Now, yuh young idgit, see if yuh kin remember what yuh're told," said the leader, grasping the boy by the collar and shaking him. "Yuh'll come along with us, and when we boosts yuh into a window, yuh goes in the room quiet, an' out to the door an' opens it, an' gives us the signal it's all right. D'yuh understand?"

"Oh, Slogger," cried little Jack, in a panic of fear, "I cant go in a house alone in the dark! I'm afraid!"

But Slogger gave him a cuff, and commanded him to get his cap. Unshed tears of terror burned beneath the child's eyelids, his little heart beat smotheringly in his throat, his unwilling feet stumbled as he was led from the basement den to become an instrument of crime.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when they reached the house. All the windows were dark, and a slumbrous silence lay upon the neighborhood. Dandy Dick and Slogger conferred in whispers. "Raise that one with your jimmy," advised the former, pointing to a window above their heads, "and then put the kid thru." Slogger found a footing on a piece of projecting masonry, and, thus elevated, he was able to reach up and insert the jimmy under the sash. Slowly and cautiously he lifted it, listening for any warning sounds. Nodding to his companions that everything was all right, he held out his arms for Jack. He swung the child to the window-sill, placed a dark lantern in his hand, and, with a horrible oath, bade him be noiseless in opening the door for them.

Little Jack slipped into the room, with his lips caught between his teeth to still their chattering. He opened the slide of the lantern, but closed it quickly, almost falling in his fright, as something dark loomed before him. He held his breath, and waited. The dark thing did not move, so he again flashed on the light. It was only a big chair that had startled him. He

now turned his lantern from side to side, seeking the door that would lead to the entrance hall. He began to think that he had been a long time threading his way among the furniture, and the spirit of dread that always clutched him when he thought of Slogger, urged him forward with more speed. But he was brought up short by the command, "Stop where you are, or I'll shoot!" Jack obeyed instantly. The electric light was switched on, and Jack blinked thru the sudden illumination at a young man in a bathrobe, who pointed a pistol at him. Evidently surprised at the size of the intruder, the young man asked: "How did you get in?"

"Thru the window," whispered Jack, all a-tremble.

"Did some one else come in with you?" demanded the man, looking about warily.

"No; only me."

"What did you do it for?"

"They made me," whispered the child. "They were going to rob your house, and they put me thru the window so's I could open the door. They said they'd kill me if I didn't."

The man laid an arm impulsively about Jack's shoulders.

"I must telephone the police," he said.

"Oh, please, sir, dont send for the cops! They'll put me in jail!" cried the boy, pleadingly.

"Dont be afraid," said the man, kindly. "I'll hide you from the cops, but I must get them here at once."

The police responded promptly to the call. Before opening the door to them the man hid Jack in a closet; then, inviting the officers in, explained that the burglars had opened the window, but had been disturbed, and escaped.

"Well, Mr. Stuart," said a sergeant, "we'll get on their tracks, but they are probably far from here by this time."

When they had gone, Mr. Stuart brought Jack from the closet.

"Now, my boy, I have saved you from the police, but if I let you go I suppose you'll go back to thieving."

"Oh, no, I wont—honest, sir!" exclaimed Jack, melting into tears. "I'll go back to Jimsy."

"Who's Jimsy?" inquired Mr. Stuart.

"He's my brother. And him and me's going to go away to the country."

"Is he a thief, too?"

"Jimsy? No, sir. They cant make Jimsy steal. And they cant make me no more, neither. When I tell Jimsy about tonight, he'll say, 'Let's go right away.'"

Jack had pulled out a rag of a handkerchief, to wipe away his tears. Something dropped to the floor. Mr. Stuart picked it up.

"Here's a fifty-cent piece you dropped, my boy," he said. As he held it up, he noticed a seam down the center, and, on examining more closely, it came apart in his fingers. One of the halves had been provided with a hard and almost razor-sharp edge, and, when the two parts were together, it fitted in a groove on the other half. Mr. Stuart was puzzled. "Why, what is this for?" he asked.

"Oh, that's to cut things with," replied Jack, still dabbing his eyes. "If you want to cut wires or rope, that'll do the trick. It'll cut the strongest rope. No, I dont want it any more," he protested, as Mr. Stuart offered it to him. "You can have it."

"Can I? Thanks," smiled Mr. Stuart, putting the curiosity into his pocket.

A rustling sound back of him caused him to turn quickly, for the moment apprehending an encounter with one of the band of thieves. But it was Mrs. Stuart, who had been aroused, and, hearing her husband's voice, had come downstairs.

"Why, darling, what are you doing here at this hour of the morning? And whose little boy is this?" she asked, in amazement.

When he explained what had happened, she turned deathly pale, and glanced timidly toward door and window.

"There's no cause for alarm now, dear," said her husband, soothingly.

"The police are about the neighborhood, and those scoundrels will not dare come back. So you go along to bed again, and get your sleep."

"I was thinking of you," she answered. "What a risk you ran, Robert!"

"Nonsense!" he laughed. "The burglars ran the risk. Now, dont lose any more sleep over it."

"What are you going to do with the boy?"

"Let him go. He has a brother to go to."

Mrs. Stuart took the little fellow's face between her hands. "He doesn't look like a bad boy," she announced. The childish eyes looked up gratefully into hers.

"He has promised me to have nothing more to do with those criminals," said Mr. Stuart. "He is going away with his brother."

"Is your brother old enough to take care of you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! He's older than me!" replied the child, with such proud confidence and emphatic conviction, that the Stuarts were misled into believing poor little helpless nine-year-old Jimsy a suitable guardian for his straying lamb of a brother.

And so they let him go, in the first flush of the dawn, a lonely, shivering little soul, his good-by mingled with his promises to be good, and an earnest of his new life expressed in the renouncement of his burglar's kit, consisting of a dark-lantern and a coin that would cut the toughest rope.

He had a long way to go to the narrow, dingy street where he knew he would be received with blows and curses. He set out at a dogged pace, and plodded on for a couple of hours, a cold numbness creeping over him as he neared the house that harbored Slogger and his gang. While yet in the passageway, he heard their voices. Cold chills raced over his little body, and he listened at the door, shrunk together in abject fear. But the voices were not raised in anger; in fact, he heard Slogger laugh; so, with a desperate effort, he opened the door and went in. They did not notice him at first, for there was a new scheme afoot, another emanation from the tireless brain of Dandy Dick. His former plan in regard to wresting treasure from Mr. Stuart having miscarried, he restored his companions to an optimistic state of mind by writing a letter to Mr. Stuart. The missive purported to come from a man in sore straits, with two sick children requiring food and care.

"It takes a gent like Dick to dope out dem jobs!" sighed Benny the Fox, admiringly.

"Youse get the duffer here, Dick, and the bunch'll see that he coughs up a wad before he sees the lights o' home ag'in!" promised Slogger.

"He'll fall for the con, all right," Dandy Dick assured them. "I'll take him the letter, and tell him what a sad case it is, and that the funds of our society are all apportioned for other cases. He'll fall like a shot."

Just then Slogger caught sight of Jack standing at the door.

"Come here!" he ground out between his teeth. "What happened to yuh?"

"A man came in, and turned on the lights, and I had to hide," quavered Jack.

"Did he send for the cops?"

"Yes," gasped the child.

"Why?"

"He must've seen you out the window."

"I suppose yuh made such a devilish racket yuh woke him up!" snarled Slogger.

"No, I didn't, Slogger!" protested Jack. "I was just as quiet!"

"Where you been since?"

"I waited till the police went away, and the man went upstairs, then I got out the door and came home."

"And you didn't talk to no one?"

"No, Slogger," lied the boy, white and tense with the strain of deception.

"Well, yuh're a sneakin' little quitter, anyway!" growled the man, dealing Jack a savage blow on the side of the head. The little fellow reeled, and made for the back of the room, where Jimsy awaited him, cowering

on a cot. Jack had really escaped more easily than he expected, and, while the men sat themselves down to their everlasting card playing, he plucked up sufficient courage to relate to his sympathetic brother what had befallen him at Mr. Stuart's.

"That's the same man they're going to bring here tonight," whispered Jimsy.

"Oh! cant we tell him?" whispered back Jack, in distress.

"No. They wont let us out all day, you'll see!"

Jimsy was right. All day the men played cards, and drank and cursed, and left the boys no chance to slip out. Early in the evening Dandy Dick hurried in.

"He'll be here in a few minutes," he announced, "so get a move on, and clear out!"

A wild scramble ensued. The dummy hung with bells was carried out, the cards and bottles were swept from the table and out of sight, and the card players retired into the next room. Jimsy was instructed to feign sickness on the cot, and Jack upon the floor, with a coat for a pillow. Slogger, his brutal features partially concealed by a false beard, sat at the table, his head drooping, and his shoulders hunched in an affectation of sorrow and despondency. To a knock at the door, he called out a mournful "Come in."

Mr. Stuart entered, his frank face clouding at the dismal and unsanitary aspect of the room. He went to the table and placed upon it the leather bag which his wife had had packed with clothing and food for the supposedly sick children.

"Good-evening," he said heartily to Slogger, who had risen, with an air of humility.

"I am sure, sir, it was very kind of you to come," whined the impostor.

"Not at all. It gives me pleasure to go where I am needed."

Here the child on the floor caught his eye, and he was startled to recognize Jack. The boy raised himself cautiously, and placed his finger to his lips in warning. Mr. Stuart realized that danger threatened. To hide his uneasiness, and collect his wits, he bent over the bag on the table. A peculiar movement about him caused him to look sharply up. He was surrounded by half a dozen hard-faced men, whose threatening revolvers counseled "Hands up!"

The men went thru his pockets, and, upon the discovery of a check-book, they demanded that he write them out a check for one thousand dollars. He refused. Upon a reiterated demand, he repeated his refusal more emphatically. Taken aback by this unlooked-for show of courage, the men sought a suggestion from their leader.

"A night in the cellar will give the gent a change of heart, I'm thinkin'," sneered Slogger. "Get the ropes."

As they threw them about him, and he saw that he was to be bound, like a flash came the remembrance of the coin that little Jack had given him. Stealthily he slipped his hand into his breast pocket. It was there! When they had drawn out the check-book, they had not looked further. He kept it in his hand while they drew the cords tighter and tighter, binding his arms over his chest. Slogger lifted a trap-door in the floor. During the preparations, Jack had been off to one side, nervously tracing letters on a scrap of paper. As Mr. Stuart was being lowered into the black hole, the boy stole up and, with the deftness that Slogger had been at such pains to



STUART FINDS THE SECRET DOOR TO THE SEWER



STUART IS FRIGHTENED BY THE RATS

teach him, he dropped the paper into Mr. Stuart's pocket.

As he struck the floor of the musty cellar, the victim had a moment's regret that he had not yielded to the thugs' demand, in the first place, for he would have to yield before they would release him. The prospect of a night on the damp earth grew momentarily more repugnant. He could at least get free of his bonds, for already he had applied the keen edge of Jack's coin to the rope, and could feel the strands parting. At last he could work his arms out of the network of ropes, and in a few minutes more he threw off the last coil. He stood up and stretched his limbs, then felt in his pockets to ascertain what had been left him. His fingers encountered a piece of paper, wrapt around something hard. He drew it out. It was a key, and the paper contained writing. Holding it up so that a streak of light falling thru a crack in the trap door touched it, he read: "There is a door in the wall that opens on the sewer. The keyhole is under a piece of wood. This is the key."

It was a childish scrawl, and he knew it must be Jack's. Uninviting as this means of escape appeared to him, it presented the only possible way of frustrating the evil designs of the band of thieves. He began feeling over the stones of the wall for the piece of wood. At last, after much groping in the dark, he found it. He inserted the key, and a section of the wall turned easily and noiselessly. Stepping thru, he had next to raise an iron-barred gate, and, on the other side of this, he was in the sewer.



THE RATS ATTACK STUART

Feeling his way along the clammy sides, he went forward eagerly. He had thought that he would reach a manhole almost immediately, and that his disagreeable experience could not last above a few minutes. But when the time went by and found him still stumbling thru the sewage, the stench nauseating and strangling him, he began to feel the horror of his peril. He had spells of faintness as the foul gases rose about him. Then, of a sudden, he became conscious of a new terror. He felt something crawling over his shoulder. He put up his hand, and grasped a rat, which he dashed from him with loathing. But there were more of them; they came in twos and threes, and attacked him, running over him, squeaking in fright and rage at his wild contortions. He tore them from him, and, as they fell, kicked at them, and splashed madly on to escape them. Almost spent, and well nigh crazed, he reached an enlarged space, and on one side of this his hand touched a ladder. Grasping it, he drew himself up, feebly, rung by rung, clinging by sheer strength of will. Reaching the top, he dislodged the cover of the manhole, and a gust of fresh air struck his face. He lay half in, half out of the hole, gasping, filling his lungs, and exhaling the poison with which they were saturated. His strength returning, he dragged himself up and staggered thru the deserted streets to the nearest police station.

Accustomed as are the guardians of law and order to tales of strange and fearful occurrences, those who listened to Robert Stuart's narrative were open-mouthed with wonder. Eagerly, at the command of the captain, they accompanied the victim of the night's adventures to the den to which he had been lured. Slogger and his band were engaged in a hot dispute over the cards, and failed to hear the approach of the police. When the door was burst open it was too late to reach for guns, for the officers of the law had them covered. The scoundrels stared incredulously at Robert Stuart, their astonishment breaking out in the low curses of their vernacular.



THE GANG OF THIEVES IS ARRESTED

When they had filed out under guard of the police, two little boys were found by the lieutenant, hiding behind the door.

"Come along, you kids," he said.

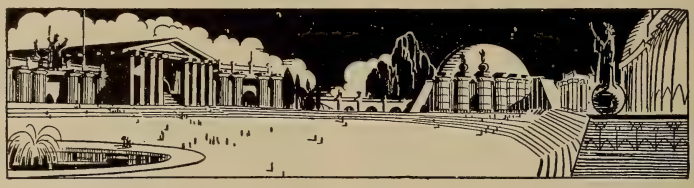
"No, officer," interposed Robert Stuart, "my wife and I have other plans for that littlest boy. We have a home and a future to offer him. Do you want to come and live with me, Jack?"

"Ye-e-s, sir," answered Jack, hesitantly. And then, in desperation, he said: "Please, sir, this is Jimsy!"

Mr. Stuart surveyed the shrinking little figure with compassion.

"So this is big brother Jimsy? Well, Jimsy, do you want to come along, too?"

With one accord, the boys rushed to him, smiling for the first time in many weary months. He swung Jack up to his shoulder, and, with Jimsy clinging to his hand, passed from that den of iniquity to the beautiful home where he knew the little orphans would be welcomed with a mother's love.



The Magic Mirror

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

There is a Magic Mirror hung
  Within a cavern which I know;
    The entrance intricately wrought,
And with a thousand diamonds strung,
As tho some wandering sylph had flung
  A shower of stars to us below.

Aye, steal within, good friend and true;
  What shadowed curtain sheathes and clings,
    To cloak the wonders we have sought?
Nay—'tis but brief; already you
The promised miracle may view,
  For there the Magic Mirror swings!

What crave you most? What love you best,
  Of all things e'er desired or known?
    Choose speedily—the shadow lifts!
And on the Magic Mirror's breast
Glide men and women, there to wrest
  With plots into fruition blown.

To hark to some fond tune long dead,
  Souls pause at Folly's gilded door;
    Thru tragedy the sunlight sifts,
And beggar hearts are warmed and fed;
When, lo! the shadows swarm o'erhead—
  Look you, our visioning is o'er!

Next show in three minutes!



"THE CLUE"

BY HENRY ARTHUR PHILLIPS



It is strange how few sympathetic hearts and helping hands there are among the hustling, bustling crowds of the cities. A crowd will quickly form around some one who has been rendered helpless, and offer gibes very often, but seldom a helping hand. Few ever seem to have the courage to take the initiative.

But Kathleen Nesbitt was one of these few. When she saw the elderly gentleman a little distance ahead of her, suddenly stagger uncertainly, for a moment, and then fall, she ran forward. She had his head in her lap in scarcely the time it takes to tell of it, and was calling to a timid passerby to run into the drug store on the corner for a stimulating drink. Before the stimulant arrived, however, the old gentleman had opened his eyes, and was looking at the pretty girl dazedly.

"What is the matter?" he asked, bewilderedly.

"You fell," said Kathleen, gently assisting him to a seat on a door-sill. "You slipped, possibly."

"No," he disagreed. "It's the second time within a month. It's a bad, bad sign, the doctor says. But, tut, tut, my little friend," he went on, brightening, and laying one of his trembling hands on her strong, pretty ones, "why worry? it will all be the same—for us—a hundred years from now!"

The little group that had formed, seeing that they were to be treated to no fatality, pronounced their dissatisfaction in the word "Drunk!" and hurried along to their day's work. A boy brought some spirits of ammonia.

"Do you feel able to walk now?" asked the girl, a shade of anxiety clouding her brow, as a nearby clock told her the hour.

"Why, of course; certainly!" returned the man, rising, and almost immediately toppling over. The girl's strong arm saved him from another fall.

"Come," she said, resolutely, "I am going to accompany you home."

He turned his gentle blue eyes on her a moment.

"I did not dream there were women like you nowadays—or, perhaps, I did *dream* it. But come, you are in a hurry, I am sure. Fortunately, I live near." At the door of a shabby, high-stooped dwelling he paused.

"This is where I live," he said, modestly, "and I thank you from the bottom of my heart, young lady."

"I am always glad to help those who need help. I know what it means, for I have a mother who is a helpless invalid."

"My name is Linden, Karl Linden," he remarked, kindly. "Wont you tell me yours?"

"Kathleen Nesbitt," she said, simply, already moving away.

The old man was groping in his pockets for something which, evidently, was not there.

"Wont you tell me where a letter will reach you?" he asked, looking up. But she was far down the street.

"Why should I not?" he mumbled, as he labored up the high stoop. "I have no children, but have always longed to make a daughter happy. I must find that girl—I must."

Kathleen, at that moment, was



KATHLEEN ASSISTS THE STRICKEN MAN

facing the time clock in the department store where she was employed. She was twenty minutes late! This meant an hour deducted from her salary—if nothing worse. The morning before, her sick mother had occasioned a similar infraction of the store rules.

"Miss Nesbitt, you are very late this morning," remarked Mr. Dowling, the floor-walker in charge of her department. They had met in the long hall that leads from the coat-room to the sales department.

"I am sorry," said the girl, pausing.

"Only yesterday, the firm called me in and said: 'Now, Mr. Dowling, the young ladies in your department are entirely in your charge; promote or discharge them according to their merits.' This is straight goods, Miss Nesbitt," he further assured her.

The girl was too filled with dread just then scarcely to heed the caressing hand that had rested upon hers.

"I have been wanting to do something for you for a long time, girlie." Mr. Dowling was smirking and drawing closer.

"Why—why, what do you mean?" asked the girl, trying to withdraw her hand, which he held fast.

"That I'm stuck on you—and want a kiss this minute."

For reply he received a stinging, resounding slap on the face that made him drop the girl's hand.

"I'll fire you, the very next thing I can get on you!" he called after her retreating figure.

Kathleen went to her counter with a heavy heart, and worked all day long, with scarcely a smile or a word to her companions and customers, which was most unusual for her.

The day's work came to a close with the discovery of still another mishap. Her bag, with the little change she had reserved for the week's car fares, had disappeared! Then she recollected how, in her solicitude for the old man, she had laid the bag by her side—and forgotten it.

She started out resolutely to walk



"YOUR MOTHER, MISS, IS VERY SICK TONIGHT"

the fifty or more blocks to her home. From the corner of her eye she saw Mr. Dowling, the floor-walker, lingering near the corner, waiting for more than a car, she believed, with forgiveness in his admiring eyes. They usually boarded the same car nights, and she was sorely tempted to play the hypocrite, and thus secure her position at the store, as well as to obtain a ride home at his expense, tonight by all means. Her sick mother would grow worse at the slightest anxiety.

But she passed him by after all, and he stood there with a sickly smile on his face, the butt of all the shop-girls who had witnessed the cut direct. Kathleen could hope neither for mercy nor consideration now, and she knew it.

As she plodded along as fast as her weary feet would carry her, she could not forbear thinking that that kindly action in behalf of Mr. Linden had started all the trouble, and that the old gentleman was innocently responsible for her day's misfortunes.

On arriving at her tenement home she was horrified by a neighbor's whispered word that her mother had grown so much worse during the past hour, that some one had brought a doctor, who was now upstairs waiting for her return. Kathleen rushed up the rickety stairs, tears streaming down her pretty face.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees beside a lounge, on which lay a sweet-faced woman with pain-closed eyes.

"Ah, this is your daughter?" said a big, serious-visaged man, stepping over from the sink, where he had been preparing a mixture in a thick tumbler.

Kathleen's eyes sought his in agonized inquiry. He beckoned her to the adjoining room.

"Your mother, Miss," he said, softly closing the door, "is very sick tonight, because of some undue excitement or worry. You must be very, very careful of that. She must constantly be filled with hope and no worries must come near her, or——" he snapped his fingers expressively.

"Mother is very ill, then?" asked the girl.

"Very ill, young lady. But she *can* be made well again."

"Oh, she can? She can?" cried the girl, joyously changed in an instant. "How? Oh, tell me how!"

"Change of climate," replied the doctor, hesitatingly.

"Oh," said the girl, almost bursting into tears, "and that means——"

"Travel of more than a thousand miles—with a trained nurse, maybe."

"And money," supplemented Kathleen, dejectedly.

"Yes, a great deal of money," concluded the doctor. "But with your care, here, and absolute freedom from worry, your mother may——"

"I understand," interrupted the girl. "I think she is calling me."

When her mother had dropped into a quiet sleep that night, Kathleen gathered the few remaining treasures she possessed, and slipped out to a nearby pawnshop, stopping in the drug store on her way back.

Ten days passed, during which Kathleen practised all the arts her quick mind and pretty eyes could conjure to make herself indispensable to her store—and to Mr. Dowling. But Mr. Dowling was piqued thru and thru, and it could be plainly seen that he was only waiting his chance of revenge.

The girl was desperate. Losing her position was equivalent to killing her mother!

She might have held her position for months had not a series of unpropitious events begun to happen.

Kathleen stood one afternoon, looking sadly pensive across the store, when a little old man came within her range of vision. It was Mr. Linden. The old fellow had become somewhat emaciated since the girl had last seen him. He now carried a cane, and seemed to proceed with difficulty. Suddenly he spied Katheen, and, with an exclamation of joy, he came hobbling over to her, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Bless my soul, Miss Nesbitt," he cried, taking both her hands in his,



MR. LINDEN AND THE SHOP GIRLS WRITE SOMETHING ON HIS CUFF

"I had quite despaired of ever finding you again!"

"How are you?" asked the girl, unable to feel anything but pleasure at seeing him again.

"Only so-so," he said, smiling sadly. "Have had two more of those spells since I saw you. One of 'em 'll carry me off, I suppose."

"Nonsense," said the girl, trying to assume an air of doubt that her mind did not share.

"But they've not all been so kind to me as you were, and that reminds me—you dropped a bag, didn't you? They brought it to me, so now that I know where you are, I'll come with it some day."

Kathleen looked up at that minute and saw the threatening eyes of Mr. Dowling fastened on her, while two impatient customers stood unattended to.

"I must go," she said, almost rudely breaking away from his gentle hand clasp.

"Good-by," was his only comment. He turned and hobbled, smilingly, out of the store.

Mr. Dowling strolled up a little while later.

"It would be advisable, Miss Nesbitt," he said, in a voice that her companions heard, "to meet your gentlemen friends on the outside. Next time it happens I'll do more than speak about it."

From that hour on, the other girls in the store made Kathleen's life miserable, teasing and worrying her with remarks about her "old beau." She said nothing.

When Mr. Linden came again, she was surprised, and dismayed, to see him hobble up to two of the girls who teased her most, whisper something in their ears, and then point with a sly wink to his cuff. They nodded, and took from his hand a pen he offered them. To Kathleen's amazement they wrote upon his cuff!

He went off with a great deal of

mirth, pausing only to wave his stick at Kathleen.

The two girls tapped their heads significantly, and Kathleen felt inclined to agree with them. Mr. Dowling was a spectator to this bit of comedy, but, of course, was unable to fasten any blame on Kathleen.

The store had scarcely opened for business the next morning, when Kathleen was confronted with the kindly, tho pain-stricken, face of Mr. Linden.

"And here is the bag you lost," he said, placing it on the counter, and taking her hand and giving it a fatherly pat.

Despite her annoyance at the possible consequences of the eccentric old man's visit, Kathleen had grown very fond of him. She took his hand and pressed it between both her own.

Suddenly, a big hand loomed on the shabby shoulder of the old man and jerked him toward the door.

"Now, you git!—do you hear?"

It was Mr. Dowling. He shoved Mr. Linden to, and outside the door. Kathleen saw him totter and fall.

"You mean coward!" she cried, turning on Mr. Dowling, who stood wiping the contamination from his white hands.

"Miss Nesbitt, you may step to the office and get your money!"

But the girl had run to the sidewalk, and was again holding in her lap the head of the old man who had brought her nothing but misfortune. But an ambulance had been summoned, and Mr. Linden was rudely bundled into it, still unconscious.

Then her situation dawned on her. She was discharged, without work, without income! Her mother's precarious health, which had been growing steadily worse for the past three weeks, was now bound to terminate fatally.

She went into the store for her meager wages and coat and hat.

The rest of the day she spent in a



KATHLEEN IS DISCHARGED

vain search for work, returning home wan and worn, at the usual hour, in order to arouse no suspicion.

But after the frugal meal was over, Kathleen was alarmed at the strange gaze her mother had fastened on her.

"Kathleen," she said, smoothing the shawl that covered her, "what has happened?"

"Why, nothing, mother dear, noth——" But Kathleen could deny no more when she looked into the clear, all-seeing eyes of her mother.

"There, there, dear." Kathleen was now weeping on her mother's breast. "You will do the best you can, I know."

But already the girl could feel, thru the woman's feverish, trembling hands, the injurious effect of the bad news.

A knock came at the door. Kathleen opened it, and a tall, middle-aged man, with a kindly face, stepped in.

"I have bad news," he said.

Kathleen put her fingers to her lips, and pointed toward the woman on the lounge.

"What is it?" she pleaded, in an awed whisper.

"Mr. Linden died in the Graduate Hospital, about two hours ago."

"How terrible!" whispered the girl.

"He spoke something of a document in your possession."



THE MISER CHUCKLES OVER HIS MONEY

"I know nothing of it."

"Suppose you call at my office in the morning."

He left her a card, and hurried away.

Her mother had fallen asleep. She softly tiptoed to a large chair, and sat down to count her funds. In the handful of things she took from her bag was what seemed to be a man's cuff. On one side was pinned a yellow laundry ticket. She turned the cuff over. There was writing on it, in a scrawny, senile hand:

I, Karl Linden, give and bequeath all my property, real and personal, to Kathleen Nesbitt.

Signed this 21st day of Jan., 1912.

KARL LINDEN.

Witnesses:
CARRIE MAGUIRE,
ELSIE GREENBAUM.

"Why, they're two of the girls in the store!" she exclaimed. Then she remembered the whole affair of a few days before.

That night she slept scarcely a wink, thinking of what the morrow might bring forth.

Mr. Barnes, the lawyer, smiled sadly when she called in the morning, with the curious will.

"Strange, but apparently legal," he remarked. "But I trust you have not had too high hopes."

Kathleen did not confess how high her hopes had run.

"A cedar clothes chest and an old watch are all he left. I shall have them sent to your home."

The girl went home, more than half sick. The chest was already there.

In the evening the doctor called, and shook his head ominously.

"I can promise nothing, Miss Nesbitt, unless your mother gets a change of climate immediately."

"Why speak of it?" asked the girl, wearily. She was folding and refolding a yellow slip of paper, with what seemed to be Chinese hieroglyphics on it. The doctor glanced at it intently a minute.

"That's curious," he said, taking the slip from her hand. "I thought this was a laundry ticket, but when folded this way it forms words in English. That's clever. Did you invent it?"

"Why, what does it say?" asked Kathleen, her grief-ridden mind now stirred by curiosity.

"It reads"—the doctor held it first one way, then another—"it reads, 'False bottom in chest.'"

Kathleen studied it a single instant, then sprang up, and, seizing a flat-iron, began demolishing the bottom of the cedar chest that was her legacy.

"For heaven's sake, girl, remember your mother!" cautioned the doctor, in alarm. "That noise will——"



KATHLEEN COMES INTO HER INHERITANCE

"Not this noise," cried the girl, reaching inside and bringing forth two great handfuls of yellow-backed banknotes. "Doctor, tell us where's the best place for mother to go, for we leave to-morrow!"



The City of Refuge

By L. M. THORNTON

'Tis stormy, stormy weather
And where am I to go,
Till robins prune the feather
And sunbeams golden glow?
Why, just one place I'd rather—
The Motion Picture show.

'Tis torrid, torrid weather,
What pleasure shall I know,
Till shadows cooling gather
And winds refreshing blow?
Why, rest and joy together
Are at the Picture Show.

From The One Behind



How often it has been my plight,
To sit behind some damsel fair;
And find when she removes her hat,
The whole screen covered by false hair.
But here is what to me seems worse,
Which all of you no doubt have seen;
Two women sit with heads quite close,
Thus hiding all the picture screen.





The last and meanest of them all,
Is the woman so selfish that—
She ignores the plight of the one behind,
By refusing to remove her hat.

Would like to see a slide like this,—
"Will ladies please remove their hats;"
Then just below in larger type,
"And also all their puffs and rats."

Cecil Van A.

The Old Kent Road

(Vitagraph)

By PETER WADE

Bill Simmonds	*Van Dyke Brook*
Sarah Simmonds, his wife	*Mrs. Kate Price*
Sue, their daughter	*Clara Kimball Young*
Harry Gethings, a young coster	*Maurice Costello*
Mr. Hallet, a lawyer	*Charles Eldridge*
Spriggins, the landlord	*William Shea*
Joe Simmonds, Bill's cousin	*Robert Gaillord*

'Buses leave the Lord Nelson, on Old Kent Road, pass along it into Great Dover Street, and so by London Bridge penetrate the City. I have never heard of any bumping southward over Old Kent Road—at least, not when Bill Simmonds and his family lived thereon. The houses were mostly old, built in rows, that they could support each other in their decrepitude, maybe, and the tanners and rope-makers having a job Bermondsey way hoofed it with passing comfort. The quarter had had its member in Parliament ever since Edward the Confessor had cast a covetous eye on it, the bricklayers had succeeded in getting a railway station named after them, and costermongers still jealously guarded the visible supply of greens and pearl buttons.

At the time in which our little domestical tale opens an interminable strike was on among the dock workers, and had spread slowly westward until all the trades in the yards were affected. The price of green goods had fallen very low. Artisans stayed at home to nurse their wrath, and seemed to subsist without eating.

Bill Simmonds had made the rounds of Old Kent Road and its purlieus, even exploring undiscovered alleyways, more by habit than in quest of a market for his wares. Locked doors stared at him everywhere, and did not open to his call of the palatable. Little boys appeared to be making endless journeys with pitchers of beer, but the fresh leeks and cabbages on his cart ended their trip each day in the shed back of No. 73, unsought for, and covered with the dusts of undisturbed wanderings. So Bill had given them over and taken to the bosom of his generous family.

On occasions he aroused himself, and walked to the docks for news, but, as a rule, he was a gloomy, smoking fixture in the household's rocking-chair. The location of this receptacle, which was moved about clapped to his breeches, like the abode of a snail, was avoided by the younger generation of Simmondses as a bad bit of coast is avoided by mariners; with this disadvantage, that by reason of continual shiftings into the unexpected parts of the room, the under fry were as persistently colliding with it and its morose inhabitant. This always resulted in childish disaster, cuffed hands, bawls, and promises to be more watchful.

Sue was the only member who seemed at all to understand the alternate joy and anguish of the little Simmondses. She was a good seven years older than the next in succession (which makes it about eighteen), but each new and repeated arrival had never lost interest to her. Both by necessity and choice she had been a little mother to all the little Simmondses, her mother having her hands full about the house and in helping Bill. Now, the treacherous rocking-chair seemed to fill the house completely, and the gentle Sue and her flock avoided it as best they could.

Bill was out on the docks when

Mr. Spriggins, the elderly "Yorrk" landlord, called, and so one unpleasant clash was spared, Bill and Mr. Spriggins never giving in to each other on a difference of opinion. Bill's ideas, as a tenant, naturally differed from Mr. Spriggins' profusely and persistently. Besides, he was a cockney, vainglorious, and given to boasting. Mr. Spriggins was never in the self-laudatory mood, and he very seldom spoke, much less boasted. He was thought to be deaf by many of his tenants in the Road, which served his purpose excellently.

Yet opinions differed on the habitability of Bill's domicile. Bill called it "a bloomin' corpse of a 'ouse"; Spriggins looked at its dingy interior paternally, and, father-like, failed to see its weaknesses.

As Bill's wife, Sarah Simmonds, paid over the rent out of her hoard of more prosperous days, she suddenly remembered the leaky condition of the drains.

"You'll be a-fixin' of 'em directly?" she asked the ape-like Mr. Spriggins.

"Eh? Drain pipes," he finally admitted. "Mahwod ay! Ye're gannin' better nor me. Ah fëal I'd be ow'r drain pipes."

"And th' loose tiles?" she persisted.

"That's a lee!" he quavered, indignantly. "Ah plaisted 'em mysel', yister year."

Sarah subsided as he felt with his stout stick toward the door. She felt that Bill was the needed one to handle such an old curmudgeon, and that she had it in her to work Bill up to the handling point.

Presently he came in, and Sarah, after the ways of indignant women, told him more than enough about Mr. Spriggins and his house.

Bill rocked uncomfortably in his chair. 'E's a swot!" he growled, turning red, "a bloomin' slyve-driver. I've a mind to leave this 'ere dawl's 'ouse to tumble down on 'im."

He muttered to himself at the magnificence of his threat. Sue crossed the room to the discomforted one and deftly filled his pipe. She had been so busy as to hardly notice the unwelcome call of Mr. Spriggins, but she knew when to humor her father; he was smoldering for an eruption too big for their little quarters.

After little Joe had burnt his fingers, and Tom had, unfortunately, jarred the spirals of smoke ascending from the rocker, she slipped softly back to her place by the window.

A second caller tapped faintly on the door and did not wait for his summons to be answered. By opening it abruptly, and springing in, Mr. Harry Gethings performed the double duty of parlor maid and cavalier.

Bill did not appear to be unduly impressed with his smiling presence. "'Ello, 'Arry," he grunted, but Sue turned the color of primrose, for Harry was her first and only beau. Not but that she deserved a roomful of them, capable and pretty Sue, but Bill's progeny, noisy and numerous, and her unselfish care of them, had frightened off the others.

Mr. Harry Gethings had first encountered Mr. Bill Simmonds in the way of business; in fact, he had intruded his wares into Bill's territory. For a few memorable days their rival carts were seen racing with the skill of chariots to be the first to hawk a certain favored alley. Their alternate calls announced the lure of vegetables at give-away prices. Thrifty housewives took golden advantage of fabulous drops in the price of luxuries. Then the trade war had ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and Harry was received into the sacredness of the elder's household. Prices soared again, and the public hinted at an unholy conspiracy between them. But to do justice to both of them, it was little Sue who had brought about the cessation of hostilities. Her soft ways had charmed the boisterous young coster, and now, gradually, as the price of greens went up, thru a division of routes, just so had his heart soared in her presence.

The strike had come, and Harry, the improvident one, had been forced to sell his donkey and cart. Is there

any creature more tailless than a coster without his cart? But the courtship had still kept up, tho Bill was growing lukewarm, very tepid, toward his humbled rival in trade.

As if to show their unconcern at his presence, Bill and Sarah turned to their nightly game of cribbage. If Harry missed the hearty slap of former welcome from Mr. Simmonds, and his own former salute of the ample cheek of the "missus," he did not



SUE AND HARRY COURT, WHILE BILL AND SARAH PLAY CRIBBAGE

show it. His sole thought seemed to be bent on summarily captivating Sue.

He may have been rough, I grant it, with guarded attempts to circumvent her girlish waist, and disregard of parental coldness. At length she fluttered softly away from him, and Bill, like an alert game warden, turned a stony stare on and quite thru the aggressive lover.

"I s'y," said Harry, rising to the occasion, "'ow do a bit of a walk strike you, Susie?"

Sue rose obediently to fetch her shawl.

Bill's stare swept around on her at this unexpected hardihood. "I 'appen to know this a-walkin' hout is

hawf'ly vulgar," he began, in protesting accents, but the door closed quickly upon his further social dicta. "This 'ere lark tykes me cold," he confided to Sarah, "an' that's flat—it's a shyme, that's wot!" With this feeble protest he absorbed himself over the cribbage table. Perhaps he was not quite ready to measure swords with Harry; perhaps he enjoyed nursing his resentment, or again, like a skilled warrior, he may have been casting about for a fateful weapon; at any rate, his actions on this rebellious occasion were surprisingly mild.

Out in the moonlight the meanness of the houses in Old Kent Road was softened to the verge of beauty. Sue and Harry felt its mellow influence. Her hand lay, with free trust, in his. In the course of time they had strolled as far as the parapets of London Bridge. Here they stood while the lovers' moon made uneven blotches on the river.

One day was very like another in the Road, and the morrow dawned with no premonition of change. Sue had healed sundry rents in little Jenny's frock, chased Tom off to school,

and had grimly taken up the task of scouring deposits of grime from Joe's face. Sarah Simmonds was a veritable sea-nymph at scrubbing the living-room floor. Tiny waves of foam were sent out from her inexorable brush, much to the discomfort of the rocking-chair. Bill could understand cleanliness for a Sunday walking out, and artistic personal adornment, too, but this being a mariner in his own home, of mornings, got upon his nerves. "Blyme me, Sary," he growled, as a particularly vicious wave threatened to engulf him, "it's hawful the w'y you slop them suds aroun'. I dont 'arf like it."

"Ho!" she snorted. "Them's as dont like it knows wot's agreeable."

The seagoing chair containing Bill made a quick passage across the room. "'Ome's a bloomin' duck pond," he feebly commented.

Just how far Mr. Simmonds' woes would have immersed him, I am unable to log, for a timid knocking came upon their door, to be repeated at a discreet interval.

Sue opened it, and a strange figure of a little man stood on their doorstep, his face twisted between apology and fright. Suddenly he made a most elaborate bow, and bolted into the room. Sarah got up from her stiff knees and piloted him to the sofa. Bill continued to stare at the rare genus.

"Does Mr. William Simmonds reside here?" began the stranger, and Bill's emphatic "That's me" brought him to his feet in apologetic fright.

"I have here a communication for you, sir," continued the caller, "that is fraught with the most pleasant consequences."

At this, Mr. Simmonds slid his rocker to within the proper distance —not too close to be friendly, but near enough to appear unhostile.

The stranger coughed behind his hand in the nicest manner, and summoned his courage for another interrogation.

"You undoubtedly were well acquainted with your late uncle, the late John Simmonds of Camberwell?" he said.

"Wot?" cried Bill, not noticing the "late." "A bloomin' old swot is wot I call 'im!"

The little man coughed deprecatingly again. "He has passed away," he asserted, solemnly, "and has left you sole heir to his villa at Camberwell, his chaise and donkey, and a considerable income."

"Well, I'm blowed!" admitted Bill. "Wotever 'as come over 'im?" Then the astounding significance of the thing gripped him, and he looked weakly at Sarah. She, good woman, stood with mouth wide open, as if about to give voice to a scream.

The bearer of the tidings, thinking it a good chance for an exit, whipped a card from his pocketbook and placed it in Bill's hand, with a bow. "Mr. Mallet, sir, of Cook & Mallet, solicitors. Always at your service." Then he was gone, with his manner quite like a rabbit, and they could hardly believe in his visit at all.

Mrs. Simmonds' painful expression finally emitted a drawn-out "Oh!" Her face softened considerably, and she looked at the former tenant of the rocker almost with affection. "You allus was a lucky 'and, Bill," she finally admitted.

"That's wot comes o' bein' a Simmonds," Bill assured her. "I wonder wot came over Uncle Johnny; 'e 'ated me like pysin."

Contemplation turned to joy in the household. Bill could not contain himself. He jumped the frightened little Joey countless times ceilingward in pure excess of muscle. As the day wore on, Sue did not neglect her duties, tho, I am sorry to admit it, Sarah was persuaded to by Bill. For long hours they disappeared from the house, and it was only as dusk began to spread its long skirts against the sun, and shadows gathered in the Road, that they returned. Sue was singing little Joe to sleep—some old song picked up from a Deptford sailor —and could scarcely grasp her parents' transformation.

Mr. Simmonds entered his shabby home wearing a top hat of a delicate cream color; a pearl-shaded overcoat



THE SIMMONDSES BEDECK THEMSELVES IN FINE ARRAY

with a deep velvet collar adorned his rotund figure. Sarah was wearing a Cheapside creation—a bonnet containing the favorite flowers of all nations impartially. Her new shot silk dress, too, swished and flaunted with a good deal of manner. Both were carrying bundles, many of them, no doubt, the containers of aristocratic insignia. One was opened, and gifts brought forth for the gaping children: a jumping-jack for Joey, a doll for Jenny, a cricket bat and ball for Tom, and so on thru the list. For Sue, her fond mother had bought a French scarf, which had traveled all the way from the looms of Nottingham.

After the supper things were cleared away, Bill took out gingerly from its velvet couch a most marvelous meerschaum pipe, carved after the German fashion, and proceeded to bestow it on himself, with the air of one born to esoteric luxuries. Some tobacco, at a shilling the ounce, followed it; a pair of morocco slippers sought an unfamiliar place by the hearth.

As whiffs of Arcadian smoke arose from the rocker, Mr. Gethings, totally unprepared for such things, entered,

and found him. He drank in the scene in unqualified amazement.

"I s'y, Bill," he said, unreverently, "wot *'as* come over us?"

Mr. Simmonds' hour had come to crush the ineligible suitor once and forever. "Sary," he asked, as if in the ordinary course of events, "'as the goods-van been hordered?"

"Puff, puff," from the meerschaum.

"Because I'm thinkin'," he continued, "o' takin' a willa hout Camberwill w'y."

Harry turned toward Sarah, and her flaming bonnet, which she had been instructed to keep on for this occasion, nodded pleasantly toward him.

"'Ave I been larkin?" he asked unresponsive space, "hor is my bloomin' heyesight playin' a gyme?"

"You see wot you see, Mr. 'Arry Gethings," said the gentleman in slippers, "an' I presume you dont recognize your betters. We're a-leavin' the Road," he added, with proper sternness, "an' I'll trouble you not to be a-follerin' of us."

Harry's dazed eyes glanced toward Sue, and gained confirmation from her troubled ones. It was no elaborate joke, then? They were really leaving —and leaving him behind!

Bill Simmonds seemed to read his wretched thoughts, for he got up from his chair with a show of dignity and grasped Sue's arm.

"I cawnt 'ave it said," he explained, in dismissal, "that a gent wot owns 'is willa 'as 'is gel a-walkin' hout with a coster."

Harry walked toward the door with troubled, shuffling steps. Perhaps Bill was right, after all, he thought, and Sue was too good for him. At any rate, something wonderful had happened that gave Bill the right to watch over her. He closed the door. Only Sue's eyes followed him.

The next day neighbors did more than whisper up back alleyways. Such an unheard-of event must need hold them gaping and peering in front of Bill's domicile. A handsome goods-van drove up, and Bill came out to superintend the withdrawal of his furniture. Under ordinary circumstances, the smashing of a what-not, filled with sea shells, by the van men, would have started a shower of oaths from the outraged owner; now he said, "Easy, men; so!" and flung them crown pieces when the job was done.

A few hours later the finishing touch came, which dwellers in the Row still talk about to this day, when a grand comparison is needed. Mr. Simmonds was discovered driving a pony-chaise and nobby donkey down the road! His cream-colored hat was set at a rakish angle, and he wore gloves to match! His long-lashed whip was held only as the charioteers of Hyde Park hold them—inexorably, like a bowsprit above its rigging! As if by clockwork, or flung open by a lackey, his door opened, and Mrs. Simmonds, in her shot silk skirt and bonnet (and proper countenance to match them) came majestically out. The body of the procession was not so impressive, for the ragged little Simmondses, rank and file, had nothing of finery to show but clean faces. Even this was startling. Sue brought up the rear, and kept the ranks in line; but she appeared a drab ending to such great beginnings, for she looked just as sweet and unchanged as ever.

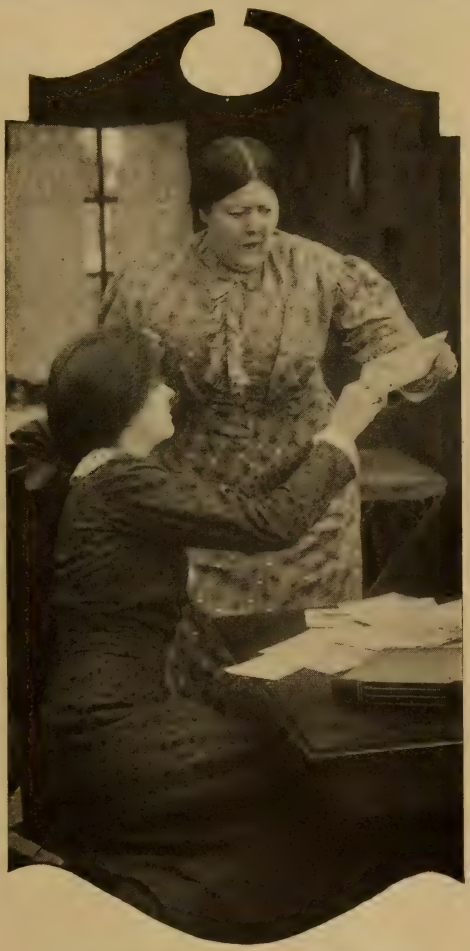
Then Bill, who had often, by proper distribution, made a slim load of green goods seem a large one, planned inversely, and got them all in somehow —the three grown-ups on the seat.

Crack went the circus-like whip, and the chaise started. A few hardy urchins started a feeble cheer. An old retired fishmonger took off his hat to Mr. Simmonds, who flushed to the ears with pride. Nothing was left in his cup of happiness but that Mr. Gethings should have witnessed their shaking of the dust of Southwark.

Mr. Gethings did. For, turning a sharp corner, Mr. Simmons had great difficulty in not knocking over a young man standing in the street's middle and gazing upward at him. Crack went the long whip again, and Bill, and even Sarah, rolled by him as so much dirt. Sue looked back and

smiled, which took away the sting and added honey.

In such high spirits our friends shook the dust of the old Kentish high-road; with the same exuberant souls they invaded the villa of the late respected Mr. John Simmonds of Camberwell. It was a pleasant and unpretentious place, with well-clipped boxwood hedges, and a rose garden that showed the taste of its last owner. Of their brief sojourn in this quiet retreat I have the most incomplete record, such as the awe, not unmixed with dismay, that the first appearance of the cream-colored top hat created, and its ridiculous incongruity, perched above checkered shirt-sleeves, in the garden. Mr. Simmonds was never separated from it; he took it as a *sine qua non* of high estate; he even donned it in his banishment. But I am getting ahead of my story.



SUE DISCOVERS AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

From the half-hidden windows of the Camberwell villa many smart traps, driven by nabobs of fashion, could be glimpsed going perpetually away from London. It was as if the parks, becoming overheated from surplus fashion, had given them off like so many sparks from a forge. Young men in flannels, and on bicycles, flew swiftly by; perambulators, housing wealthy young, pushed by their gate-posts; yet one young man was strangely missing. Mr. Simmonds sat and waited for him with Indian patience. The cruel words with which he would greet his awed approach lay burning on his tongue. Sue, too, must have wondered, and have missed his broad shoulders and sheltering hand as the aristocratic sunsets bathed her rose garden. For at these times she was alone, and was wont to snip off flowers for the mansion's adornment.

On one such late afternoon, just softening into twilight, Bill stood haloed in soft cream tints, by the entrance way. Sue was in her garden. An armful of red roses clasped to her bosom bore witness of her activity. She turned to go, when a rustling of leaves, in branches suddenly released, startled her. Her alarm was increased as the body of an active man came sliding and bounding down from his lookout in a thick oak overlooking her garden. He landed, somehow, on his feet, and made violent gestures of caution to her. There was no mistaking him now: it was Harry Gethings, the coster of Old Kent Road, come to spy upon their privacy.

Yet Sue, strange creature, weighed not this insult at all; instead, she glanced toward her father's dimming back in the gathering dusk, and went toward her erstwhile suitor.

The light was bad, their parting had been long and ruthless, so 'tis rumored that they clasped hands and sealed a compact with hushed kisses in the staid garden of this child of gentlefolk. And here a fitting, tho unwitting, use was made of Mr. Simmonds' cream-colored hat. As he leaned against the gate-post and dreamed, smiling genially of grandeurs opening before him, the last slanting rays of the sun seemed to cluster on his head-piece. It was a signal torch by which young love could keep its tryst, and know that the sentinel was wool-gathering. A pretty picture on which the sun could go down in Camberwell: the proud, untainted sire standing by his portcullis, and his chatelaine frisking, unwatched, in his very garden!

This same demure and frisky chatelaine was destined to loosen the stone which finally brought down Mr. Simmonds in its ruins. It came about in a very innocent way. After her meeting with Harry, and the whispered promises that had passed between them, nothing would suit her sense of justice but that she must put hers to paper.

On the following day she wrote Mr. Harry Gethings a long letter, which does not concern us; what does, is the fact that she found a disused drawer in the late Mr. John Simmonds' writing-desk, containing a litter of old letters and documents. These she dutifully carried out to Bill, as he was sunning himself, with his morocco feet on the front casement.

"Bless me! Wot 'ave we 'ere?" he exclaimed to the heap of papers, which, of course, did not answer him. But, being now a man of affairs, Bill immediately summoned Mr. Mallet, who *did* answer him, after his intimating fashion.

One of the documents was a will, which Mr. Mallet, with many apologetic coughs, said postdated the one in favor of Mr. William Simmonds. Mr. Mallet read it. It was very short and revolutionary. "I, John Simmonds," it read, "being in sound mind and body, do hereby revoke all former instruments, and do will, devise and bequeath my property of Camberwell, my chaise and donkey, with all of my personal property, to my beloved nephew, Joseph Simmonds. To my nephew, William Simmonds, residing in the Old Kent Road, I leave my autobiography and my treatise on the 'Prison Reforms of 1848.' May he read them, and profit thereby."

You must understand that it took the painstaking solicitor the best part of a morning to read and explain the said document to Mr. William Simmonds, and that Mr. Simmonds could not, or would not, understand it.

"The old swot! 'E cant go back on 'is word, can 'e?" he questioned fiercely of Mr. Mallet. Mr. Mallet said he was afraid he could, and had.

Bill discharged him as his solicitor at once. "I never 'eard such a hocus-pocus," he said, with just indignation, "a-tryin' to work hoff this old skyte's writinks on me! You p'ys your money an' you tykes your choice—an' I wants another shyster for the likes o' me."

Mr. Mallet stepped down the steps backward, and bowing to his former client, but once outside the palings, he smiled evilly, and laid a knowing finger on his terrier's nose.

Then events happened fast and furiously. Cousin Joseph called around and shook hands cordially, then hinted ever so gently that he had come to take possession. Bill flew off the handle incontinently. "You're a bloomin' Esau, Josey, that's wot!" he labeled the heir, "an' a rotter in the barging. Wot's more, you'd better be outen 'ere afore I gets grumpy."

Joseph said he thought so, too; but he returned the next day with Mr. Mallet. That little bird of prey had scented his meal from the moment of his dismissal.

Bill doggedly refused to listen to reason; it was a conspiracy, pure and simple. But Mallet had made sure that it was to be a copper-bottomed one. He had filed the will, and had obtained an ejectment against Mr. William Simmonds, which lay in his pocket, against emergencies. So did



THE SIMMONDSES FALL FROM THEIR HIGH ESTATE

a city policeman, who waited on the kerb.

I must admit that luxury, and its concomitant, the villa of his beloved uncle, played the major part in Bill's unwillingness to leave. The favors he sought from his dead uncle were purely mercenary. Sarah, too, for once in her life, sided exactly with him. Cousin Joseph and his satellite could never have budged them in their scorn of the probate law and "Who's Who" in wills, had not the gentleman on the kerb been invited into the conference. Bill was the first to see the bluecoat entering, and his spirit gave up its ghost. A procession was formed in alignment somewhat like the proud one which had issued from a former humble home, in the flesh very wretched and humiliated.

Cousin Joseph relented at the eleventh hour, to invite them to stay to tea, but it was a bitter, silent meal, not abounding in the love of close kindred.

Toward nightfall, when neighbors gather by doorsteps, Mr. Spriggins could be seen slowly making his way down the Old Kent Road. His cane sent out warning tappings, and delinquent tenants shuddered. But he heeded them not. He was going to take down the "To let" sign which hung over the door of No. 73. There was reason in this, for, as his trembling hand was upreached to tear it down, the returning Simmonds family came into view.

They were on foot, and Bill marched at the head of his clan in the cream-colored hat of gentility. Otherwise there was not much show of joyousness.

Mr. Spriggins turned to greet them. "Ah war a fëal ta fixit tha tiles," he said. "Ah did'na know ye war a-coomin' back."

Inside all was dust and gloom and huddled furniture. Then, when the old content would not come back again, and the coals were damp from Mr. Spriggins' efforts on the tiles, and the badly used couple had taken to sour looks and hard words as the only way out of their difficulty, the door opened in its old impetuous manner, and Mr. Harry Gethings, the miscast and forgotten lover, burst in upon them, more like sunshine this time.

"'Ello, 'Arry," grunted the former owner of a villa, quite natural like, and Harry, reassured, asked Sue to go a-walking out with him.

You see, they had never forgotten each other, and Camberwell was to them merely a change of scenery incident in their all-absorbing little world of love.

When they returned, Sue's eyes were shining like stars, and quite put to blush the coals in Bill's grate. For he had at last got them to burning, and the rocking-chair was sending up spirals of tobacco smoke.

Sarah's knitting, tho, had fallen to her lap, and she was regretting, with fixed lines about her mouth, her sudden fall from ladyhood. Harry crept up back of her and kist her soundly, without warning. She smiled broadly, and clinging care seemed to drop away from her still round cheeks.

"'Arry," said Bill, from the observing rocker, "I 'ear the strike 'as ended. "Ow's wegitables—up or down?"

The Dream of the Seamstress

By M. K. GILLIAM

She is only an orphan girl, alas!
Her pleasures and joys are few;
All day with an irk she toils at her work,
While her veins grow heavy and blue;
But yet tho her body is tired and worn,
Her heart's ever cheerful and gay,
As she dreams of scenes she'll see on the screens,
When she goes to the Photoplay.

Her hours tho long, still hasten along,
And soon her day's toil is o'er;
Then off to the show with her chum she'll go,
Her spirits and strength to restore.
And ah! what sweet peace, what pleasant release
From burdens do these moments pay
To this little waif, who sits there so safe,
And watches the scenes of the play!

No wealth of the rich can make her heart itch,
Nor fin'ry of fashion can lure;
Nor has she an aim to strive for a fame
That would cause her name to endure;
She seeks but the chance to enter that trance
At the end of each wearisome day;
The loss of her heart to her favorite art—
The delight of the Photoplay!



Finding the "Last Chance" Mine

(Méliès)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

HEARD a fellow singin' a song this mornin'—leastwise he *called* it a song, an' *said* he was singin', an' I reckon he oughter know better what he was doing than jest a casual passerby, like I was, so I'll allow he *was* singin,' an' that it was a song—about not gointer stand for folks kickin' his dawg around even if he was a hound—the dawg, not the fellow. Which same got me to thinking about Jimmie Nesbit's old blind burro.

Shucks! Talk about not standin' to have yo' dawg *kicked* around—why, Jimmie shot the left ear offen a Greaser—an' it wasn't the *ear* he was a-aimin' at, neither—just because he flung a rock at the burro when he caught him eating his Panama hat, what had cost him forty dollars Mex., with a rattlesnake-skin band. Jimmie allowed that if his burro had a taste for Panama hats there wasn't no Greaser living that was goin' to be allowed to interfere with such a little harmless dissipation, an' that throwin' rocks was croolty to animals an' a insult to Jimmie, which would be resented prompt. We shorely did lead uncomfortable lives while that burro was in our midst, he havin' a perfectly unreasonable fondness for shirts hung out on the line, an' such like unnatural burro food, an' bein' able, ready and willing to kick a hole spang thru a brick wall—none of which "cute playfulness," as Jimmie called it, did anybody feel called upon to resent in the manner that would naturally occur to you—Jimmie being a wonderful quick hand at a draw, an' perfectly unreasonable on the subject of that burro.

We used to try to argue with Jimmie that he didn't really owe no gratitude to the burro, because what the burro done he done under a mistake, and that he wouldn't a-done it at all for Jimmie if he had a-knowed Jimmie was Jimmie, but it wasn't no use.

"It's no use talkin', gents," Jimmie would say, perfectly stubborn, "what he done he done, an' far be it from me to depreciate his services, whether he done it for me or for Miss Apprehension, as the poet feller said."

Then Jimmie would stalk out, real cold and dignified.

What had the burro done? Oh, nothin' much to speak of, only made Jimmie so rich we was undecided whether to elect him to Congress or lynch him. Didn't seem right for one man to have that much money and just hang around, without *nothin'* happenin' to him.

It's a ill wind that dont blow no roasted larks into somebody's mouth, as the sayin' is, an' it was a good thing for Jimmie that old Jean Dyer had lost a leg, 'way back some time, an' had a wooden peg, 'cause if old Dyer had a-had just regular legs, Jimmie couldn't a-fooled the burro none at all. That one of Dyer's is the peg on which the whole story hangs, so to speak.

He was a sour, cross-grained, miserly old rascal, was Dyer; regular old-time prospector like used to be more common before most of the boys decided it was more profitable to chase



OLD DYER BUYS LIQUOR WITH HIS GOLD

cows for forty a month and grub, than to dig the hills full of holes, an', nine times out of ten, not find anything in the holes but the bottom. He lived by himself in a little dobe cabin stuck against the side of a hill, like a mud-wasp nest, and the only times he came into town was when he wanted supplies and whiskey. Then he'd put a saddle on his burro—same one I've been talkin' about—an' ride in. That burro never had a bridle on in his life, and Dyer would steer him by thumps of his peg leg.

Old Dyer must have had a pretty fair stake when he hit this section, because for a year or so he paid for his stuff in coin—gold at first, then peterin' out to silver toward the last. Then, one day, he come into the store where a lot of us was loafin', and when he had got the supplies he wanted he pulled out a bag of dust. While he was weighin' out the half-ounce comin' to him, Smith, the storekeeper, tried to draw old Dyer out a little, but the old man shut up like a toad, an' Smith give us a wink.

In a gold country there's one thing that is pretty safe to go by—if you see a man with a sack of dust, an' you cant get a word out of him, he's made a strike somewhere, an' the more he puts the clamps on his jaws the richer the strike is; if he is plumb eager to talk about his claim, it aint worth while to go stampedin' out tryin' to get the adjoining location. So when old Dyer froze up tight, Smith knew that the chances were good that there was something rich somewhere in the hills.

If old Dyer was surprised by the sudden friendliness of the boys, he didn't show it none; and when they began to urge him to go over to Dan's place and have something, he just grunted that that was where he had business, and grabbed the burro by the forelock and led the way, the boys gangin' around him an' tryin' the best they knew how to be social and friendly.

When we got into Dan's place, old Dyer p'int blank refused to drink with anybody, but bought several bottles of

whiskey an' stored 'em away in his bag, payin' for 'em out of his dust-sack.

"You been makin' a clean-up?" Dan suggests, friendly like.

"You're a-tryin' to steal the down weight on me," old Dyer growled.

"Maybe I did weigh her a little over. Take another bottle to make up for it," Dan says, real cordial.

Dyer just grunted as he took the extra bottle and put it in his sack.

"I was thinkin' about you the other day," Dan went on, cheerful, glarin' at the boys to stand back a little; "just got to thinkin' that a man livin' all alone, like you do, an' exposed to accident an' sudden death, ought sure to have a will all drawed up, so the right folks would get his claims an' property if he should drop off. Now, I got a printed will right here, an' all you'd have to do would be to fill in the blank places, an' describe an' locate



DYER STARTS OUT FOR HIS MINE



JIMMIE DISCOVERS DYER IN THE RUINED HUT AFTER THE STORM

your claims, an' then, if you should peg out, you'd go in comfort, knowin' your property would go to the one you wanted to get it."

Dan thought he was mighty smart, but old Dyer snarled like a hungry dog with a bone.

"No, I aint makin' no wills," he says, "an' I aint sayin' I got anything worth havin' or not; but worth little or worth much, it wont interest me none when I'm dead. If anybody wants my leavings, the first one to find them can have them, so far as I care!" And with that he goes thumpin' out, gets on his burro, and rides off.

"Well, boys," says Dan, settin' out the glasses, "you all heard what he said. If he should peg out—an' there wouldn't be no tears if he did, I reckon—anything he leaves belongs to the finder. Here's luck to whichever one of us it is!"

A couple of days after that there came along a regular old grandpa of a storm—old-fashioned kind, with wind and lightning, and rain enough to drown a spring lizard. She broke just after sundown, and lasted 'most all night. Next morning Jimmie was a-ridin' the trail past old Dyer's cabin, and he could see that right here the storm had hit hard. When he got to the dobe he pulled up mighty sudden, then jumped off his pony and run to the door, a-trembling with hope an' fear, I reckon—hope that he was the first to come along, and fear that the old rascal wasn't killed by the big tree that had blowed down and crushed in the roof of the adobe.

The door was locked, and Jimmie smashed it in when he didn't get any answer to his knock. He found old Dyer under some beams and boards and stuff, badly done up. Evidently the old man had been having a big spree all by himself, for there were two or three empty bottles on the floor, and, what interested Jimmie most of all, a dust-bag, big as a cocoanut, and stuffed full. First of all,



JIMMIE AND DYER REFRESH THEMSELVES

Jimmie pulled old Dyer out from under, and then they both took a few nips.

I reckon Jimmie must have found one bottle that old Dyer hadn't had time to get to, or he wouldn't have lost his head like he did. Instead of rootin' around and locatin' the hole where that dust came from, Jimmie filled up a side pocket with dust, buried the big bag, and hit out for town. Then he changed his mind and went back. Good thing he did, 'cause he found the old man at the table, where he'd made a scrawl of a will—deader than a door nail. Then Jimmie skooted back to town ter celebrate. He blew into Dan's place, just burstin' with joy, and began to set up the drinks for the crowd, takin' one himself every time a bottle got within three feet of him, and Dan saw to it that one stayed that close pretty constant. After a while Dan sort of got Jimmie to one side, and after a little Jimmie whispered something in his ear. Dan passed a word to his brother Jim, and Jim quietly strolled out, eased himself onto his horse, and loped off. Then the crowd tumbled to what was bein' pulled off, and made a rush for Jimmie, demandin' facts.

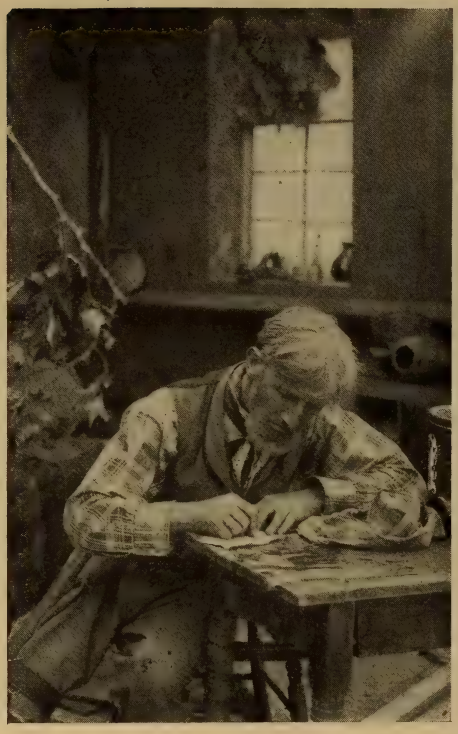
Jimmie was plain drunk by this time, so drunk that he actually told the truth—that old Dyer was dead, that he had found his dust bag, but that he hadn't located his claim—he was going back in the mornin' to do that, Jimmie said, and then went to sleep.

When Jimmie opened his eyes he found himself layin' in the street, and his first thought was that he needed a drink mighty bad. He got up, considerable unsteady, and made his way to Dan's door, which was locked, for the first time in the history of Gila Creek. Jimmie turned away so plumb astonished that he was sobered. Up and down the street he looked, and there wasn't a man or a horse in sight. He hurried to the livery stable, and that was empty—not a horse, and not a man about. Jimmie found Sing Lee in his little shack, washing shirts, cheerful like.

"Hey! Where in thunder has everybody went to?" Jimmie demanded, real peevish.

Sing Lee grinned like he always did, whether there was a funeral or a frolic.

"All folks go catchee glold mine," he said.



DYER AT LAST MAKES A WILL

"Where?" roared Jimmie. "Where did they go?"

"Catchee Dyer's glold mine. Him dead. You tellem while you dlunk," Sing Lee told him, and grinned some more.

Jimmie just stood still and let out steam for a full five minutes. Then he brought up sudden.

"This aint doin' any good, you fool," he says to himself, real severe. "What you have got to do is to hike out yonder an' find the swine what stole your horse, and maybe you can congratulate the fellow what's found old Dyer's hole in the ground," he adds, real bitter.

Bein' a cowboy, Jimmie hated to walk something terrible, but walk he did, clear to Dyer's cabin. He was a little cheered up to see that the dirt was undisturbed where he had buried the bag of dust. A man passed, headed back for town, and Jimmie demanded to know if anybody had found Dyer's mine.

"Not yet," the man said, disgusted, "and we've gone over them hills with a fine-tooth comb. Dont believe there is no mine."

"Maybe not, but I'm goin' to look for it, just the same," Jimmie answered, sour.

"Better take him along for company, then," the fellow said, pointin' to old Dyer's burro, that was standing patient not far off. "You ought to get on fine together," and with that he rode on toward town.

Jimmie stood lookin' at that old burro for a long time, while a big idea flirted around in his head. Then the idea settled down, and he grabbed it.

"It's worth tryin'," thought Jimmie, and stepped inside the cabin. He came out with old Dyer's wooden leg in his hands. After considerable experimentin' he got it strapped onto one of his own legs, and, picking up a shovel and pick standin' beside the door, went thumpin' over to the burro,



JIMMIE FINDS OLD DYER DEAD

climbed onto his back, grunting as much like old Dyer as he could, and thumpin' the burro with the peg leg. The burro flapped his ears a time or two, and then started off like he knew just where he was goin', and Jimmie had all he could do to keep from givin' a yell.

Straight into the hills that old burro went, Jimmie occasionally giving him a rap with the peg leg. Pretty soon they come upon the whole population of Gila, every man rooting into the ground like a pig hunting acorns, but that old burro didn't pause any for conversation. Soon as they saw that peg strapped onto Jimmie's leg the crowd tumbled to his scheme, and began to crowd after him, but Jimmie waved them to keep their distance, usin' his gun to gesture with, and they didn't press him too close. Jimmie didn't dare open his mouth, for fear the burro would find out that it wasn't old Dyer on his back, after all.

All of a sudden the burro stopped, and Jimmie looked around eager, but there wasn't the sign of a shaft. He thumped the burro's ribs with his peg leg, but the only movement he produced was a wagging of the ears.

"I reckon this here scheme dont pan out none," Jimmie said, disgusted, and threw his pick and shovel on the ground. Then he climbed off himself, but in doin' it got tangled up in his peg leg and went sprawlin'. To the boys watching him, he seemed to pitch out of sight in the solid hillside, but in about a minute he reappeared, wavin' a piece of quartz in his hand, an' yellin' like an Indian. The crowd went runnin' up, and soon saw how things was. Old Dyer had carefully covered the mouth of his little shaft with planks, and spread dirt and rocks on top. Jimmie had just busted thru —fell right plumb into his fortune! Next minute there was a race to stake the adjoining claims, and Jimmie was left alone with his mine and his burro. That mine turned out to be so rich it was plumb disgustin', specially as the claims all around that the rest of us staked wasn't worth shucks.

And from right then on, Jimmie let that blamed old burro act just like he owned Gila County, and backed him up in it. As for Jimmie not standin' for him to be kicked around none, like the fellow in that there song says, why, it wasn't real healthy to even *look hard* at that animal!



Magic of the Photoplay

By BLANCHE CHALFANT TUCKER

'Twas at a week-end party
Down on the quiet farm,
And whether 'twas the feasting,
Or whether 'twas the charm
Of too much rest, or too much talk,
They soon began to pall;
E'en music lost its power to soothe,
'Twas boredom to us all.

Then something really happened
To add a zest and glow;
A lad came bounding, with a tale
Of Motion Picture Show!
"Oh, gee! the Photoplay was fine!
The people in it *walk*,
And, dad, I know you'd like it, 'cause
The women never talk!"

As sleighing then was easy,
O'er the hard, deep-crusted snow,
We reached the quaint old village hall
In time to see all of the show.
There silent dramas spoke to us,
And for us, showing quite
The truest moral—that to win
We always must be right!

'Twas magic, both of Photoplay
And starry, moonlit night,
That made the ride home joyful,
Nan's dark eyes flashing bright.
Ah, we were happy! So was dad;
He drowsed, yet murmured low:
"Jove! but I had a dandy time
There in the Photoshow!"

The Little Woolen Shoe

(Edison)

Scenario by BANNISTER MERWIN

THE little room was very, very clean. It was reached by means of flight after flight of dirty, rickety stairs, which shook and creaked beneath a vigorous tread, as if in imminent danger of collapse. The landings at the head of each flight were dark and filthy, swept by nothing but cold, ill-smelling drafts; the door which let you into the tiny room swayed on its rusty hinges with a discouraged air, and the broken knob came off in your hand if you grasped it firmly, but the room itself was neat and orderly. It almost seemed as if the neatness accentuated the poverty which looked grimly out from every crack and corner. Usually we find the homes of the poor crowded and cluttered with a miscellaneous jumble of boxes and rags and tags, but the few articles in this little home were so clean, so orderly, so neatly arranged, that its bareness and lack of comfort seemed to flaunt themselves before the eyes the instant the door was opened.

A man was stumbling clumsily up the protesting stairs. His stooped shoulders and slouching, unsteady gait seemed those of an old, toil-worn man. But as he paused, wheezing, at one of the landings, his head upthrown to listen, his face was that of a youth, still showing traces of a brave beauty thru the mask of vice and dissipation.

"I dont hear the kid," he muttered; "maybe she's took it out for a while, and took the money with her."

He scowled blackly, and continued his staggering climb toward the little room. A lean cat darted out of a doorway, and he stumbled over it, flinging a vicious oath after its scared squall. At last his hand touched the broken knob, which clattered to the floor, and started on a bumping roll down the dirty heights he had climbed so toilsomely. The door swung open, and a woman sprang to her feet, thrusting a shaking hand into the bosom of her patched gown.

"You've come, have you?" she said, quietly, tho her face whitened as he advanced into the room.

"Yesh, m'dear," he answered, with a clumsy effort at jocularity; "wanted t' see happy home once more. Glad I've come? How's the kid?"

Dread filled the woman's eyes as he approached the cradle.

"Be careful, Jim," she urged, unsteadily, "she's sleeping; dont wake her now."

"Aw, cut it out!" he retorted, thickly. "Cant a feller see his own kid once in a while?"

From the ragged blankets which covered the cradle he lifted a wee child. Her sleep-flushed face was like a dewy, perfect rosebud, and the mother drew a sharp breath of terror as the father's unsteady hands essayed a toss toward the ceiling.

"Dont, Jim!" she begged, running forward. "Give her to me. You'll drop her!"

The fear in her voice roused the man to instant wrath. He flung the babe into its cradle and turned angrily upon the shrinking woman.

"It's plain enough I aint wanted here," he snapped. "Well, I'll get out. All I come for was a bit of money. Come, give it to me. I know you've got some hoarded up—out with it!"

"But it's for the rent," she pleaded. "You mustn't spend it. The agent will put us out if we dont have the money tomorrow. Oh, dont, Jim! Please dont!"

The man, with a leering, evil smile, was thrusting a hand into her dress. An instant's struggle, and he held a tiny black purse in his hand. In an-



JIM TAKES HIS WIFE'S PURSE

other minute he was stumbling down the rickety stairs again, while the woman dropped in a crumpled heap upon the floor, sobbing miserably.

The child was crying loudly, and the woman roused herself at last, to hush it against her own heaving breast. As it stilled into slumber again, she sat silent, gazing down at the delicate face, with desperate, heartsick yearning.

"My little one," she murmured, aloud, "my pretty babe! It was a sin to bring you into the world, to suffer such want and misery. You will always be hungry and cold and ill treated. You will grow up with vice and suffering all around you. Perhaps you will grow hard and wicked—perhaps you will curse the mother who brought you into this life. What can I do for you? What shall I do, my Estha?"

At last the mother laid the child in the cradle, and rose, with a look of resolution upon her face. For a few moments she moved swiftly about the room, donning a shabby cloak, and tying a red scarf about her head. Then she lifted the sleeping baby, wrapped it in its tattered blankets, and with nervous steps fled down the creaking stairs, out into the noisome street. On she ran, thru narrow, crooked alleys, which turned this way and that, finally leading her out into the region of wide, well-lighted streets, bordered with prosperous homes, whose lights shone invitingly from lace-draped windows. Before one of these homes she stopped, gazing eagerly in where a half-drawn shade revealed a merry party about a supper table.

"There is no baby there," she whispered. "I will give you to them, my darling."

Who shall write of the fierce struggle waged in that mother heart, in the shadow of that stately house? Only the soft night winds heard the smothered sobs; only the pitying stars looked down at the cooing babe upon the broad steps, as the slender figure sped back toward the crooked alleys.

Mrs. John Bentley sat by the softly shaded light of her library table, trying to read the latest novel. The book was a best seller, guaranteed to bring plenty of thrills to the feminine heart, but somehow it failed to hold Mrs. Bentley's attention. Her eyes kept wandering from its pages, straying out to the winding gravel drive which ended before the long French windows of the library.

"Where can Jack be?" she sighed. "I cant help but worry since he got that new car. He should have been here an hour ago."

She rose at last, and paced restlessly up and down the long room, her black gown trailing after her with soft, rustling sweeps. A dog that had been lying quietly before the fire came, presently, and walked gravely by her side, putting up an inquiring nose, as if to ask, "What's worrying you now?"

"I'm a silly old woman, Towser," she said, stooping to caress the silky head. "My boy is all I have now, and I cant help thinking of all the dreadful things that might happen to him, since his father——" She broke off

suddenly and hurried to the window, as the toot of a motor horn rang out. A big gray car was sweeping up the gravel drive, stopping with a grand flourish before the piazza.

"There he is!" exclaimed the mother, in joyful relief. "But what is that he is holding so carefully? What has the boy got now?"

"Here's a present for you, mother," announced a laughing voice. "Come and get it, quick, before I damage it. It's one of those things that's got to be kept right side up or there's the dickens to pay."

"Jack!" she exclaimed, hastening forward. "Wherever have you been, and what is that queer-looking bundle?"

"It dont look half so queer as it is," proclaimed Jack, cheerfully. "Sit down before I hand it to you. I dont want any accidents caused by your surprise."

Then, as she sank into a cushioned chair, holding up her hands to receive the bundle—another of Jack's jokes, she supposed—he bent over and deposited his burden carefully in her lap. It was, to all appearances, a roll of tattered, woolly cloth; but as she began to unroll it, looking up at her son with amused, adoring eyes, it suddenly gave forth a faint cry.

"Why, Jack!" she cried, and the bundle would have rolled to the floor but for Jack's dexterous assistance. "It's a baby!"

"Right you are," agreed Jack, "a real live one. Dont you like it?"

But the mother's face was so serious that he hastened to explain.

"You see, mother, I was coming along Madison Avenue at a good clip, when a woman darted across the street, right in front of my car. She turned her face toward me, and I never saw such a frantic, ghastly look on a human countenance. It wasn't fear of being run down; it was something deeper. She was gone in a minute, down a side street. Something, I dont know what, prompted me to look back at the house where she had darted out from the shadow, and I saw this bundle lying on the steps. I knew in a flash that it must be the woman's kid, and I grabbed it up, got into the car, and started down the street where she had gone. But I couldn't find a trace of her; she was clear vanished; maybe she was hiding somewhere, watching me. So I just had to bring it home—I couldn't lay it down on somebody's doorsteps again."

"Some poor woman's baby," sighed Mrs. Bentley. "It is very sad that so many of these things happen. We will telephone to the Children's Home. They will come for it."

"Yes," assented Jack, but he was watching his mother, with a queer little smile. She was bending over the baby, taking off the clumsy wrappings, cuddling it close to her, and murmuring soothing words. The babe snuggled contentedly in her arms, putting up a tiny hand to her cheek, and she looked up at Jack with a warm glow in her eyes.

"It's a nice little thing," she declared, "and see how clean its clothes are! Poor little thing!"

"It sure is a cunning one," agreed Jack. "See how it smiles up at you! A baby is a lot of company around a house, they say."

Mrs. Bentley glanced up in quick amazement. "You dont mean to say that you want to keep the child?" she gasped.

"I dont know, mother." Jack's face was very grave now, and he took his mother's hand caressingly. "I've been so worried about you—you are here alone all day, and it's hard for you, since father's gone. I was thinking about it to-night, driving home, and wondering what I could do to make things less lonely for you. Just then the woman ran in front of me, and I found the baby. Maybe it was meant for us, mother. Why couldn't we keep it a few days, anyhow, and see if you'd enjoy it?"

Mrs. Bentley's eyes, which had filled with tears, went from her son's face to the pretty babe nestling in her arms.

"You're a good son, Jack," she said, softly. "We will keep the babe.



JACK'S MOTHER IS INTERESTED IN THE BABY

Perhaps it will be a blessing. Look! One of its little shoes is gone! We will put the other safely away. Some time it may identify the child. How I pity its poor young mother! If she ever comes to claim her baby, she shall find it has been well cared for."

Meanwhile, the woman with the white, agonized face, who had fled down the side street, and vanished into the darkness, had climbed again the interminable stairs to the clean, barren little room. How long she sat there, huddled in her chair, her mind stunned by its hopeless misery, she never knew. The night hours had dragged themselves away, and the morning sun was peeping into the one window, when she heard shambling steps on the stairs; but she did not stir, even when Jim entered the room.

"Hello, Nell!" he began, with drunken playfulness. "Up early, aint you? Well, it's the early bird, you know. Where's the kid—'sleep yet?"

Thru all the months of his gradual sinking into the sordid life of a drunkard, Jim Prentis had kept a spark of love alight for his baby girl. Not strong enough to lead him back to manhood, not bright enough to show him the folly of his path, the spark still burned faintly, leading him straight to the little cradle when he entered the house. He shuffled across the floor now, while Nell watched with curious, impassive face. The violence of her grief had burned itself away in the night hours, leaving a strange, blank feeling of utter desolation.

"Why, where is she?" he exclaimed, starting back from the emptiness of the cradle. "You aint been letting any of the neighbors borrow her, have you?"

"She's gone," said Nell, dully. "You needn't look for her."

"What do you mean?" gasped Jim.

"I gave her away. She's out of your reach. She shant starve and freeze, and die of neglect," declared Nell, her voice beginning to rise into a hysterical scream. "I tell you she's gone, and I'm glad—I'm glad!"

The shock sobered the man instantly. He shrank backward, leaning against the wall with a frightened, incredulous expression in his dark eyes.

"You dont mean it, Nell! You wouldn't give our baby away—you couldn't do it! Say you're only fooling me—say it isn't true. How could we live without our baby!"

"It's true!" shrieked Nell, beginning to laugh hysterically. "It's true, and I'm glad, I tell you! Live without her? How could we live with her? You've spent the rent money—we have no food, no fire! Do you think your wife and child can live on nothing? Thank God, I've put the baby where she wont suffer any more!"

She rose from her chair, throwing up her arms with a bitter cry. "She's safe, I tell you—safe from you!"

Then, with a wild laugh, she collapsed, and as Jim lifted her senseless form from the floor his boyish face was set and rigid with a new resolve.

It was a long hour before Nell came back from her swoon, to find Jim kneeling beside her, a new Jim, with desperate sorrow and remorse showing in every line of his face.

"Please, Nell," he implored, "tell me where you took the baby. I'll never drink again, dear. I'll work, and take care of you both—we cant live without her. Trust me, Nell. I mean it. Let me go and get her back before it is too late."

One long, searching gaze into Jim's eyes convinced the wife that he was sincere. She slipped her hand weakly into his.

"We will go together," she whispered. "I will show you where I left her."

But when they were admitted to the stately home where Nell had left her precious burden, the gentle mistress of the house denied all knowledge of the child. At first, Nell could not believe it, and when she was convinced that the child was not there, that there was absolutely no trace of her, her grief and despair were pitiful.

"Never mind," soothed Jim, as he led her homeward. "I will go to the police. They will find her for us. Some one picked her up, you see. The cops will advertise, and find her."

But days went by, and there was no trace of the baby. Perhaps the police captain, looking at poor Jim's face, with its traces of poverty and dissipation, thought the child was better unfound by such a parent. Perhaps the machinery of search ran slowly because there was no money to oil the wheels. At any rate, the child was not found, and while Nell grew white and wan with remorse and grief, and the lines in Jim's face settled into grim despair, the babe, surrounded by every luxury that money could buy, was proving to Mrs. Bentley the comfort that Jack had hoped for.

Thru it all, Jim's resolution never faltered. Not a drop of liquor touched his lips. He worked steadily, faithfully, and his fortunes began to rise. Soon they were able to move into a pretty home; he surrounded Nell with comforts; had it not been for the never ceasing yearning for their child they might have enjoyed perfect happiness. Private detectives were set to searching for the child, as soon as Jim's salary warranted the expense, but there were no results. The climax of Jim's disappointment came one day when a messenger boy entered his office with a letter from the detective agency, saying that they were reluctantly compelled to abandon the search as hopeless.

"I wont tell Nell," he groaned. "I cant tell her that they have given up all hope. It is six years to-day since we lost our Estha. If I only knew whether she is alive, or not! I suppose Nell is sitting at home thinking of it. I must go and try to cheer her up."

At home, Nell was sitting alone in her room, something soft and warm in her hand pressed tightly against her cheek. She started up as her husband entered, brushing the tears from her face, and trying to smile at him.

"What is it you have there, dear?" he asked, gently taking her hand. Then his own eyes filled. It was the tiny shoe which they had found upon the stair on the sad morning, six years before, when they had returned from the fruitless quest for their baby.

"Come out for a ride in the fresh air," coaxed Jim. "I have brought the auto. It will do you good. Put the little shoe away, and come with me."

Nell consented to the ride, but she thrust the little woolen shoe into her dress, where she could feel it lying warm against her heart.

They sped thru the busy section of the city, turning finally into a wide, quiet street, bordered with drooping elms. Suddenly the car, which had been running smoothly, stopped with an ominous jar. Jim alighted, and after a few minutes' tinkering, looked up with a worried face.



PLAYING "HUNT THE SLIPPER"

"I'm afraid you'll get cold," he said. "It will take some time to fix things up."

As he glanced about anxiously, the door of a pleasant house opened, and a young man ran down the gravel drive to the street.

"Can I help any?" he asked, with a friendly smile. "I have about all the kinds of tools that these balky machines need. Wont the lady come into the house and wait? It's cold out here."

As Nell entered the house the noise of children's laughter and romping play greeted her. The house was decked with roses, and the sweet-faced lady who came forward to greet her had a rose in her white hair.

"We are having a party," she explained. "My little adopted daughter has been with us six years today, and we are celebrating. They are playing 'hunt the slipper,' and it's a rather noisy game. I hope you wont mind."

"Six years today!" Nell grew suddenly faint. Could it be? No, she must not think of it! It was only a strange coincidence. The room seemed to whirl around her, and she heard her hostess saying, "I am afraid you are very tired. You look pale. Sit here, away from the children's noise."

"Thank you," Nell managed to gasp. "I love children. Cant I look in at them?"

"Dont be excited—it is nothing—it is a foolish thought," Nell kept repeating to herself, as she walked across the broad hall into the room where the children were playing. Then she stopped suddenly, clutching at the portière for support, her face ashy white, her dark eyes blazing.

In the center of the room, amid the laughing, pushing throng of children, stood a little girl, fair-haired, and sweet as a rosebud. In her outstretched hand she held a little woolen shoe. "I've found it!" she cried triumphantly to the children. "It's my turn to hide it now! It's my own baby shoe, you see."

For a moment the white-faced



THE LITTLE WOOLEN SHOE IS RECOGNIZED

woman gazed, scarcely daring to believe. Then, with a great, glad cry, she rushed toward the child.

"My baby!" she cried. "My Estha! I have found you!"

She dropped to her knees beside the child, with a flood of passionate tears and embraces. Then she turned to her astonished hostess, holding up a little woolen shoe which she drew from her dress.

"See," she said, brokenly, "it is the mate to this one. She is my daughter—my own little Estha!"

A quick call to the street brought Jim hurrying in, with frightened face, and in a moment his joy and tears mingled with Nell's. It was some time before the parents could compose themselves enough to explain their claim, but the chain of events was soon pieced out, and then Jack Bentley looked apprehensively at his mother.

"We are very fond of her," he said, hesitatingly. "She has been my mother's great comfort, but——"

"The child is theirs, Jack," broke in Mrs. Bentley, decidedly, tho her eyes were wet. "I said when you brought her to me that if the mother ever came to claim her, she should find that the babe had been well cared for. She belongs to them——"

Her voice broke, and Nell interposed hastily, while she hugged the wondering child close to her heart:

"She belongs to all of us—to Jim and me, and to you two who have cared for her so long, and filled her little life with happiness. We will all share her love, and her time shall be divided between us. God forbid that we should let her forget you, who have cared for her, and given her back to us!"

"Amen!" exclaimed Jim, reverently.

Every man's heart is a living drama; every death is a drop scene; every book only a faint footlight to throw a little flicker on the stage.—*Donald G. Mitchell.*



The RING of A SPANISH GRANDEE

Thanhouser

by LEONA RADNOR

For several days Myra Leland's friends had been laying wagers on the probable chances of her two suitors. The majority favored Roderick Vincent, a handsome, stalwart, out-and-out American; the minority cast their votes for the ardent, dark-eyed John de Silva, in whom an admixture of races was dominated by the Spanish strain. When one of the Vincent faction pooh-poohed the contentions of the other side, he was met by the admission, "De Silva might not stand a chance in New York, but down here in Florida he seems to fit; and he's meat and drink for Myra's romantic soul."

That day, at the ruins of the fort, the party watched with amusement the fluctuations in the courtship of the rivals. Roderick Vincent was, apparently, holding her interest. She was chatting enthusiastically as they made a tour of the ramparts. Her eyes sparkled as she recounted bits from the history of the old fort. Roderick listened attentively to every word that fell from her charming lips.

"I didn't know you took such an interest in conquests," he ventured. "Come over here in this shady angle, and let me tell you of a modern instance that is far more important and interesting—to me."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, suspiciously.

"Your conquest of my heart," he answered, earnestly.

'Oh, you're incorrigible!" she exclaimed, with annoyance.

She saw John de Silva in the distance, hastening toward her, and she immediately turned to meet him. There were times when, inexplicably, she did not quite care for John de Silva's society, but on these sightseeing jaunts his companionship was most welcome. Roderick had a way

of deprecating her reverence for antiquities, of silently ridiculing her passion for the decayed, the moss-grown and the worm-eaten.

"You are so hopelessly modern, so crassly practical," she had flashed at him, "that you cannot understand that it is what these things represent. It is the spirit of history and romance that still abides in the shattered objects." And Roderick had smiled down at her because she was so deliciously attractive in her indignation.

As she left Roderick on the ramparts, she walked with De Silva toward one of the bastions.

"Ah! What scenes have taken place within these walls—what horrors of persecution, what din of arms and noise of battle!" he murmured. "And what acts of bravery!" he added as an afterthought.

"Oh! Do you know any stories of those times?" she asked, eagerly.

"I ought to—I have heard them often enough from my father. One of my ancestors, a grandee in high favor at the Spanish court, was in this fort during a siege by the British, and for his valuable services the *adelantado,* Don Diego de Quiroga, presented him with this ring from his own finger."

He indicated a heavy, antique gold band, richly carved, and set with uncut gems.

"Oh, how you must prize it!" Myra rhapsodized.

"I do, above almost anything I possess; and for that reason I wish you to accept it from me."

He drew it from his finger and placed it upon one of hers.

"I cant accept it, of course," she protested, "but I should love to wear it for a little while."

"No, you must keep it. And if I could only hope that you would let it serve as an emblem of my love—oh, Myra! you have seen how devoted I have been—you must know I love you with all my heart and soul! Will you marry me?"

It needed but that impassioned avowal to complete the spell. Myra looked out to the sparkling sea, and felt the thrill of its restless mystery; she looked up to the clear blue of the sky—that illusory dome that stretched into space, infinite space; she looked at the time-worn and battle-scarred walls that hid their ghostly secrets. There was nothing to help, to direct her in her perplexity, but everything to mystify and cast a glamor over the moment. She turned the ring upon her finger, and after a hesitation that was abbreviated by the sound of approaching voices, she said "Yes."

That afternoon she refused to accompany a party that was made up for a water trip. She preferred a few hours alone in the beautiful garden of the hotel. With a volume of Spanish romances to while away the time, she strolled down thru the palms and the profusion of flowers to a rustic seat beside a fountain. She opened her book, and tried to become interested in the *dons* and the *doñas* that moved feverishly upon the pages. But her own romance persisted in demanding consideration; so, finally, with a resigned sigh, she laid the book upon her knees and fell to contemplating her ring. She rehearsed the scenes of the morning, and a sharp pang marked a regret for Roderick. But dreamily, almost drowsily, she turned the ring upon her finger, examining its curious settings. Gradually, a queer sensation stole over her. She seemed to be growing light, to be lifted in the air; and, before she really had time to marvel at it, she felt that she was floating toward the old fort. Here she seemed to hover, to see while apparently not being seen, for she attracted no attention from the sentry at the gate.

Yes, assuredly, that was a sentry in doublet and slashed trunks and high boots; and he guarded the gateway—not to ruins and a bat-infested solitude, but to a massive pile of stone, newly fashioned into a castellated and bastioned fort by the conquered and enslaved Indians. Soldiers strutted about within the courtyard, servants ran from corridor to corridor with



JOHN DE SILVA IS INFATUATED WITH MYRA

messages from their masters. Outside the walls the wheels of an ox-cart creaked. With a nod to the sentry, a pretty girl turned the ox thru the gateway into the court that led to the kitchen. Myra received a shock as she caught a full view of the girl's face. "Why, it's myself!" she gasped. "No, that cant be. It must be an ancestress that I have never heard of."

Then came other shocks. As the sound of the cart reached the kitchen, a scullion, with his doublet and hose protected by an apron, and his head adorned with a white cap, stepped into the courtyard and approached the cart. There was no mistaking him; feature for feature, he was the counterpart of John de Silva.

"So that is the Spanish grandee, is it?" hissed Myra from her invisible vantage-point.

"Now, Juan Silva," called the girl at the cart, "bestir yourself, and carry in these apples, whilst I fetch the vegetables."

He ran to do her bidding.

"Oh, Mira, *mia bella!*" he began. She cut him short by thrusting a basket of apples toward him and starting off with a load of vegetables. At the door of the kitchen, having laid down her burden, she lingered to tease the love-sick scullion; she successively drew him on by her coquetry and repulsed him by her disdain. But Juan's endurance reached the breaking point, and, throwing his arms about her, he strove to steal the kiss she had dared him to take.

Just at this moment the captain of the fort, Don Rodrigo de Vicente, was crossing the court. He reached the couple in a few strides, and, gripping Juan by the collar, sent him spinning to the threshold of the kitchen. As Mira rearranged the gay kerchief over her curls she glanced up shyly and gratefully into the captain's face, and the scrutiny he bestowed upon hers spoke of more than a momentary interest in one who had needed his assistance.

"Why," murmured the invisible Myra, "that's Roderick to a dot!"

"Honored sir, most humbly I thank you," stammered the pretty vendor of vegetables.

She returned to her cart with a reeling sense of something very wonderful having happened. As she stood

pressing a hand over her palpitating heart, there passed, on their way to the fort, the newly appointed governor and his famously beautiful wife. Mira looked after them, in their velvets and silks and laces, then down at her simple little bodice and brightly colored cotton skirt. A sigh welled up from her heart, and a deadness succeeded the delightful flutter of a moment before.

"He'll never look at me again," she thought. "He is one of the *magnificos*, and in his world the women are as beautiful as their clothes are gorgeous."

Sadly she turned the ox about and passed thru the gate; while upon the ramparts the handsome young captain was pacing restlessly to and fro, in an endeavor to throw off the witchery of Mira's roguish eyes. He was summoned from his revery by the announcement that the *andelantado* and his lady had arrived. He hastened to welcome them. They met with all the ceremony due to an official occasion, but the respectful glance with which Don Rodrigo de Vicente acknowledged his presentation to the Doña Isabella was sufficient to confirm the rumor of her surpassing beauty and charm. A lace mantilla draped her head, and rare, cobwebby lace fell away from the neck and flowing sleeves of her rich silken gown. It was a costume for an afternoon on the terrace of a palace, and its incongruity with the pioneer conditions in and about the fort, built as it was in the shadows of the primeval forest, but enhanced its beauty and the delicate loveliness of the Doña Isabella.

Yet, Don Rodrigo displayed no inclination to prostrate himself at those tiny arched feet. When the *doña* addressed him, he answered with a cold respect that piqued the imperious beauty, who was accustomed to slay hearts with her burning glances. Her subtle shafts failed of their mark, and even when she maneuvered to have a moment alone with him, her wiles could strike no answering spark of gallantry. The "*adios*" were pronounced, and Don Diego and his lady departed with great dignity, as tho treading the measures of a minuet.

Etiquette, however, has no prescribed forms for the conduct of the heart. Doña Isabella, while punctilious to the slightest detail of social requirements, carried an unbridled heart in her bosom. It was a susceptible heart and an impetuous one; what it craved it would risk much to have. And its latest insistent desire was for the love of the indifferent young captain at the fort. The governor's lady knew nothing of patience, nothing of the healthful, cooling action of time upon desire. An idea conceived with her must be carried out immediately; so that night a page carried to Don Rodrigo the message that the Doña Isabella awaited him in her garden.

Some little suspicion he may have had of the motive of that command—for, coming from the wife of his sovereign's representative, the message was nothing less than a command—yet he was none the less startled at this unlooked-for development. It was with the deepest misgiving that he followed the page, and found Doña Isabella in an agitated state, and evidently seeking concealment in the shadow of the trees.

"Honored lady, I am here at your command," he said, stiffly, as he bowed low before her.

With a wave of her fan she dismissed the page. Nervously she tapped the stones with a dainty foot. She was proud, and it was not a woman's place to sue, but this handsome young man evidently felt too literally the distance between his station and that of the governor.

"A little less of this respect, and a little more affability would be well received," she hinted.

"Madam, if I have seemed churlish, forgive me; I am a soldier. May I know the import of your summons?"

It was as if he warned her to go no further, but the vain woman would not have her intentions thus thwarted.

"Yes," she answered defiantly, "you shall know them. Who are you,



DON RODRIGO IS ATTRACTED BY MYRA'S BEAUTY

to resist me? Others prouder than you have paid me court; why have you no tender speeches for me?"

"Madam, I give you the reverence due the wife of the governor. I were a knave should I offer less."

She drew nearer and laid a hand upon his arm.

"I ask not less, but more," she breathed, almost pleadingly.

"Of fealty and honor I give to my uttermost," he evaded, removing the clinging hand.

His eyes looked sternly into hers, that smoldered with dangerous lights. She was not daunted, for she deemed that he could not long hold out against her fascination.

"Think of me as you will," she broke forth, recklessly, "when my eyes rested upon you today my heart succumbed. With some natures, love is swift and strong. With you it is slow, but——"

"Madam," he interrupted, "I beg of you, spare both of us this humiliation!"

He caught the hands with which she had sought to draw him nearer, and flung them from him.

"Understand, madam," he said, with withering scorn, "that my honor is more to me than a woman's love! Your honor, that you seem to hold so lightly, is your husband's, also, and should be too precious to barter for a passing whim!"

During this reprimand the Doña Isabella's infatuation gave way to wrath and hatred.

"You fool!" she sneered. "Enjoy your sacred honor while you may, for, by the mass, you will not have it long!"

She assumed her *grande dame* air, and haughtily glided away thru the moon-flecked shadows.

Don Rodrigo turned back to the fort, depressed by the scene he had so reluctantly been drawn into. He would have avoided meeting the Doña Isabella thenceforth, had the choice been his; but the lady, entertaining no such scruples, they were obliged, on the following day, to exchange commonplace civilities in the presence of the governor.

While they talked, a messenger arrived, and delivered to the governor a packet. It was a confidential report on the policy, then being pursued, of stirring up the Indians against the English—a policy that the governor had learnt was repugnant to Don Rodrigo. The governor, after glancing at the contents, slipped the packet, as he thought, into a pocket in his velvet trunks. In reality, he had inserted it in one of the slashings, and it dropped to the stone paving.

Doña Isabella, standing behind her husband, saw the papers flutter down. She knew their importance, and, on the instant, realized that here was the means she sought of discrediting Don Rodrigo. She stooped cautiously and picked up the papers. Sauntering unconcernedly to where that level of the fort broke to make a sloping descent to the court, she ran down the ramp, in an eager quest for some one to execute her design.

In the kitchen door stood the scullion, Juan, and, at a sign from Doña Isabella, he approached, in wondering humility.

"Are you worthy of trust?" she asked.

"Faith, honored lady, you may trust me to the death!" replied Juan, delighted at being singled out for this grand lady's service.

"Your reward shall be this ring," she said, drawing from her finger a heavy, richly carved gold band with settings of uncut gems.

He took it gingerly, turning it about in dumb admiration. "This is mine, lady?" he asked, doubting.

"As I said," she replied, haughtily. "Now for the deed that wins the reward. You are to take these papers—guard them as your life—and watch your chance to conceal them about the clothing of Don Rodrigo. Is it understood?"

"It shall be done," answered Juan, with relish, for had not the captain thrown him down and cuffed him, and made him ridiculous in Mira's eyes? For revenge alone would he obey the bidding of the great lady, but with the beautiful ring as an added incentive, what would he not dare? As Doña Isabella had directed him, he crept up after her to where Don Rodrigo and Don Diego still talked. Their backs were to the parapet, and upon this lay the captain's hat. Doña Isabella beckoned to Juan, pointed to the hat, and screened his approach. It took him but a second to place the papers in the hat and disappear.

The vindictive woman had not long to wait for the outcome of her plot. The governor was arguing in support of his intended policy. He had taken a strong liking to this young soldier, and wished his co-operation. "Now, let me prove to you by facts how wrong you are in that theory," the governor said. "I have sufficient confidence in you, as a soldier and a liege subject, to reveal to you what was meant for me alone."

He felt in his pockets for the papers, looked about him, and inquired of his wife if she had them.

"No," she answered, tartly. "That man has them," pointing to Don Rodrigo.

"Madam!" he expostulated.



DONA ISABELLA FLAUNTS DON RODRIGO

"I saw him pick them up and put them in his hat," she declared.

"Surely your honor would not believe me capable of such a dastardly act! Madam is mistaken," stammered Don Rodrigo, aghast at the accusation.

He took up his hat, and offered it for the governor's inspection. The latter inserted a finger under the head band and drew forth the papers. Don Rodrigo reeled. What was the use of denial after such evidence? When the governor summoned a guard and demanded the captain's sword, the young man surrendered it, and walked in silence to his prison cell. He was certainly in a serious predicament. Nothing short of Doña Isabella's relenting would save his life. He entertained no hope for that, and he prepared to face with courage the death that would speedily be meted out for his supposed treachery.

Tho sunk in gloom at the hopeless prospect, the sudden appearance of Mira before the bars of his cell roused him to a state of pleasurable interest. But, to his chagrin, she ignored him. He gripped the heavy bars, and watched with growing resentment her outrageous coquetting with the guard. She flashed admiring glances into the man's eyes, encouraged him with flattery, and lured him with a hundred coy little tricks. It was only natural that the man should catch her in his arms and try to steal a kiss from her red lips. But she was strong and lithe as a mountain cat, and, panting, she squirmed from his embrace and stood with her back to the bars of Don Rodrigo's cell. Her hand, thrust thru the bars, held the key that she had snatched from the guard's belt. As the prisoner took it from her, the wily girl circled about the guard, mocking him. Her shrill laugh drowned the creaking of the iron door as it swung on its hinges, and the leer on the man's face was eclipsed, and his outcry smothered, by Don Rodrigo's hand. Working swiftly, they gagged the struggling guard, bound his arms behind him, forced him into the cell, and turned the key in the lock. Then hastily they ran from the dungeon, and, crossing the court without being seen, reached Mira's ox-cart.

"Up, quick!" she urged, trembling. "I'll put this cover over you. There! You look just like a load of vegetables."

Out of the gate, past the sentry, groaned the cart, with Mira walking at the head of her slow-footed ox. Along the walls of the fort, and down the rough road toward the forest, lumbered the cart. The pace was slow, and Don Rodrigo wearied of his uncomfortable concealment. He sat up and looked about. There was no sign of man or beast about. With more courage than discretion, he descended from the cart and joined Mira.

"Fair damsel," he said, tenderly, "you have given me my liberty. What my fortunes are to be cannot yet be known. But such as they are, will you share them with me? My heart is yours, and has been since first I looked into those sparkling orbs."

Very subdued and demure was the dashing coquette, and Don Rodrigo gathered her unresistingly to his breast.

"My sweet——" he began, when they were startled by a cry.

"Aha!" shrilled the angry voice of Juan, the scullion. "It is thus I find you billing and cooing! But back to his cage goes the handsome bird!"

"Dastard!" exclaimed Don Rodrigo, clutching the other's throat. "Thou washer of pots and pans! Wouldst make an outcry? Ah! what fine jewels are we wearing! That ring—speak! Whence came it? 'Tis stolen, I wot!"

"No! no!" gurgled the choking Juan. "'Twas given me by a grand lady!"

"As the price of a villainy," contended Don Rodrigo, wrathfully, as a divination of the truth came to him. "Thou dog!"

So craven grew the erstwhile truculent pursuer as the captain shook him in his powerful grip, and flung him to the ground, that Mira could not restrain a peal of merry, taunting laughter. It acted as a signal to some weird power, for immediately a haze swept up and down and round about, enveloping them, swirling them into the realms of invisibility. Stilled was every sound, save the rippling laugh, that seemed to ring louder and clearer with the disembodiment of the mirthful spirit.

Myra felt a touch on her hand, and, still vainly trying to pierce the distance for the lost vision, she turned with a start and looked about her. She was sitting by the fountain in the hotel garden, and the book of romance lay upon her knee. John de Silva stood beside her; it was his touch that had roused her.

"You must have had a jolly dream," he said, "to judge by the way you were laughing."

Myra had not yet emerged from the past. Her indignation at the baseness of the scullion was strong upon her. Impulsively, and with abhorrence, she drew the antique ring from her finger and proffered it to John de Silva.

"I have changed my mind," she said. "I cannot marry you. This is not the ring of a Spanish grandee!"

She turned from his silent incredulity. Roderick Vincent was striding rapidly toward her.

"Oh, Rodrigo!" she exclaimed. "Were you in earnest? Did you really care?"

His amazement and his puzzlement were extreme, but, with modern *sang froid,* he smiled reassuringly, and led her into one of the leafy paths.

"Just let me prove it to you," he said.

The triumphs of a warrior are bounded by the narrow theater of his own age, but those of a Scott or a Shakespeare will be renewed with greater and greater luster in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain will be forgotten or live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.—*Prescott.*

The Boss of the Lumber Camp

(Edison)

By ALLEN STANHOPE

THE lumber camp lay in the midst of a silent belt of woods, locked in the cold embrace of a northern winter's night. The air was as keen as a sharp knife, and just as fatal to the heart of the unsheltered man caught in its grip. The ice in the nearby pond thundered, as if in pain under the zero pressure, the great trees roared and every board in the two shacks emitted sounds like that of breaking bones.

The lumber "jacks" had one and all turned in to enjoy the balm of a warm bunk after a long day's toil.

In the boss' shack were two men. One sat before the blazing fire, reading. The other stood tapping a letter on the rough table and studying his companion. At length he spoke:

"I received a letter from your father today, Warner."

Warner looked up carelessly, a cigaret drooping from a weak mouth. "I'll bet he didn't say anything complimentary," he observed.

"Here, read it." Foster tossed it across the table. "It should have got here a couple of days ago. The snows delayed it, I suppose."

Warner read the letter aloud, his lip curling derisively.

MY DEAR FOSTER: I'm sending my son, Willis, to your camp with a purpose. He has been burning the candle at both ends. The outdoor life will do him good. Put him to work with one of the logging gangs, and keep an eye on him.

Yours,

JAMES WARNER.

"And now we understand each other," said Foster, laying down his pipe.

"Well?" demanded Warner, quizzically.

"Nothing—except that, altho you are the owner's son, I'm the whole thing up here, the boss. And I'm your friend."

"Thanks," nodded the other, smiling.

"So much for us two. But there is another and more serious consideration. I want to say just a word about the men. They're honest, bighearted, good fellows. Treat them right and they'll share their last shirt with you. *But*—and dont forget this ever, Warner—get them against you, and God help you; I cant. They break bones and kill, these fellows do, when rubbed the wrong way. That's all."

"Where do these fellows bury their dead?" Warner had risen purposely and was displaying his well-built, six-foot figure.

If Foster heard him, his words gave no sign of it. "I think I'll turn in now. Good night."

Three weeks passed. Willis Warner worked with such an honest good will that Foster became impressed favorably with the young man. The men, too, he noticed were getting over



WILLIS, THE SCAPEGRACE, LEAVES HOME FOR THE LOGGING CAMP



WILLIS PRESENTS HIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

the feeling of antagonism that had come with the knowledge that Willis was the lumber owner's son. In fact, the boy, as the effects of city low life began to wear off, became a lovable character who won the esteem of the whole camp. Bob Foster took an especial liking to him and began to look forward with pleasure to the companionship all winter of one of his own education and class.

But suddenly an unlucky series of events changed this happy aspect.

The monthly pay-day came around and with it an immediate visit to the nearest village barroom, three miles distant. Most of the men brought demijohns of whisky back to camp with them. Three of them got drunk and did not return at all that night. Willis was among the number. All came back the next day but Willis.

Bob Foster dropped an illuminating line to the boy's father and then went over to the village and brought him home. The debauch had left him a pitiable wreck. Besides, he had received a severe beating for some cause he no longer remembered, and a considerable sum of money had been won from him in gambling.

The boy's whole nature had changed. He became surly and offensive to every one, with the result that he was soon thoroly disliked.

The following week a special letter was brought to Willis. He gave a threatening look in Bob's direction after he had finished reading it.

"Been spying and telling tales, eh?"

"Warner," said Bob quietly, "I dont like your way lately. I dont want you to speak to me that way, either. Do you hear?"

"I'll exchange the compliment of a couple of months ago. Here, read this letter."

Bob glanced at it.

DEAR WILLIS: Have persuaded dad to allow me to pay you a visit. Leave here tonight. Wont it be fun!

Lovingly,

FLO.

"You told 'em, I suppose?"

"I wrote your father that you were drinking."

"I thought so, and now Flo is coming up to help in the reformation. I'm fond of my sister."

"I admire you for that."

"And I want to tell you one thing, Foster. I want you to be careful."

"I think I'll turn in, Warner. Five A.M., you know, tomorrow."

Thus Bob usually terminated their unpleasant evening discussions.

The day Florence Warner arrived, Willis assumed a more amiable demeanor. Bob was puzzled, at first, as to appropriate and decorous accommodations for her.

That afternoon he called Willis aside.

"You and your sister are to occupy my shack as long as she cares to stay. I'm going into the big shack."

"Say, I think maybe you're all right, after all," conceded Willis.

"Thanks," said Bob, drily.

"Spend the evening with us?"

"On your sister's invitation, I'll be glad to."

"Please do, then, Mr. Foster." It was Florence who had come upon the two men unawares.

After a salt pork supper with the men he went over to the shack.

"How are you going to occupy yourself away out here with a lot of men who do nothing but work from sun to sun?" asked Bob as the end drew near to one of the pleasantest evenings in his recollection.

"Oh, she's a great outdoor sport, you know," Willis informed him. "Holds the skiing record for the Bay State."

"Yes, I brought them along and expect to have no end of fun—from now on."

"Going to spend the winter with us?" smiled Bob.

"Maybe," she replied, enigmatically.

"All depends on me," remarked her brother, introducing the first suggestion of the real reason for her visit.

"I think I'll turn in for the night, good people," put in Bob.

"Oh, can that chestnut, wont you?" said Willis, smiling good-naturedly.

But Bob meant it, and bade them good night and went over to his new quarters. He came every evening after that, however, and his fondness for Flo was apparent to all.

When two weeks had elapsed Willis was again his amiable self, which in itself was a sufficient reason for his sister bringing her unusual sojourn to an end.

"I'd rather you'd wait until after Tuesday," suggested Bob when she told him she intended to leave in the morning.

Tuesday was pay-day again.

The girl looked into his frank eyes for a moment. "Very well," she assented. "I'll stay. But I had promised Willis to go tomorrow."

"Thanks." Then Bob rose and faced her with a strange, once-in-a-lifetime look in his eyes. "Miss Warner," he said thickly, then stopped.

"Yes?" she said, so very softly he scarcely heard. She was looking into the fire.

"I wish you weren't my employer's daughter—and—and things were not exactly—well——"

"Oh, so you two are here in the gloaming, eh?" It was Willis. He had stepped over to the big shack and slipped back upon them before they knew it.

"Well, I'll——" began Bob.

"Be turning in, eh? Perhaps it *is* —best." There was an unpleasant twang in Willis' tone. Bob knew he had overheard the latter part of their conversation.

The three following evenings were not so pleasant. Flo seemed filled with sighs and sadness. Willis was as unpleasant as he could make himself, and Bob was unusually taciturn, as tho he had already said too much and was teaching himself a lesson.

Tuesday night Willis did not return with his gang.

"Where's Warner?" demanded Bob of the foreman.

"Drunk!" was the reply.

Bob was dismayed. The men filed

into the shack. He turned, conscious that some one was near.

Flo stood there, with the intelligence written in lines of pain on her pretty face.

"You heard?" he asked, sorrowfully.

She nodded.

"There's nothing to do but go get him."

"Could I do that?" She turned with a look of determination.

"No—I'll do that part. I want you to stay right here and wait—for us."

Without another word he plunged along the beaten trail toward the village, she looking after him with an expression that was too sweet for sorrow, and too proud for grief.

But in the one saloon of the town Willis had not been seen or heard of. Bob went everywhere about the place, inquiring of every one he met. It was long past midnight before he wended his way back to the saloon, a grave anxiety gnawing at his heart. Two visions fixed themselves in his troubled mind: one of the stiffened form of a yellow-haired boy with face upturned in the snow; the other of a grief-stricken girl pacing his shack.

To his surprise he found the saloon going full swing.

He entered and stepped up to the bar, intending to inquire after the boy once again, and then hurry back to the shack.

At that moment, a man from one of the noisy groups, playing cards in the rear, sprang unsteadily to his feet.

"You're liars—all of you!" he cried, thickly.

It was Willis.

Bob hurried forward, filled half with joyful relief at the sight of the boy alive, and half with grave alarm at the imminent peril he knew he now invited.

All of the men had risen, and he could see by the expressions of their faces that Willis had been guilty of some unpardonable offense. Bob saw that most of the men were lumbermen. He went straight to the group and addressed one of them.

"Johnson, what's the row about?"

Willis leered angrily at him.

"So it's you interfering with my affairs again! I can take care of myself, Foster."

"Come, what's the matter, Johnson?" demanded Bob.

"That feller's been cheatin'."

"It's a lie!" growled Willis, avoiding Bob's eyes when they were turned scathingly on him.

"Boys," said Bob, solemnly, shaking his head, "I dont believe it."

"An' if we kin prove it?" queried a big brute of a fellow, who was caressing a heavy stick with one of his great, hairy hands.

"Ah, that's different, Winslow. But that's what you'll have to do, before I can be made to believe it."

Winslow laid his stick aside and the group closed around the table with a respectful eagerness to prove their point and get at their quarry.

"An' when we do prove it, that young skunk, who they says has piles of money, an' then comes an' cheats poor woodsmen out of their last dollars—he gits beat first, then tarred and feathered."

Bob trembled. He knew of but one case of this treatment. Half the bones in the victim's body had been broken and he had died before the feathers could even be brought. He turned and gave a quick, significant look at the boy. The latest intelligence had sobered him, and fear had supplanted his reckless bravado. Bob was sure he understood the meaning of his glance toward the door.

"Here's his double set of aces," Winslow said, triumphantly, picking them up from the floor.

Bob leaned forward attentively, his hand closing at the same time over Winslow's stout stick.

"But see here, Winslow, the boy was drunk and desperate tonight." He had slipped the stick behind him.

"Maybe he was," put in Johnson. "But we've had it half on him—ever since he come to camp. He's been winnin' everybody's money. We knowed there was somethin' crooked all along. One of the men had him



WILLIS IS ACCUSED OF CHEATING AT CARDS

to his house tonight, an' his wife went thru his clothes while they was drinkin'. She found the cards an' marked 'em."

"An' now we're goin' to—where in thunder's my club?" Winslow was looking around wickedly.

"The skunk's got away!" shouted another.

There was a rush toward the door, but Bob reached it first, and drew a table in front of him. He brought the heavy club down on it with a blow that made the men pause.

"Now look here, men, I want you to listen to something. I understand you fellows because I'm more than half one of you myself."

The crowd had paused and halted.

"You're right; this boy has been cheating you. He's bad to the core; I'll not deny it. Now I'll see to it—and you know my word's as good as gold—that every cent he has robbed you of you'll get back—doubled."

"None o' that!" growled Winslow, gripping a bottle by the neck.

"No, we want to twist his thieving arms off for him."

"That's what we want!"

They stood like angry tigers ready to spring.

"Men, you're wrong, to want to take the law in your own hands," protested Bob. "I promise you that the fellow will be driven out of these woods, and that you'll never lay eyes on him again."

"Nothin' 'll do but his hide, we tell yer!"

"Well, if I can help it, you're not going to get him. Do you hear?" Bob had stepped back, giving himself room to swing his club. "And if you want to know how hard I'm going to fight, let me tell you something. I'm not fighting for that boy, but for a woman! Have any of you ever fought for a woman—the woman you wanted?"

The angry movements of the men were now arrested by their sheer astonishment.

"That boy's got a little innocent kid of a sister up there in our camp. If you get him, it's going to kill her. And I'd rather kill every last man of you than break her heart. Now, the first man who comes within reach of this club will taste it."

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when the bottle in Winslow's hand came whizzing thru the air. He dodged, but the heavy missile struck three of the fingers that held the club, laying them open to the bone. The club fell to the floor. With a cry of pain he turned to defend himself. But every light in the place had been smashed simultaneously. Some one tripped him up and gave him what is known as the "timber twist," and he went to the floor like a log. He felt a cold draught of air on his face, and heard many feet crunching the snow.

The men were outside and would soon be on the trail of Willis.

For the boy to return to the camp was like courting death. All the men in the big shacks would gladly join their comrades when once apprised of the nature of the sport. Yet Bob felt instinctively that Willis was already half-way back to the shack. The men would, no doubt, scour the town first.

Binding his aching fingers with his handkerchief, he shoved them into the breast of his mackinaw, and started back the three miles to camp.

Before he had been trudging ten minutes the keen, still air of the night was filled with the shouts of many voices. The whole town were already on their way, and soon the lumber camp would be roused, and be after the boy like a pack of ravening wolves.

Bob tried to run, and for the next mile stumbled along and gained on the pursuers. Then, nearly exhausted, he slackened his pace. It seemed hours before he caught sight of the one dim light that he knew shone from his shack window.

When he came to pound at the shack door he sank in a heap.

"Who's there?" inquired a voice that brought back strength and hope.

"It's I—Bob—open, quick, for God's sake!"

He crawled in the half-opened door.

"Poor old Bob," said Flo, softly, as she espied his crushed hand.

He looked up for the merest instant into the tear-brimming eyes.

"I'd go to hell now—Flo!" he said at last, getting back his breath. "But come, never mind the hand now. Where is he? The mob'll be here in five minutes."

"I've hid him up there." She pointed to the attic.

"That wont do—he's got to get out and run for it. I'll keep 'em here for a while."

"I dont suppose if he put on a suit of your clothes hanging over there it would help?" asked Flo, tentatively.

"Not a bit. Here, I'll barricade things. You attend to him. Let him out of the back window. Now put out that light, for they're almost here, and please keep out of the way, little girl. They mustn't hurt you. Get up in the attic. Dawn 'll spoil everything in less than an hour!"

For five minutes Bob worked frantically, giving a growl of pain every time he jammed his injured hand. He heard the back window opened, an awkward scrambling out of it, and then a bang as it slammed to. Breathing a sigh of relief, he barred and barricaded it as he had done the door and the other window.

Scarcely before he was aware of it, the mob had begun to batter away at the shack. Then he realized how short would be the interval before these men, who knew the power of a single log, could rig a battering ram that would raze a stone wall.

He seized a stout sapling and waited. Five minutes passed.

If he could hold them thirty minutes, perhaps the boy could get away! Then the shack was struck a blow that made it shudder. The battering ram was at work!

At the third blow the heavy door



BOB IS REWARDED

came hurtling down in splinters. Thru the aperture gray dawn straggled in! Darkness had been his last hope. There was little chance for Willis' escape, pursued by a hundred expert snow-runners!

"I'll brain the first man that tries to enter!" cried Bob, standing near the opening, club in hand.

But, to his surprise, the ram had been abandoned, and the crowd had run round to the back of the shack, where one of their number had discovered the telltale footprints. Then the excited voices gradually drew away, across the clearing toward the pond. There was no hope for the boy now.

He threw aside the barriers at the back window and flung it open. Every man and boy was trudging thru the deep snow toward the broad, ice-covered pond. A half-dozen or so were far in the lead, making fast time on snow-shoes. Then, to his horror, Bob caught sight of the object for which they were all making. It was the figure of some one settled, on the further edge of the pond, seemingly exhausted, in the snow. The leaders were within a half mile of the person.

"Come down," groaned Bob, "the jig's up. I've got a revolver here. If you say so I'll go out and shoot some of 'em. Likely they'll kill us both, but I'll try it!"

"Bob Foster, you've done more than save my life——" Bob sprang back as tho struck a blow. Willis was descending from the attic. "You've made a man of a pup."

"But your sister!"

"Dont worry. I've been watching her. She's putting on her skiis out there now. She can give any one of those fellows a handicap. She's going to lead them a chase of ten miles or so, then make for the flume and shoot it on her skiis. She told me to tell you she'd meet you at the bottom!"

"And you?"

"I'm going to strike 'cross country for Harding. I've got my skiis here, too. I can only make fair time, tho. I'll get a train there. I'm going to tell father what sort of a fellow you are. He needs a man like you—not an occasional one, as I am—at the head of the mills, not up here in the woods."

"Good luck to you, boy!"

"I thought you were going to say 'I think it's about time I turned in,'" smiled the boy, as he glided away. "And I give my consent," he shouted back; "she's yours for the asking!"

Cowboys Up-to-date

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

When the railroad come to Madras, we wuz feelin' pretty blue,
Seemed as if a self-respectin', broncho-bustin' buckaroo
Didn't have no chance of livin' on the old range any more,
When, instead of coyotes howling, you could hear an engine roar.
Still, we joined the celebration, seein' the first train come in,
Over all them miles of sage-brush, where the old stage coach had been
For all the years before the only way to travel there.
Well, us cowboys and stage-drivers all wuz feelin' blue for fair,
Celebratin' Railroad Day,
Feelin' anything but gay,
'Cause we all could see our finish wasn't very far away.
No more ridin' on the ranges—
How the cattle country changes,
When old Jim Hill's iron wagon has got the right o' way!

We wuz ridin' round promiscuous, with our six-guns mighty handy,
When from out the bunch of city guys there steps a spruced-up dandy;
He sizes up our bronks and us, our lassos, chaps and spurs,
And says, "I'd like a word with you, if it's convenient, sirs.
I see you're boncho twisters." Then Red begun to cuss;
And Buck sez, "But this railroad game has got the drop on us."
The stranger says, "How would you like to make five plunks a day,
A-doin' cowboy features for a Motion Picture play?"
Celebratin' every day—
Say, that got us right away!
Just to go on bustin' bronchos in the same old reckless way,
Even with the engine tootin',
We could keep right on a shootin',
Broncho twistin', fightin', ridin', for a Motion Picture play.

So that's how we're still a-usin' of our quirt and lasso-rope,
And every day a-tearin' thru the sage-brush on the lope,
A breakin' bronks and shootin', and doin' our blame best
To shove the Eastern guys some dope about the Woolly West.
So while the old stage-drivers and cattlemen, today,
Are losin', as the railroad takes their chances all away,
We're gettin' rich, at playin' the old game we used to know.
We're swearin', tearin' cowboys—for a Motion Picture show,
Celebratin' every day,
Shootin' up the town, and, say,
The best of all the whole blame thing is this here princely pay.
Them old Ranch Days wasn't in it,
Now we're right down to the minute,
Keepin' up to date, and posin' for a Motion Picture Play.



(From the Scenario of W. M. Laughead)

"VAINGLORY, indeed!" exclaimed young Colonel McCool—he was in his own tent, and addressing a superior officer.

"You did brilliant work," his senior insisted, "in checking the Federal advance on Reidville. But for your opportune cavalry charge, they might have turned our left. They are strangely well posted as to our movements in that neighborhood."

"Vainglory, indeed," Fighting Dan declared, gloomily. "I led a lot of men into what might have been slaughter. The best soldier is an automaton. He most dreads what is behind him—the detachment which will be told off to shoot him down for desertion—as he has a chance in facing the enemy. My soldiers dread me more than they do the Yanks, because they know that they must go where I command them, or have their brains blown out for cowardice. That is all there is to my blood-stained banner of glory. It would be more sensible to capture the spy who is the cause of so much sacrifice. Detach me for that service, and I will get him single-handed before a general action takes place."

"We can ill spare you," the other sighed. "Many in the ranks believe that our dark hour is not far away, and leaders are sorely needed for the new men we are recruiting, but you have named the weak spot in our defense. I shall speak to General Green about your proposition, without further delay."

The handsome face of the young cavalry officer lighted up with enthusiasm. "Do so," he begged. "I will show you what I can do as a *man.*"

The two officers exchanged smiles of mutual good understanding, and parted.

An hour later, Colonel McCool received orders from the major-general in command:

"Proceed to Reidville alone as a private citizen, and watch spies working from that point."

The young cavalry officer had prepared in advance for his dangerous mission. He assumed a civilian's suit of clothes, carried secret arms, and set out to enter upon the unenviable life of a non-combatant in a small town where final recruiting was calling all able-bodied males into service.

Fighting Dan's first mishap in Reidville was to come upon an ante-bellum acquaintance, who immediate-

ly introduced him as one of the Carolina McCools, but this was promptly turned to account when the new arrival found that he was not identified as the dashing cavalry officer who had saved the town from becoming a Federal outpost. He acknowledged that he was an ordinary member of the family, whose most distinguished representative was generally conceded to be Fighting Dan, and this brought him in contact with the best people of the place. He became particularly interested in the family of Judge Reid, an old gentleman of fervent disloyalty to the government of his forefathers, whose pretty daughter, Edith, was enthusiastic in her devotion to "The Cause." McCool's interest in this case was not, however, pertinent to his mission. It was inspired rather by the little god who ambles around without any clothes, while engaged in shooting poisoned arrows of high emotion into susceptible hearts. The young officer was strongly attracted by Edith Reid, almost losing his head along with the less controllable organ that pulses human passion. While becoming out of sympathy with bloodshed, he fell deeply in love with Judge Reid's charming daughter.

"How glorious!" Edith said to him, one bright Sunday morning, soon after his arrival—they were walking home from church, and she was voicing a sudden thought.

"Lovely weather!" McCool granted, softly.

"I mean war," she explained—they were passing a group of young recruits—"I love to see them fall into line, and march away, to the inspiring strains of music; ladies waving their hands and men cheering themselves hoarse. It is grand!"

"And afterwards," said Dan, gloomily, "it is hideous. You do not see those who die forsaken on the field, or in pain at the hospitals; you do not hear the desperate screams of perishing life, or the moans of the wounded. War is horrible."

Edith glanced at him in amazement. "You are a McCool," she said, with emphasis; "they are all fighters, and your cousin Dan is the finest of them all. We thought all was lost when the enemy swept down on us, carrying all resistance before them. Then they faltered. Some one said that Fighting Dan had arrived. God! how we thrilled at that name—Fighting Dan! After the enemy was repulsed, and we heard how he dashed into their ranks at the head of his troops, we were all crazy to see him, but they say he is as modest as he is brave. I told Bert to imitate him"—she pointed to a young officer preceding them in company with her father—"before he aspired to my hand. If he would do half as much as Fighting Dan for our cause, I would love him for the rest of my life."

A deep flush stole into McCool's face while she was talking, that was in harmony with her own heightened color, tho hers had the delicacy of the pink and white clouds floating above them. "Then you like Fighting Dan?" he queried, timidly.

"I love him," she declared.

They were silent for a while, but she renewed the subject when they entered her gate. "I do not mean," she explained, "that I have fallen in love with a man I never saw, but the loneliness of his life—they say he has never been seen in company since his mother died—his constancy and courage, appeal to me strongly. I would be proud to meet him some day—he is so true to his ideals."

"War and glory are vain idols," sighed the officer. "You burn with honest patriotism, and so do other women in the North as well as the South. Many of those women have built homes thru patient years, only to see them devastated. Thousands of darkened households result from this useless slaughter; hundreds of thousands of noble women are counting the minutes until their loved ones return, and will pray to God this night that the war may be ended. It is not inspiring. It is sickening."

She studied him in perplexity. They were now in her father's house,



and she had opportunity to contrast his gloomy mood with the high enthusiasm of the boyish fellow she had designated as "Bert" and as a half-accepted admirer. McCool had reason to be depressed about his mission—he had discovered nothing of greater value than the movements of an old farmer from the back country, against whom there was not a shadow of suspicion, because he lacked ordinary intelligence—and he was at a decided disadvantage in the presence of an officer as handsomely arrayed as any he had seen in months.

"Who is he?" McCool inquired, referring to Bert.

"He is in command of our battery," Edith answered, with pride. "It was the point of Federal attack, and was barely saved by Fighting Dan."

McCool scowled—the battery had been poorly served. "Who *was* he?" the disguised officer persisted.

"A soldier," she replied, coldly. "He came here to organize our home guard."

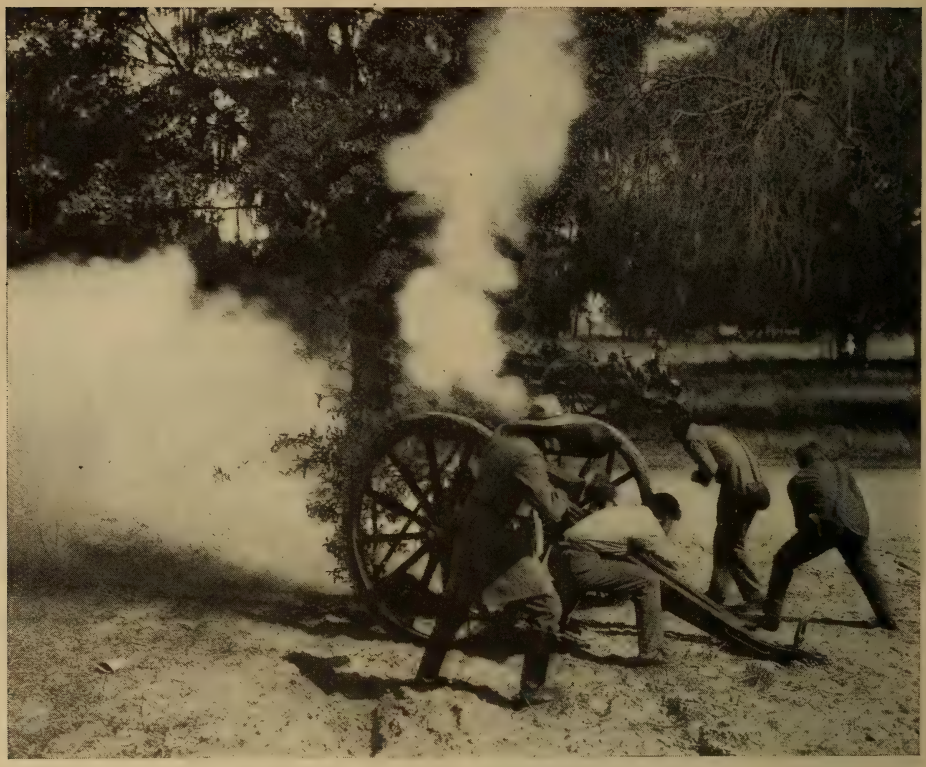
McCool started to speak, but imposed a restraint upon himself. Whatever the momentary struggle within him between habit and impulse, it passed quickly. "In war time," he observed, gravely, "it is important to know a stranger's record."

"We have not asked for yours," she reminded him. "We care less what a man was than what he is. Do you intend to enlist?"

"Not under *that* man," answered McCool, with more vehemence than discretion.

"I know why," she declared, excitedly. "You have found out that he received his military training in the North, but so did some of our finest generals. That excuse is a poor one for a Carolina McCool to make when his country needs him."

McCool bowed to conceal a smile of triumph. "I thank you," he said, with profound sincerity. When he raised his head she was gone. She had departed in such a temper that her father came forward to apologize,



THE BATTLE OPENS

but McCool reassured him. Noting that Bert was engaged in conversation with Edith, Fighting Dan wrote a short note and handed it to Judge Reid. "This message is so important," he said, "that I must ask you to forward it to General Green at headquarters without a moment's delay."

Judge Reid regarded his guest shrewdly. "I have kept my own counsel," he remarked, quietly, "but I have suspected you from the moment we met. Your note will go as soon as we part."

"Excuse me," McCool thanked him, "but I must leave. Not a word —not even to your daughter."

Judge Reid bowed with old-fashioned hospitality.

McCool left in a dispirited manner, but from that moment Bert's movements were under constant surveillance by the clear-headed cavalry leader.

The organizer of the Reidville home guards, who had been in command of the battery when it was poorly served, and nearly captured, whose previous record was unknown, and who had confided to Edith that his military training was that of the North, left the Reid home like a man who was sure of the ground he was treading, and proceeded to his own quarters. He came out biting into an apple, as tho finishing a hasty meal, and proceeded directly to the public square. The scene presented there was more like that of market day than of the Sabbath, as country people had brought in their produce, and were utilizing their wagons as stalls along the pavement, as well as the day of rest given soldiers under steady drill during the week, to sell their truck. Bert mixed with the crowd for a few moments, then singled out the stupid farmer McCool had already noticed, drew an

apple from his pocket, and handed it to the rustic. The latter glanced about him warily, mounted his wagon, and drove away with a satisfied air, tho not half of his product had been sold.

Bert next visited the battery installed on the outskirts of the town, where it covered any possible approach from the enemy, and conducted a peculiar inspection of the field-guns. In trying the sights, he elevated the muzzle of each weapon, so that the shot would fly over the heads of an attacking body of infantry, except at long range.

McCool had mounted to follow the farmer, but remained long enough to note the alarming conduct of the artillery officer. Further delay might have been more serious than appearances indicated. The Federal outpost, supposed to be miles away, had advanced in small detachments, until there was forged a chain of communication with the main body, whose links could be strengthened by reinforcements as soon as Reidville was captured, and these minor actions often weighed heavily in the general result. The ignorant old farmer was not compelled to drive any great distance before he was hailed by Union troops and his apple examined by an officer of high rank. A message concealed in its core read:

"Town defenseless. Will expose battery to easy capture."

The officer wrote a reply, enclosed it in the apple, and sent the messenger on his way back to town. He was half-way there, when he noticed a man in civilian clothes riding like a soldier straight at him. To his amazement, the equestrian drew up by the side of the wagon, whipped out a revolver, and ordered him to halt.



"I WILL TAKE THAT APPLE"

"I will take that apple!" said the horseman, no other than Fighting Dan.

There was no resisting the peremptory tone of a man long trained to command. The farmer yielded, while he presented a picture that was

the incarnation of fear. McCool had scarcely to glance at the message, "Will attack at once," to understand that a crisis was at hand. It was obvious that the messenger could not have been on a return trip unless a Federal detachment was near at hand. He wheeled and dashed back at full speed—the stupid messenger was of no consequence—anxiety mingling with the earnest determination expressed on his face.



A SHELL STRIKES THE HOUSE OF JUDGE REID

The worst was to be feared. In the first attack on Reidville the Union infantry had been compelled to fall back before his charge from lack of field artillery, but possession of the battery would enable them to turn the guns on his cavalry and hold the position until a heavy force could be brought up and a dangerous flank attack inaugurated on the body of General Green's army of defense. Involved in what might seem to be a Sunday afternoon skirmish between outposts was a critical situation.

So swift runs the current of events in war time, that the attack was on before Fighting Dan reached town, and he was forced to circle to avoid being taken prisoner. Troops stationed at the battery were soon in action, but their opening fire had no effect on the thin line of advancing blue infantry. The Union soldiers wasted no ammunition until they were well within the danger zone, where they charged, and drove the artillery force from the guns. The retreat was well ordered—it was ardently led by the Union officer, who was there in disguise to conduct it—but a new factor was destined to operate in reverse. Fighting Dan had sent for a detachment of his own troopers, and he became immediately active in rallying such portions of the home guard as he could collect.

In the home of Judge Reid the young lady, who had been enthusiastic over the sight of martial array and the sound of inspiring music, was given a sharp reminder of war's realities. A shell fired from the recently captured battery struck the house,

and its explosion near the hall where she and her father were standing, tho it left them uninjured, was enough to make her heart stand still, and forever sicken her of human slaughter. Down the street before her eyes came men with gaunt faces and staring eyes, gasping with fright as bombs exploded in their midst, while terrors in blue dashed after them with lowered bayonets, killing, maiming, or pressing helpless prisoners on to the rear.

Edith Reid provided herself with a revolver for self-defense; but, if she had ever entertained any desire to inspire soldiers in action, the sight of war as a reality disposed of her aspirations. It was hideous!

Suddenly, there was a great cry down the street, and the blue force faltered. Again the cry, followed by cheers! What were the Boys in Grey shouting? "Fighting Dan! Fighting Dan!" The blue line fell back until it grew thin with stubborn fighters covering a retreat. Fighting Dan was coming! Edith's face flamed with excitement, and she grasped her revolver fiercely, as if anxious to join the fray. It was all Judge Reid could do to restrain her when the tide turned, and he was forced even then to let her realize how ill-prepared she was for the art of war by divulging one fact that he had learnt from McCool's dispatch—the organizer of the home guard was a Union spy, and the one who had made this discovery was an important Confederate officer with whom she had walked home from church.

Nothing more was needed to complete the young lady's humiliation. As well qualified by nature as woman is to stand shoulder to shoulder with man in affairs of peace, even to surpass him in its sweet graces, it was not in her to compete with him in destructive warfare. Edith subsided while the battle swept back toward its starting point, dumb, miserable and inconsolable. She had misjudged the handsome young officer in citizen's clothes, who had made pertinent inquiries about Bert—the one was a regular officer doing his country a great service, while the other was a black-hearted traitor. Then, too, she had caught a glimpse of what McCool had truthfully depicted: the slaughter of mothers' sons sent to the shambles. She was roused after a while by the sound of voices in the street, and was ready for an attack on her home, when Bert rushed into the hall, sword in hand:



BERT IS RECOGNIZED AS A SPY

"Save me!" he begged. "Hide me!"

She darted between him and the door, and covered him with the revolver.

"Save *you*," she cried, with spirit. "Drop that sword!"

It fell from his hands, so amazed was he, and then he stood at her mercy, until a few troopers, following the pursuit, laid hands on the spy, and dragged him from her sight. She had at last accomplished something for The Cause.

Her reward?

It came almost immediately. *Mr.* McCool—so she still knew him—came soon after to communicate with Judge Reid, before leaving to resume his command.

"We have recaptured the battery," he said, "and will station a regiment at this point, perhaps my own, tho I am needed elsewhere. Whether or not we meet soon, allow me to thank you and your daughter for the aid you have rendered."

Edith regarded him with wretched humility, tho he was covered with the dust of battle. "Please," she implored, "forgive me."

He flushed thru the grime on his cheeks. "I hope you will remember me in kindness," he said, "until the struggle is over. We must fight on to the end, but I am afraid that we are foredoomed."

"Never!" she declared, with spirit. "So long as we have men like Fighting Dan."

The men exchanged glances, and the venerable judge patted his daughter on the back. "You are talking," he warningly said, "to Fighting Dan!"

"Colonel McCool!" she exclaimed, in confusion, then she covered her crimson face with her hands.

"Never mind," he said gently—he drew near to say good-by—"I do not hold you to your confession; but I am coming back, if I survive, for a greater crown of glory than war can bestow—the greatest man can know on earth—that of a brave woman's true love."

Pictures All Over

No form of public amusement is more widespread than the Motion Picture, for it is to be found in every civilized country, and the Photoplay that you enjoyed last night may be giving equal pleasure to audiences in St. Petersburg, Tokio, Johannesburg, Melbourne, Calcutta, London, Paris, Berlin, Buenos Aires, Lisbon and Port Arthur.

Some companies make their titles and captions in a dozen languages, and almost all companies translate into three or four languages.

Tastes vary, but the demand for pictures is universal.

Australia takes the best of the American-made pictures, and some few from France and England. They differ but little in their demand from the American audiences, but the Japanese want travel pictures and other educational and industrial subjects. The imitative Jap has not tried to make pictures of his own. What would be the use, when their dramas sometimes run a month?

In China the picture theaters are, for the greater part, confined to the treaty ports, and Occidental humor is not appreciated, preference being shown for the purely pictorial.

Russian theaters are sometimes splendid structures in the large cities. The police censorship is rigid, and many apparently harmless subjects are barred because of some fancied transgression—some appeal to the love of liberty, or the overthrow of a tyrant, that the police regard as inflammatory. The taste of the Italian and other Latin audiences is for the highly colored dramatic story, tho broad farce shares favor. The Germans like solid subjects and historical productions, while the English prefer "topicals," which are produced with remarkable rapidity. The running of a Derby is to be seen in the London music halls the same night, while the Houndsditch "battle" between the police and soldiers on one hand and three burglars on the other, was shown within six hours of the happening, and while the "extras" were still in demand. French and American pictures are preferred to those of local origin. India takes the best of all markets, while the South American audiences want vivid dramas and exaggerated comedies.

But everywhere the cowboy pictures are in demand, whether it be Austria or Australia, Portugal or Japan. The rapid riding, and the vividness of the life, possess a peculiar charm that finds world-wide expression.



CAST

Ernest Conery, an inventor.....*William Herman West*
Mrs. Conery, his wife.....*Jane Wolfe*
Gladys, their daughter.....*Alice Joyce*
Floyd Dandridge, suitor for Gladys' hand.....*Carlyle Blackwell*
John Rawley, a promoter.....*Paul Hurst*
Mark Hunter, co-worker of Rawley's.....*Kunte Rahm*

ECONOMISTS propound that the source of all wealth is mother earth. Sweaty husbandmen and grimy miners, from time immemorial, have succeeded in breaking the ground that bears it. Countless others have stood by to tread it into wine, crush into meal, saw into logs, or stamp it into an artificial treasure called gold. As the ages have become more enlightened, those that wrest the earth's increase from her have become fewer; those that by increasing processes refine, transmute, adorn, have gone over to the many. From Nature's primitive calls of hunger, love, and terror, have sprung a million words that key our fancies or aversions. The steam-plow of the prairie, with a machinist as plowman, the giant drill with Titanic strokes directed by a fellow machinist, are crowding out the elemental sons of economy. The philosophic miller of the wayside stream is disappearing before the breakfast food magnate. Subtle brain-fingers are quietly atrophying those former digits, which once stood for the supremacy of man.

The conquest of the earth's crust is softening; maybe the new process is happier, too, by means of man's labor-saving devices. Great architecture is no longer a whim, conceived, like the Pyramids, in vanity, and upraised by thousands of slave-toilers.

Thru man's desire to take the shortest road, a breed of specialists gradually grew up; these men are known as bridge builders. Their spawn, who swing, like maniacs, suspended by threads across great chasms, are bridgemen.

The man I am going to tell you about had started adult life as a bridgeman. His life on the chords of steel bridges could be likened to the performances of a trapezist; but there was no applause, unless we except the echoes of his riveter, from the gorge, and the smiling river coursing below.

When the spring of his sinews had slackened somewhat, and a mist formed before his eyes from the glowing rivets, he had quit the perilous undertaking, to retire with his family to a little house on the outskirts of a town in California.

Tho his outward frame had been discarded as useless to his trade, something big was growing and throbbing inside of him. He had almost per-

fected the plan of a steel traveler. Perhaps Mary Shelley, in her burst of supreme imagination, *The Frankenstein,* had conceived the prototype of this gigantic iron man. But it died still-born in her brain. Dictionaries of a few years ago do not even define these creatures; their power was until recently self-contained in a wheezy steam engine. And the burdens they lifted with a single arm could have been done as easily by the Frankenstein of imagination.

Such a man was Ernest Conery; both the slave and centurion of his brain. In his family, gentle and loving. The completion of his task had not been easy. The handicraft of his little wooden model was as mere a whittling as had ever been accompanied by the proverbial whistle. The design which had built it to scale, the innumerable strain sheets of bridge spans, the compactness and huge lifting power of his cranes, as bearing on the frail false-work beneath, had made the inception and carrying out of the invention a monumental task.

Now, the particular parasite of inventors is the promoter—just as the author has publishers; the painter, art dealers; society, politicians. Ernest Conery had his.

When the rising wind of his invention had blown thru the streets of Carsondale, carrying all sorts of rumors with it, Big John Rawley, ex-lieutenant of Reuf, ex-gangsman in 'Frisco, and past-master of underhand work, appeared.

It did not take Rawley long to locate the old barn, back of Conery's house, which Conery used as a shop, and to establish a footing with its owner. His experience in construction work had mostly been in bribing councilmen to deliver railroad franchises, but he could talk glibly on the subject, and, now that he was a reformed and whitewashed personage, his attitude seemed without guile. At the cost of a five-dollar bill, he found out from Washington that Conery had not filed a caveat to protect his pending patent; that his secret was an open secret, with only a bundle of scribbled-over drafts to protect it. Therefore, he judged that his field as parasite, or promoter, was unpreempted.

He soon learnt that the invention was basic and revolutionary. All it needed was the proper parasite to hand it over to capitalists, or, better, to the railroad heads themselves, to have it immediately succeed. He determined to be that parasite.

Formerly, the duty of the promoter was to obtain the highest possible price for his patentee, and then, to deduct his commission. But the business of promoting has progressed.



BIG JOHN TRIES TO BUY

Rawley was the last word in the evolution of promoters; his plan was to obtain an option at the lowest possible price, and to sell at the highest, thus diverting the profits to his own pockets.

Conery had paid for his little home; but as the years went by, and his plans became all-absorbing, he found California an expensive place to live in. A mortgage had been executed on the home, to be followed by another. His wife, and their girl, Gladys, knew his unlimited capacity for work; they had seen it in the days when he was a climbing, swinging iron man, and such little things as mortgages did not worry them. Rawley, too, knew the exact amount of the mort-

gages; he had even tried the old dodge of buying them in from the easy-going mortgagees, but without success. Now, the time had come for him to make a definite offer on the thing, and to cinch it in its infancy.

"Well, so long, Ernest," he said, in his off-hand manner. "I'm off for 'Frisco tomorrow. By the way, what mortgage did you say you were carrying on the little home?"

Conery, running his hands thru thick hair, just couldn't remember. It was fifteen hundred, maybe, and, oh, yes, there was a second for seven hundred.



CONERY'S INVENTION

"Ernest," said his kindly adviser, "you're a rotten business man. And you've been eating and stewing these three years back, by clapping these suckers on the house. I'll tell you what I'll do," he added, as if a sudden thought: "I'll take an option on old back-breaker there, for six months, and pay off your mortgages. If I dont succeed, down I go kersplash, under water again, but you'll have the roof over the girls, without wrenching a shingle loose."

Conery thought it very noble of him. "I've a few little things yet to work out," he said, "and some mechanical work in finishing up a decent model. Until then, I would not care to show it to experts."

"Of course not," Big John approved; "when our scrap comes on with them, everything must be armor-sheeted. My suggestion fits in with it; we can pay off the mortgages and swing things along until we are good and ready."

He rested a familiar hand, as he spoke, on Conery's shoulder, as if he was already a partner in the discovery.

"I would much prefer your not taking the chance," said the inventor. "I would never cease blaming myself if you were pulled down with me. Besides, I have already sent the rough drafts on to my old friend, and former helper years ago, Wallace, construction super of the T. S. & W."

Rawley turned lead-white behind his full, black beard. His first recovering impulse was to ask Conery why in blazes he had kept him dancing daily attendance to listen to his maundering palaver, without letting him know this; his second was to act as if the matter was of no consequence, tho probably ill-advised. "He'll pick it full of a thousand holes, and throw it in his waste-basket, the nearest gulch," he admonished, shaking his head, sadly. "Well, so long—I'm off."

Conery shook hands with him warmly.

Big John *did* leave the premises; that part of his absence was truthful. But his journey went no farther than the station, where he started an urgent message over the wires to a man he needed, and needed quickly, from now on.

At the exact time that "Esau" Conery refused, thru conscientious scruples, to give over his mess of pottage, his daughter, Gladys, stood on a ladder against an orange tree, and made unsuccessful passes at the ripe citrus treasures above her. Her basket was half-filled, but, like Eve, she coveted fruit beyond her. They were Valencia Lates, golden and firm as nuggets.

A slight shifting of the ladder ensued, followed by a faint scream, and

her hoarded fruit fell in a pelting shower to the ground. Some were intercepted by the countenance and shoulders of a young man, who gazed up fondly at the picker. But he heeded not the rain of oranges; a precious she—whom he had mentally compared with all the products of Pomona, and rejected them in turn as unworthy—was prepared to follow them. With the proper presence of mind, he grasped the tottering structure, and eased her to her feet. Which shows the mastery of mind over matter, and in this case directly under it.

These two were engaged—in the first blush of it; therefore, she was the apple and the orange, tangerine



GLADYS AND FLOYD PLAN TO RELIEVE HER FATHER

and ripe fig, all jumbled into one, of his eye.

"How you frightened me!" she exclaimed, with her feet on solid ground, and cheeks flying scarlet danger-signals. But this remark could just as well have been inferred; women always make it to a protector.

The other half of the engagement said nothing—the remnant of his duty lay with the scattered oranges; so these he quickly proceeded to collect. Her conscience smote her, just a little. "Would you like to help me?" she queried.

As he was doing all the salvaging at that moment, he did not catch the point.

"It's about papa," she continued; "he's fretting himself sick over that invention of his. He began by getting up before daylight, and starting in without breakfast; and now, at noon time, we have to take sandwiches over to the shop. It isn't right for him, is it?"

Floyd Dandridge, the unthanked rescuer, concurred heartily.

"I want you to help me plan a way to get him out," she continued, "even for a breathing spell."

He sat down beside her and thought hard, with knitted brows. At last he shook his head wearily. "I give it up," he said, hopelessly. "Have you thought of anything?"

"Yes, I have," said the abler conspirator.

Thereupon, the thoughtless one took her hand, and waited patiently for a long time for an inspiration to come to him.

Inspiration does not always come thru this soft-fingered medium. Big John had gotten his without it, and on the following day the mysterious man, that he had conjured forth over the wires, dropped in upon him, at Big John's hotel. Their purpose was the same—to get Conery out of his shop. But it went deeper. They wanted the inventor's plans and notes to walk out at about the same time.

At the end of an hour's close conference, Big John drew out his writing-tablet, and dated a note to Conery. "San Francisco, October 12th," he wrote, and, further, among other things: "I know that the bearer, Mark Hunter, is the man you need to help finish the glorious work. He is an expert mechanic, well known to me, and of exemplary personal habits."

He smiled with self-satisfaction as he finished it. It contained all that was needed: the false dating, a solicitous tone, a hint that he stood the friend in need, and a recommendation which should insinuate Hunter, his skillful accomplice, into his own close position.

Hunter, with his traveling grip in hand, and the dust of his train journey still upon him, lost no time in knocking for admittance at Conery's shop door. The former bridgeman had literally to wrench himself back to the commonplaces of life when any one disturbed him. As he stared at the man standing on his door-sill, something in the intangible past sought to connect up with this stranger: a blurred picture of himself working on an eight-ton skewback, clinging to bare rocks, and below, convict laborers setting the stones of the pier. He remembered their shaven heads and silent, driven work, and this face, upturned, seemed to stand out, wolfish, from among them. But he read Big John's letter, and dismissed the memory as ridiculous.

On careful inspection, too, Hunter appeared to him the ideal type of shop mechanic; short, wiry, with keen eyes and flexible hands. He led him inside, and they talked over the plan of enlarging and perfecting the working model.

For a week, the lathe hummed sturdily, and the cutting of tiny files added a needed falsetto in shop music at its best. Hunter was all that Big John had vouched for: quiet, skillful, and not inquisitive. There was almost a silent sympathy in the sure way his hands complemented Conery's suggestions. This was the method of the man. Not bold, insinuating. He was

"getting his lay," as a crook would have put it.

He knew that the plans were kept in a locked drawer fitted under the top of a drafting-board. He had already fitted a key to this drawer. It was held locked by a Yale lock, and his file had made the most delicate cuts, time after time, to the thousandth of an inch, before the cylinder swung free. He now had access to the papers.

One day Mrs. Conery stormed the shop, and insisted, now that Ernest had such capable help, that he should make up a picnic with her and Gladys. Floyd was asked, too, to help make him merry.

He finally consented, and put on his coat for the first time in months. Hunter was building threads on some fine machine screws, and, of course, would not think of joining them. He felt that his opportunity was coming. Conery had not left the shop five minutes, when Hunter had his key in the lock, and soon the plans lay unrolled before him. He eyed them triumphantly, as a common thief would a heap of rare jewels.

Then he heard footsteps crunching outside, and, with lightning strokes, the papers were rolled up, tied, and put in their place. He was just in time. Conery was returning, in search of the plans, to put them in the house during his absence. The mechanic, bent over his threading machine, did not appear to notice what his employer was doing.

That night, after the picnickers had returned, tired but happy, and the low, red moon hung dimly over the orange trees, Hunter made a second venture; a reconnaisance, this time. The scene of his operations had been switched to the house, and he needed the "lay" of it.

Conery had gone to bed; the ground floor was darkened. Hunter, from the heavy Osage hedge, had seen Conery's heavy figure moving about, and then the lamp go out. He crept up toward the house, using the shaded tree-trunks as dodging posts. At last he gained the shadow under the house's side. This was almost like a dark tunnel.

Everything was quiet, inhumanly so to a city man, and he put his feet down with a good deal of care. A window, giving access to the sitting-room, was his object point, and he crept under it without being noticed.

He had placed his hands upon the sill, and was slowly drawing himself up from the ground, when a startled scream shrilled in his ears from behind him. It was as if a bolt of lightning had coursed down his spine. But his wits did not desert him. He dropped softly to the ground, and scuttled in the shadow, unseen, around the building's corner.

The scream was from Gladys, returning from a parting, at the turn of the road, with Floyd. She had seen a dim, grotesque shape rising toward the window. Her vocables brought Floyd hurrying back to her. Together they walked around the house several times, and he poked fiercely in the bushes. But it came to nothing, and they sensibly charged the scream up to "nerves" and her need of a protector.

Hunter, in his room, decided that he must obtain the run of the Conery house. As long as he was penned in the shop all day, and the moon-struck lover hung around the house at nights, his chances looked poor. He decided to play up to Gladys. He might tell her he was a Socialist, and was forwarding all his pay to help the cause in 'Frisco. Better still, he might ask her to save his wages for him. She was the kind, he knew, that a "cause" would ennoble. So he determined to be the cause of the cause.

It was not difficult to bring about. The following evening, as he was quitting the shop, he asked her, respectfully, if he could call that night, as he was a stranger in town, and needed help. This started to win her quick sympathy.

Floyd came upon the scene, that night, at the dramatic moment. They were seated on a garden bench, and Hunter had told her of his struggle for existence. At the proper climax

he brought in the shivering ghost of Socialism, and how it had saved him. He wanted to sacrifice his life and money on its altar. There were tears in Gladys' eyes, so adroitly had he arranged his puppets, and she took his first instalment of wages from his hands as a sacred trust.

Floyd, in the background, could not understand it at all. Socialism played no part in his feelings. It looked as if he was cruelly supplanted. But he was not going to give Gladys a doit of satisfaction, gloating over his sensitive remains, so he left unnoticed. After Hunter had gone, with the look of a saved sinner, she waited, without results, for true love to come and take its course.

Back in his room, Floyd turned down his lamp, and sat in the half-light. But there was no need of it; gloom had penetrated his soul, and hung crusted over everything. He had best go away. Now that he thought of it, the girl had an elfin, erratic strain, no doubt passed down from her father. It might burst out in tigerish cruelty. He pictured her as a gigantic cat, mousing for his scurrying heart. In such a frame of mind, he saw new and hard lines in her photograph on his bureau. Cat-like whiskers might have been shading her soft, drooping lips.

The following day was destined to be an eventful one. Its events whirled them all in a maelstrom, in which the sinner, turned saint, and the lover, become a pessimist, chased one another like dizzy corks. Their whole universe was set to spinning by an act of God and the absent-mindedness of old Ernest Conery.

The day, like any other in the dry season, dawned cloudless and fathomless above them. Hunter reported, as usual, to the shop, and he and Conery were soon absorbed in the work. It was the well-meaning wife, who could not let well enough alone, and, happy over the tonic effect of the picnic on Ernest, had come out to the shop to persuade him to pass the noon hour with her. The big man pushed his fingers thru his hair, like a dreamer suddenly wakened, but he saw the kind wisdom back of her pleading, and, with the sigh of one renouncing an inheritance, he prepared to follow her.

It was his habit of mornings to smoke a "Mississippi meerschaum," a guttering cob, clenched in the corner of his wide mouth. Now, he laid it down abstractedly, its glowing coal close to some oily waste. Hunter saw the stuff begin to smoke before the old couple had gotten to the door, and he acted quickly. It was such a weapon as his nimble wit could turn to ready advantage. He slung on his coat, excusing himself as he passed them, and hurried off toward the town. But not far. He knew that the fire in the ramshackle structure would make rapid headway. They could not fail to notice it from the house. In the resulting despair and futile panic, Conery's home would, at last, be open to him.

From behind the hedge he heard hoarse shouting, and then the feet of neighbors drumming down the road. Across the sky a low, black smudge hung. He crept along toward it, back of the hedge. Arrived opposite the house, he could hear them plainly, the fire-fighters, like bees driven out of a hive. A bucket chain had been formed, and the swash of water was continuous. Above it, he heard a steady, mounting roar—the elemental song of a savage. Nothing could check it now, and Conery alternated tears with strident commands. But they worked hopelessly to humor him, and in hatred of the untamed thing.

Hunter wormed thru the hedge, and cautiously made for the house. He went to the same window where he had once hung suspended. Now, it opened easily for him. It lighted a big sitting-room with old-fashioned furniture. A desk, with edges of paper sticking out of its lid, stood in one corner. He was prepared with several master-keys. The first one turned in the simple lock, without wards, and his hands clasped over the precious bundle. But just then the sharp ringing of the door-bell

sounded thru the room. It was as if he had touched the wires of a burglar-alarm. But his brain told him no, tho he trembled like leaves before a shower.

The ringer was Floyd. He had come up the road to say good-by, in a heat of resolve, like the burning building. But when he saw the closed door, he paused, for the empty feel of the house disheartened him. His resolve was melting away, and he was repenting his rash resolution, when he saw a man darting thru the shrubbery, with a roll of papers under his arm. His narrow, furtive back looked like Hunter's. Floyd's resolve, checked in one way, turned instantly into new currents. Something was wrong, that he knew, so he started running across the fields after the familiar back.

Grimy neighbors went home, excitedly. Conery, supported by Gladys and her mother, came slowly toward the house. That is, the physical part of him did, but his soul lay in a few charred, smoking boards from which they had led him away. Months of work and adoration were destroyed; cut off in an instant of throaty panic. Now, however, the plans were a bitter solace. He meant to hug them to him, to re-create the model in his eyes. It had ceased to be an intricate toy months ago, and he could feel it in heroic size, lifting its gigantic burdens from off the backs of men.

So he entered the room hopefully, intending to spread the much-loved plans before him. He searched rapidly thru the desk. Could he have mislaid them? He searched every corner again. Could he thoughtlessly have carried them back to the workshop? Either way, the plans were gone!

Some time afterwards, his wife and daughter came into the room; they found him bowed, in senseless agony, across his arms. God had mercifully stricken from him his sense of loss.

But it was not for long. As loving women only can, they brought him to his senses. He seemed a helpless giant



THEY TRY TO CONSOLE CONERY

in the care of Lilliputs. It was at such a stage when every caress staunches internal bleeding—when calm voices are music to discordantly strung nerves.

Then, a scraping and tumbling of feet sounded on the porch, and the bell was rung sharply. Gladys flew to the door. Floyd entered, half-carrying, half-dragging Hunter, the mechanic. In the thief's right hand, half-crushed by a struggle, was still grasped a bundle of papers. The man looked very white and very sick, for the pessimistic lover had handled



WHILE HIS SHOP BURNS DOWN

him very much as a terrier maltreats a rat: a nasty, worrying process.

At sight of his trusted helper in such a plight, Conery sprang to his feet. He was dazed. The tableau told its own story, but Conery could not grasp it all at once. He stared first at one, then at the other; then, seizing the bundle of papers, he fumbled confusedly with the string that still held them together. When they unrolled stiffly before him, and the core of his brain lay in a jumble of sketches and figures, staring up at him, he could not contain his joy, and salt wells of pure happiness started a path down his cheeks.

Floyd worked his stiff fingers free from Hunter's twisted collar, and walked out, unnoticed in the excitement, to where he had dropped his valise. It was the insignia of travel, yet he hated to go. A good deal of misanthropy had been shaken from him in his struggle with the sainted mechanic. But the thing was inevitable, he thought, for his wounds could be cured only by a pilgrimage.

For a long time, he faced the closed door, from the outside, undecided, and heard primitive sounds, expressing happiness, from within. Then he turned to go. Just then some one came out, noiselessly, and he thought he could feel a gentle pulling at his bag. It was pulling toward the house, and a round face, full of love, stood back of it. When a bag pulls mysteriously in a certain direction, like the magical rug of Shauchau, it is time to follow it. So his philosophy told him. Besides, when he opened his hand to make a gesture of protest, he found that it was tenanted by another, and a smaller one.

In Lent

By L. M. THORNTON

No dances now, no money spent
For banquets rich, for parties grand,
Or theaters—you understand;
'Tis Lent.

No concerts, I must now repent.
In sober gown must drink Life's lees
'Till Easter comes at last, to please,
'Tis Lent.

But even this I cant resent.
For to the Motion Picture play
Each evening I can make my way
In Lent.

And, lo, how much is mine, content
I watch the dancers, belles and beaux,
I even see my favorite shows
In Lent.

Abraham's Sacrifice

(Pathé Frères)

By MONTANYE PERRY

In the farthest border of Palestine lay the gentle slopes of Beersheba, a camping place in the pastoral uplands of the south country, where abundant pastures gladdened the hearts of the shepherds. Here the sparse shrubbery of the desert ceased, and green grass was seen along the watercourses, for here in the open plains, far from the haunts of men, the famed wells of Beersheba sank deep into the limestone rocks, their cool depths giving a bountiful supply of fresh, delicious water.

Close to the rock-bordered mouths of the two great wells, which lay but three hundred paces apart, a grove of tamarisks fluttered their feathery branches, sometimes a mass of delicate, shimmering green, again, starred with spikes of white and pink. In their shade clustered a group of tent dwellings, the home of the patriarch Abraham and his household.

From the ancient city of Hebron, a twelve-hour journey to the northeast, Abraham had come, bringing his wife Sarah, his flocks and servants, to dwell by the wells of Beersheba. His own hands had planted the grove which threw its grateful shade over his dwelling, and while the tiny, slender shoots had been proudly springing into maturity, another little life had kept pace with their development, and was entering into ripe manhood. For, twenty years before, a son had been born to Abraham and Sarah, and in the fulness of their joy his name had been called Isaac, signifying laughter.

The name was well chosen. From Isaac's earliest infancy, before his tiny lips had learnt to smile, the dark eyes had seemed to look out upon his new world with a glad light, as if in happy anticipation of the life that lay before him. Soon a dainty coo of laughter greeted the father's approach, and, as the child grew stronger, his stumbling footsteps, as he followed Sarah about her tasks, were accompanied by a continual murmur of baby laughter and prattle.

Never was babe more beloved, more tenderly watched and guarded, than this child of Abraham and Sarah's old age—their only son. And there, alone with his parents, in the seclusion of the wide-extending plains, with no playmates except the young lambs which gamboled in the pastures, his life was filled with no distracting influences. Love for his father and mother, reverence for the great God of Israel, whom he was taught to worship and adore, flowed from his young heart as naturally as the sweet spirit which was his heritage.

"Tell me, my mother, of the life in the cities," he demanded, as he sat, one evening, with Sarah, in the shadow of the tents, watching the stars creep out above the gray stillness of the plains. "What do men do in the city of Hebron, and in all the places of which my father speaks, where many people dwell, crowded together, with no flocks or herds to tend?"

"Does the lad tire of these quiet surroundings?—he is but a youth—does he long for other companions and a new life?" was the mother's thought, as she drew the lad to her with quick embrace. But her speech was calm as she told him stories of the far-away life of the cities, while the boy listened, with dreamy eyes, as one who sees visions.

"I should like it not," he spoke, at last, with decision. "I love our life here—the tents, the flocks, the quiet of the plains. In the great city we should have none of them; and I want no strange people crowding

about me—I want but my father and thee. Thou art all the world to me—thou art above all!"

"The great God of Israel is above all," corrected the mother, fondly, "thou wilt love and obey Him."

"Yes," assented the boy, readily, "but His commands to me are even as my father's. Always will I obey them, my mother."

In this peaceful, happy life nineteen years had slipped softly by, and the lad had grown to the stature of manhood. Tall he was, and ruddy and strong, yet the sweetness of his youthful spirit still looked from his dark eyes, his loyal obedience was as unquestioning as in his earliest childhood.

One evening, as the short twilight of the East was deepening into night, Abraham rested beneath the tamarisks, when Sarah came softly to his side.

"Look," she said, her eyes shining with glad affection, "there is Isaac, bearing the lamb which he went to seek. One lamb was missing, and he has sought all day for it. Is he not kind and gentle to all creatures? And yet how brave and strong he is!"

"Truly," replied the father, watching the youth's agile form approaching rapidly across the plains, "the lad is a blessing to us. I shall go down to my grave in peace, knowing that Isaac remains to care for thee; or, if thou goest before me, my beloved, the lad shall be my comfort."

"Sometimes," said Sarah, her eyes filling with quick tears, "I fear for the lad, lest some harm come to him when he searches afar for the lost lambs. What should we do if evil befell him?"

"No harm can come to him," Abraham responded, gently. "Could life be safer than here on the peaceful plains, beneath the open skies, with God watching above? Hush the fears which spring from the fondness of thy heart, and dwell not upon thy fancies."

So, as the silent night folded the plains in its cool embrace, Sarah slept peacefully, forgetful of her fears.

But the sleep of Abraham was troubled. Some brooding sense of danger seemed to fill him with vague unrest, and the night hours dragged wearily. In the early dawn he sought the open air, and paced up and down before the tents, his senses delighting in the beauty of the morn. Faint flashes of pink and gold were quivering thru the grayness of the east; here and there, across the dewy pastures, came the stir of the awakening flocks; the clear, high voice of a shepherd lad, upraised in morning song, echoed sweetly over the plain. Gradually, Abraham's restlessness calmed, and peace stole into his heart again. Then, as he turned toward his own tent, to seek an hour's refreshment ere the work of the day should begin, a sudden strange stillness filled the air, staying his footsteps. The stirrings of the dawn ceased suddenly, as if all nature paused for an instant to listen. Even the flutter of the feathery tamarisk leaves and the nodding of their pink blossoms were suspended, and thru the hushed air a voice of unearthly sweetness fell clearly, saying, *"Abraham!"*

"Behold, I am here," responded the patriarch, quickly, knowing, even in the first flash of awed surprise, that the voice of his God was calling to him from out the golden dawn.

Then thru that strange, tense silence the voice rang again:

"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

All the glad glory of the dawn blurred into blackness before the eyes of Abraham, as he fell prone upon the earth, with a bitter cry. The hush was broken, nature resumed her sway, and day took up again her triumphal march across the plains, throwing out gay, gleaming banners of sunlight. But beneath the whispering trees Abraham lay, unheeding, his stricken soul wrestling fiercely with its awful problem.

"My son—my Isaac—my only



AN ANGEL APPEARS TO ABRAHAM

son!" he moaned, over and over, while the words of the dread command beat pitilessly upon his consciousness. "Must I, indeed, sacrifice thee—thou who art more than life to me? How shall I tear thee from thy mother's arms? How shall I live if I do this deed?"

"Shalt thou not obey the heavenly command?" queried the voice of conscience. "Is thy child more precious in thy sight than thy duty? Hast thou, then, less zeal for the God of Israel than the heathen around thee have for their false gods, when they lay their loved children upon their altars?"

When Abraham arose, at last, his face was calm and composed. Nothing in his countenance or manner betrayed the fierce tumult within, as he approached Sarah and Isaac, busy with their morning tasks.

"Behold," he said, quietly, "I will take the lad and go into the land of Moriah. There we will worship the Lord with burnt offerings, as He hath this morning commanded me."

No one saw the anguish that lay in the father's eyes as Sarah embraced her son tenderly ere he started upon the journey, all unknowing that he was destined to return no more to her arms. None knew how the father's heart was bleeding as Isaac walked by his side, talking happily of the events by the way. It was a three days' journey into the land of Moriah, three long days of bitter trial to the father, his tortured heart stabbed by every joyous laugh or word of the lad who was hurrying unconsciously to his doom.

But to the lad the trip was a rare delight. All across the rich green pastures, flecked here and there with patches of bright bloom; over the foothills, whose soft slopes were sprinkled with groves of pomegranates or figs; thru the fertile valleys, green with grass, or gray with olive groves; up, far up the wooded slopes of the high mountain, his song and laugh rang out, careless and free as the birds that echoed back his call. And when, upon the third day of the jour-

ney, the little party came out into an open space and paused to cook a simple meal, his bright spirit was yet undimmed.

"Why dost thou not eat, my father?" he asked, anxiously. "See, the men have made ready thy food. Eat thou, lest the journey be too great for thy strength."

"Nay," answered the father, gently. "I will eat nothing until our sacrifice hath been made. Now will I bid our servants remain in this spot. Thou and I alone will go to offer the burnt offering."

But as they began the ascent of the steep mountainside, Isaac lifted questioning eyes.

"Behold, my father," he said, "I carry the wood, and thou hast the fire and the knife, but where is the lamb for the offering?"

"God himself will provide the lamb for the burnt offering, my son," was the calm reply, and the lad was silent, climbing the path slowly, with an awed solemnity inspired by his father's words.

Not a word was spoken while on the top of a rocky spur the altar of stones was constructed. Something of Abraham's anguish had disclosed itself to Isaac's mind, and as he placed the last stone, he gazed anxiously up into his father's face, with a brave effort at his own bright smile.

"Why art thou so troubled, my father?" he asked, softly.

Then, with a burst of passionate grief, Abraham clasped the boy close to his bosom.

"Oh, my son! mine only son!" he cried wildly. "Thou art the sacrifice! God commandeth it! We must obey!"

There was a long silence, while the lad shrank against the altar, his face livid with fear, his dark eyes wide with reproachful horror. Then he lifted his face to the skies, and, as he gazed upward into the tender blue of the heavens, the terror died from his eyes, and a look of peaceful resignation overspread the pure young face. Slowly his gaze was lowered to his sobbing father, and he spoke in a voice of quiet trustfulness.



"LAY NOT THINE HAND UPON THE LAD!"

"It is well. The God of our fathers hath spoken. Grieve not, my father. Behold, thy son is ready."

But as the father's strength was nerved to the desperate deed, as the brave, fair face upon the altar smiled into his, again that strange, swift hush of nature swept thru the air, and Abraham's arm paused, wavered, and sank slowly, while the waiting lad lay unharmed.

"Lay not thine hand upon the lad!" rang a voice, *"for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me!"*

The voice died away in trailing sweetness; a shadow crossed the lad's face, as if, for an instant, fluttering wings hovered above him. Then he rose, in his eyes a new, bright rapture, as of one who had stood in the very gates of heaven and gazed on wondrous glories.

"Behold!" he cried, pointing exultantly. *"There* waiteth the sacrifice for the burnt offering!"

Close by the altar, in a thicket of coarse brush, a ram, caught by the horns, stood waiting.

Adown the wooded mountain slope, back across hill and valley, river and plain, went Abraham and Isaac, filling the air with songs of rejoicing. And as the clear air carried the echoes to Sarah, waiting beneath the tamarisks by the wells of Beersheba, a glad light leaped to her fading eyes.

"Behold, how foolish were my fears!" she murmured. "My loved ones are safe! They come!"

Whate'er the Film

By L. M. THORNTON

That dear familiar face I see
  Again tonight, my cares beguiling,
And, tho they never smile on me,
  I know her lips and eyes are smiling;
She waves her hand, she throws a kiss,
Tho not for me, my joy's in this.

Once, that was not so long ago,
  She posed a wind-blown prairie maiden,
And rode a broncho white as snow,
  Her belt with big revolver laden;
Her lover then, a cowboy bold,
Tho they eloped I did not scold.

Next, in a ball room shone her face
  Above a gown of silk entrancing,
And men of culture, charm and grace
  Were partners, tempted by her dancing;
Their bearded lips oft touched her hair,
And yet I did not seem to care.

Last night, and this may seem as strange,
  Above her babe I saw her bending,
And loved her better in this change
  Than as a school-girl homeward wending;
Her beauty's all the same to me
However staged the film may be.

The Militia in a New Rôle

By H. J. HASSELBAUER

Corporal, Company 1, 22d Regiment, C. E.

Editorial Note:—The following story, written by Corporal Hasselbauer, of the Twenty-second Regiment Engineers, will be of interest to our readers, as it relates to the National Guard in a new rôle—as Moving Picture actors.

Detachments of the Twenty-second Regiment have already taken part in several pictures, but the most recent one they have enacted, a successful military drama called "Brothers in Arms," produced by the Pathé Frères, has become very popular thruout this country and Europe.

Corporal Hasselbauer treats in a semi-humorous way of the incidents relative to the production of the play, and altho the story is somewhat of a local nature, it shows with what enthusiasm and interest the organized militia can go into a thing and make a success of it.

Did you ever meet a Moving Picture stage director in action? It's a treat. He can snap out more words in a half-minute than a gatling gun can fire shells in the same time.

If you had been with us about five months ago, while we were taking part in a military picture play, produced by the Pathé Frères, listening to that director push those crackling orders of his thru the atmosphere, you would have heard something like this:

"Now, fellows, all together! Bing! Right now! All right! Bing! Hurry! hurry! Got to work quick! Dont look at the camera! That's right! Good! Thank you, boys!" Oh, some speed, I can tell you!

Great Scott! If he was an officer, and we were to build a pontoon bridge as fast as he threw out his orders, we'd span the Atlantic in about three days—if we had boats enough.

Well, to go on with the story. On September 3d the special detachment of about sixty men, under command of Lieutenant Woodward, "trolley-carred" to Mount Hope, where we went thru tactics enough to suit a Brazilian brigadier-general. They were to represent different scenes supposed to have happened on the Mexican border during the recent mobilization there. A reservoir near Yonkers was to represent the Rio Grande. It did, too, altho the surrounding country was minus a field of prickly cactuses, a sandy desert stretch and a group of barefooted Mexican greasers, smoking Bull Durham.

The detachment lolled around, eating green apples and drinking the warm reservoir water, until the machine operators arrived at noon in an auto. But when the military actors got down to business, we stacked arms in record time, pitched shelter tents and marched up and down hill, until we imagined ourselves once more in Massachusetts, that dearly beloved maneuvering State of many bloodless battlefields.

But we're talking about Moving Pictures now, so let us in again, officer. There were some special scenes, in one of which a wounded officer with a nasty bleeding cut, painted artistically with black paint on his forehead, rushed into our peaceful camp, and created excitement enough to suit even the director. You should have witnessed the startling, interesting, patriotic and warlike expressions on the faces of the men, as they sped to his side and threatened to scalp every Mex who got within range of their bayonets. But stop! We wont give it all away. The pictures, now being exhibited all over, will show these noble scenes to better advantage. The film is called "Brothers in Arms."

On September 10th we tramped to Fort Schuyler. The last time the Twenty-second Regiment was there was in the fall of 1898, when the First

Battalion, then commanded by Major (now Colonel) Hotchkin, was assigned there, together with a battery of the Second United States Artillery.

Well, after getting acquainted with the countless army corps of mosquitoes, gnats and other "biters," camping out in the green-patched square within the fort, we did a stunt there, too, but the chief feature of that day was the tramp to and from the fort. No wonder it's so hard to fill the ranks of our army, if they have to hike four miles each way for a glass of Pilsner in town.

We had a pacemaker, a six-foot-three sergeant, who could have made Goulding feel small, until he realized, about twenty feet away, that the rest of the crew weren't over-anxious to follow him.

One of the actors, a soldierly looking fellow, was asked to join our outfit, but he refused. In one of the scenes he forgot his rifle, but of course that was only a minor detail.

In that scene at the fort our top-sergeant "handed" the company over to "Capt." Panzer, or, rather, Actor Paul, with all the freedom and grace his hungry self permitted him to (we got no lunch that day), and altho Paul wasn't sure just how to receive the company, or which hand to salute with, he did the stunt due his $100 per.

It surely needed Lieutenant Woodward's guiding hand, however, to keep things straight. His advice was asked repeatedly, and from appearances was generally needed, but yet you cant expect a director to know everything.

Well — taken as a whole—we had a pretty good time, a healthy day's sport, some more military experience, and helped to keep a few hundred dollars from getting into circulation.



Grandmother's Pictures

By NARENA BROOKS EASTERLING

Old Grandmother Brown had a dream one night
That the western sky was a screen all bright.
Upon it were thrown in awesome array,
From the very first breath to the very last day,
The scenes of a life-time, one and all.
How Grandmother watched this great screen tall!

Now, what she saw there you never could guess.
'Twas her own full life, neither more nor less!
There was every good action, and every bad deed,
All alive on the screen for the host to read!
In the host were God's Angels; friends, kindred and foe,
Those she'd loved, helped or hated, while here below.

The next day at breakfast she told her great dream;
All the things she had seen on the heavenly screen.
"I know how the Angels," said Grandmother dear,
"Make our life records. In *my* mind it is clear
We are given a film; as the moments fall,
The pictures are making beyond our recall!

"Now, my children dear, make clean records each day!
To have a good reel, it's the only way!"
John listened in silence. But that day at school
To his teacher's surprise he kept every rule.
"I'm making a dandy!" he cried with delight.
"Mine, too," laughed Ruth, "is all pretty and bright!"

And this great improvement in the Brown fam-i-ly
Is because Grandma goes to the Movies, you see!

HIS OTHER SELF

by DAVID B. GALLY



ART FILM CO

CAST

Pedro ..... *David B. Gally*
Florenza ..... *Kathleen Lambert*
Margaret ..... *Marie Lambert*
Mrs. Seton ..... *Julia Neville*

THE gay tide of Fifth Avenue's afternoon traffic was at its full. Hundreds of touring cars, taxis, cabs and carriages rolled smoothly on their way, under the careful eyes of the traffic officers. The sidewalks were crowded with handsomely gowned women, intent on shopping, calling, or matinées. The weather had moderated a bit, after a week of rigorous cold, and there was a faint, spicy suggestion of spring in the air, which set young hearts to beating happily, young eyes to sparkling brightly, as the first balmy hint of springtime always does.

Many of the gay throng turned into Marcy's candy shop, by twos or threes, seeking the delicious ices or confections for which the place is famed. With their gay chat and laughter, none paused to notice a tiny girl who was leaning against the great plate-glass window, feasting her eyes on the luscious chocolates and wonderful bonbons displayed there. A threadbare shawl, tied about the child's head, and a thin cotton frock, whose many rents left little to the imagination, proclaimed her instantly as a child of the tenements. How she had wandered here alone was a mystery, but there was no hint of fear in the thin little face, nothing but a look of mingled delight and longing as she gazed at the tempting sweets on the wrong side of the plate-glass.

"Look, dolly," she whispered, holding up the tattered rag doll which she carried. "Look at all the bu'ful things in there. Aint you glad I let you come to see 'em?"

At this opportune moment the shop door opened, and a young girl stepped out upon the pavement, alone. Her blue eyes caught the pathetic tableau



MARGARET IS INTERESTED IN LITTLE FLORENZA

of child and dolly, and softened instantly with pity, for pretty Margaret Van Ressler was as sweet and tender in disposition as in looks.

"What's the matter, little girl?" she queried. "Are you lost?"

"Noffin's the matter," replied the child, shyly, looking up into the blue eyes with instinctive trust. "I just brought my dolly to see the candy."

"But where do you live? Did you come here all alone? Wont your mama be worried?"

"My mama's dead, an awful long time ago. I live with my brother now, in an awful dirty old house. It's not very far away. I come here lots of times to look at the candy."

"But dont you ever have any candy yourself?"

"I used to have big, big sticks of chocolate, before my mama died, when we lived in Italy. I can 'member just how it tastes."

"Here," said Margaret, impulsively, throwing open the door of the shop, "you shall have some candy. Come with me."

The child stared, unbelievingly, for a moment; then she slipped a confiding hand into Margaret's, and entered the shop, her eyes wide with the wonder of this unexpected adventure.

Never before had such a little ragamuffin crossed the boundary line of this elegant and exclusive shop, but Margaret's chaperonage was sufficient to insure her cordial reception. As she was lifted to a chair, and a glass of a wonderful pink mixture placed before her, she gave a happy little laugh.

"What will Pedro say?" she exclaimed.

"Who is Pedro?" asked Margaret, looking with great enjoyment at the child's wondering, delighted face.

"He's my brother. He's the nicest big boy you ever saw. He plays his violin all day when he dont go out to work. He makes the bu'fullest music! But he's awful sad, 'cause mama's dead, and he cant get 'nough money to buy us things."

"I'm going to take you home in my car," declared Margaret, "and I'll see your brother—he must play for me."

It was hard work to induce little Florenza to enter the big car which waited for Margaret in front of the shop. Only the bribe of a box of gaily colored bonbons, and many coaxing promises from Margaret, induced her to step within its shining door. But, once within, she yielded to the fascinating influence of the flying wheels, and, tucked up in the furry rugs, sighed contentedly.

"I love you," she declared, snuggling close to Margaret. "I love you, 'cause you gave me the candy, but I'd love you anyhow, 'cause you're so pretty and sweet."

Margaret flushed with pleasure. The little waif was oddly attractive, with jet black eyes, and an appealing, refined little face, which seemed to bespeak better parentage than her forlorn condition indicated. Inwardly, Margaret resolved to do something to lift her from this wretched state.

Such a commotion as the big touring car caused in Third Avenue! Children of all sizes flocked about it, staring enviously at little Florenza's happy face, but she gave no heed to them. Her mind was intent upon her brother now, and she seized Margaret's hand, pulling her hurriedly thru the miserable doorway of her home.

"It's down here in the basement we live," she said, running ahead, in her eagerness. "Oh, Pedro! See the lady! She brought me home!"

But Pedro did not hear his little sister's voice. He was playing his old violin, sending wonderful, plaintive strains of melody thru the dark, shabby room. His head was bent above the violin, his dark eyes were gazing far into space, as if again he saw his beloved Italy. All the homesick loneliness, all the desolate poverty of his life, sobbed from the strings, and Margaret stood, astonished at the beauty of the melody. She silenced the child with a gesture, and when Pedro lifted his head, at last, she was looking at him thru tear-filled eyes. To the astonished youth it seemed that an angel must have stepped into the little room while he played.

"I am Margaret Van Ressler," she said, gently. "I have fallen in love with your little sister. Will you let me be her friend?"

"She gave me candy, and pink, fizzy stuff," chimed in Florenza, "and she brought me home in her great big wagon without any horses!"

"The gracious lady is kind," stammered Pedro. "Once we had friends, and could receive them properly, but now, you see——"

He broke off, in embarrassment, and Margaret took up his words.

"I see," she smiled, "that you are a very wonderful violinist. One who can play like that should want for nothing. Now listen. Tomorrow I am giving a large reception at my home. You must come and play for my guests. They will all be charmed with your music, and you will get many engagements. You shall make your fortune with your violin. Will you come?"

"It would be like heaven!" breathed the bewildered Pedro, scarcely comprehending his good fortune. "My music is my life. If you think that I can satisfy you——"

"I'm sure of it," broke in Margaret, noticing the tremble of his voice, and feeling a womanly desire to put him at ease. "I shall expect you. Here is my card. Come at four o'clock."

She hesitated, glancing around the shabby room, then back to his flushed face. Something that she saw there checked her impulse to offer him money. There was a delicate refinement in that handsome Italian face that forbade her to insult his proud spirit.

"What can I do?" she thought, anxiously. "I have so much, and they have nothing, yet I cannot offer it."

Then, as her eyes fell upon little Florenza's face, they brightened. Bending over the child for a good-by kiss, she tucked some coins into the little hand.

"This is all for you," she whispered. "You can buy something nice for you and brother." And the child, too young to be the victim of pride, accepted the gift, happily.

There was something in Pedro's handsome face and graceful bearing that overcame the shabbiness of his clothes. As he handed Margaret into her car, and stood, bareheaded, on the dirty walk, watching it roll away, there was a brave courtesy about him which many a finely clad man might have envied. And, as he turned back to the dingy room, to practice anxiously upon his music for the morrow, a fair face swam before his vision, a pair of tender blue eyes smiled into his thru the gloom.

When Pedro, in his shabby clothes, stood before the fashionable throng in Margaret's home, his heart sank for a moment. In the old days, in sunny Italy, before his father's death, he had been no stranger to social amenities, but the contact with poverty, and the conditions of the East Side, had almost obliterated the influ-



PEDRO IS RECEIVED WITH GREAT FAVOR

ence of those days, and he stood, nervous and trembling, before the critical glances that greeted him. But Margaret's eyes smiled encouragement across the crowded room, and instantly his hesitation vanished. Lifting his bow, with a loving touch he played, softly at first, then, as his confidence deepened, the melody flowed into smooth, even strains, and the audience caught their breaths in wonder at the exquisite tone he won from the poor instrument. They had not expected this, nor such technique and temperament from an untrained player. The room grew silent, save for the liquid notes of the old violin; the guests bent forward in delighted wonder, and the young man played on, the music now sad, now tender, now merry, now plaintive, now ringing with all the fire and spirit of youth, but always filled with the luring sweetness that only the touch of a master can bring from the strings.

When the music was finished there was a silence at first, then a burst of tumultuous applause. But the musician's eyes sought only Margaret, seeking her approval. What his eyes found in hers seemed to satisfy him, for he turned away from the admiring crowd, bowing his thanks for their eager praise, as he sought to leave the room quietly.

"Wait," said Margaret, detaining him in the hall. "I have a doll for little Florenza. You will take it to her?"

"I will do whatever you bid, gracious lady," replied Pedro, with a low bow. "I but live to show my gratitude for your kindness."

A rude laugh broke upon their conversation, and Margaret turned indignantly to confront the haughty, sneering face of a woman, who was smiling contemptuously at Pedro.

"These Italians are so romantic," exclaimed the gay young widow, as Pedro hurried away. "Take care, Margaret, or his gratitude will take a turn that is not pleasing to you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Seton, I have confidence in the young man," returned Margaret, proudly; but the

older woman only laughed again. "You were always romantic, Margaret," she declared, and Margaret's cheeks flushed hotly.

It was three days later that Pedro rushed into the basement room, where Florenza sat nursing her new doll, and waved a note before her eyes.

"See, little sister!" he cried, capering about delightedly. "Your bu'ful lady has sent me this note. It is to tell me to go to the big hotel—the Waldorf—tomorrow. She has arranged for me to play at a great concert. It will make my fortune! Do you see, little one?"

Florenza only half understood, but she smiled happily. Anything that her bu'ful lady did was sure to be delightful, so she sang contentedly to the dolly while Pedro re-read the little note, radiantly, until a sudden thought dashed all his hopes. He had no clothes which were fit for the concert! But this trouble was short-lived, for, as Florenza's innocent prattle spread the news of her brother's dilemma, the generosity and true-hearted spirit of the East Side asserted itself, and from divers sources came a pair of trousers, a dress coat, a shirt, a tie—all loaned for the occasion.

Margaret's heart gave a happy bound when she saw Pedro looking so handsome in his borrowed finery. She had been afraid that he would not have suitable clothing, but could think of no way to help without offending him. Now everything was all right, and as the concert progressed, and Pedro won even greater admiration than before, Margaret's joy increased. She did not stop to ask herself why she longed so ardently for this young musician's success; she was young and innocent, and not given to self-analysis. She only knew that the applause which greeted Pedro's efforts was sweet in her ears—that her heart beat happily whenever the dark eyes looked gratefully into hers.

But a new experience was coming into Pedro's life; he had suddenly become famous. Men and women crowded around him, vying with one another for his attention, and among this crowd was Mrs. Seton, the woman



MRS. SETON FASCINATES PEDRO

who had laughed so scornfully at the "romantic Italian," in shabby clothes, at Margaret's reception. Now this woman smiled upon him with all her sweetness, exercising to the full that siren-like charm which women of her type possess. She was quite willing to be the friend and patron of this good-looking, well-dressed young genius who had sprung so suddenly into prominence, and she laid her hand upon his arm with gracious words of praise that set Pedro's head in a whirl of delight. He was so innocent of her wiles, so unversed in the ways of the world, that he accepted her friendship with unquestioning readiness, and yielded to the appeal of her personal charm. Women smiled at each other, and men shrugged their shoulders, as they saw the pair seat themselves in the shelter of some palms, Pedro talking eloquently of his beloved art, and the woman listening, with flattering smiles and nods. But Margaret, coming suddenly upon them, just as Pedro, in unsuspecting, boyish gratitude, was yielding to the woman's embrace, stopped suddenly in shocked amazement, then stole silently away. The clear blue eyes were dimmed, and her cheeks were a trifle pale. Still she did not try to explain her feelings to herself; she only realized that the brightness of the day was dimmed, that something sweet had suddenly gone out of her life, and she left the concert with no further word to Pedro.



"He will not need me any more," she thought, sadly. "He will have plenty of friends and money now."

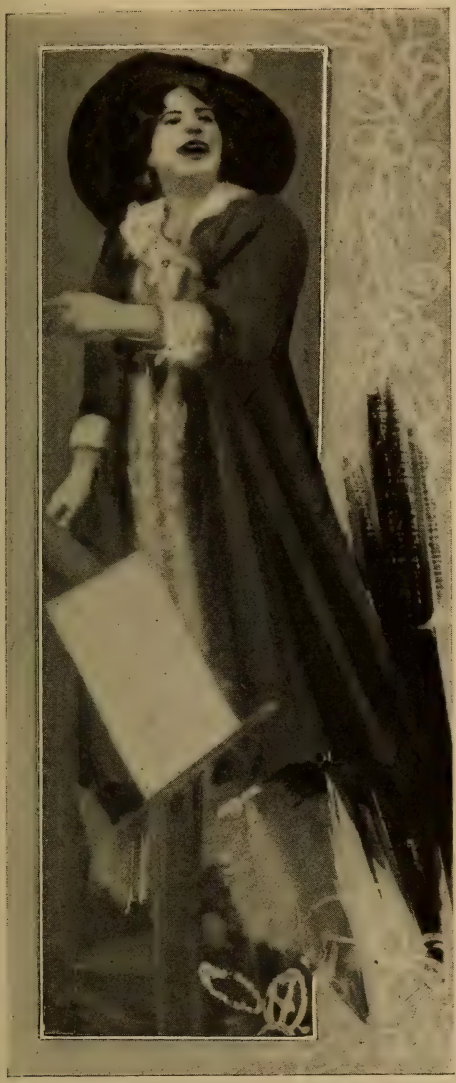
So it came to pass that Mrs. Seton became Pedro's friend and patron, superintending his removal into a handsome apartment, advancing money for his expenses, lending her influence to secure enagements for him.

"You must accept my help," she urged, "for the sake of little Florenza. You must not keep the child another day in that dark, unhealthy basement; you can repay me later, but you must let me help you now."

Pedro could resist nothing where Florenza was concerned, so the help was accepted, and a smooth, care-free life of fame and success began for him. Engagements were plentiful, money and friends came easily, and everywhere, in the midst of the gay, charmed life, moved Mrs. Seton, her wiles and flatteries weaving a subtle net about the young artist. It was not strange that Pedro's head was turned, that he forgot his better nature, forgot Margaret, his first friend; almost, at times, forgot his little sister, whom he loved so passionately.

But little Florenza was sad—sadder than ever she had been in the days of their dire poverty. With a child's instinctive perception of falseness, she hated Mrs. Seton, who came daily to their apartment, monopolizing Pedro's time, which had, in the old days, been given so wholly to his violin and to his little sister. She longed for her bu'ful lady, who never came to see her now, and often, in her little white bed, she sobbed herself to sleep in loneliness, thinking of Margaret's gentle, loving ways.

And Pedro, too, sometimes, in quiet moments, thought regretfully of Margaret's fair, innocent face; but he had gone so far in his new life that there seemed no way of turning back, and



he went on, troubled at times, but drifting idly with the current of new habits and acquaintances.

There came a day when Pedro entered his studio, to find little Florenza sobbing bitterly in a corner, while Mrs. Seton, looking very lovely in a shimmering satin gown, reclined upon a divan, looking at the child impatiently. Florenza ran toward her brother, crying aloud as she held up her doll—Margaret's gift—to show its broken head.

"She broke it!" the child sobbed, pointing to Mrs. Seton. "She pushed me away, and broke my dear dolly!"

"It was an accident," broke in Mrs. Seton, sharply. "I told her I would buy her another doll. The child is naughty—you humor her too much, Pedro."

"There, there, Florenza," said Pedro, impatiently. "You shall have another doll. Run away now."

No one saw the sobbing child as she crept from the room and donned her little cloak and hood. No one heard her creep softly down the stairs and out the big front door of the apartment. The first intimation that Pedro



had of her absence was when the telephone bell rang sharply, and a sweet, familiar voice floated over the wire, announcing that little Florenza was there, and wanted to remain there.

When Pedro left the telephone his face was ashy white. Margaret's words had awakened him to bitter realization of the life into which he had drifted. Was it true, then, that he had neglected his little sister—been false to himself—left the lonely little heart to suffer until she had, in desperation, gone to beg solace from her bu'ful lady. And had he not shown the basest ingratitude to his first and best benefactor? Had he not quite forgotten his real self, and turned aside, for a time, the promptings of his own heart?

A new, stern light was in his eyes as he turned away from the telephone, after assuring Margaret that he would come to her home at once.

At his side stood Mrs. Seton, looking anxiously into his face, smiling her old seductive smile.

"I could hear her voice," she whispered. "She is only a fair-haired baby, that Margaret, easily excited, and impulsive as a child. Give no heed to her. She is silly and sentimental. Your sister is a spoiled baby; she should be punished for running away like that. Forget it all, my darling. Are we not happy?"

She held out her arms to Pedro, a lovely, alluring figure, as she stood, with gleaming, inviting eyes, begging him to forget the words which had awakened his soul. But Pedro, after a long gaze at her, shook his head, slowly, and turned toward the door. Then, as the desperate woman rushed to him, hindering him with pleading hands, the revulsion of feeling became complete, and he flung her savagely from him as he rushed out into the street.

At the door of Margaret's drawing-room he paused, repentant, with shamed, downcast eyes. Margaret was holding little Florenza in her arms, seated in a low chair before the open fire. The child was smiling contentedly, one little hand smoothing Margaret's golden hair, while the other clasped the beloved, broken dolly. Glancing up, the child caught sight of her brother, and immediately shrank closer to Margaret, with a scared wail:

"I dont want to go with you," she sobbed. "I love my bu'ful lady. I want to live with her."

Margaret rose hastily, and, with one caressing hand on the child's head, stood looking reproachfully at Pedro, who came forward, extending his arms to the child, who still shrank from him. Then he lifted his head, as if to speak, but, instead, he only stood gazing into Margaret's clear eyes. As the dark eyes gazed penitently, the blue ones wavered, and fell. A flush crept over the fair cheeks, and when Pedro, coming nearer, whispered simply, "I'm sorry, Margaret," she looked down at Florenza with a little smile.

"Shall we forgive brother, Florenza?" she asked. "He's going to be good now."

The child gazed hesitatingly into Pedro's face. What she saw there seemed to satisfy her, for, with a sudden, impulsive movement, she flung herself into her brother's arms.

"Oh, yes! Please do!" she cried, radiantly.

Was it the witchery of the firelight, the sweet artlessness of the child's plea, or only the natural culmination of an affection which had lain unrecognized in their young hearts?

For a brief moment Pedro hung his head in humiliation, his jaws set, his chest heaving. Then his dark, wet eyes looked up, as if for a sign of encouragement. Margaret quickly turned her head, but not quickly enough to conceal her heart's secret.

"Forgive me, dear one!" he breathed. "I pray you, forgive me! I love you—I adore you!"

Pedro's arms opened, and Margaret, with shining eyes, slipped into them, to share their passionate embrace with little Florenza.

"Be careful," cautioned the child, laughing happily. "You'll hurt my dolly again!"





JOHN BUNNY, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

I THINK I obtained an interview with John Bunny in the nicest way possible. A mutual friend invited us out to dinner together. The thing went off so pleasantly, the viands were so toothsome, the wine so red in the cup that it did not seem in the line of an interviewer at all, whose business is mostly to tease the wind on cold corners, waylaying elusive talent. The dinner-interview is a patent of mine own. I like it; it's warm, comfortable, well-fed—and purseless (on the editor). If I only had thought of it before!

Bunny said he'd walked all the way from his home, 1343 East Ninth Street (which begins with one, of course) to get in trim for the contest. My own unfinicky appetite had been whetted by our host's instructions to the chef. So do not blame me if I have mislaid some of Bunny's biography.

We held a contest; that is, it started as such, but later in the evening, I have recollections of Bunny ordering a duck for dessert and soup with his coffee. We others had long since dropped out as serious competitors, and the pangs of hunger must have gripped him anew as he waited for us.

It was very complimentary, this appreciation of our magazine, and I thought he took a delicate way of showing it.

"You may not believe it," he reminisced, over a pot of coffee, "but I once was rated as having a girlish figure—tall and pussy-willowy. In those days the managers served us sawdust and papier-mâché food at our stage meals. It was inhuman cruelty, and I despaired of ever rising, or swelling, in my profession. When the time came that the public demanded more realism—real food at stage dinners, my art began to pick up at once."

"By the way," I interrupted his pleasant recital, "how much do you weigh?"

"My exact weight?" he queried anxiously.

"Yes, as near to it as you can get."

"Well, to tell the truth, I have never gotten very near to it," he said, sadly. "It started at birth, with, as near as I can remember, at about 12 pounds. The next day, when mother wasn't looking, I was shocked to see an added pound or two. Since then, in defiance of all the known rules of dieting, it has increased at about the same rate."

"You have forgotten the pussy-willow statement," I objected feebly.

"Not at all," he insisted; "when I said my figure was once girlish, I meant compared to its present *à la spirite;* catch me?

"Growing up," he resumed, "from my tender—I should say early—years in the City of Churches (Brooklyn), I have attended a variety of them. At present, I am leaning, as far as possible, toward the Flatbush Methodists—by reason of their excellent oyster suppers.

"As I grew up large and generous, I accumulated a stock of vices fitted to my girth. Some of these, I fear I will never shake. One is baseball. I'll never grow old as long as I can squeeze into a seat to see a good game. At home I like to read, write, sing, or play pinochle, not all at once, of course.

"Where do I spend my summer? I knew that was coming. At the Vitagraph studio is my truthful answer. We have more variety to our scenery than any resort I know of; in Holland one day, on the Riviera the next. The parts are cast according to our health; those suffering with sunstroke are sent underground as coal miners. Again, when a fellow gets the Flatbush 'bogs' hang him up in 'An Aeroplane Elopement,' to dry out.

"As to my preference for the seaside, the farm, or the mountains," he continued, in an aura of cigar smoke, "they all look good in the pictures."

"I am very poor in figures—my own excepted, of course—and words fail on the number of parts I have taken. My wife says I do three or four a day, besides taking an insignificant one in the household. But she's rosier than the dandelions."

A rather pained look came into Bunny's eyes while the patient waiter interrupted his "interview" to clear off dishes, but I brightened them with suggestions of a salad.

"I'm not particularly set up about any characters I have created," he said, as the meal was resumed, "and even if I were, it wouldn't help matters any. Some of my dear friends wished to see me run in the negative once, and a special performance was arranged for them. The reel was started, and a series of white flashes showed on the screen. At last, an expansive white waistcoat showed in one corner. 'There's Bunny,' an admirer exclaimed; and that was all they saw of me. You see, my best rôle, my private face and pose, had been taken out of focus. It doesn't pay for a fat man to stand too near the camera."

Bunny spoke the truth about his best rôle—it *is* his private face and pose, in other words his skillful acting. His figure is funny; the fact that he is so big around that, as he says, he cant fall down if he tries, is undoubtedly an asset; but aside from all that, John Bunny is a talented and finished actor. Any man with that face and figure could get one laugh from an audience upon his first appearance. Only a fine actor could portray the difficult and trying rôles that he constantly assumes, in such a manner that his audiences are laughing more uproariously when he exits than when he enters. Mr. Bunny holds an enviable place in the realm of comedy acting. Is there a better thing than to be known thruout the land as an actor who can always dispel gloom and make the world look brighter?

JEAN ACKER, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

I KNEW that the Lubin Company is famed for its pretty girls, but I was not prepared for the entrancing vision which fluttered into the room when I asked for Miss Jean Acker. I'm an old interviewer, with a cool head, but this dainty, diminutive bit of femininity took my breath away and left me flabbergasted.

"I'm from THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE," I managed to gasp.

"Indeed?" responded the vision, demurely, "well, I'm from Missouri."

I hastily produced a card to corroborate my statement, but I found that Miss Acker's apparently slangish skepticism was not what it appeared, but a real statement of fact. She is from Missouri—from St. Louis, to be exact—and she loves her native State, tho she is having a perfectly lovely time posing for pictures in Philadelphia. From childhood she has been interested in theatricals, playing with regular companies before beginning her Photoplay work. She loves to act, she loves to pose, and she loves to see upon the screen the pictures in which she appears. She has a right to love this latter diversion; if I were as beautiful as Miss Acker I'd look at my own picture all the time I wasn't looking in a mirror. However, there seems to be no vanity in this little lady, nothing but an intense interest and enthusiasm in her work.

"I spend three or four hours a day posing," she said. "In the evening I read, or write, or go to the theater—when any one will take me. I enjoy Browning most of any writer."

In the summer Miss Acker goes to a country camp or to the sea shore, tho the place she really loves best is a farm. Horseback riding is her favorite exercise, and swimming comes next.

"I cant say that I'm crazy about walking," she remarked, "it takes too long to get anywhere that way."

The lady's Spanish parentage shows in her grace and vivaciousness, as well as in her flashing eyes and her quick changes of expression. The discipline of St. Mary's Seminary, where she received her education, did not smother her originality, nor her wit, which bubbles forth continually. She is a talented writer, having many stories and scenarios to her credit, and like all literary workers her chief interest is in watching for her stories to appear.

"Do you have many very difficult tasks to perform in the course of your work?" I asked, thinking of the thrilling stories which appear in the papers about Photoplay actors.

"Sure, lots of 'em," she replied, nonchalantly, "and I've been featured in the newspapers—but let's not talk about that. Light comedy is my preferred line of acting."

Her eyes glowed as we talked of the opera, in a way which showed her real love for music. She sings and plays beautifully, I am told, but I was not favored with a private concert, for Miss Acker's engagements gave me but a short time for my interview.

"Dont you want to tell me about your principal characteristics?" I asked, hopefully, trying to prolong my opportunity.

"Not this time," she laughed. "I'm fond of life, fond of work, fond of sports—especially baseball—and fond of society, when I'm in the mood for it. Yes, I have a nickname, my friends call me Billie."

"Why?" I ventured.

"Because!" answered Billie, decidedly.

And with this reason I had to be content, and say good-by.

LOTTIE BRISCOE, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

It was a pleasant task that the Chief assigned me to, and I went to the famous slow city of Philadelphia with high hopes. Arriving there, I was impressed with this fact: the city may be slower than New York, but it is more orderly, and everybody does not appear to be in a hurry. In New York, people run; in Philadelphia, they walk.

Arriving at the Hanover Hotel, and handing my card to the clerk, I soon found myself in the presence of a pretty little lady, who appeared to measure about five feet two inches, according to the tape measure, and about 122 pounds, according to the scales—I afterward learnt that this guess was accurate. It seemed like meeting an old friend. As I stood there in Miss Briscoe's parlor, I would not have been at all surprised if G. M. Anderson had walked in, for I have always associated Lottie with the Essanay, altho she has been with Lubin for some time. She has the same gracious, winning smile in the parlor that she has upon the screen, and the same grace and vivacity. Years ago (not many, mind you, for Lottie is still a very young woman), I remember having seen her under the Keith management, and also with Richard Mansfield, with whom she played for two seasons. I asked her about her stage experience and learnt that for two and a half years she was with the Orpheum Stock Company in Philadelphia, and for three years on Broadway, New York, with various companies. It is no wonder, then, that Miss Briscoe now shows careful professional training and an unusual aptitude for the dramatic art of picture posing.

Well, we had a long and interesting conversation, and if the editor would give me ten or twelve pages for this interview, I would tell you all about her; but since I am only allowed a miserable half page, I shall have to omit nine-tenths of all I learnt, and just give you some plain facts about this interesting little woman. She was born in St. Louis, of French-Italian parents, and was educated in a private school. She spends her summers in Europe, but is "crazy about Atlantic City"—perhaps she has inherited this craze from her popular fellow player, Mae Hotely. She misses the glare of the footlights, but likes the Motion Picture business very well. She began showing her histrionic talents at the age of four years. She is an expert swimmer, and is fond of attending the regular theaters, but I was surprised to learn that she does not enjoy seeing her own work upon the screen.

"What is your favorite hobby, or pastime?" I asked.

"I give it up," she replied, "but I can tell you how I spend my evenings—answering letters from stage-struck girls."

I guess Miss Briscoe works about forty-eight hours a day, because when I asked her how much time she spent posing for pictures, her answer was—"every second!" She is interested in politics, and I am pleased to announce, for the benefit of the illustrious gentleman of Oyster Bay, that "Teddy is her man." Miss Briscoe both sings and plays and she often attends the opera.

I was very much disappointed at one of her answers. Now, I had an idea that Miss Briscoe was quite athletic and strenuous, and I was sure that I could count her as a baseball fan. Imagine, then, my chagrin when she unblushingly told me that she had seen only one baseball game in her life.

"Do you write much?" I asked.

"My friends dont think so," was her quick retort.

Miss Briscoe has no love for socials, receptions, dancing and society. She does not like to have her neighbors know that she is a Motion Picture star. When asked what she thought of this magazine, her answer was "great!"

Bracing myself with all the fortitude I could command, I shot out this final question, as I neared the door:

"Would you mind telling our readers if you are married?"

She did not throw me out, neither did she frown; she showed two rows of even, white teeth, surrounded by a polite smile, and whispered:

"Certainly not—and no hopes!"

MAY BUCKLEY, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

My best plume battled defiantly with the wind as I entered the City of Pictures, the Lubin Studio.

The heavy doors swung behind me as I confronted a scene of picturesque confusion. Past gypsies, Salvation Army lassies, and waiting lovers, I hurried, seeking one to whom all this excitement is "food and drink."

After peering into a labyrinth of passages, I finally was ushered, with exquisite courtesy, into a studio where "The Complicated Campaign" was being rehearsed by that "Prince of Photoplay Producers," Mr. Barry O'Neill.

A wild cheer from the assembled pretty suffragettes startled my placid Quaker blood: "Ladies and sisters! I take great pleasure in announcing to you Miss May Buckley!"

"Aha!" I muttered, grimly. "I have the 'Proud Princess' in me pow'r!"

A slender figure (about five feet six), in a blue gown, en train, with a chic turban on her shadowy dark hair, mounted the suffragette platform, her brilliant dark eyes and illumined face challenging the assemblage.

Patiently I waited, until the vivacious "Molly O," as she is nicknamed, decided to eat; for actresses *do* eat, sometimes, you know! When she had donned a soft blue negligee, and had finished a delicious compote (Miss Buckley adores sweets, by the way), I ventured to comment on the dainty draperies in her cozy dressing-room.

"I arranged them myself," she said, showing an even row of small, white teeth, and sitting by the white-curtained window, one tiny, satin-slippered foot pointed toward me. I noticed, too, that her delicate profile was turned toward the afternoon sun, which cast burnished shadows on her soft, dark hair.

Above, two clear, girlish voices sang, "There are eyes of blue!" Confused sounds from the studio came faintly under the door. Still the two young voices sang on. Miss Buckley sighed faintly.

"One must not 'stand still' with any talent," she said, turning earnest eyes upon me. "I once wandered into a quaint old church in a secluded village. The minister, a man of striking personality, preached the sermon of the 'Five Talents.' It made a lasting impression upon me. The choir sang softly, and——" Here her beautiful contralto voice faded away with the voices of the "extra" girls in the dressing-room above.

After a little pause, I asked Miss Buckley where she was born.

"I am of German and English parentage, and was born in San Francisco," she said; "and educated—let me see—all over the United States."

I gasped.

"Convents in summer, and played in winter," she resumed. "I used to amuse the good sisters—one, Sister Clara Maria—with my plots of plays, 'Love' being the sweet theme. I studied, and was very fond of geography and spelling."

Just then, Bennie, the Lubin mascot, knocked authoritatively, and was received with acclaim. After leaving a hurried message, and bidding me a courteous adieu, he disappeared noiselessly. Bennie is a gifted diplomat.

"Do you know," resumed "Mollie O," "that I came East when I was two years old, and drifted back. Went on when I was six years of age.

"I made my first dramatic hit as the Chinese girl, in 'The First Born.' I then went with Charles Frohman. Played in 'Hearts and Trumps,' an enormous melodrama; I was the heroine; Amelia Bingham played the mother. In the company were E. M. Holland, Edwin Arden, Sidney Herbert, Miller Kent and Jessie Busley—a wonderful cast.

"Been abroad? Oh, yes—twelve times! Distances humanize and broaden one."

"Mollie O's" deep brown eyes became reminiscent again.

"American women are treated like princesses abroad. Suffrage is not hurting the Cause. You see, over in England, the women are not treated like us. American women are pampered, beautiful dolls. The English women are compelled to take drastic measures in order to receive attention."

"A woman, a horse, and a chestnut tree,
The more you beat 'em, the better they be!"

ran thru my mind, irreverently.

"Abroad is very lovely," she went on, "but I am now content to look over my own country.

"Are you ever undecided?" she queried. "One can acquire definiteness of purpose. I used to wonder what I should have for breakfast every morning, so I finally pasted this paper on my mirror: 'I KNOW WHAT I WANT!'

"Where do I live? At the Majestic Hotel—charming environment and luxurious apartments.

"I like the Motion Picture playing better and better every day. The applause is nothing to me. I love the work, and then, you see, Mr. O'Neill inspires one so. He is a genius!"

Her great, dark eyes glowed as she spoke of her work, altho she has only been at the "Photoplay Palace" nine weeks.

"The most attractive people do not look well upon the screen," Miss Buckley asserted. "And, speaking of Motion Pictures, your magazine is perfection. I must subscribe regularly. The pictures are clean-cut, and the stories cleverly written.

"I like character work best; that is to say, foreign or 'straight' parts, and my favorite rôle is the lead in the 'Japanese Nightingale,' altho I loved my engagement with Walker Whiteside—a great actor, particularly from a technical standpoint.

"I created Chloris, in the 'Magic Melody.'"

Here Miss Buckley showed me her French Grammar. "I adore French!" she exclaimed, her sweet face alight. "Study it at night, too!

"My favorite author is Arnold Bennett—'The Old Wives' Tale' is delicious. I also admire Pope tremendously, and who does not love the 'Rubáiyát'? Swimming, too" (not the author) "I'm fond of!

"Dance?" She twirled around the room, and laughed girlishly. "I guess I do!

"I also worship the opera, and confess to a weakness for the pianola. And what interests me most is Life itself—the Great Scheme. Therefore, I love grass, shade trees, and still water. My summers are generally spent at Rockywold Camp, New Hampshire, where I swim, dance, and have a delightful time."

I arose to go.

"Wait!" "Mollie O" laid a detaining hand upon my shoulder. "I'll go with you to the gate."

The last picture I beheld, as I turned the corner of the great entrance, was May Buckley, her glorious dark eyes shining, and one soft, dark curl blowing in the March wind.

"Success to you! Success!" she called. And her voice is with me still.

Of an excellent dinner with the hospitable Mr. Lubin and his charming daughter; the courtesy of Mr. Martin Faust, not forgetting the popular Mr. D'Arcy, more anon.

DOROTHY HARPUR.

A Box-office View-point of the Motion Picture

By ROBERT GRAU

PERHAPS the greatest and most constructive achievement of the Motion Picture has been the remarkable increase of theater-goers—permanently created thru the natural desire of the patrons of the picture theater to see in the flesh stage presentations with which hundreds of thousands of their patrons were wholly unfamiliar.

It is not too much to say that in the United States alone, the potency of the Moving Picture has resulted in the creation of fifteen million new theater-goers. Of this number perhaps one half had never been inside of a regular theater, while the other half have repeatedly been provided with the incentive for theater-going, which, heretofore, had been regarded as an annual luxury. This is so true that it is difficult to find a theatrical manager who does not regard the vogue of Motion Pictures as an asset; moreover, the phonograph has been a vast influence in the same direction, and it will perhaps surprise many to know that even the Metropolitan Opera House has been materially benefited, and the problem of presenting grand opera at a profit has been thus, to a great extent, solved.

In Europe the evolution has been even more pronounced, especially in the Latin countries. An illustration is afforded in the city of Moscow, in Russia. Five years ago only the subsidized theater and opera house could attract an audience, whereas today, there are sixty-five Moving Picture theaters, and these entertain, each day, in excess of 40,000 persons! This has resulted in a half dozen legitimate theaters finding a public created for them.

In New York City more than a quarter of a million persons enter, daily, theaters where the Motion Picture is the compelling attraction. It is true that vaudeville is added in some of these, but the patronage was wholly created by the Moving Picture, and can only be maintained by retaining it as a vital part of the entertainment provided.

A careful observation of conditions prevailing thruout the country indicates that the vogue of the Motion Picture has the element of longevity to an extent one may well marvel at. A visit to a city not forty miles from the Grand Central Depot, having a population of fifty thousand persons, uncovered a most extraordinary status. This community five years ago had only three thousand or less inhabitants, yet at that period there were but two places of amusement, and these offered serious problems for the managers, who were intrepid enough to tempt fate with their management. Today, this city has five

newly erected theaters, large and commodious, devoted to Moving Pictures, and these draw a combined daily attendance of twelve thousand persons, despite the fact that there are a half dozen smaller houses wholly devoted to the camera man, and which attract an additional daily attendance of at least 5,000! One would imagine, then, that the regular theater, if such could, indeed, be maintained, would fare ill—but it is a fact that two establishments, where the scale of admission prices ranges from 25 cents to $1.50, are open nearly every night, large audiences are the rule, and the most amazing part of it all is that the galleries, which would be mostly affected by the vogue of the cheaper houses, are invariably crowded.

There are at least fifty cities between New York and Boston, where five years ago the one theater they each boasted of would be opened, perhaps, one day a week. The men who conducted these were content if they could pay the local expenses. Practically all of them are today Moving Picture theaters, open every day, giving three or more performances each twenty-four hours, and paying an annual profit to each of their owners of from $8,000 to $20,000.

In the city where I happen to reside, Mount Vernon, N. Y., up to three years ago the one theater there available could not attract a paying house for any kind of stage offering. One manager after the other failed disastrously; the house was often dark for months at a time, and the thirty-five thousand persons who live there were compelled to go to the metropolis for their amusements. Three years ago Keith & Proctor leased a theater in Mount Vernon, made it attractive in their own peculiar way, and installed therein a picture machine and invited the public to enter. It is no exaggeration to state that no week passes that two-thirds of the population does not visit this theater at least once. It is necessary to go as early as 6.30 P. M. in order to get a seat in the house, which has capacity for 1,700 persons. At 9 P. M. it is a common sight for more than one thousand persons to be seen standing in the lobbies and on the sidewalk, waiting for a chance to enter thru an exodus of the seated audience. But the strangest thing of all is that in this city, where three years ago there were no theater-goers, and despite the tremendous attendance at this and other picture theaters, there is now a well-equipped dramatic stock company presenting the best plays, the very latest New York successes, and charging high prices of admission, yet playing to splendid audiences, altho the same play is given thruout each week!

Surely, this is an amazing illustration of a condition created by the potency of the Moving Picture, for no one can deny that this patronage for fine plays is due to "the theater habit" contracted by families in the suburban city. Now they are confirmed theater-goers, wanting to see all that is going on in theaterdom. I would never have believed that such an evolution could take place in three years—if I were not a witness of the spectacle.

Sighs

By JESSIE TODD (aged 14)

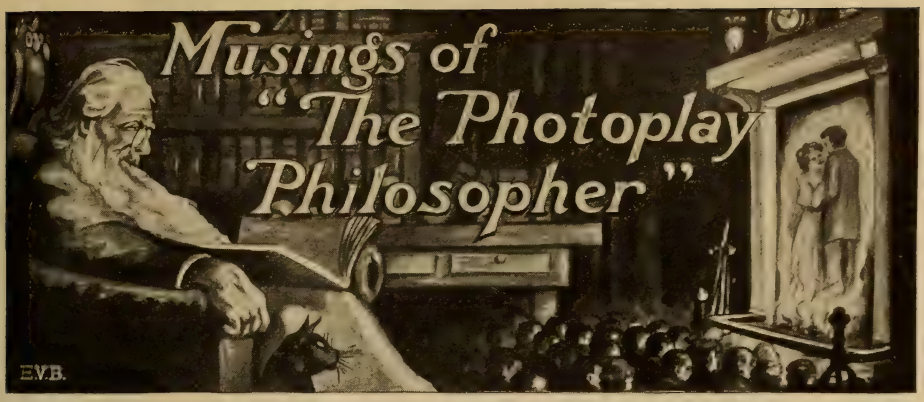


There's the sigh of joy,
And the sigh of love,
Which comes from the angels
God sent from above.

But when we're in sorrow,
Sighs come from the heart,
And we're sure to be sighing
When loved ones depart.

True, those who are sighing
The sigh of deceit,
Will some day be sighing
The sad sigh of grief.

But my heart is so lonely,
For I'm longing to go
To the place my heart's sighing for—
The Motion Picture show.



The French Revolution has proved a fertile field for Motion Pictures, and the lessons that such pictures have taught are incalculable. The other evening I saw a Photoplay taken from an incident of the French Revolution, and immediately following was one taken from an incident of the American Revolution. I then recalled that both these revolutions sprang from the same identical seed, that was first sown by Rousseau, and re-sown later by Tom Paine. The birth of liberty, as of all else useful, is slow and painful. Tearing down the work of ages, and building up anew, cannot be accomplished without tremendous shock. Robespierre, Danton and Marat, of the French Revolution, tore down, and Napoleon—the child of that revolution—built up. That shock, which split Europe wide open, and shook the world, was the greater because that was accomplished in two decades which would, ordinarily, require two centuries. Washington and his compatriots tore down, but they also built up. So did Lincoln. Progress is always preceded by calamity, but that which appears to be calamity is often a blessing in disguise.

What we see or read with inclination makes the strongest impression. That is why children so love the Photoplay, and that is why the Photoplay should never teach or suggest anything that children should not know.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank A. White, of 608 East 67th Street, Chicago, for his kind offer of a $5 prize to draw out answers to the proposition that the name of the scenario writer should appear at the head of every story, as well as the name of the writer of the story. We think that no prize is necessary. We are convinced that the scenario writer's name should appear, and we are always only too glad to print it when we know it.

A reader sends in a suggestion for which I am thankful. She says that she keeps all of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINES on her reading table, and when she returns from the Photoshow where she has seen a film, the story of which has appeared in a magazine, she sits down and reads that story. "I like to read the stories first," she continues, "but a second reading after I have seen the Photoplay has proven a fascinating luxury."

It has been remarked that we remember the great men of the past, not by what they were, but by what they did. In other words, we form a *picture* in our mind's eye of the deeds done; hence, it is not so much the man as it is the deed. When we read of what Cæsar did, we form a mental picture of his deeds, and it is that picture which impresses our memory. When the word "Lincoln" is thought, his deeds flash across the brain, for we cannot separate the man from the deed. Who can think of John Bunyan without thinking of "The Pilgrim's Progress"? Likewise, to think of Homer and to forget the "Iliad" were impossible; and so with Virgil and the "Æneid," Dante and the "Inferno," Spenser and "Faerie Queene," Cowper and "Task," Bryant and "Thanatopsis," Holmes and "Autocrat," Chaucer and "Canterbury Tales," Young and "Night Thoughts," Cervantes and "Don Quixote," Thompson and "The Seasons," Sir Thomas More and "Utopia," Gray and "Elegy," Defoe and "Crusoe," Milton and "Paradise Lost," Lamb and "Elia," Joe Jefferson and "Rip Van Winkle," and so on. It will also be observed that the name of Nero is inseparably linked with burning Rome, the name of Brutus with "Et tu Brute," Benedict Arnold with treason, Wilkes Booth with assassination, Hannibal with crossing the Alps, Jesse James with train robbery, Rosa Bonheur with "The Horse Fair," Edison with electricity and Motion Pictures, and so on. Thus with every name is linked a picture. And if reading of great men creates pictures, how much more effective and impressive must be the seeing of the pictures themselves! All of which goes to prove that pictures are a more direct method of education than types.

The *New York World,* which is not always friendly to the Motion Picture industry, recently published a favorable editorial, entitled "The People's Drama." This title is a good substitute for the unhappy one of "The Moving Picture Show," which is worn out. "The Photoshow," "The Photoplay," "The Silent Drama," are far more elegant than "Picture Show" and "The Movies."

Scenario editors cannot be too careful in selecting words for the subtitles. There are only one or two words in the English language that have synonyms. I can recall only two words that have precisely the same meaning—*begin* and *commence.* The careful speaker or writer uses the utmost care in selecting just the right word to express the meaning desired. Examine and study any two words that seem to mean about the same thing, and you will find that they have different shades of meaning. For example, a person may be proud without being vain; egotistical without being conceited; brave without being courageous. Fox once paid William Pitt a high compliment when he said, "I never hesitate for *a* word; Pitt never hesitates for *the* word!"

Tacitus says that flatterers are the worst kind of enemies. Was it not a mistake to build us with ears facing forward, to hear all the flattery that others say to our face? For, if they faced aft, we might profit more by hearing the truth spoken behind our back.

I do not agree with Mr. Epes Winthrop Sargent in his criticism of the book that has just been published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, "Moving Pictures, How They Are Made and Worked." While nobody would pay this book the compliment that Omar paid to the Koran, "Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book," Mr. Talbot, the author, will hardly need to exclaim, as did Kepler, the German astronomer, "My book may well wait a hundred years for a reader, since God himself has been content to wait six thousand years for an observer like myself." Mr. Talbot will not wait long for readers. The book is handsomely gotten up, is full of illustrations, and is well worth the $1.50 charged for it. There are apparently a few inaccuracies in it—it would be unusual if there were not, covering, as it does, such a large field, and one in which there are many points in dispute—but on the whole it is, in my judgment, the best book of its kind ever published.

Mr. Sargent is one of the best informed men in the Motion Picture business, perhaps the very best, and he is a good critic. But, at the same time, he is often a hypercritic, and a captious censor of everything he criticises.

I predict for Mr. Talbot's able work a large sale, as it deserves. Not only should it be read by every person interested in Motion Pictures, but it will prove very entertaining and instructive to those who are not.



While "trick pictures" may be exceedingly interesting and funny, it is a question if it is wise to make too lavish use of them. It will never do to give the impression that most pictures are false, else, when some real phenomena are shown, people will not believe they are real. If a film is shown, for example, where a man is run over, and his arms and legs severed, and then the limbs are suddenly made to jump back in place, and the man walks on as if nothing had happened; or where an automobile is made to run at an impossible rate of speed; or where a comedian is made to fall from a twenty-story building, unharmed: when a real feat of strength, endurance or speed is shown, such as the quick and daring action of our firemen, or the marvelous speed of aeroplanes and motor boats, or the grandeur of lofty mountains, waterfalls, storms, oceans, and the various wonders of nature, the average onlooker is inclined to believe that it is exaggerated.



I read a recent editorial in *The Moving Picture World* which I must heartily indorse. It said, among other things, "It sickens us every time to look at the huge banners displayed on the streets of New York, wherever the traffic is heaviest, announcing Motion Pictures of 'famous bandits' and 'terrible crimes.' Millions of people pass these places, see these awful banners (and posters), and not unreasonably conclude that the Motion Picture is little better than a pictorial *Police Gazette* in motion. Thus, for the sake of a few wretched nickels, incalculable harm is done to this great industry."

There are plenty of high-class films to feature without resorting to the worst for advertising purposes; and if crime pictures must be shown, it is poor policy to feature them. The time has passed when the exhibitor must appeal to the small boy and to the ruffian to increase attendance. We must all work together to uplift the Motion Picture business and to attract the better element.

Rev. A. E. Kemp has something to say which is well worth saying and well worth republishing here. We quote from his article in *The Herald of Gospel Liberty:*

"Statistics show that eight million people in this country pay to see Moving Pictures every day in the week. Fifteen thousand theaters hold this daily horde of film lovers. One hundred million dollars are invested in the making and housing of the Moving Picture equipments. Therefore it is no little question with which we are to deal. These figures are enormous enough to make us think. If for evil, what a power to degenerate and weaken the rising generation; if for good, what an opportunity to the edification and elevation of boys and girls to manhood and womanhood! This largely depends as to whether it is used or abused. If it is wholly evil, and no possible good can come from it, we should say that it should be stamped out and totally abhorred. But in our opinion, there is no ground for stamping out anything that can be used for good. But the Motion Picture has been sufficiently proven to be of good service, when properly directed. It has been said by eminent psychologists that an impression made thru sight is eight times as strong as that of any other sense. What a prolific field, then, for instruction, inspiration and fruitage the Moving Picture medium presents to us. . . . If you have, when coming up to this question, gathered up a stone to hurl at the Moving Picture, halt a moment, and read the signs exhibited from within; go in and investigate the heart of the matter; have a heart-to-heart talk with the manager; let him know of your anxiety as to the results of his place, and praise him for any progress along lines for betterment. Insist on a high-grade class of films, and when you have gone out, and without any one seeing you, lay down the stone, and resolve in your heart to help make the place just such a place as it should be, and a factor for good instead of evil."



In the olden days they used to charge the cheap novels with every case of "bad boy." Every time a boy did anything wrong, it was due to reading cheap literature. Next came the theaters, and the lurid melodramas were charged with every juvenile evil. Dancing, card playing, billiard and pool rooms, saloons, gambling and evil companions have all been accused of having corrupted our youths; and doubtless all of these things, however innocent in themselves, have contributed to the downfall of many boys and girls. And now come the Pictureshows. Gambling, saloons, novels and the regular theaters are as naught compared with the harm done by the Photoshow! The moment a lad now does anything wrong, it is the Moving Pictures!



It is well to have a mind of your own, but it is not well to make up your mind on meager evidence. There are two sides to every question, and it is a duty to hear both sides before yielding judgment. And when in doubt, it is well to follow the suit of the wise and prudent, for it is these who always take the trick and win.



I have found, from experience, that it is much easier to criticise a scenario than to write one. Nothing looks easier, but few things are harder. There are a thousand things to think of, and the beginner is not likely to think of half of them until he has had some instruction.

When the drama first appeared in ancient Greece, it was made the vehicle of patriotic sentiment and moral teachings. The first admission fee charged was two oboli, which is about five cents in our money, and this fee was furnished out of the public treasury to all who applied for it. Since Motion Pictures have now come to replace the stage as a moralizer, and since their educational value is now universally recognized, why does not the State adopt a similar policy to that of the Greeks? Perhaps it is not necessary, for everybody can afford five cents. But what the State can do is this: give official recognition to the Photoshow as an educator and as an innocent, beneficial form of amusement, or throw open the doors of the public schools and armories for evening entertainments of Moving Pictures.

BY-LAWS AND CONSTITUTION FOR A MOVING PICTURE CLUB

ART. I.—This club shall be known as The.....Photoplay Club.

ART. II.—Its object shall be to improve our time by profitable amusement, to see the most notable Photoplays of the week, to meet and discuss them, to seek to promote a higher standard in Moving Pictures, and, by improving them, to improve ourselves.

ART. III.—Meetings shall be held every.....night, and the officers shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall be elected at the annual meeting, which shall be held on the first.....of January of each year.

ART. IV.—The order of business shall be:

1.—Calling of roll.
2.—Reading of minutes.
3.—Reports of committees:
    a.—Public Education.
    b.—Improvement of the Photoplay.
    c.—Entertainment.
4.—Debate.
5.—Essays and criticisms of the Photoplays of the week, and a vote on which was the best.
6—Reading of a story from THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.
7.—Miscellaneous business.
8.—Adjournment.

Certain it is that all Pictureshows are not objectionable, particularly when we remember such films as "Enoch Arden," "Elaine," "The Story of Esther," "Herod and the New-born King," and the various scenic and educational ones. And certain it is that all Photoshow theaters are not badly conducted, particularly when we remember that we have some theaters which governors, mayors, preachers and congressmen attend regularly. If this be true, why this perpetual cry against Motion Pictures? If there are bad theaters, or bad films, by all means bring down the law upon them and drive them out of existence; but why speak generally against the whole industry, when only a few are objectionable? Therefore, oh, ye small-minded critics, be specific, not general. If you know of any theater or film that is objectionable, point it out!

Nobody will deny that occasionally an objectionable Photoplay is produced, but if all the objectionable Photoplays were put down in a column, and all the objectionable books in another, and all the objectionable dramas and vaudeville acts in another, it is safe to say that the first would be the shortest column. Opinion founded on prejudice is always enforced with prudish bigotry. It squints when it looks, stammers when it talks, and blunders when it acts. We are hot after the man higher up, whereas we should be hot after the man lower down, for if there were no low-down men down there would be no low-down men up. Government is usually a reflection of the governed.

Socrates says that the study of philosophy is the studying how to die. In that case we shall not study philosophy, for we are busy studying how to live.

Let us all get together for the general uplift of the Motion Picture business. Let the cry be, "Raise the standard!" Millions of people are yet to be won, for millions yet remain in ignorance of the possibilities of the Photoplay. Let us get together. Concentration of effort is the thing. When one divides one's energies to cover varied fields, the chances are that no one spot will be covered to best advantage. We are all after the same thing—the censors, the manufacturers, the exhibitors, the writers, and even the detractors. Let us have team work—all pulling together to one purpose. Sheridan once remarked that if all the fleas in his bed were unanimous they could have pushed him out of bed. We all want the Motion Picture industry to grow and to prosper. It can only be done by raising the standard. Dont say "It is good enough." Nothing is good enough unless it is your best.

"A censor," says Gibbon, "may maintain, but he can never restore the morals of a state. It is impossible for such a magistrate to exert his authority with benefit, or even with effect, unless he is supported by a quick sense of honor and virtue in the minds of the people, by a decent reverence for the public opinion, and by a train of useful prejudices combating on the side of national manners. In a period where these principles are annihilated, the censorial jurisdiction must either sink into empty pageantry, or be converted into a partial instrument of vexatious oppression." All of which points to the fact that the people themselves, after all, are the real censors and the court of last resort. In the long run the manufacturers give the people what the people want.

"Think that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthy action done." Tiberius used to say, at the close of a day when he had failed to accomplish anything useful, "I have lost a day!" I fear that there are not many of us who figure it out that way. If we have done what we had to do, and no more, if we have made money, if we have kept out of trouble, if we have paid our rent and our grocer, most of us say, "Hooray! Let's go out and celebrate."

I am beginning to think that there is only one kind of genius—the genius of industry. As Mirabeau once said, "Impossible is a blockhead of a word." Given the average intelligence and plenty of industry and stick-to-it-iveness, and almost anything is possible. Once in a while a man hits upon some great invention or discovery, and we at once misname him a genius. As Buffon says, "Genius is patience, and patience is genius, the result of a profound attention directed to a particular subject." Hogarth's definition was practically the same: "Genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Both Alexander Hamilton and Hugh Miller confessed that the only genius they possessed was that of patient research and application to the task in hand. Most of our great men have made similar remarks, and the longer we ponder the matter the more do we become convinced that genius is not some great, God-given talent, but merely energy, application, concentrated effort, industry.

Popular Player Contest

Enthusiasm Continues, and Nearly a Million
: : : Votes Have Been Cast : : :

1912

This is to Certify

that

M _____

received _____ *votes in the*

Popular Player Contest

conducted by

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

and was awarded _____ *prize*

among over two hundred contestants

Managing Editor

For the past month this office has been entirely submerged by a swelling flood of votes for popular photoplayers, but the heads of the clerical force employed for this special work continue to bob triumphantly above the waves, and the votes are counted and tabulated to date. The prompt, enthusiastic response which has come from every nook and cranny of this country shows how much the public has appreciated the opportunity to applaud and help its favorite actors. It has been a pleasure to read the thousands of clever letters and verses which have accompanied the

votes, and we wish it were possible personally to acknowledge every one of them, instead of selecting only a scattered few to print.

CONTEST CLOSES MAY THIRD

The contest will end at midnight, May third, and no votes will be counted which are received after that date, except in the case of letters received on the fourth which bear a postmark of April thirtieth or an earlier date. The result will be announced in the June issue, which comes out on May twentieth.

We are surprised at the great number of single votes received. Every mail contains hundreds of such votes. Also, a great many clubs of girls or young men have sent in long lists of votes for their favorite players.

THE PRIZES

It has not yet been decided what the first prize will be, because we do not know whether the winner will be a man or a woman. The first fifty on the list will each receive one of the engraved certificates, a reduced imprint of which is shown on the preceding page. The first five of the fifty will each receive, in addition, a gift which we think is absolutely unique, original, and priceless in value. It is a fact that several numbers of our magazine are out of print now, and hence bound volumes will be impossible in the future; but we have managed to get together five complete sets of the last sixteen issues (Feb., 1911-May, 1912). Each of these sets will be bound, four numbers to a volume, in the best way that the bookbinder knows how. We have chosen Von Heill to bind these books. Each of the first five players will receive a set of four volumes; the first one will receive an additional gift. One of these sets will be bound in Levant, one set in full Turkey morocco, and the others in full French morocco. Each volume will be hand-tooled, and elaborately decorated in gold, and each will contain a printed sheet announcing that the winner received it as a gift from us for popularity as a player. These books will be really wonders of the bookmaker's art, and some day their value will be priceless to book collectors and seekers after first editions. As a permanent record of the possessors' Photoplay creations, we trust that they will be an invaluable heirloom.

The editorial force spent a long time deciding what would be a suitable present to give to these players. The customary prizes of diamonds or watches did not appeal to us, and we decided to find a gift which money could not buy, which will last many lifetimes, and which generations to come will prize, since it represents the first edition of the first Motion Picture Magazine ever published. Some of these sets will cost fifty dollars for binding alone. We wish that these books could be put on exhibition somewhere, so that all our readers could see them. They will be sent to the winners at the studios where they are employed, where, no doubt, they will be seen by many associates and friends of the winners.

We are more than pleased to note that very few of the players have exerted themselves in their own behalf, and neither have the manufacturers supported any particular candidates. As nearly as we can tell, the support seems to come from the public, and while it is noticeable that some players have the faculty of attracting large groups of people to support them enthusiastically, there are many other players, who are, perhaps, just as good, and just as much admired, who do not have this faculty. For example, take Paul W. Panzer. Mr. Panzer does not stand high in the contest, but, tho everybody will admit that he has few, if any, superiors in his line, his work has been such as not to win the kind of popularity that makes people work for him.

Miss Mae Hotely's popularity continues. A long list of votes for her has just been sent in by the Columbia Park Boys' Club, of San Francisco, Cal. Miss Hotely has, perhaps, more clubs and organizations working for her than has any other player.

We still receive many appreciative letters concerning Mary Pickford and Mabel Normand. Their friends are numerous, and most enthusiastic, in spite of obstacles.

Miss Lillian Donoghue, of Gary, Indiana, sends three cleverly drawn pictures: one of herself, one of Maurice Costello, and one of Lillian Walker, whom she calls a "sweet little sunbeam."

"In the pantomime world of Reel and Film, Miss Florence Lawrence is the daintiest of them all," writes one of her admirers from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Ruby Baker, of Myrtle Point, Oregon, sings the praises of Francis X. Bushman in the following verse:

There is one to whom I would give first prize,
It is he with such expressive eyes,
Whose every movement is full of grace,
And the pleasant smile upon his face
Holds all spellbound who come to see
The prince of actors, Francis X. B.

M. J. Williams, of Fox Street, New York, sends a bunch of votes for Arthur Johnson, and remarks: "Mr. Johnson, without doubt, is the ladies' idol, doubly so because he does not 'pose' before the camera to show that he is aware of the admiration of the Motion Picture patrons."

Jennie Lee, of Springfield, Mass., is a steady patron of the Photoshow, attending five evenings every week, but nothing pleases her so much as to see an Essanay film come on, with G. M. Anderson in the lead.

A fair maiden in Gary, Indiana, writes a tear-stained letter to the effect that it was the saddest moment of her young life when she learnt that Maurice Costello was married. She considers him the finest actor the world has ever known, and the handsomest man ever photographed.

H. M. Woolley, of San Francisco, is working for Gladys Field, and sends this verse:

Winsome, winning Gladys Field,
Smiling, dimpled, fair, serene,
Of Motion Picture stars the queen,
To you we gladly homage yield.

"The most accomplished actress in the silent drama" is what J. Burns, Jr., of West Orange, N. J., calls Miss Mary Fuller, of the Edison Co.

"Handsome, dear Mr. Crane Wilbur, of the classy Pathé, is the favorite of Los Angeles," writes a maid from that town, who does not sign her name to her letter.

Eleanor Simpson, of Kansas City, Mo., wishes she were a poet, that she might write verse after verse in praise of Carlyle Blackwell, the finest lover on the stage.

Another toast to Florence Turner, of the Vitagraph. This one from E. J. Clarke, of San Francisco:

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon,
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Greetings to a fellow contestant:

MAURICE COSTELLO:

DEAR SIR: I am sending you 45 votes, in the hope you will win this contest. Last spring I took part in a contest here in our city. I was the youngest contestant, being 12 years old. I won first prize with 56,000 votes. Now I hope you will be as successful as I was.

VELMA FERGUSON.

344 Chas Street, Wellsburg, W. Va.

The countless admirers of dainty Dolores Cassinelli, of the Essanay Co., are not satisfied with sending in single votes for her. They have formed Cassinelli clubs to boost their favorite. Some of the clubs attend performances exhibiting films in which she is featured. This is showing practical appreciation.

Oliver Bailey, San Antonio, Texas, writes: "I love Alice Joyce and Gladys Field, but the sweetest Storey ever shown is Edith, of the Vitagraph."

Estelle A. Hill, of New York, knows sterling talent when she sees it, as portrayed by Marc McDermott, of the Edison players. She writes: "Altho many think him cross, I think he is one of the best actors now in Photoplays."

Marc McDermott has also gotten the railroad officials going. Frank C. Carroll, cashier of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R.R., thinks his work very finished and his characterizations sublime. We would like also to hear from Phœbe Snow.

"Why is not James W. Morrison in pictures more often?" writes Miss Eva Bateman, of Norwood, Mass. Keep asking, and you will get him; he travels everywhere.

We have received, also, an ardent declaration of love for James W. Morrison, but it is from a man, worse luck! We cannot disclose the secrets of his many feminine admirers.

This looks like applause:

EDITOR OF PLAYER CONTEST:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find eighty votes for Miss Gwendolyn Pates, of Pathé Frères, who is the favorite of a large girls' club of Jersey City Heights. We are doing our utmost to show our admiration of Miss Pates' acting. We hope to obtain many more votes from our friends. Trusting that she may receive the necessary number of ballots which will tend to prove her the most popular actress, we remain,

HER FAITHFUL ADMIRERS.

Miss Priscilla Mercurio, 2121 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., believes in royal esteem, and entitles her verses to Marion Leonard "The Uncrowned Queen."

Her face zoned with Venus' circle fair,
Is crowned with a wealth of soft golden hair;
Untold beauties grace her form divine,
In every motion is "beauty's line."
No painter's fancy, sculptor's dream,
A fairer creature had for theme;
So queen-like and graceful does she tread,
The sole treasure lacking is the crown on her head.

From San José, Cal., the fountainhead of beautiful women, comes an appreciation of the beauty and versatility of Dolores Cassinelli. Glad she has overcome sectional prejudice! J. S. Rondoni, 666 Spring Street, is the critic.

Miss Elizabeth Drake, 1558 East 17th street, Brooklyn, N. Y., cannot wait for the May edition to get on the newsstands, so she sends a subscription and 500 votes for Harry Meyers, of the Lubin Co. "The great advantage," she writes, "is that the magazine comes to subscribers on or about the 15th, whereas on the stands we get it on the 20th, or later."

Ingersoll



The watch that made the dollar famous

INGERSOLL WATCHES are sold by dealers everywhere. Men's sizes $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. Women's and children's models $2.00.

Booklet sent free on request.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Co. 186 Ashland Building, New York

Harry Meyers has also broken into staid Connecticut. Not a burglary, but Miss Anna F. Shotwell claims that his face is his fortune in New London.

Mr. Chester Haile, supervisor of the Amicable Life Insurance Co., Waco, Texas, believes that Ormetta Hawley, of the Lubin Co., could carry the Lone Star State in any kind of a contest, and sends a big batch of votes to prove it. San Antonio is of the same opinion, with 280 votes from a club of admirers.

Brooklyn, N. Y., people are outspoken enthusiasts. Herbert Klens affirms that Miss Helen Gardner is the girl who is making Thackeray famous by her brilliant interpretation of Becky Sharp.

From Utah, the other side of the continent, Albertine Brangham, 385 East Sixth Street, Logan, sends her votes and her cordial thanks for Helen Gardner's magnificent portrayals. Illinois, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are just as emphatic. Looks like a conspiracy to appreciate fine talent.

Elizabeth Ayres, 4003 Worth Street, Dallas, Texas, sends her votes and three cheers for Gene Gauntier; and, furthermore, bids us not overlook her. We couldn't; our files are overflowing with enthusiastic letters about her. Permanent stars need no astronomers.

Miss Leah M. Reynolds, Norwich, N. Y., states that Gene Gauntier may have financial backing also:

For I like the Motion Picture plays,
Of them I've seen many.
And to Gene Gauntier I'd give
My last and only penny.

We have not sufficient space in an entire edition of the magazine to print extracts from the partisans, admirers and voters of Alice Joyce.

Versailles, Ky., in the person of James W. Fisher, states that it is getting to work seriously on sending in votes for Alice Joyce. This isn't serious work; it's pure joy in such a cause.

This sounds like a proposal:

To the Girl I Love, Alice Joyce:
Here's to the lilies that snow on her brow;
Here's to the violets that bloom on her eyes;
Here's to the roses that stain her fair cheeks,
And her soft, sweet lips, with their crimson dyes;
And here's to the Girl I Idealize—Alice Joyce!

However, Mrs. H. E. Sheckels, Pittsburg, Pa., is the donor.

This fair champion of Arthur Johnson sees him in a new light. Witness:

IT'S IN THE RING!

Arthur Johnson, dainty, clever,
Smiling sweetly, frowning deeply,
You are, forsooth, the lever
That pries me from my flat.

Johnson, Arthur! gentle ever,
Laughing cutely, sighing mutely,
Your fascinations sever
The hatpins from my hat!

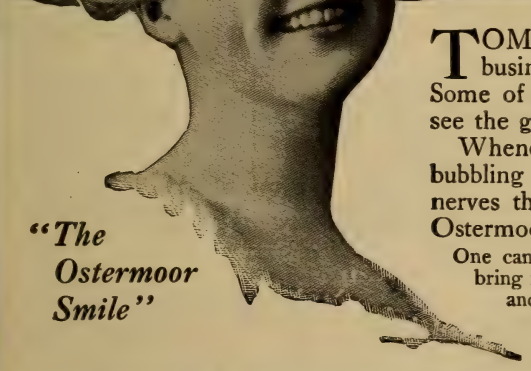
Evangeline Smith, of Sheridan, Wyoming, is moving the local mountains for Earle Williams:

I have seen you in the pictures,
I have seen you in my dreams;
Your face shines out, like some bright star,
On the Moving Picture screens.

Just because you're strong and manly,
Just because your eyes are brown,
You can bet that you're my favorite
Of the pictures in our town.

About a Book and a Smile—
Your Chance to Get Both!





"The Ostermoor Smile"

TOMORROW morning, as you go forth to business or shopping, note the faces you meet. Some of them wear a tired look; on the others you see the glisten of freshness—*the Ostermoor Smile!*

Whence came that smile? It is simply the natural bubbling over of restored strength and reinforced nerves that follows a night's *complete rest* on an Ostermoor Mattress.

One can just *feel* the Ostermoor drive away fatigue and bring refreshment in its place. This is comfort, indeed, and it will last for generations. You must have seen the letters published in our recent advertisements which proved that Ostermoors have given *this kind* of service from five years up to half a century, and are *still giving it.* You can read these letters—and get much valuable information about mattresses and about sleep, if you

Write for 144-Page Book and Samples—Free

Let those who have nothing else to offer take up your time by telling how they make "mattresses." We're most interested in making *comfort.* Every one knows that we perfected the wondrous process of interweaving thousands of filmy layers of fine cotton into a single Ostermoor, instead of packing it in in bulk. The Ostermoor is *built*—not stuffed. This process is exclusively Ostermoor. That is why the Ostermoor has that fluffy, downy softness—with the necessary resiliency and permanency—and why imitations haven't. The Ostermoor is absolutely clean, germ-proof, dust-proof, vermin-proof and never needs re-making.

The book—stand up—get a postal—mail it.

"Built—not Stuffed"

Ostermoor $15.

MATTRESSES COST Express Prepaid	
Best Blue and White Ticking	
4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 "	13.35
3'-6"—35 "	11.70
3'-0"—30 "	10.00
2'-6"—25 "	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
In two parts, 50c extra.
Dust-proof, satin-finish ticking, $1.50 more.
French mercerized Art Twills, $3.00 more.

Yes, there are imitations, dozens of them. You'll find many stores more anxious to sell them because they make a bigger profit. But *you* want the Ostermoor—and wouldn't you like to see the Ostermoor Smile ripple over your breakfast table tomorrow morning?

Don't buy the "just-as-good." Our trade-mark is your guarantee. When necessary, we ship mattresses express prepaid, on thirty nights' free trial, same day your order is received. Money back if you want it.

Get the Book; that's Important!

Ostermoor & Co., 265 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal



"Built—Not Stuffed"

In New York City, a group of girls, whose modesty forbids "prankish letters to the editor," could not restrain the prank of casting 100 votes for Earle Williams, "that admirable actor of silent drama."

Montreal, Canada, does not believe in reciprocity, but Leo Beaunoyer, an ardent Photoplay fan there, states that Paul Panzer, of Pathé Frères, can come in duty free.

Harriet Thompson, 2219 Cameron Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, affirms that Paul Panzer can make her laugh or weep, in turn. Deserved emotion, and we trust it doesn't disturb the audience.

A. R. Newmann, the well-known stage costumer, of Grand Island, Neb., who has grown gray as a critic of good acting, sends his best wishes for the success of Elsie McLeod, of the Edison Co. She is getting a lot of votes from New England, also.

Here is an interesting letter, with a vote for George Melford, of the Kalem Co.:

MOVING PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE:

GENTLEMEN: The idea of a ballot for popular favorites is a good one, but it should not be closed hastily.

Some film companies have been playing their stars for runs of popularity. Other companies, that have just as capable leading people, have not resorted to so much advertising, but have rather tried to get and maintain all-star troupes, and bring out masterpieces of drama and comedy, rather than overwork one or two leads in a certain eccentric line, to cater to the tastes of the matinée idol-worshipers.

The ladies and gentlemen who are up for these favors all should have plays written to bring out their several individual abilities in a way that is clear; then the contest should be advertised extensively on the screen, and by other inexpensive means.

Doing this, you will never be said to be unfair.

Respectfully,

Youngstown, O. JOSEPH O. CREED.

These are excellent suggestions, and good ideas, but, unfortunately, we must close the contest on the date stated.

The light must be good in Ohio, as George Melford is a strong favorite there.

John B. Hyatt, Jr., of Ridgewood, N. J., aged 17, has the courage of his convictions. He writes that he expects a thrashing every time he returns from the Photoshow, but he is willing to take it if Zena Kiefe will only show herself on the screen. Furthermore, she eases local emptiness for him, to wit:

I walk a little further down
The street of this darn lonesome town,
Hurray! At last
Her picture's in a Vitagraph;
I'll certainly not get past.

The friends of W. J. Kerrigan, of the American Co., cant see how his ability is threatened by any one else. Come to think of it, he is good.

A. L. Jordan, of Rensselaer, N. Y., voices the appraisal of many others when he writes:

Credit the enclosed votes to the account of Robert Gaillord, of the Vitagraph, the man who can dig coal, run an engine or aeroplane, and who, when need arises, fights with the best, and acts more like a real human being than any other whom I have had the pleasure to see act.

Dont be afraid of voting for your favorite; not necessarily a leader, at present, in this contest. An honest opinion is desired, and we want to know about the man or woman that pleases or convinces you the most, and to give them credit for it. The faces one sees the most are not always the most attractive, except at home, of course.

Leo Delaney, of the Vitagraph Co., is receiving some splendid and sustained applause. "Splendid type," "Georgia's favorite adopted son,"

Pathé's Weekly

The most interesting of all the events which happen throughout the world shown week by week in ***Motion Pictures*** in

PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

Ask your Theatre Manager which day of the week he runs it.

"Strong and perfect lover," "Good looks and greater talent," "When I was in doubt, my friends all chorused, 'Leo Delaney, of course,'" are a few expressions from the many letters of his admirers.

Kalem's Jack J. Clark has a tendency to inspire the muse in many supporters. Miss Deborah Newbold, 3855 Hartford Street, St. Louis, permits her eyes to wander:

Since mine eyes beheld him, surely blind I've grown;
Where mine eyes wander, I see him alone.

Many others, from all over the country, see in him a single choice. He seems to cause breathing trouble, also. "I am holding my breath until this contest closes," one enthusiast writes.

Kenneth Casey, the clever little boy actor of the Vitagraph Co., is getting heaps of mail containing votes and friendly recognition. His popularity is shared impartially by both sexes.

James Cruze, of the Thanhouser Co., is not friendless. An entire class in Washington College appears to have voted for his personable self. He has also carried Birmingham, Ala., by several hundred majority.

From the editorial office of the *Fulton Weekly News,* Fulton, Ky., comes a clever letter of appreciation for John Bunny. "May the sunshine and the 'moonshine' be made to suit him." Thanks, editor.

Tad Sekins, of the Isis Theater, Denver, Colo., says:

As the Motion Picture flashlight
Is thrown upon the wall,
I see old Johnnie Bunny,
The funniest of them all.

He's fat, 'tis true, but when he acts
He's sure to make a hit;
There's one thing yet he has to do—
That is to have a fit.

Oh, Johnnie, I am strong for you,
You always make me laugh;
You're "Jake" with me as long as you
Are with the Vitagraph.

We have many letters from children, voting and talking to us earnestly about "Dear John Bunny." Could any one desire sweeter applause?

Miss Jane Williams, of Pittsburg, says that "If Earle Williams is in private life as on the screen, he certainly is a jewel. I would consider it quite an honor to meet him."

Miss Lelia Mermey, of Eugene, Oreg., sends a clever "pot-pourri," in which nearly all the players are mentioned, but it is too long to print.

Octavia Handworth seems to have many admirers, particularly for her "beauty" and "fine acting," and so has Pearl White. Mr. Panzer is admired by many for his "great characterizations." Ruth Roland and Mildred Bracken are spoken of as "perfect Western girls," and Warren J. Kerrigan and James Cruze are classed with G. M. Anderson by many readers.

Beulah Browning, of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes the following tribute to "Dimples":

Here's to Maurice Costello,
He's my favorite, you bet,
And a million million votes
I certainly hope he'll get.

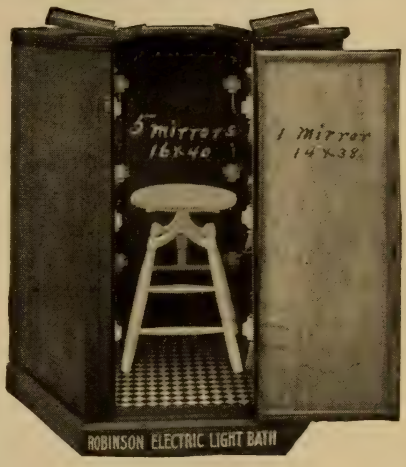
Costello is my favorite,
As I have said before,
Altho I know he's married—
He has daughters, two, or more.

I cannot help but adore him
When he's flashed upon the screen,
For a better-looking fellow
No one has ever seen.

Take Robinson Electric Light Baths In Your Own Home!

HEALTH, VIGOR, LIFE THRU LIGHT

Only 2c to 4c for a life-pulsing, invigorating, vitality-strengthening, Electric Light Bath in **your own home**—taken just as conveniently with this Robinson Electric Light Bath Cabinet as you would step into and out of a tub. Enter the cabinet—turn the switch and the myriad rays of light infuse your whole system with a new, lasting feeling of real life.



Makes a New Being of You

Gives you all the benefits of the Turkish bath with the tonic effect of electric light rays in addition—a natural health preserver, for Light is Life. Cleanses and keeps the skin clear, the body full of vigor, the brain quick and active.

A Free Book, handsomely illustrated, giving complete information about **Life Thru Light,** and describing in detail this wonderful Cabinet, is ready to be sent to **you.** Be sure you write for it—a postal card will do—today.

Robinson Electric Mfg. Co.
410 Robinson Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO

YOU CAN WRITE PHOTO PLAYS AND EARN $50. OR MORE WEEKLY

POSITIVELY NO EXPERIENCE OR LITERARY EXCELLENCE NECESSARY.

Picture plots are NOT written in the same form as the short stories published in this magazine. Photo Playwriting is much easier and more simple. No Dialogue, Description or "Flowery" Language is wanted. Two good ideas every week, written out in "Picture Form," according to our instructions, and sold for only $25 each,

Will Net You $50 Weekly for Pleasant, Spare-time Work.

The demand for photoplays is practically unlimited. The big film companies are moving heaven and earth in their attempts to get enough good plots to supply the ever-increasing demand. They are offering as high as $100 for single plots.

The National Authors' Institute will show you just how to write your ideas in "Picture Form," and how to sell them.

On file in our offices are many letters from the big producers, such as the **Vitagraph, Edison, Essanay, Lubin, Solax, Imp, Rex, Reliance, Champion, Comet, Melies, etc.,** urging us to send them the plots written by our students.

Over three-quarters of the big film companies are located in or near **New York City,** which is the only logical place for an Institute of this kind. We maintain a **Sales Department** for the purpose of selling our students' work. Being right on the spot, and knowing at all times just what sort of plays are wanted by the producers, we have a tremendous advantage over individuals, schools or agencies located far from the film companies' offices.

Caution: Don't waste time and money sending for the little "baby-size" pamphlets sold at from 25 cents to $2 by several mushroom-like imitators of the **National Authors' Institute.**

START RIGHT by sending at once for a FREE COPY OF "MOVING PICTURE PLAYWRITING," AND HANDSOME PICTURES OF LEADING PHOTOPLAYERS.

Our book tells all about the profession of photoplay writing, and shows how **YOU** can quickly earn fame and fortune in this profitable business.

It will pay you well to investigate this offer. Don't neglect **Opportunity** when she sounds her bugle at your door. Your name and address on a postal will bring a copy of our illustrated book.

NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE

501 GAIETY THEATRE BLD'G
NEW YORK CITY

Little eleven-year-old Norma Suckno, of South Pearl and Herkimer Sts., Albany, N. Y., contributes these eloquent verses:

When the crimson roses blossom,
And spring zephyrs fill the air,
And all the world awakens
To the beauteous and the fair,
The skylark sings its morning song,
The robins then rejoice,
But of all God's works of beauty
Is my favorite Alice Joyce.

Miss E. D. Jackson contributes the following résumé, entitled "Our Favorites":

Of all the favorite players,
There seem to be a score;
Costello may win the contest,
But Cassinelli might get more.

Mae Hotely is a good one,
G. M. Anderson is fine,
Frank X. Bushman, also,
Must come in along the line.

Florence Lawrence we shall remember,
Altho she ran away;
Alice Joyce is a favorite
Anywhere and any day.

Florence Turner, of the Vitagraph—
I hear she has been ill;
We extend to her our sympathies,
And hope soon her place she'll fill.

Arthur Johnson—he is funny,
He always makes me smile;
When he is in a picture,
You see a play worth while.

Harry Meyers is a favorite
With several whom I know;
Altho he isn't a star,
He sure can make things go.

Of all the little children
On the Motion Picture screen,
Adele De Garde is surely
The sweetest to be seen.

Gladys Field, of the West,
Surely I want her to know
That we all like to see her
At the Motion Picture Show.

John Bunny, of the Vitagraph,
He almost makes us croak;
"Nobody loves a fat man,"
But that is all a joke.

Of all our favorite actors,
The one that I like best
Is noble GILBERT ANDERSON,
The hero of the West.

HOW TO VOTE

An "enthusiastic admirer" from Reading, Pennsylvania, writes us as follows:

I wish to request you not to have any more subscription coupons in the next issue. The reasons are, first, some people cannot afford to take so many subscriptions; second, many people would like to boost their favorites, but they cannot get many subscriptions. A great many people think that it is not fair to Miss Lawrence and Miss Joyce that some of the others are so far ahead, and they suspect that some of the players have rich friends, who can afford to pay for a great many subscriptions. We are working hard this month for our players, and getting many subscriptions, but we know we will not be able to do it next month. If you would have a free coupon in the next issue, good for about 100 votes, I am sure we could do better. Many people are willing to buy a book or two extra, but cannot afford to subscribe for the magazine.

We think this is a good suggestion, and a fair one, so we have adopted it. From the very beginning we have tried to make this contest a representative one, and by various means and devices we have endeavored to feel the public pulse. Everybody has had a chance to vote for his or her favorite player, and the more enthusiastic ones have had opportunity to work for their favorites. Had we adopted a plan whereby each reader could cast only one vote, many persons would not vote at all. Only by offering extra inducements was it possible to get the opinions of the outsiders who would never have voted at all if some enthusiastic worker had not approached them with a petition or with a subscription blank.

Since the next issue of this magazine will contain the final result of the contest, we presume that our readers will be anxious to see a copy as soon as possible. While we have increased the edition from 10,000 to 25,000 copies a month, nearly every month, we find that it is still impossible for a great many people to get the magazine, because the newsstands and theaters are soon sold out.



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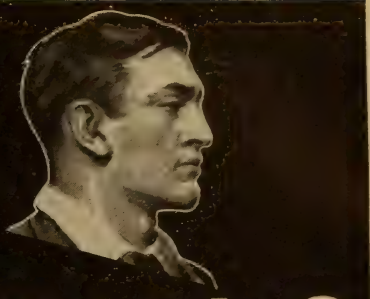
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"A very clever and daring study of character. A remarkably able and original piece of work."

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As a member of the headless army you are a piece of mechanism with an earning capacity limited to about $600 a year.

As a ***head*** man you can multiply that income by ten, and more.

You ***can*** join the ***head*** class. Don't argue, don't hesitate, don't compromise with failure by saying, "I can't." Get on the ***positive*** side of yourself and do something worth while.

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Box 1049, SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

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Textile Manufacturing	Industrial Designing
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Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Mechan. Engineer	Show Card Writing
Mechanical Draftsman	Advertising Man
Architectural Draftsman	Stenographer
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeper
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Salesmanship
	Poultry Farming

Name_____
Present Occupation_____
Street and No._____
City_____ State_____

The only way to make sure of getting THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE is to subscribe for it. Our readers are beginning to realize this, and we are receiving many subscriptions from persons who state that they are greeted with the words "sold out" when they ask for it at the newsstands a few days after the date of issue. We are doing our best to overcome this difficulty, but we urge our readers to subscribe for the magazine, and make sure of getting it on time.

We will send the magazine for four months for fifty cents, and allow the subscriber to cast one hundred and fifty votes; for one dollar we will give an eight months' subscription, and allow three hundred votes. For $1.50 we will give one year's subscription, and allow 500 votes. Any person who secures three subscriptions may cast two thousand votes by sending us only $3.50; the extra dollar the sender may keep. Any person sending us five subscriptions will be entitled to cast 5,000 votes, provided $5.00 accompanies the order. For ten subscriptions, accompanied by $10.00, 15,000 votes may be cast; for twenty subscriptions and $20.00, 35,000 votes; twenty-five subscriptions and $25.00, 40,000 votes.

Persons not desiring to subscribe may cast a vote by writing name and address on a slip of paper, or postal card, and the name of the player to be voted for. Can you find the hidden coupon in this issue?

The leaders of the contest, up to twelve o'clock, noon, April first, were as follows:

Mae Hotely (*Lubin*)	107,203	Kenneth Casey (*Vitagraph*)	2,129
Maurice Costello (*Vitagraph*)	92,320	Daphne Wayne	2,063
Dolores Cassinelli (*Essanay*)	81,768	Marin Sais (*Kalem*)	2,001
Francis X. Bushman (*Essanay*)	63,997	Elsie McLeod (*Edison*)	1,983
G. M. Anderson (*Essanay*)	36,850	Gertrude Robinson	1,770
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	29,661	Judson Melford (*Kalem*)	1,764
Florence Lawrence	25,160	John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	1,712
Octavia Handworth (*Pathé Frères*)	19,170	Marian Nesbitt (*Edison*)	1,662
Gladys Field (*Powers*)	18,199	Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	1,569
Florence Turner (*Vitagraph*)	16,465	Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	1,555
Sadie Osmon (*Essanay*)	16,441	Guy Hedlund (*Edison*)	1,534
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	16,285	Pearl White (*Pathé Frères*)	1,311
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	11,565	James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	1,291
Gene Gauntier (*Kalem*)	10,298	Jack Standing	1,234
Mary Pickford	9,452	Henry Walthall (*Reliance*)	1,219
Eleanor Blanchard (*Essanay*)	8,619	John Halliday (*Lubin*)	1,199
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	8,232	Anne Schaefer (*Vitagraph*)	1,194
W. J. Kerrigan (*American*)	5,876	William Clifford (*Lubin*)	1,181
Helen Gardner (*Vitagraph*)	5,214	Owen Moore	1,171
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé Frères*)	4,994	Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	1,169
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	4,074	T. J. Carrigan (*Selig*)	1,165
Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	3,893	Marc McDermott (*Edison*)	1,156
J. W. Morrison (*Vitagraph*)	3,819	Julia Swayne Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	1,152
Marian Leonard (*Rex*)	3,692	Harold Shaw (*Edison*)	1,109
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	3,661	George Melford (*Kalem*)	1,098
Mildred Bracken (*Méliès*)	3,541	Max Linder (*Pathé Frères*)	1,092
Henry Myers (*Lubin*)	3,428	Lilly Branscombe (*Essanay*)	1,090
Gwendolen Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	2,903	Zena Kiefe (*Vitagraph*)	1,089
Kathryne Williams (*Selig*)	2,854	Edith Halleran (*Vitagraph*)	1,078
Mabel Normand	2,677	Whitney Raymond (*Essanay*)	1,070
Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	2,450	Richard Neill (*Edison*)	1,069
Jack J. Clark (*Kalem*)	2,378	Laura Sawyer (*Edison*)	1,066
Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	2,348	Billy Quirk (*Solax*)	1,046
Robert Gaillord (*Vitagraph*)	2,330	Sidney Olcott (*Kalem*)	1,041
Hobart Bosworth (*Selig*)	2,143	Anna Q. Nilsson (*Kalem*)	1,040

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE will be pleased to learn what is in store for them.

The Edison Company has many times treated the public to Photoplays written from stories by SIR GILBERT PARKER, and other famous writers, and nearly all the leading manufacturers have produced films from the classics and from the best novels; but in all cases these Photoplays were made from stories that had already appeared in print.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE has, in many cases, rewritten these famous stories, in condensed form, but it recently decided to make effort to give its readers SOMETHING ORIGINAL from the pens of famous living writers. The result is that we are now able to announce that we have already secured two original stories from one of the world's best and most popular writers—

REX BEACH

The first of these stories will be reproduced in film form by the Vitagraph Company, from Mr. Beach's own scenario, entitled

"The Barrier That Was Burned"

The story is also written by Mr. Beach, and has never been published. This is one of the best stories Rex Beach ever wrote, and we are pleased to announce that the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE will have an unusual treat by being enabled to read this superb story at first hand, and then to see it pictured on the screen. The second story by Mr. Beach, "The Great Temptation," will appear in this magazine shortly after the other, and it will doubtless prove none the less popular. We are also pleased to announce that the famous poet, editor, and author of "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and "Betsy and I Are Out,"

WILL CARLETON

has agreed to write a story for this magazine, and that the scenario therefrom will be produced by one of the leading film manufacturers. Mr. Carleton is, perhaps, the best-known poet living today. Each of his many volumes of poems went into several editions, and many of his poems still appear in the school books and "Speakers." Every child and grown-up is familiar with one or more of them. We feel particularly fortunate in being able to present to our readers original stories by Rex Beach and Will Carleton, and at the same time to be the means of introducing these famous authors to the Motion Picture public.

Dont miss a single number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, or you may miss one of these superb stories. Names like Rex Beach, Will Carleton, Montanye Perry, Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, and the others of our regular staff, should be sufficient to attract the most discriminating lovers of fiction. Subscription $1.50 a year.

Subscribe Now!

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The increasing pressure upon our columns and the length of time that of necessity elapses before a question can be replied to in a magazine, which must remain on the press almost a month, has led us to extend the usefulness of this department.

Hereafter those questioners who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. A stamp alone will not be sufficient. It must be affixed to an envelope bearing your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper and use separate sheets for replies to the contests or inquiries of the business office.

The magazine cannot undertake to guarantee replies, but every effort will be made to obtain the correct answers to all legitimate questions clearly stated.

THE BIG FOUR.—Miss Ridgley is with Reliance. Keep on wondering—we're wondering, too.

F. E. S., SAN FRANCISCO.—Write the Vitagraph for information about photographs. We do not think they are on sale.

J. L. K., HARRISBURG.—All of the companies named have separate identities, except that C. G. P. C. (if that is what you mean by G. P. & E.) is the designation of Pathé releases made in Europe. Miss Fuller was a Vitagrapher before she became an Edisonian. We do not find "His Mother" credited to Edison. Do you mean the Vitagraph or Kalem release of that title? Both have used it.

A. M. DEH., BOONTON.—In Selig's "The Frontier Girl's Courage," the leads were Hobart Bosworth as Jim and Miss Betty Harte as May. If you mean Essanay's "The Tenderfoot Foreman," Miss Edna Fisher was the girl.

E. P. X., SOMERVILLE.—The brothers in Essanay's "A Brother's Error" were Francis Bushman and Bryant Washburn. In Edison's "Mother and the Daughters," the young people were Misses Jeanie McPherson and Pearl Havlin and Harold Shaw and George Lessey.

R. E. F., EASTON.—We do not find either of the titles you mention. We think the second title has reference to "Objection Overruled," in which case the answer will appear next month. The Kalem Oriental pictures will be ready for release in a couple of months, probably, but we believe that some of the Egyptian subjects will come first.

Hereafter, we shall not go to the trouble of mentioning those whose questions cannot be answered, as we have this time. Space forbids.

M. S. and B. M., Lulu B., W. H. S., M. V. P., Mrs. J. L. H., C. B. B., L. D., J. R. G. B., Inquisitive (Washington), Gladys W., Klens, Ida B., Mrs. W. B. S., L. A. M. C., W. A. C., F. C. S., Barton F., Agnes McM., Mrs. A. W. H., Louise L., Mrs. C. D. S., who does not give right titles; Sadie L., Jane F., who asks too many personal questions; "Rosebud," R. G. N., H. L., and F. J. C., all of whom write from the same city on the same typewriter, and who should send a stamped envelope for answers to matters which do not interest others; "Smoke House," M. M. R., D. L. R., E. R. H., K. Q. P., Winnifred and Vivien, M. L. S., C. G. S., J. L. W., C. W., Sincerity, Dniepper, who wants to know where Maurice Costello spends his vacations; J. A. M., M. M., Miss B. N., Harriet, who has the wrong film title; M. W. A., W. E. I. S., F. F., A Miss Storey Admirer, who wants answers to fifteen questions! M. B., who cannot be given addresses; Maybell, C. P., A. McG., C. M. W., Subscriber, I. K. M., G. A. B., E. C., Interested, A. F. S., L. L. R., L. V. M., R. R. R., B. S. and L. A., H. A. T., E. K., H. L. Z., Dualc, Teddy and Leana, C. E. G., M. C., Alex and Martha, S. H., R. M. G., M. P. Fan (Antigonish), E. B., J. A. S., Copperhead, who wants Arthur Johnson to part his hair on the side; H. G. P., Patriot, who wants us to weigh and measure a photoplayeress; Dimple, H. E., Marie H., W. R. B., G. W., Lucille D., who gives us the ha-ha; A. W. W., Merely Interested, Mrs. A. M., N. C. L., Phyllis, M. F., Hay, D. V. M., W. S., A. A. L., J. Z., Flossie P. C., who takes up more space than is allowed, and should send stamped envelopes; G. M. H., Polkey, R. S. K., J. G. B., K. C. F., M. C. C. G., A. L. W., who is advised that the company cannot tell us the name of the player; K. S., K. C. C., G. M. K., M. H. E., who wants to know if they are married; R. W. K., Picture Fan (Newark), E. M. K., Nebs, V. M., P. E. B., who will find the cast of "A Noble Enemy" in a recent Answers; C. L. S., Stoddart, A. M. R.,

PLOTS WANTED FOR MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

NOTABLE PHOTOPLAYS

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"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"The Dressmaker"	Imp
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"The Mysterious Caller"	Vitagraph
"The Bachelor's Children"	Champion
"The Rancher and His Foreman"	Champion
"The Timber Thieves"	Edison
"The Schoolmaster's Courtship"	Vitagraph
"The Stolen Bride"	Champion
"The Reformation of Jim Doul"	Bison
"Aunt Ann"	Vitagraph
"A War-time Widow"	Champion
"The College Spendthrift"	American
"The Foreman of Ranch B"	Méliès
"The Soldier's Sacrifice"	Vitagraph
"The Strike Breaker"	Selig
"The Proving of a Coward"	Selig
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
"The Continental Spy"	Solax
"Mrs. Van Dusen's Diamonds"	Kalem
"His Brother"	Selig
"A Picture Idol"	Vitagraph
"The Blackfoot Half-breed"	Kalem
"The Thief"	Rex
"The Chains of an Oath"	Biograph

ETC., ETC., ETC.

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How will this increased demand be supplied?

It can only be filled by those who **know how** to prepare the plays. YOU can learn how.

But you cannot learn by guessing, by reading a small pamphlet of instructions, by perusing a sample scenario, nor by taking a "course" of three lessons. The manufacturers are flooded with manuscripts from people who feel such "instruction" to be sufficient. Needless to say, such manuscripts bring forth rejection slips and not checks.

Your actual original work must be directed, criticised, analyzed and corrected. This is the only school that delivers such service and the proof of the correctness of our methods lies in the success of our graduates.

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Writers can earn $50 a week. Particulars free.

Associated Motion Picture Schools

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F. L. S., H. B., Tanson, Beth, An Old Acquaintance, who is very evidently "throwing a bluff"; Juliet, E. B. M., M. L. S., F. F., J. F. C., D. A. B., R. H., H. M. O., Question Mark, Student, H. J. F., who should read the answer to G. C.; L. E. B., H. G. L., M. M., Mrs. A. H. S., M. D., and others, are advised that their questions are not answered here because they ask questions already answered, because their questions are not properly stated, because they want to know if certain players are married, or because the information cannot be obtained. The pressure on our space has become so great that we cannot repeat an answer because some inquirer has overlooked it when first printed. These questions may be answered by mail, where a stamped and self-addressed envelope accompanies the question, but both the stamp *and* the envelope, the latter already addressed, *must* be sent.

J. C., Vallejo.—Joseph Graybill was the Secretary in Thanhouser's "The Silent Witness."

C. K., Buffalo.—Miss Mary Pickford and Owen Moore were the Daughter and her sweetheart in Majestic's "Honor Thy Father."

F. T. S., Bowmansville.—William Bracken was Indian Jim in Méliès' "The Mortgage."

D. A. B.—J. P. McGowan played both the Secretary of State and a soldier in Kalem's "Arrah-na-Pogue." The results of the El Kalem's visit to Egypt and the Holy Land will be released from the latter part of May onward.

H. J., Piqua.—Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush were the young Mormon and his sweetheart in "The Mormons." They head most of the American casts.

M. L. S.—Miss Alice Fisher was the Mother in Essanay's "Papa's Letter."

Gwen, Thibodeaux.—Jack Hopkins was Jack, in Lubin's "Jack's Umbrella."

V. F., Wilmington.—It was Miss Ruth Roland, not Miss Joyce, who was Ruth, in Kalem's "Accidents Will Happen."

D. K., Twin Falls.—Wm. Sorrel was the real Mason, in Powers' "When Masons Meet." Miss Dolly Larkin was the girl. Miss Marion Leonard is not blind.

V. C. T., Baltimore.—Earle Williams was Willie's Room-mate in Vitagraph's "Willie's Sister." Miss Myrtle Stedman was the girl in Selig's "The Scapegoat." We are unable to obtain the other names from the companies.

P. S. F., Philadelphia.—Miss Isabel Rea was King Baggot's Wife in "After Many Years." The "East Lynne" cast has been given. This also applies to the other questions.

M. G., Wilmington.—In Lubin's "What Will Be, Will Be," the old man was Peter Lang; the old lady, Mrs. G. W. Walters; his son, John Halliday; and her daughter, Miss Ormi Hawley. This is the only question not already answered.

M. H., Buffalo.—William Russell was the millionaire in Thanhouser's "A Niagara Honeymoon." Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush had the leads in the American's "Objection Overruled." Miss Mildred Bracken was Molly in Méliès' "Smiling Bob."

Interested, Washington.—Miss Clara Kimball Young was Anne Boleyn in Vitagraph's "Cardinal Wolsey." Miss Jessalyn Van Tromp was the younger sister in American's "The Smoke of a .45."

H. L., New York.—Miss Florence Lawrence's portrait appeared in the August and December issues. We can supply you with copies at fifteen cents each.

B. C. W., Philadelphia.—A number of companies have taken Motion Pictures from aeroplanes. We cannot explain trick pictures in this department. Film for Motion Pictures is not backed with paper, since the film boxes are not loaded in daylight. Motion Picture cameras may not be purchased in America. In England, amateur cameras sell for as low as $35, but a good box will cost upward of $200.

C. G., San Francisco.—The company does not know the baby's name. In Lubin's "The Man in the Taxi," John Halliday and Miss Ormi Hawley had the leads.

Reader, New Haven.—We do not discuss players' noses. Miss Hazel Neason played opposite Mr. Costello in Vitagraph's "The Law and the Lady."

G. E. B., New York.—Miss Mary Fuller played opposite Harold Shaw in Edison's "Thirty Days at Hard Labor."

C. B. J., Oklahoma City.—Miss Eva Prout was the girl in Essanay's "The Three Bears."

L. H., McMechen.—We think Miss DeGarde would appreciate a letter, but do not expect a reply. She is too busy to write much.

F. E. F., Wilmington.—Miss Helen Gardner's picture appeared in the December issue. She has been with the Vitagraph for some time.

W. S. M.—Miss Zena Kiefe was the Wife in Vitagraph's "The Struggle."

"St. Louis."—"The Mender of Nets" was taken in the vicinity of Los Angeles, where the Biograph Company wintered.

A. G., North Attleboro.—Miss Gladys Field was the Daughter in Essanay's "The Stage Driver's Daughter."

Inexperienced Miss, Seattle.—Photoplays with American locations are to be preferred. Your ideas will not be stolen by the companies.

BEAUTIFUL EYES

Famous Professor of Chemistry Offers Free, Secret How to Have Strong, Healthy Eyes That Fascinate

MANY WITH WEAK EYES CAN THROW AWAY THEIR GLASSES

Eyelashes and Eyebrows Can Also Be Made Beautiful



Without beautiful eyes, no one is really fascinating, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please or appear forceful.

Without strong eyes no one can enjoy life to the utmost. Those whose eyes are weak and those who have to wear glasses are greatly handicapped in life's race.

Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of the famous English chemist, Prof. A. P. Smith, B. Sc., F. I. C., etc., formerly Professor of Chemistry at an English University, you may have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

Better still, Professor Smith's scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and make their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well-arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides clearing the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright and beautiful, write today, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply (please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith, Dept. 135 K, Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.



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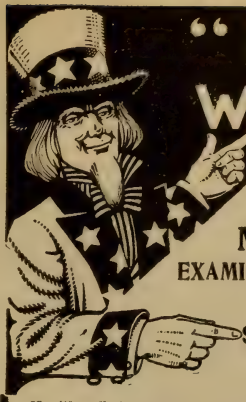
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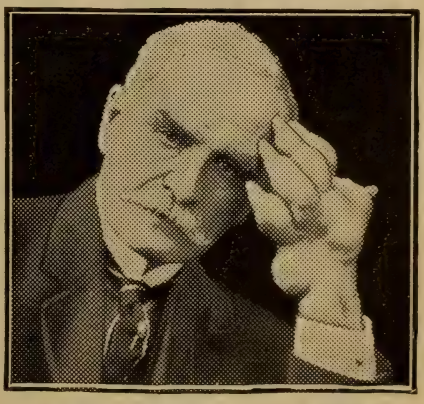
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Every day lost means one day of needless pain, so write now to **S. T. Delano, Dept. 371, Delano Building, Syracuse, N. Y.**

L. R. F., New York.—You have Miss May Buckley correctly placed. Rex and Majestic pictures are to be seen every day, if you go to the right theaters. We do not endeavor to locate "dark, handsome fellows." Most of them are dark, and all are handsome. The Lubin Company has no New York office. Howard Mitchell was the Secretary in "An Antique Ring."

L. M., Rockford.—Photographs of players are to be had thru their companies, when available. Query the company. Miss Annette Kellerman does not play in the pictures, tho she posed for the Vitagraph in a series of diving stunts, in 1910.

R. E. S., Frewsburg.—In Lubin's "A Physician's Honor," the sweetheart was Miss Ormi Hawley; her father, Charles Brandt; the father of the sick child, Harry C. Myers; and his wife, Miss Johnson.

C. J. K., Trinidad.—The National Board of Censorship does not pass on special releases, such as "The Inferno." Some of the Méliès players went to Bison when the Méliès Company stopped work to catch up with releases. William Clifford has changed again, this time to Lubin.

L. L. V., Mobile.—Albert McGovern was not in Lubin's "The Surgeon's Heroism," but was one of the soldiers in "The Little Rebel." He is now directing for the Powers Company, and does not play. Try and get the right title for that Vitagraph. We cannot locate it.

C. De L——.—We do not purchase unproduced Photoplays.

S. G. S., La Grande.—Miss Alice Fisher and Brinsley Shaw were the lead and her husband in Essanay's "The Oath of His Office." In Pathé's "The Accomplice," Mlle. Napierkowska, of the ballet of the Opéra, Paris, was the lead. It was part of a special engagement. Herbert Rawlinson and Miss Betty Harte were the leads in Selig's "Making a Man of Him."

E. C.—Mlle. Napierkowska (see above) played the lead in Pathé's "The Fright." Miss Bessie Learn has the title rôle in Edison's "The Little Organist." Robert Conness was the minister, and Miss Miriam Nesbitt and Edna May Wieck the mother and child.

Trixie and Dot, Greenport.—In Essanay's "Pals," the girls were Misses Lily Branscombe and Mildred Weston. Other questions have been answered.

Performer.—William West was the detective in Edison's "Children Who Labor."

Broncho Bob.—Bison's "War on the Plains" was made in Topagno Cañon, near Santa Monica, Cal. Query the Western companies, but there is small chance.

Maj. H. E. C.—Thanks for your letter. We are aware that light, glinting on the wheels, causes the illusion of reverse motion, but in Motion Pictures the explanation we offer is the correct one, since the illusion does not here depend upon the light.

C. S., San Francisco.—Most exhibitors are obliging about playing a reel back when it is apparent that there is enough interest to warrant the return. Why not try the scheme of a petition?

F. L. G., Bronx.—Miss Lawrence did not appear in the sketch you mention. She played with the Imp Company when the vaudeville production was current.

E. S. P.—Dr. Johnson, in "The Surgeon's Heroism," was Arthur Johnson.

E. W. J., Springfield.—See standing notice at the head of this department relative to the addresses of manufacturers.

H. G. C., Mystic.—Address the player, in care of the employing company. If you do not know the address, ask the Photoplay theater manager, or send a stamped and addressed envelope for a list.

M. E. W.—George Melford is still with the Kalem Company. Mr. Costello and Miss Turner play in separate companies, for much the same reason that John Drew and Miss Maude Adams do not star jointly. Please identify characters by name, and not merely as "the light-haired fellow."

L. S., Dennison.—There is some difference between the Meeting and the Parting of the Ways. In Vitagraph's "The Meeting of the Ways," the children were Helen and Dolores Costello. Your second question is in the geographical center of the Forbidden Ground—and then you're wrong.

L. J. J. V., New Bedford.—The picture to which you refer is one of Miss Florence Turner, in "Elaine," made by the Vitagraph a couple of years ago. As an admirer of Miss Turner, you'll be interested in learning that she is playing in Vitagraph releases again, after a long rest, following several years' hard work. Recently she appeared at the People's Theater, Oregon, as a guest, and they had to get her into the theater thru a fire exit, on account of the crowd waiting for the second performance.

M. E. C., Washington.—We cannot answer questions as to where players used to live several years ago. Henry Walthall, of the Reliance Company, is the only player of that name we know.

C. E. A.—We do not find Mr. Jones' name in Pathé casts.

M. M., Muskogee.—Arthur Donaldson was the Priest in Kalem's "His Mother." Your other questions go back of our age limit.

Dottie.—Turn to the advertising pages for the Kalem address. We are not concerned with your second and third questions. They refer to personal matters. Miss Gretchen Hartman played opposite Mr. Santley in Kalem's "The Lost Freight Car."

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THE TIDE OF BATTLE
An episode of the American Civil War.

A LEAP YEAR ELOPEMENT
An interesting and amusing comedy.

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A most impressive dramatic portrayal.

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A thrilling military drama containing scenes of great novelty.

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The story of a young American shipwrecked on the coast of Lower California.

THE TRAIL OF GOLD
This Western drama is out of the ordinary.

THE MARDI GRAS MIX-UP
A farce-comedy based on incidents of the New Orleans carnival.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTIONIST
The early history of Lower California is rich in dramatic incidents. The one around which we have built our story is very exciting.

THE PASADENA PEACH
In this skit we offer delightful comedy situations.

THE STOLEN INVENTION
This excellent dramatic production features Miss Alice Joyce and Mr. Carlyle Blackwell.

A FISH STORY
We are all familiar with the fisherman's big stories. This one is along unusual lines and is really funny.

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN
A delightful and educational scenic.

GETTING THE MONEY
The story of a young man, his aunt, and a scheme for obtaining some easy money.—Genuine comedy.

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Showing how the Egyptian has made pottery for 4,000 years. Photographed near Luxor, Egypt, on the border of the Great Desert.

WATCH for the announcement of a feature dramatic production made on the Great Desert and among the temples of ancient Thebes, Egypt.

KALEM COMPANY

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New York

G. W., Staten Island.—Guy Coombs was Bobbie in "A Spartan Mother." He and Miss Anna Nilsson had the leads in "The Two Spies."

G. M. C., Brooklyn.—Joseph and Frederic Santley are brothers. Miss Mary Fuller was the heroine in Edison's "A Bachelor's Waterloo." George Melford was Reddy, in Kalem's "The Luck of Reckless Reddy," and similar titles.

A. C., San Francisco.—Both players are with the Eastern section of the company.

Constant Reader, Muncie.—Back numbers may be had of the publisher. State the correct title of the Selig film, please. The "East Lynne" cast has been given.

Mrs. A. McN.—Harold Shaw was the girl-saver in Edison's "A Question of Seconds." The supply of babies for picture purposes exceeds the demand. We think you mean Miss Marion Leonard, who was not killed in an automobile accident. She is posing for the Rex Company. Look up her picture in the March issue. Charles Arthur was Dick Walton, in Lubin's "Tricked Into Happiness."

V. R., Providence.—The players are Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush.

Bettie, Los Angeles.—We haven't the slightest idea why William Cavanaugh "always comes out as an Indian." Didn't even know that William had that bad habit. Misses Kate Price and Flora Finch were the twins in Vitagraph's "Bunny and the Twins."

Melies Admirer, Hoboken.—It is not on record that Méliès made a film of that title. Lubin used the title a couple of years ago. Harry Myers had the lead. The Pathé Company does not identify the players. American photographs are one dollar for a set of six. Send to the company, not to us.

L. L., Milwaukee.—There are too many leading players in the companies named to be listed. We have not yet printed a picture of Judson Melford. You can get one of the Kalem Company.

Ambitious, Brooklyn.—Romaine Fielding and Burton T. King were the rivals in Lubin's "Thru the Drifts." Most players come to the pictures from the dramatic stage, but life is too short to find out who did not. We cannot advise you as to the probability of your becoming a scenario editor, but you've hit on the right method of doing it, if it can be done by you. That's the way most of them got started. Kalem has several Western and Southern studios.

D. E. B., Gainesville.—Miss Camilla Dalberg was the hostess in Edison's "How Sir Andrew Lost His Vote." We do not know who posed for the advertisement. It was not a photoplayer.

M. C., Salt Lake.—A great many companies "cross the Rockies," and some of them stop to take pictures there. Miss Grace Lewis seems to have dropped out. She was with Imp for a time. Other questions are not in order.

M. P.—Ed. Genung is still with the Thanhouser Company.

Flossie C. P., Los Angeles.—Miss Mildred Bracken and Wm. Clifford were Molly and Jim, in Méliès' "Smiling Bob." See answer to Bettie. See L. J. J. V. Kenneth Casey and ditto Kelsey are not the same. Each finds one name amply sufficient. You saw an old Vitagraph.

Meg E. F., Bronx.—We cannot obtain the Pathé information you ask. Other questions have been answered before.

L. M. M., Brooklyn.—Where did you get the queer idea? The story was written by the author named, Alma Webster Powell, but she is not a photoplayer.

A. B. S.—Miss Bessie Learn was the girl in Edison's "Von Weber's Last Waltz." Miss Mildred Weston was Sue, in Essanay's "There's Many a Slip." Miss Mabel Normand and Miss Clara Kimball Young are not the same person.

F. C., Chicago.—Miss Eleanor Blanchard was the girl in Essanay's "A Bird in the Hand." She was also Mamie in "For the Love of Mike."

E. F., Philadelphia.—Misses Kathryne Williams and Olive Stokes were the girls in Selig's "Dad's Girls." Pathé makes six releases a week. The Vitagraph five. Other questions previously answered.

C. P. L., New York.—Miss Eva Prout and Whitney Raymond were the sweethearts in Essanay's "The Old Florist." Miss Rose E. Tapley was Mary, in Vitagraph's "The Blind Miner." Florence Foley was the baby in the same company's "Playmates."

M. A. M., Westerley.—Miss Leonore Ulrich was the girl in Essanay's "The Polished Burglar."

Interested Reader.—Which Thanhouser leading man do you mean?

L. R., Corry.—Whitney Raymond was Sumner, and Bryant Washburn, Hale, in Essanay's "The Little Black Fox." Crane Wilbur is with Pathé, and does not play in Essanay pictures. We cannot identify the marked picture, nor does the company. Romaine Fielding had the lead in Lubin's "The Ranchman's Daughter."

Betty, Philadelphia.—Charles Arthur was the real sweetheart in Lubin's "Love vs. Strategy" (not tragedy). Miss Elsie Glynn was the wife in the same company's "Some Mother-in-Law."

Inquirer, Louisville.—The company does not identify Violet. See answer to C. W.

Cora, Benton Harbor.—Please identify the Selig player by his character. Miss Bessie Eyton was the leading woman in Selig's "A Diamond in the Rough."

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The following are vitally interesting chapters. "The Expectant Mother," first symptom, proper diet, clothing, exercise, etc., by Thomas M. Acken, M. D.,—"Care Baby Needs," feeding and hygiene, by William L. Stowell, M. D. —"Baby's First Tooth" and the other thirty-one, by Stephen O. Storck, D. D. S.,—"Things You Can Make or Borrow," how to prepare for the new baby, by Sarah J. Keenan, a maternity nurse for twenty years without ever losing a baby.—"Schedule of My Baby's Day," showing just what to do, by Eva James Clark, a mother.

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Book Department **BOONVILLE, INDIANA**

SUBSCRIBER, CHILLICOTHE.—Alex. B. Francis was the doctor in Vitagraph's "Playmates." Miss Vedah Bertram was the girl in Essanay's "The Deputy and the Girl."

K. McN., AUGUSTA.—Miss Edith Storey was the princess in Vitagraph's "The Heart of the King's Jester." If you'll make up your mind whether you want Selig's "Too Much Mother-in-Law," or Lubin's "Some Mother-in-Law," we will be able to answer you intelligently.

B. M. M., AURORA.—We do not know where that Essanay fire scene was made. Romaine Fielding is the Lubin actor you seek to place. We do not place the "very dark" lady. In Edison's "The Corsican Brothers," the two men were not twins. The same man played both brothers, the scenes where both brothers are on the stage at the same time being tricked. It was George Lessey.

Z. D., BROOKLYN.—You can reach Mr. Bushman by addressing him in care of the Essanay Company. Next time you are in a hurry, enclose a return envelope.

F. M., FREDERICK.—Dolores Costello was the child in Vitagraph's "For the Honor of the Family."

R. K., SOUTH NORWALK.—You cannot get with a picture company, as we have already explained in detail.

B. A., COUNCIL BLUFFS.—In the United States there are in the licensed division seven companies making pictures in America, two sending their reels from Europe, and one making pictures both here and in Europe. In the Sales Company division there are eight companies making pictures in this country, three working on both sides of the water, and two working in Europe, but releasing here. There are two independent "Independent" companies, and a third organization, concerning which exact details may not be had. In Europe there is no complete list to be had, but there are from 50 to 100 companies at work in various countries. We do not know "The Impossible Duel." You dont happen to mean Edison's "A Famous Duel," with Charles Seay and J. W. Cumpson as the duelists, do you? It was released last year. Third question answered above.

M. R. N.—Back numbers may be had of the publisher. Hobart Bosworth was Bill, in Selig's "The Maid at the Helm."

K. E. W., AUSTIN.—Miss Lawrence has not yet returned to the Lubin Company, and we have heard nothing of a section of the company going to New Orleans. The Kalem Company has a studio there, and a section of the Lubin players passed thru there on their way to Arizona. Miss Jane Wolfe had second lead to Miss Joyce in Kalem's "The Wasp." Warren J. Kerrigan is the American player you ask about.

C. F. S., PORTLAND.—See Méliès Admirer, above. Write the Essanay Company for the Anderson picture. We do not think the Powers Company sells pictures of Miss Field. Miss Field has not been with the Essanay Company for some time.

R. C., SOUTH DAKOTA.—You saw an old Reliance, and you most assuredly did not see Miss Alice Joyce in a Thanhouser film.

E. C., TOLEDO.—We think you have reference to Mace Greenleaf. He went from Solax to Lubin, and died in Philadelphia, in March.

C. R. H., NEWBERRY.—The reason that "love" Photoplays or romances are classed first in the August magazine is a simple one indeed. The classification was the result of a popular vote, and the votes were cast that way. We cannot average up productions on questions of cost. Just as a broad proposition, there is little difference between a Western and a romantic drama, when it comes to a matter of cost. Some cost more than others, but there is nothing to show that one is more economical than the other.

J. R., PLYMOUTH.—We have no recent line on Ben Cooper's whereabouts, and the addresses of ranches is out of our line.

INTERESTED KID.—The advertisements you see are for girls to learn to pose for Motion Pictures. When you answer, you are told the price of the course, but it would be foolish to pay for a course of instruction when there are thousands of experienced players ahead of you. We think a course in a Motion Picture dramatic school would be about the last thing to recommend you to a studio if there was an opening.

F. M., MANCHESTER.—Charles Arthur was Randall, in Lubin's "Love vs. Strategy." William Clifford was Tom, in Méliès' "The Mortgage." We do not place the foreman. Jed is not cast in the play mentioned.

H. I. G., BROOKLYN.—Hal Reid was Cardinal Wolsey, in the Vitagraph production. We think you have the second title wrong. The "Pals'" question was answered lately. You've mistaken advertising pages for text. The Kalem and Vitagraph pages are paid advertisements.

AMCO, NEW YORK.—We do not place the Halls. For Mr. McGovern, see L. L. V. Miss Ethel Elder, also lately with Lubin, is the leading woman of the same company's home section.

M. B., ZANESVILLE.—Several men played in "The Silent Witness." "That man" is too indefinite. George Tucker was with Imp, was with Majestic later, and went back to Imp. He played the parts you mention.

E. T. H., HOLLY BEACH.—Miss Mary Pickford was the lead in Imp's "The Rose's Story."

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ADDRESS:

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT,
VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
East 15th Street & Locust Ave.,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

L. T., CHICAGO.—Sometimes the photoplayers talk in the pictures, and sometimes they just say mmm-m-m-m, or words to that effect. As a rule, they improvise, or "fake" lines to fit the situation.

C. S. M., CHICAGO.—If you mean Vitagraph's "Tom Tilling's Baby," the mother was Mrs. Julia Swayne Gordon. If you mean "Tom Tinker's Baby," we dont know what you mean.

M. M., DES MOINES.—Henry Brownlee, Jr., in Vitagraph's "Madge of the Mountains," was Leo Delaney. He was pictured September, 1911. Tefft Johnson was pictured in the same issue. Henry Stanley was Dan, in Méliès' "The Ranchman's Debt of Honor." Certainly you can send a six months' subscription.

M. O. W., NEW YORK.—Miss Helen Gardner was the leading woman in Vitagraph's "The Love of John Ruskin." Any school or other concern that can guarantee a regular engagement with a Photoplay Company would be overrun with regular actors, only too glad to pay the fee to get into the pictures. It cannot be done.

F. H. A. C., VANCOUVER.—We do not know of any section of the Pathé Company making pictures in your vicinity, and if there was one it would be too busy to make pictures of a stock company. They have their own companies for that purpose.

SOLDIER, FORT WRIGHT.—Your "Dimples" is not Miss Alice Joyce, but Miss Edna Fisher, formerly with Essanay, but now with the Vitagraph.

M. G., NEW YORK.—John Halliday was Dr. Gordon, in "Betty and the Doctor." We have answered the other questions.

G. S., CHICAGO.—"By Registered Mail" is an Imp. King Baggot was the father.

D. M. P., BOSTON.—Barry O'Moore was the lead in Edison's "Von Weber's Last Waltz." Sydney Booth was the hero in the same company's "Then You'll Remember Me." Guy Coombs is the ex-Edisonian.

FRANK H., NEW YORK.—You'll have to do better than "the man who usually plays the Sheriff." G. M. Anderson, of the Essanay Company, is the only regular M. P. Sheriff.

H. R. H., HARTFORD.—Richard Niel was J. R. Keating, the star reporter, in Edison's "The Crucial Test." Wainwright, in "Eleanor Cuyler," was Marc McDermott, but Mr. Neil is not Mr. McDermott; the latter, by the way, was also the father, in "The Heir Apparent." It looks as tho you lose, since Mr. Niel was the star reporter, and Mr. McDermott was not.

BLACK-EYED SALLY.—Miss Flora Finch was Mrs. Brown, in Vitagraph's "Her Hero." The Padre, in Selig's "A Cup of Cold Water," was Hobart Bosworth.

L. H., CHESTER.—Yale Boss played Tad Lincoln, in Edison's "His First Commission." The young actor in Essanay's "The Lemon" was Whitney Raymond. Leonie Flugrath was Mabel, in Edison's "Children Who Labor." Miss Hazel Neason played opposite Mr. Costello in Vitagraph's "Winning Is Losing." Miss Lillian Walker was the jockey's sweetheart in the same subject.

I. Y. F., NORWOOD.—Guy T. Oliver was not in Lubin's "An Antique Ring." Arthur Johnson was the lead in "Her Heart's Refuge," by the same company. Miss Lillian Walker may be addressed in care of the Vitagraph.

L. W. B., CANANDAIGUA.—George Lessey and Miss Alice Weeks were Hardy and the nurse in Edison's "The Nurse." Walter Hitchcock was Whitney, and Miss Lenore Ulrich the girl, in Essanay's "The First Man."

A. D. B., LOS ANGELES.—Your suggestion that we publish a condensation of the opinions in The Best Story Contest is a good one. We believe that it will interest others than scenario writers. Something may appear in this issue, if space permits.

W. E. C., FRANKFORT.—It would make it more convenient for us if you would employ the titles adopted by the manufacturer. "Reuben Goes a-Wooing" seems to be Lubin's "A Rural Conqueror," in which Miss Florence Lawrence played opposite Arthur Johnson. Miss Elsie Glynn was the barber's wife in "One Way to Win," by the same company. She is in vaudeville now.

MELIES ADMIRER, HOBART.—Henry Stanley was Fletcher, in Méliès' "A Man Worth While." Francis Ford was Joe, in "The Ghost of Sulphur Mountain." Most of the Independent companies came into existence simultaneously.

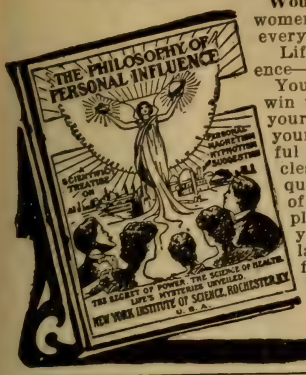
M. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—If you will extend your reading to the announcement at the head of this department you will find that addresses will be sent for a return stamped envelope. Merely Philadelphia will find the Lubin Company.

J. P. H., CLEVELAND.—The American Company distributes thru the Sales Company, and, therefore, is classed as Independent.

L. M. B., CHICAGO.—Read any recent Answers to Inquiries for the assurance that Miss Lawrence is not ill, but touring Europe. We have had two Thanhouser stories lately, but Imp has not been working far enough ahead. We believe that Mr. Bushman may be regarded as a Philadelphian.

A. J. N., KANSAS CITY.—Even if it was possible to get a job with a picture company—which it isn't—we believe the doors would still be closed against a "good dramation." Actors are more in demand. Henry Walthall is the former Pathé player now with Reliance.

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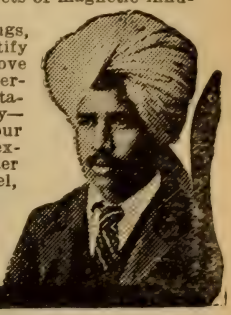


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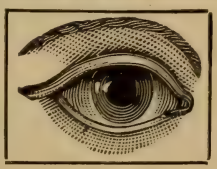
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

L. J. K., Brooklyn.—The Vitagraph questions are not in our line. Ask them. Miss Hawley is one of the leading women of the Lubin stock, but Miss May Buckley is the feminine star. President Taft is not paid for posing for the pictures. It is his recognition of the historical value of the Motion Picture that the Vitagraph was permitted to film the signing of the statehood bill.

W. A. G., Marblehead.—Miss Ethel Grandin was Ethel, and Francis Ford, Drake, in Bison's "War on the Plains." Mr. Ford was formerly a Méliès player.

W. K. J., Brooklyn.—Miss Alice Joyce was the heroine in Kalem's "A Prisoner of Mexico." The picture enclosed is of a Biograph player. Need we say more?

M. G., Baltimore.—Miss Jane Fearnley was the girl in Reliance's "The Man Under the Bed." We do not answer Biograph inquiries. The American makes its pictures at La Mesa, Cal., but the home office is in Chicago. King Baggot is a leading Imp player, but not the head of the Imps, as you suggest.

E. M., Baltimore.—The leads in Reliance's "The Appointed Hour" were Miss Jane Fearnley and Henry Walthall. We cannot understand why Warren Kerrigan did not have Miss Bush for his sweetheart, in "The Sheriff's Sisters." Perhaps the American thought the audience might like a change. Miss Lucille Young was King Baggot's wife, in Imp's "Thru the Flames." Send stamped return envelope for the addresses.

M. F., Danville.—Owen Moore was Miss Pickford's opposite. Jack Hopkins was Jack Hopkins, and Elsie Glynn, Elsie, in Lubin's "Love's Labor Lost." Charles Brandt was the father in the same company's "A Nicotine Conspiracy."

New Reader, Pittsburg.—In Lubin's "Love and Tears," the bride, groom and best man were Miss Ormi Hawley, Charles Arthur and Harry C. Myers.

J. L. M., San Francisco.—Miss Marin Sais was the girl in Kalem's "The Tenderfoot's Troubles." Other questions have been answered before.

Margaret P., San Francisco.—Miss Marian Cooper was the girl lead in Kalem's "The Battle of Pottsbugh Bridge." She is a newcomer in the Kalem Company.

E. S., Alton.—George Melford was Don (not Dan) Ramon, in Kalem's "Don Ramon's Daughter." Others answered before.

C. B. P., Jersey City.—In Kalem's "How Betty Captured the Outlaw," Miss Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell had the leads. It was Arthur Johnson who read the tape, on page 110 of the March issue.

Dainty Rosebud.—The leading woman and the artist, in Rex's "Lost Illusions," were Miss Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley.

H. G. D., Pittsburg.—Phillips Smalley and Miss Lois Weber are the Rex leads in the company not headed by Miss Marion Lawrence.

L. L., Elton-Bury.—Miss Bertha Krieghoff was the leading woman in Vitagraph's "Snowbound with a Woman Hater." William Lamp was the husband in Lubin's "Drifting." William Schroeder was the bandit in Rex's "The Rose and the Dagger." Harold Wilson was the clown in Vitagraph's "The Clown and His Best Performance." We do not locate "The Marriage Haters." This may have been made on your side. Edw. Phillips was Sunderland in Vitagraph's "Birds of a Feather." Tom J. Carrigan was the express rider in Selig's "Saved by the Pony Express." We do not recognize the Essanay by the title you give.

D. M. T., Covington.—The Thanhouser Kid (Marie Eline) was Her Ladyship's Page, and Miss Florence LaBadie, Her Ladyship. John Halliday was the doctor in Lubin's "Betty and the Doctor."

E. B. T., Hobart.—Mrs. William Todd was the widow in Essanay's "The Widow Jenkins' Admirers." Miss Katherine Horne was the stepmother in Thanhouser's film of that title.

T. S., Philadelphia.—In Edison's "Uncle Hiram's List," James Gordon was the doctor, and Richard Niel the storekeeper. The Diamond S Ranch is in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. The Méliès Company never heard of Pete in "The Spur of Necessity."

Bedelia.—Miss Lottie Briscoe was the governess in Lubin's "His Princess." She has been with both Essanay and Imp. Jane and her sister, in the same company's "Tricked Into Happiness," were Misses Ormi Hawley and Violet Reid. The Italian girl in Imp's "The Immigrant's Violin," was Miss Vivian Prescott.

A. B., Ocean Park.—We do not know the identity of the Nestor player. Miss Leonard plays in New York City. The Rex accepts scenarios, but wants only the style of work they produce.

S. M., Eugene.—It was Miss Fisher. We cannot give space to trick films.

F. K., Portland.—See answer to C. B. P. Save clipping your copy next time.

L. A. W., Little Rock.—John Halliday was the doctor, and he is not Bennie from Lubinville. The latter plays office boys when he isn't running the telephone switchboard and the rest of the Lubin plant. He was in "The Office Favorite," for example. He is very obliging in answering questions, and inquiry editors humor his fondness for seeing his name in print as a return courtesy. He is seventeen years old, but looks young enough to travel on half-fare tickets, and for that reason is useful in the studio, as he can act a child's part with adult intelligence.



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E. AND M., NEWBURYPORT.—In Lubin's "A Noble Enemy," Romaine Fielding was Lieutenant Ward, and Harry Alska the Jap servant.

M. P. P., DENVER.—Scenarios are written in action, not in dialog. Send return stamped envelope for addresses.

E. E. B., ELWOOD.—John Halliday was Jack Pierce in Lubin's "'Tis An Ill Wind." George Tucker was George in Majestic's "Does Your Wife Love You?"

FRANCES, PITTSBURG.—Brinsley Shaw was Tom in Essanay's "The Girl Back East." Sidney Olcott is not a brother of Chauncey Olcott.

REGAL.—Miss Dorothy Phillips is not now with Essanay. Charles Arthur and Miss Ormi Hawley were the sweethearts in Lubin's "His Mistake." Maude Leone was the girl in Essanay's "The Hospital Baby."

M. G. B., KENT.—The Vitagraph Company produced "Elaine."

D. S., VANCOUVER.—Sydney Ayres is with the Nestor Company. See L. R.

E. A., DENVER.—See L. R.

M. M. L., HALIFAX.—Write the Kalem Company.

H. G., FLAGSTAFF.—Edw. Phillips was the husband in Vitagraph's "Birds of a Feather." Mr. Costello played Clive in "My Old Dutch." It does not appear that he is supposed to be married.

J. M. B., MENDOTA.—In the June, 1911, issue, "The Golden Mile" was Lubin's "Father Love"; Kalem produced "The Carnival"; Méliès, "Tony, the Greaser"; and the Biograph, "His Mother's Scarf."

M. M., BROOKLYN.—Mr. Anderson has been killed innumerable times, but as the deaths have always occurred in some Motion Picture theater usher's imagination, the results have not been fatal. He is still making pictures in San Rafael.

PATERSON.—F. W. Preston, of Paterson, comes to the assistance of this department, which told P. F. that it was not advised as to the making of pictures in Paterson. He writes that during the last three years the Biograph made "The Call to Arms" at Lambert's Castle, there, and that Edison made the principal part of "The Cliff Dwellers" at Passaic Falls, and more recently a picture started in Maine. "The Cliff Dwellers" was made in Colorado, in the ancient homes of the Cliff Dwellers, but the waterfall scenes were made in Paterson, as were some scenes for a picture made near Waterville, Maine, recently released. Thus is Paterson put on the picture map, thanks to Mr. Preston.

RUMMIE, LITTLE FALLS.—The Reliance cast gives Miss Jane Fearnley as the first sweetheart and Miss Gertrude Robinson as the second, in "Wanted, a Wife." We believe that the company has post-card portraits. See if your local theater does not carry them.

S. B. C., YOUNGSTOWN.—The maid, in Vitagraph's "Bunny and the Twins," is not cast. Miss Vedah Bertram was the leading woman in Essanay's "The Bandit's Child." We do not know who the child was.

S. G., SYRACUSE.—Warren Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush had the leads in American's "A Bad Investment."

A. H., JERSEY CITY.—The Edison Kinetogram does not cast Shooting Star in its program of "The Story of the Indian Ledge," but we presume you mean Marc McDermott, who is the young brave who is brought down to modern times. The El Kalems are moving about too rapidly to announce the exact whereabouts of Miss Gauntier. T. J. Carrigan was the thief in Selig's "Western Hearts." We do not engage in the sale of portraits of the players, except as stated in the announcement in the advertising pages. Perhaps our portrait in colors will suit you, or possibly you would like one of those books of players' portraits. They are gems of beauty. You might obtain Mr. McDermott's picture from the Edison Company.



DONT forget to vote for your favorite photoplayer. This is your last chance to show your appreciation to the players who have done so much to entertain you. You may applaud them, but they cannot hear; you may vote for them, and they will see the result. Look at page 146, and see if your favorite stands where he or she should stand!



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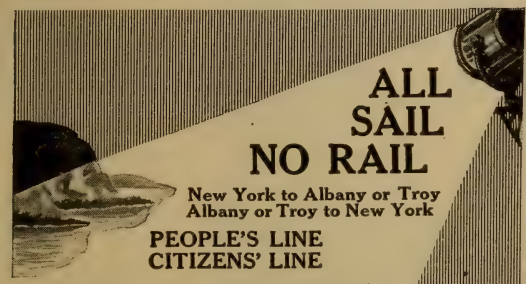
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Motion Pictures in Europe

By DOROTHY DONNELL

MOVING PICTURES in Rome—what a contrast! Hoary ruins and ragtime, the Coliseum and the Biograph! But, most appropriately, the theater was adorned with tall marble columns and a great flight of stone steps that suggested trailing togas and sandaled feet. Such a theater the ancient Roman might have entered on his way to the Baths of Titus, or as he rattled home in his chariot from a hard day's work in the Senate House. Indeed, it seemed so much like going to the Temple of Minerva to see Moving Pictures, or expecting vaudeville in the catacombs, that we hesitated before entering. Perhaps this was just another "sight," and we were distinctly weary of sight-seeing and a bit homesick; but, no—there were the red and yellow posters of cowboy heroes on bucking broncos, and lovely Indian maidens, looking as familiar here in this hot, sleepy Roman square as they do on Fourteenth Street, in spite of the strange words in the vowveled Italian tongue above them. A cowboy by any other name would be as thrilling! So in we went. Indoors, the classic illusion vanished. We were shown to comfortable leather chairs by a dark, smiling usher. The programs were printed in Italian, French and English, but the explanations of the pictures were all startlingly foreign. The somewhat limited Italian vocabulary that we had collected so far being "quanta costa" and "gratia," we had to depend entirely upon the pictures themselves for the story, and I had never realized before how perfectly pantomime can supply the lack of words. The films were all of American make and American subject matter, picturing a sky-scraper in the making on Broadway, a Kentucky feud and a Western round-up.

But it was the audience that interested us most. There were Italian ladies in low-necked velvet gowns and diamond-bright hands. The men with them bowed them into their seats with faultless politeness—and sat beside them during the entire performance with their hats on! Dingy street laborers with red neckkerchiefs rubbed elbows with gentlemen in correct evening dress. And such a responsive audience! They sighed at the pathetic parting of Cowboy Jim and his white-haired mother, laughed when the fat policeman kist Mary Jane and received a frying pan on his head, and hissed threateningly when the villain in topboots tied the sheriff's daughter to a log in the sawmill. The pianist was an artist—all Italians are artists in some way—and his music shaded off from gay to grave to the movement of the pictures, more sympathetically than I have ever heard it done in America.

From Rome on, we watched eagerly for the Motion Pictures and never failed to find them, tho not in such quantities as in America. In Florence the principal picture theater was on one of the level, sunny squares, where the pigeons tumble musically about the crumbling stucco of the Monastery of Savonarola.

In Venice we were rowed to the Pathé Frères in a gondola across the Grand Canal.

The Apollo Theater in Lucerne is on a back street beyond the big arcade and the brilliantly colored postcard booths. Here the seats are divided in Continental fashion into first, second, and third class, with a varying scale of prices. A small boy with a dark-lantern guided us to our seats by throwing a circle of light on the floor. A chime of bells tinkled when the pictures were changed, but

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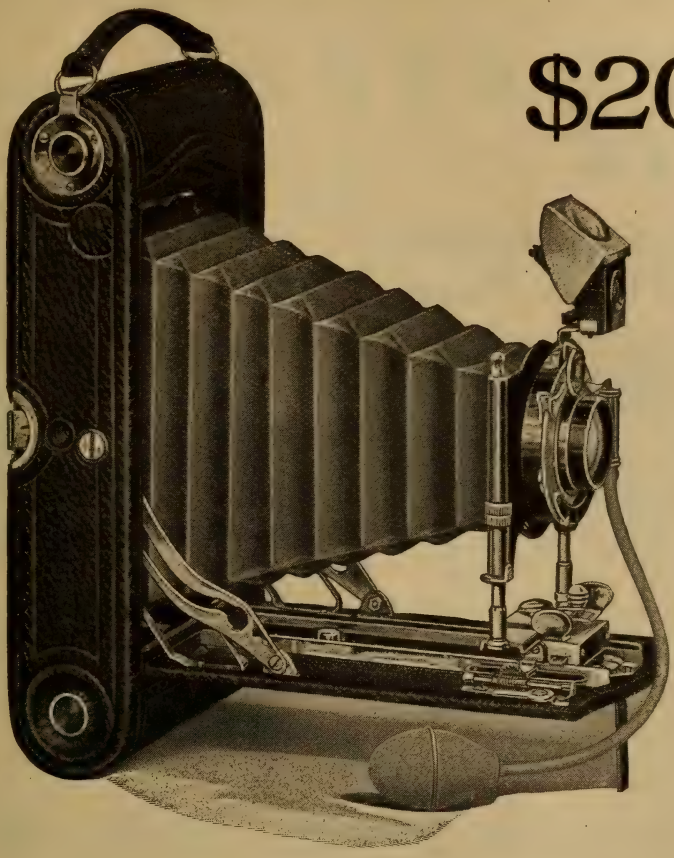
The English Motion Picture shows are characteristic. Since no true British man, woman or child can enjoy him or herself thoroly without a cheering cup of that national necessity, tea, the Motion Picture theaters bear placards over the door, "Afternoon tea served free during the performance from three to five." It is a pleasant sight to see the round-faced ushers distributing trays of this steaming liquid, while hair-breadth escapes, hold-ups and frenzied love-making go on unnoticed upon the screen. In war, in peace, in love the Englishman must have his tea. It is fortunate for the pocketbooks of American owners of Moving Picture shows that the Boston tea-party lessened our inherited thirst, for it must be a large added expense to furnish unlimited cups of even very weak tea every afternoon.

When we arrived in London the British enthusiasm over their recent king-making was still echoing in the Pageant of Empire at the Crystal Palace, and in the Kinemacolorgraph —the Motion Pictures of the coronation colored to life by a new process. We had not been a part of that frenzied horde of curious tourists that flocked to England in June, but our second-hand peep at the coronation, on the screen, gave us probably a better—certainly a cooler—idea of the royal "show." Taken off their guard by the malicious camera, the dukes and lords appeared in delightfully unconventional postures, and their heavy velvet robes looked realistic in color and warmth.

European audiences go to the Moving Picture shows to see the pictures, not to use them as an excuse for conversation. No whispered receipts for gingerbread or lemon pudding interrupt the dark grandeur of the Milan pictures of Dante's Inferno; no confidences about Harry or Charlie mingle with "The Indian's Sacrifice." They give the pictures the same respectful attention that they would a regular theatrical performance, and the result lifts the audience to the artistic level of the pictures themselves. "American papers please copy!"



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The twelve portraits selected are those of Alice Joyce, Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson, Mary Fuller, Carlyle Blackwell, G. M. Anderson, Mildred Bracken, Francis X. Bushman, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Gwendolen Pates, and Florence Turner. **No additions will be made to this list.**

This Colored Portrait Section will begin with Maurice Costello's Portrait, in our June issue. **You will want all of these Twelve Beautiful Colored Portraits.** Subscribe **NOW** and get them and the magazine for one year. Just fill out blank below and mail with remittance.

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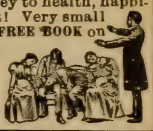
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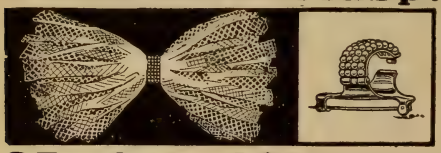
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ANSWERS WILL BE PROMPT, BY LETTER OR WIRE

Among those included on the staff are:

Epes Winthrop Sargent, who is an accepted authority on the details of House Management, advertising, road management, etc. Mr. Sargent has been actively engaged in the amusement business since 1891, has been a dramatic and musical critic on the staffs of the Musical Courier, the Dramatic News, the New York Morning Telegraph, etc., has been general press representative of the F. F. Proctor interests, on the staff of the William Morrin, Inc., enterprises, and has been identified with the Motion Picture business since its inception.

Will C. Smith will answer questions relating to the Motion Picture machines, their installation, use, etc. Mr. Smith is a veteran lantern man, his experience dating back of the development of the Motion Picture, and is regarded as the most expert writer on the subject in this country, tho his varied interests do not permit him to devote much time to this branch of the work. He was the projection expert for the Film Index, and we regard ourselves as fortunate in being able to offer the services of this authority.

Mr. George C. Hedden, for many years in charge of the film renting service of the Vitagraph Company of America, and one of the best informed men in the world on all questions of film service, will have charge of this branch of the service.

Electrical matters will be handled by an expert whose name we cannot now announce, but this branch of the service will be as well looked after as those already mentioned.

By special arrangement the Bureau is able to announce the purely nominal fee of one dollar for each question that does not involve extended research.

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TECHNICAL BUREAU

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"THE SUNSET GUN," A Memorial Day Story—By General Horatio C. King

JUNE

15 CENTS

MAY 11 1912

The MOTION PICTURE

Story Magazine



"Darby and Joan" (p. 118)

THE FIRST KALEM STORY FROM EGYPT IN THIS NUMBER

Fourteen Complete, Illustrated Stories, from the Best Plays of the Month

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster ..... Managing Editor

Montanye Perry, Edwin M. La Roche } Associate Editors.

Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager

V. H. Kimmelmann, Advertising Director

Western Advertising Representative:
Pullen, Bryant & Fredricks Co., People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1912

Vol. III No. 5

The Sunset Gun

A Story of Memorial Day

(Edison)

By GENERAL HORATIO C. KING

From the Photoplay of Bannister Merwin

THE custom of planting and strewing graves with flowers is of remote antiquity, but its adoption as an annual memorial followed the Civil War. Many claims to priority have been set up, and these have been carefully sifted by Veteran John B. Lewis, National Patriotic Instructor, G. A. R., from whose little book I compile these facts.

The prison pen near Charleston, S. C., was the site of the old race-course between the Ashley and Cooper rivers. The "God's Acre" of the victims of disease was enclosed by the colored people. On May 1, 1865, three thousand colored children, under the lead of their superintendent, Historian James Ridpath, marched to the cemetery, bearing floral gifts, and, after addresses, of which one was made by Col. James C. Beecher, in the presence of ten thousand persons, the flowers were placed upon the graves, among which the children marched, singing patriotic songs. In 1867, Gen. John B. Murray established the ceremony in Waterloo, New York, his home. In the same year the ladies of Columbus, Miss., in the true spirit of fraternity and womanly tenderness, placed flowers upon the graves of both Union and Confederate soldiers.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won.

But it remained for the Grand Army of the Republic to give a national and permanent character to the beautiful ceremony. In 1868, Gen. John A. Logan, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, by a General Order set apart the 30th of May, in which he said, among other things: "If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts grow cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well, as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us." Congress the same year recognized the day, and speedily the States North and West established it as a legal holiday. Perhaps the most touching ceremonials are those at Arlington, when, on May 30th, the graves of Union and Confederate alike are decorated with flags by the Grand Army of the Republic, while in June the Confederate veterans reciprocate in like manner, the bands playing "My country, 'tis of thee."

Foes we were in the years long past,
Now friends in union true,
And the tie that binds our loyal love
Is the Red, the White and Blue.

Before entering upon our story, let us recall for a moment what the old and decrepit veterans of the present day were back in the sixties, and what they did for the Nation.

The total enrollment of Union soldiers was 2,778,000. This includes, of course, hundreds of thousands of reënlistments. Of this total more than 2,000,000 at the time of their enlistment were under the age of twenty-one years. Twenty-five boys only ten years old served in the army, 225 were twelve years of age, 1,523 were fourteen years of age, 844,891, or nearly a million, were sixteen years of age, and 1,151,000 eighteen years of age. The exact number of those under twenty-one at the date of their enlistment was 2,150,708. Of all the soldiers of the Federal Armies, only 618,500 were older than twenty-one when they took up arms. And these boys were the best material that could be furnished by the North and West. Of these, 67,000 were killed in battle, and about 350,000 died in camp. All of these youths worked from one year to four years for $13 a month in a depreciated currency. Sometimes we were not paid in currency at all. I had to take my pay awhile in 3/20 green bonds, and go down to the broker's shop, and sell them for about fifty per cent. of their face value. But those things did not count. We did not care. We were not there for making money; we were there for carrying on the war.

So when there is any objection on the part of the people to the pensions —and small in degree they are— which are given out to these old soldiers, let them recur to these figures, and ask themselves a single question: What would have become of these United States of America but for the services of these boys? Why, you know in the old times in the navy —I think the law has been repealed now—whenever a navy vessel made a capture, it was condemned as a prize, a prize court determined its value, and the government of the United States distributed that money to the officers and men pro rata. Now, suppose that we veterans should go down to Congress, and say: "Here, where is our prize money? If it had not been for us, you would not have had any United States of America. What would have become of all the valuable property of this country, of the South, particularly, to you? We captured the South; we gave it back to the government. Now please give us pro rata what you think is the value of the whole South to the United States of America."

The eagerness which the youth of the land, North and South, sought to enter their respective services, each side holding tenaciously to the belief that the cause for which they fought with unsurpassed bravery was right, is epitomized by the story told by Col. Edward Anderson, a brave cavalry leader, still living.

How these mere children got into the service, he related, I do not know; but one of them came to me when I was raising my cavalry regiment in Indiana, a bright, stalwart boy of maybe fifteen years. I told him he must wait till the mustering officer came. When they were in line for muster, this officer said, as he came to this boy:

"Are we robbing cradles? Boy, go home to your mother, and have her feed you some milk, and spank you, and put you to bed. What are you here for?"

"I'm not going home to be fed with milk, and spanked, and put to bed," he said. "I'm here to be mustered in."

"Do you mean to say you are old enough?" asked the mustering officer. "Are you over eighteen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you ready to swear that you are over eighteen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Well, what is it?"

"If I tell a lie I'll be damned to all eternity, and never get no show for heaven at all."

"Well, with that, are you ready to swear that you are over eighteen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh," I said, "muster him in. I dont care if he isn't ten. That's the sort that makes men."

After the mustering officer was gone, I sent for the boy to my headquarters, and I said to him:

"No, sir. You didn't either of you ask me if I was eighteen years old," and he took off his shoe, and showed me a card with the figure 18 written on it, and he had been standing on it!

The scene of our story is laid in the patriotic little town of Riverhead, Long Island, and its characters are Martin McMahon, an aged veteran of the Civil War; Nellie, his daughter; Jack, her little son; Rev. Joe Twichell,



"ATTENTION! SHOULDER ARMS! CARRY ARMS!"

"Now, my boy, you are mustered into the service, and you cant get out, and no one can take you out. What did you mean by telling such a lie, and swearing to it?"

"I didn't tell no lie; I didn't swear to no lie!"

"My boy, look me in the eyes. Are you eighteen years old?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"What does this mean? You swore you were!"

chaplain, and Civil War veterans John Lockman, George Brush, Sam Truesdell, Noble Preston, Frank Halliday, Bob Avery, Harry Knight, musicians and citizens. It is the evening before Memorial Day, when little Jack cuddles up to his grandfather, and devours eagerly the old man's stories of the war. Bedtime approaches, and the anxious mother reminds Jack of his duty. But the cry is for more. Then comes from the vet-

eran's lips the warning to Jack that the first duty of a soldier is obedience to orders, and, placing his cane in the boy's hand, he gave the commands: "Attention!" The boy assumed the attitude of a soldier.

"Shoulder Arms! Carry Arms! Right Shoulder Arms! Present Arms! Trail Arms! Order Arms! Shoulder Arms!"

Jack executed the orders with military precision, but was hardly prepared for the final order—"About face, forward march!" which sent him off to bed. The old man, with a beaming smile at his own ingenuity, shortly after donned his hat and cane, and betook himself to the Post Headquarters to supervise the final preparations for the next day, so dear to all veterans. As he slowly climbed the stairs, angry voices filled the air. Entering the room, he found the members engaged in an excited dispute over the position of the troops at the last great battle of the war, "Five Forks," and the responsibility for the removal of General Warren.

"You cant tell me; I guess I know! Wasn't I there?" said Lockman, throwing down books to indicate the positions. "Where that book is was where our regiment was, and over there was Crawford's Division of the 5th Corps. And right on our flank was Tommy Devin's First Cavalry Division, and——"



THE VETERANS PLAN THE DECORATION DAY PARADE

"You are all wrong," interrupted Preston. "I was with the cavalry, and know what I am talking about. That wasn't Crawford's position at all. He was away off to the right. Griffin was there," and he shoved a book into place. "Custer's cavalry was on his left—and——"

"Oh, hold on," said Brush, "you've got things awfully mixed—Custer was a mile away, and what you saw was McKenzie's little division, not larger than a full-sized regiment. Our regi-

ment followed right behind them as they made a charge, and Sheridan—''

''All wrong! all wrong!'' said the grave Bob Avery, who, with his flowing whiskers, looked as if he might have served in the Revolutionary War: ''I was on General Merritt's staff—bless his memory! for no better cavalry officer, outside of Sheridan, ever rode a horse, or swung a saber. I saw as much as a man can see of any one battle, and Warren did all he could to help along, and Sheridan got a little overheated——''

Here the interruptions were numerous and emphatic—the tumult reached almost the proportion of a riot—and in the midst appeared the aged Martin, whose influence with the post in its long career had always been paramount.

''Boys,'' said the old man, ''do you remember what Grant said: 'Let us have peace'?'' The entrance of Chaplain Twichell, with the program for the next day, also contributed to assuage the tumult, and in a moment the noise subsided and the war of words was over.

Memorial Day came with an unclouded sky. Martin was up bright and early, dressed in his uniform of blue, closely akin to that which he wore in the troubled days of '61 to '65. But his advanced age of over seventy-six summers sat heavily upon him. The martial spirit had lost none of its vigor, but the strong arm, the firm tread, and the elastic step were no longer with him. He tottered even when he took down from the wall his old army cap, and the Springfield musket, his companion in many deadly campaigns, as he took it from the wall, almost fell from his grasp.



LITTLE JACK ANSWERS TO HIS ABSENT GRANDFATHER'S NAME

Dear old musket, by whose side he had slept on many a battlefield, not knowing whether the next day would bring victory or defeat, life or death, to him. It was a factor in his existence which seemed to have something of the human in its make-up. Tears came to his eyes when he realized his waning strength, and he yielded to the

importunities of Nellie to give up the parade.

"Father, you must not go; you may not survive the excitement and the fatiguing march. We will place a chair for you in front of the house, and you can salute and receive the salute of your comrades as they march by."

Such an argument, backed by manifest weakness, carried the day, and the brave old man reluctantly sank down into his comfortable chair, with his faithful musket by his side, but not until his daughter and little Jack had acquiesced in his request to take part in the parade.



THE FEEBLE VETERAN PREPARES TO VIEW THE PARADE

The sound of fife and drum announces the assembling of the parade in the village square, but McMahon does not appear, and Nellie and Jack explain his absence. The distant music reaches the old man's ear, and soothes him to sleep, when there arises upon his vision a scene of his youth. Once more he was in the midst of battle: he heard the booming of the guns, the rattle of the musketry; he advanced again in the terrible charge; his comrades fell at his side; a bullet pierced his shoulder, as it had in real life, and he awoke to find his dream changed to the peaceful march of his comrades and the white-robed children as they passed him in review.

The marching column has reached the monument, and the children have deposited their flowers at its base. The echo of the chaplain's address has scarcely passed away, when the roll of the post is called. Like the Old Guard of England, who were at Waterloo, a comrade responds for the dead, while each survivor answers for himself, and steps two paces forward.

"Martin McMahon," called the adjutant.

Promptly little Jack steps to the front, comes to attention, gives to the post commander a military salute, and replies in boyish treble, "Present, or accounted for," wheels, and

takes his place in line. The spirit of the aged grandfather manifests itself in the boy, and of such stuff are made the youth of America, who at all times have been, and will always be, prompt to respond to the call of their country in any emergency. God bless our American boys!

Again the scene changes. The veteran, fatigued with long waiting, once more falls asleep, and stirring incidents of his war experience again form pictures on his brain: the bivouac at night, the march in review, those scenes which, after fifty years, are as fresh in the memory of every old soldier as if they had occurred but yesterday. Glorious memories when two millions of the picked youth of the North, West and border States stood shoulder to shoulder, and elbow to elbow, to battle for the salvation of the Republic, and that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people should not perish from the earth." Brave unto death were they, as were also their Southern foemen. There was no difference in their mettle. The Southerners fought with desperation for the protection of their homes and for the preservation of their rights, as they had been interpreted to them by a long line of eminent statesmen. The North combated them to preserve the Union, and to save unsullied the flag under which the United States had attained a front rank in the nations of the world. The ordeal was unprecedented in modern warfare, but out of it sprang a new nation, as we are wont to boast, the greatest and best on God's footstool. May it continue to be so until time shall be no more, and may all other nations, especially the less enlightened, profit by our example.



THE AGED VETERAN HAS ANSWERED THE LAST CALL

The parade is over, the sunset gun is fired, taps are sounded, and the

tired comrades repair to the home of their old commander for a final greeting. They find him apparently asleep in his chair, his cherished gun reclining at his side. But his sleep is the sleep of death. Tenderly they lay across his lap the flag for which he had fought, and for which he had given his blood.

He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

In a few years the last hero, Union and Confederate, who participated in that momentous struggle, will have "crossed over the river to rest under the shadow of the trees." More than a full corps are crossing every year. Thank God, the bitter animosities engendered by the war, and more especially by the miserable Reconstruction period, have passed away, and now North and South are united in promoting universal peace and goodwill, not only in our own land, but thruout the world. In imagination sometimes I think I see the old comrades of both sides that have gone before, gazing over the battlements of heaven, sympathizing with us in our joys and sorrows, and extending their arms to give us welcome. As a veteran of that stupendous conflict, this is my retrospect of the half-century which has glided away so swiftly:

The fleeting years, full fifty now,
Are numbered with the past,
And memory with all its joys
And griefs comes trooping fast;
But first and foremost of them all,
Stand forth in bold relief
The days when you and I went forth
To battle—these are chief.

We hear the rattle of the drum,
The bugle's lively play,
The tiresome march, the dusty roads,
The halt at close of day;
The gleaming camp fires' ruddy glow,
The story, jest and song,
And then the hours of blessed sleep
That made the heart grow strong.

The reveille at break of day,
The hurrying to and fro,
The long roll with its gruesome call
As facing death we go
Into the storm of leaden hail,
Of screeching shot and shell,
To realize what Sherman said,
That war—"Why, war is hell!"

The hopes and fears that filled our hearts
As wavering lines were broke,
And straining eyes peered eagerly
To pierce the veil of smoke
That hid perchance the advancing line,
The reinforcements true,
That drove the exultant rebels back—
Gave vict'ry to the blue.

And then, alas, the morning roll
Along the shortened line—
The voices now that answer not
Until a power divine
Shall rouse them from their shallow trench
To hear the approving Lord—
These for their God and country died,
And great is their reward.

All quiet along the Potomac now,
The mud-stained tents are down,
The fires are out, the drums are dumb—
Of war there is no sound.
But o'er the land that we preserved
Our flag still flies unfurled,
The benison of future years,
The glory of the world.

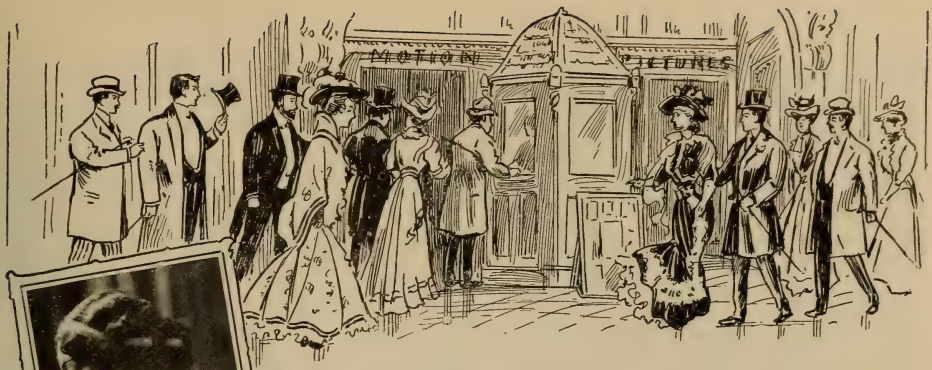
The Mischief Maker

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE

Child of the Motion Picture play,
With spirits rare that bubble
In such a charming, impish way;
From dawn till dark of every day,
Your very name spells Trouble.

We watch you at your prankish jokes,
Your sly tricks turned so neatly;
We laugh at each capricious hoax,
And, when you're *caught*, and sweetly coax,
You win our hearts completely.

But, while each entertaining turn
Draws us to seek and thank you,
If actual rights we chanced to earn,
Would we the more intensely yearn
To kiss you, or—to *spank you?*





Nazimova a Motion Picture Enthusiast

By R. L. GIFFEN

"THE history of the stage, within a very few years, will be written, not by the erudite historian, but by the Moving Picture mechanician," declares Nazimova, and she adds: "Instead of reading in books the impressions of some perhaps prejudiced or overly enthusiastic critic, the coming generation will see on the screen of the Moving Picture theater what the stage figures of the present really did, instead of reading about it. They will see, not hear; and seeing is believing."

Nazimova is the first dramatic star of the first magnitude who has seen the handwriting on the wall, or, at least, who, seeing, has had the courage openly to recognize and champion what has been so generally decried and, so to speak, looked down upon, by her associates in the foremost dramatic orbits.

"Mark me," says the great Russian, "in an incredibly short time every stage artist, no matter of what renown or position, will be appearing before the lens and shutter, for they will realize that only by so doing will they be able to make any enduring mark upon the artistic scrolls of their time.

"I am crazy to appear before the machines myself. I want to perpetuate whatever art I have; I want to be known to generations yet to come, as well as to this. Just think what it will mean!

"As the greatest operatic art of the world is now preserved for all time by the phonograph, so will the dramatic art be handed down by that marvellously potential little machine which spins thru its messages of entertainment and instruction.

"Oh, what a prospect it unfolds! What a thing to dream of!

(Continued on page 166)



SCENE FROM "WHEN KINGS WERE THE LAW" (See page 103)



From the Photoplay of Larry Trimble

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rego, the Jester ..... *Marshall P. Wilder*
Duke Dionio ..... *Ralph Ince*
Princess Dolorosa ..... *Clara Kimball Young*
Physician Lorenzo ..... *James Young*

TWENTY knights, twelve score men-at-arms, and nine hundred bowmen was the muster when the banner of the Duke Dionio rippled its silken folds in the soft Piedmont breeze, and Dionio's line was more ancient by far than that of any lord within a month's journey, not to mention the fact that the great, iron-bound chests, ranged round the walls of a crypt in the very foundations of his palace, contained store of gold-pieces past all counting. Wherefore, the Prince Pacanino, who was already dreaming the dreams of empire which in the end brought him, for a day, a kingly crown, and then death before Milano's shattered walls, was of cheerful mien, as he journeyed, with the Princess Dolorosa, his youngest daughter. Truly he was glad, being, in his way, a loving father, that the Duke was young, handsome, and gallant; a fit mate for the fair girl who would so soon be his bride. It was most fortunate. Had it chanced otherwise, the Prince would have regretted, but—he shrugged his shoulders slightly—it would, nevertheless, have been quite necessary to make him an ally, and a maid was but a maid.

And the Princess, her lacy veil a kindly, sheltering cloud about her softly flushing face, wove rosy dreams as they passed onward thru the smiling land, for well she knew it had been no thought of policy, but the flaming upleap of a man's heart at sight of her face, that had made Dionio suitor for her hand.

Power, wealth, beauty—the gorgeous cavalcade glittered and shimmered in the sunshine, and, passing, sprinkled with dust an old crone crouching by the wayside. Whereat, the lips of the hag slowly twisted back from the toothless gums, in a smile of infinite evil, and her bleared eyes seemed to peer into the future, gloatingly.

In due season they came to the hold of the Duke Dionio—more palace than castle, a vast marble pile gleaming whitely amid wonderful rose gardens—and were received as became their rank in the great hall, where were gathered together a most notable

throng of gallant knights and fair women—of whom, however, none was so fair as the stranger who was come to be their mistress.

Ten years before Dolorosa first stretched out dimpled baby hands to catch the spear of sunshine that fell across her silken cradle, another child had lain upon a heap of straw in a mean hovel. A misshapen thing he was, staring with unwinking eyes at the gentleman who stood in the low doorway.

"Certainly he should do, for surely the good God never created anything more ugly, and all the wisdom of the ages might lie behind those unwinking eyes," the gentleman murmured, and straightway bore the silent brat to the palace, to be reared a Fool.

Now, God had forgot when this crooked thing was ready to draw its first living breath, and the Devil, smiling slyly, had given it the soul of an Ape, and a cunning Weasel's brain, and the heart of a Man, and then bided his time.

A very famous Fool was this Rego by the time the Princess came in state to meet her future husband, his Ape-soul and Weasel-brain having faithfully served his needs, and his tongue was like a skilled fencer's blade. Much liberty of action and of speech was permitted him, and when he sprang nimbly forward to greet the Princess, the gay company paused expectantly, waiting for the quilp that might sparkle like a gem, or cut like a whip. Mockingly, the jester bowed low before the lady, then, well as might be, straightened his crooked back, and raised his eyes to hers, and saw, not the amused contempt to which he had grown used, but a gentle pity. Whereat, the Devil smiled, and the jest died unspoken upon the Fool's lips, as the Man's heart, which, unknown to him, had always slept in his breast, suddenly woke into surging, blazing life. Confused, he stumbled blindly away, and the gay company, taking this to be a very triumph of jesting art, burst into peals of laughter. Then the Duke led the way from the chamber, and Rego was left alone, standing enraptured, as might a weary pilgrim, fainting with despair, to whom there comes a sudden vision of the far and golden shore which he seeks. As tho drawn forward by some force of which he was not aware, the Jester took a step to follow the departed throng, and his bells jingled sharply.

Instantly, the spell which held him was broken, and, taking off his cap, he stared with new understanding at this badge of his degradation, his eyes pathetic as those of a stricken dog. A bitter laugh twisted his lips for an instant, then, with a moan of anguish, he sank down, a forlorn and crumpled heap, upon the floor.

Now, love is a potent drug always, with strength to heal a bruised soul,



A BITTER LAUGH TWISTS REGO'S LIPS —THEN A MOAN OF ANGUISH

and make strong to fight a timid heart; or, like a poppied drink, to cloud with strange fancies the clearest brain, twisting reason and logic to its own yearning, and seeming to bring within reach of the eager hands the rainbow. So, Rego, wisest of Fools, dared to hope, remembering the kindly pity in the eyes of the Princess Dolorosa. Also, in his madness he forgot many things, but his Ape-soul kept him crafty, and his Weasel-brain gave patience.

It chanced one golden afternoon that the Jester and the Princess stood alone beside a fountain in the rose garden, and in the splashing silver water a little fish, as golden as the sunshine, was darting to and fro, and the Princess watched it with the eager desire of a child in her fair face. With lightning swiftness Rego stretched out one of his curiously clawlike hands, and an instant later made offer of the little captive. At once the gold of the burnished scales began to tarnish to a dull brownish hue, and the little gills labored desperately. The smile of childish delight fled from Dolorosa's face, and in its place was a quick compassion.

"No, no! Put it back, quickly!" she cried. "See how it suffers!" and her eyes grew misty.

Rego returned the goldfish to the water, and his Man-heart pounded madly. "She could not be unkind. Pity is very near akin to love. Move her to pity, and the way to her heart is won. Take thy chance!" So his love-clouded reason whispered eagerly. He drew near her, trembling.

"Princess," he whispered, "thou art fairer to look upon than a white rose wet with the morning dew, and this beauty all men may see; yet another beauty is thine, which eclipses that of thy face, as the golden dawn, spreading across the sky, causes to fade into pallid unworthiness the pale light of a dying moon, and this beauty it is given to me alone to see—the softly glowing wonder of thy infinitely tender heart. Therefore, I am bold. Oh, Princess, know that thy little foot, from beneath the tread of



REGO SEEKS TO AMUSE THE PRINCESS WITH A GOLDFISH

which the most fragile flower rises unharmed, rests upon and crushes my bleeding heart. Dolorosa, angel of my soul, I die for love of thee! Take pity; heal my grievous hurt with one touch of thy fair hand, or I perish!"

In the Princess' face, his burning eyes saw astonishment give place to the pity for which he prayed, and his clawlike hand stole out and touched her own. At the contact she shivered with loathing, and drew away, her eyes widening as she began to realize the full import of the Jester's words.

"You dare!" she gasped. Slowly her glance traveled over the misshapen form before her. The bells upon his hood tinkled, and she burst into a merry laugh.

"Rego, I paid you a very high compliment—for an instant I had in mind that you were a man!"

His eyes, grown suddenly dull and glazed, left her face and fell upon his motley livery with a quick realization.

"You have blundered—save yourself!" his brain, for an instant cleared of the mists of passion, whispered.

With a monkeylike caper he burst into a peal of laughter, that to the inattentive Princess rang true.

"Does the Duke make love so well?" he cried, lightly. "Had the Fool the Duke's body, would not the Fool be a dangerous rival, Princess? Truly, is not Rego the King of Fools, when his jest, tho that of a madman, deceives for an instant the Princess Dolorosa?" And again he laughed, a bit wildly.

The Princess joined in his merriment, tho, in truth, she laughed more at herself than at the Jester's antics.

"In good sooth, Rego, you should be duly crowned, but beware that some day you do not display too great skill in your art, and have your jesting mistaken for earnestness," she said, carelessly, and left him.



REGO POURS THE RUBY WINE UPON THE FLOOR

Alone, Rego suddenly let the mask fall from his face, and his Ape-soul leered evilly from his narrowed eyes. With a low snarl, he sprang to the edge of the fountain, and his claw-like hand flashed down into the water. The next instant the goldfish, hurled with savage force upon the ground, gave a single convulsive shiver, and died. Likewise died the Man-heart of Rego the Jester, having served the purpose for which the Devil had placed it in his breast, and there was left only the Ape-soul and the Weasel-brain, cleared of the mists of love, but seething with the fires of hate and jealousy.

To Dionio and Dolorosa, lovers together in the rose gardens, the days were but a perfumed dream, undisturbed by any cloud, nor were they conscious of the pair of evil-flashing eyes that watched them from the shelter of the marble portico, and the time set for the marriage drew on apace.

And when the day came there was a great banquet, the like of which none of the great company assembled had ever seen before. Great lords and fair ladies crowded the hall, and there was only mirth and happiness. Suddenly, as the wedding guests rose to drink the formal toast to the noble

bride and groom, a cold wind seemed to breathe thru the place, and at the same moment Rego the Jester scrambled, monkeylike, from beneath the table, then upon it. Without a word he took up the bride's golden goblet, raised it on high, and slowly poured the ruby wine splashingly upon the ground. Turning and looking unsmilingly into the Duke's startled and puzzled eyes, the Jester raised his goblet, as he had done with that of the bride, and again the wine spread redly upon the floor.

A wave of superstitious awe swept over the hall, chilling to silence



REGO ENTRANCES THE DUCHESS WITH HIS MUSIC

laughter and whispered jest. With a mocking laugh, Rego slid from the table, and, bowing low, while his cold laugh still echoed thru the place, disappeared behind the heavy draperies of an exit. For an instant after his misshapen body had been hidden, his clawlike hands remained grasping the velvet curtains, and none who saw them could control a shudder of horror, tho at what no one might say.

As time passed, the Jester's strange conduct at the marriage feast was forgotten, or dismissed as the vagary of a Fool to whom too much license was permitted, and, applying all the cleverness of his crafty brain to the task, he gradually wormed himself into the good graces, if not the full confidence, of the Duchess. His gift of music had no little to do with this success, and Dolorosa was wont not infrequently to summon him to her apartments to play for her.

On a day, a year after her marriage, the Duchess so summoned the Jester, and for an hour he held her entranced with the notes that fell like silver rain from the strings of his guitar. Suddenly there came a crashing discord, and the Duchess, startled, let fall a ring with which she had been toying. As he returned it to her, Rego allowed his hand to slide along her forearm with a caressing touch, and tho he gave no other sign, his eyes glowed darkly as he noted her recoil. At this moment an attendant entered and placed in the Duchess' hand a parchment.

As she read, Dolorosa gave an exclamation of sympathy, and, when she had finished, hurried from the room, beckoning the attendant to follow her. Rego caught up the scroll and read:

YOUR GRACIOUS HIGHNESS:
Within an hour, I shall call at the palace on my way to the plague-stricken of your subjects. May it please your Highness to have in readiness the moneys you have so generously offered for this cause? LORENZO.

The Jester stood pondering the note. Was there no way he could use it to his ends? Lorenzo, young and handsome, the foremost physician of the country, was no great favorite with the Duke, tho the Duchess frequently assisted him in his charity of ministration to the stricken poor. Suddenly Rego leered, and seating himself at the table, began to write, skillfully reproducing the physician's hand.

BELOVED OF MY HEART:
The letter which accompanies this will serve as an excuse for you to meet me. Carefully destroy this.

Such was the wording of Rego's forgery.

Hearing footsteps approaching, the Jester quickly folded together the two notes, half concealing them upon the table.

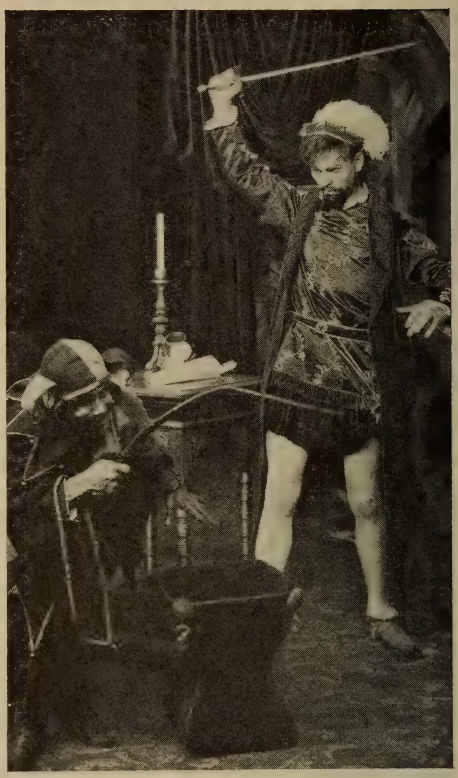
It was the Duke who entered, but before he could speak, the Jester made an impressive movement, and moving near, whispered meaningly:

"My lord seeks his lady?"

"Yes, Fool. Where may she be?" the Duke replied, vaguely troubled at the Jester's manner, in which he seemed to detect a hidden menace.

"Your lady wife is enjoying the society of her lover!" the Jester sneered.

With face gone white with fury the Duke sprang back, drawing his sword. Still sneering, Rego drew his own sword, and struck an attitude of defense, whereat, seeing opposed to his blade of steel one of limp leather, and taking the whole play as an over-bold jest, the Duke forced a laugh, returning his rapier to its sheath.



"FOOL, YOU GO TOO FAR IN YOUR FOLLY"

"Look you, Fool," he warned, "you go too far in your folly. Concerning me, or any man, you may give your wits free play, but you tread upon dangerous ground when you jest with the name and honor of my lady wife——"

With silent lips coldly sneering, the Jester backed to the table, fumbled for the parchments he had placed there, and mockingly put them in the Duke's hands. As the Duke read, Rego glanced from the window, and an expression of glee flashed across his features.

"If Your Highness will be good enough to look from the window—" he said, softly, and the Duke, who had stood as tho his very blood had congealed, started, and crossed the room with nervous strides.

In that same rose garden where a year before he had first taken her in

his arms, the Duke beheld his wife, who smiled kindly upon the handsome physician, Lorenzo, who, even as the husband looked, bent and kist the hand so graciously extended.

With an oath, the Duke reached for the hilt of his sword, to find in his grasp only the limp leather thing which the Jester had an instant before cleverly substituted in his sheath. Discomfited, confused, half blind in his rage, the Duke stumbled from the room, heedless of the Jester's mocking laugh.

When he at length reached it, the rose garden was deserted, and the Duke, with a sudden change of purpose, returned to his own apartments, sending a summons for two of his most faithful and trusted gentlemen, gallants who would do his bidding without question and tell no tales.

Meanwhile, the Jester had ranged swiftly thru the palace, in search of the Duchess. At length he discovered her, resting upon a couch in a secluded room of her apartments, and drowsily reading a parchment. Even as he watched from the shelter of the curtained entrance, the Duchess dropped the scroll and settled herself to a gentle, childlike slumber.

Hurrying furtively away, Rego sped to the room in a distant wing which was given over to the physician Lorenzo when at the palace. Even in his haste, he found time to pause and address a leering remark to a grinning skull which rested upon a table, then caught up a bag on which a bold "L" was broidered in gold, snatched from the table a small pad on which the physician was used to note the directions for taking the drugs he prescribed, and fled back to the Duchess' room.

Dolorosa still slept, her dark hair unbound, one hand resting lightly upon her softly rising breast. With his Ape-soul gleaming in his eyes, and with lips twisting back in a gloating snarl, Rego drew silently near, placed the monogramed bag upon the floor, gently drew over the girl a velvet cover that concealed her from head to feet, and only by the rounded outline showing that a human form was beneath, drew together the curtains of the window until the room was in deep shadow, and stole silently away.

Straight to the Duke's apartments the Jester hurried, to find him in deep converse with the two gentlemen for whom he had sent.

"You do an injustice to the honor of the Duchess, and to a brave gentleman, the physician Lorenzo," one had protested, when the Duke had given them his confidence and ordered that they revenge his wrong—for even in his fury the Duke bethought him of the honor of his name, and that a Duke could not in person shed the blood of a man of common rank. "I stood upon the portico, quite near them, tho it would have been impossible to observe me from the window from which you looked, and heard every word exchanged during the interview. Nothing transpired that might not honorably pass between a gracious lady and a gentleman. Moreover, I know that Lorenzo at once started upon his mission."

"But the note?" the Duke protested, doubtfully.

"As to that I cannot say, being no



REGO BORROWS SOME EFFECTS FROM LORENZO'S ROOM



REGO CONCEALS THE SLEEPING DUCHESS WITH A VELVET COVER

scholar. The handwriting does in truth seem the same, but might not an enemy have done this? I have heard it said that some men can so imitate the hand of another that there is no distinguishing."

"Perhaps—" the Duke began, his mood of bitter despair giving place to a dawning hope.

At this moment the Jester entered, and with a mocking air of mystery demanded speech with the Duke.

"Speak on, Fool," the Duke commanded, and the gentlemen laughed loudly at the solemn air which Rego had assumed.

At the words whispered in his ear, the Duke's expression suddenly changed and hardened, and in response to his curt command the two gentlemen left the room. The Jester slowly produced the little prescription pad, which the Duke examined closely.

"It is his," he muttered. "Where did you get it?"

"If Your Highness will deign to come, I will show you where I found it—and perhaps show Your Highness some other things," the Jester leered.

"So," the Duke whispered, "his pretended departure was only a blind!"

The quick eyes of the Jester had observed that the Duke's dagger lay upon the table, and he dropped his own, ostentatiously recovering it. Instinctively the Duke's hand went to his belt, found it empty, and reached for the weapon upon the table. Beckoning the Duke to follow, the Jester led the way from the room.

Back to the Duchess' apartments he led the way, and as they entered the room in which Dolorosa lay sleeping, as the Jester had left her, he motioned for silence. Slowly he drew the curtains a little way back, reducing the darkness of the room to a mere gloom, slid softly to the couch, pointed to the lettered bag upon the floor, and indicated the outline of the human form beneath the velvet.

"A poor hiding place. Shall I

throw back the cover?'' he whispered, sneeringly.

''No!'' the dry lips of the tortured man hardly articulated. Unconsciously he shrank from the proof that would leave his life a blasted waste. He glanced, almost questioningly, at the Jester, who had moved to the window, and who, in response to that mute appeal, grinned tauntingly, holding up the prescription pad, and, with a significant gesture, closed the curtains, cloaking the room in heavy shadows. With a gasp of fury the Duke drove his dagger thru the velvet cover, to the hilt.

The room was flooded with light as the Jester tore the curtains apart. Crossing swiftly to the couch, he drew back the velvet, so that the light streamed across the face and breast of the already dead Dolorosa—the Duke's thrust had been to the heart.

Cunningly the Jester watched the Duke's horror-stricken face, and when the dagger dropped from his hand, recovered and returned it, insinuatingly. As tho fascinated, the Duke gazed upon the red blade, slowly raised it on high, and an instant later fell dying across the couch, his hands groping blindly to gather in a last embrace the woman of his heart.

Beyond the curtains that closed the chamber of death, Rego the Jester paused, his Ape-soul aflame with triumph, and, lifting his clawlike hands on high, laughed and laughed.



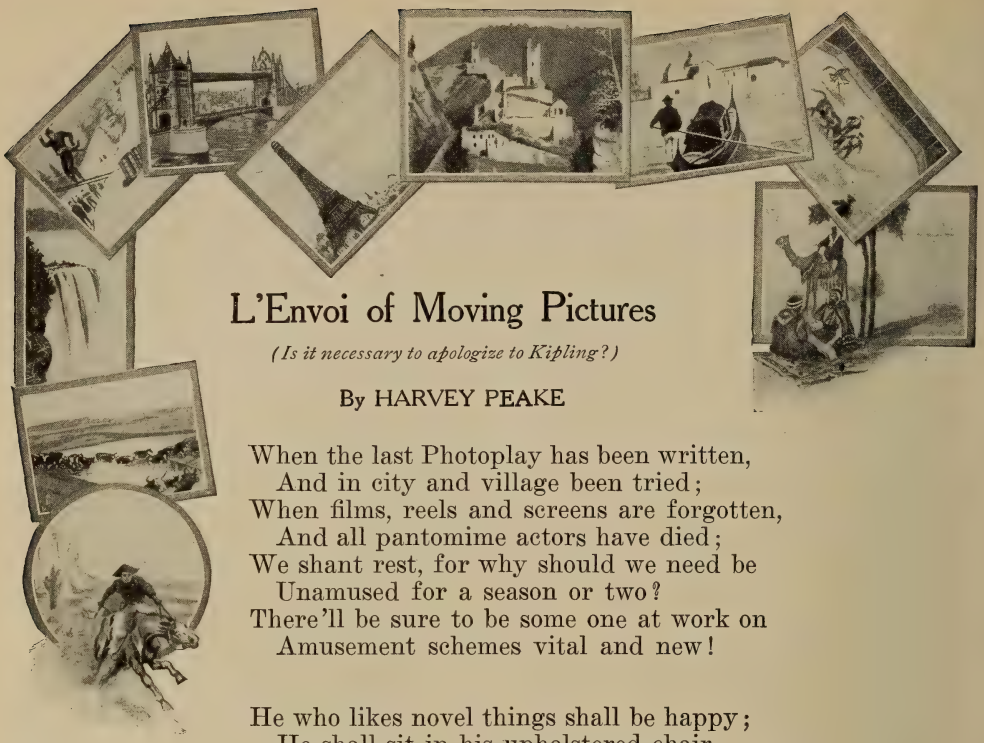
LAUGHED AND LAUGHED!

Lament of a Photoplay Writer

By C. M. ANDERSON

Did you ever write short stories,
To be used in picture play?
Send your MS. in the morning,
Back it comes "With thanks" next day?
That's the kind of luck I'm having,
Might as well joke as to cry;
I'll keep on with story writing,
Good luck's coming by and by.

When a MS. is returned me
Dont think I start in to rail;
Soon another film firm has it
In their early morning mail.
I am used to disappointments,
Have them greet me every day;
But I'll fight to see one MS.
In a Moving Picture play.



L'Envoi of Moving Pictures

(Is it necessary to apologize to Kipling?)

By HARVEY PEAKE

When the last Photoplay has been written,
And in city and village been tried;
When films, reels and screens are forgotten,
And all pantomime actors have died;
We shant rest, for why should we need be
Unamused for a season or two?
There'll be sure to be some one at work on
Amusement schemes vital and new!

He who likes novel things shall be happy;
He shall sit in his upholstered chair,
And drink in such joys of the future
As will make him sit straight up and stare;
He shall have many wonders to choose from,
Both from Earth and the planets around,
Yet many will long for the pictures
With which the Earth used to abound!

And many a graybeard shall praise them—
"Ah, they were the things!" they'll exclaim,
And the new generation will wonder
At their enduring hold upon fame.
So some manager, wiser than others,
Will hunt up the films of today,
And have a most brilliant revival
Down the whole of the Great Milky Way!

(No apologies necessary, because that time can never be!)

Said Shakespeare, "All the world's a stage";
And so it was in Shakespeare's age.
If he could be here now, he'd say,
"The world is all a Photoplay."

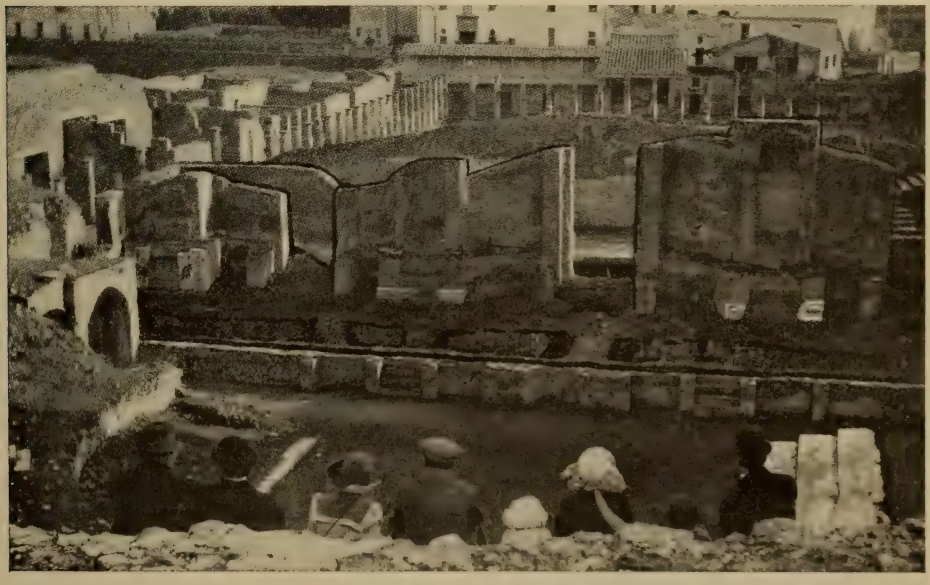
The "El Kalems" in Egypt

By E. M. L.

All thru the dreary months of winter, when the wind from the bay has howled around our office windows, and even now, as spring is putting forth tentative buds in the park below us, and her wet fingers are forever drumming against our window lights, the Kalem Company, wintering in Egypt, has been sending us messages of cheer, written on the backs of some of their snapshots. They have grown to be quite a formidable little pile, each with its fragment of a story. Those that we have gotten from Mexico and Florida and California have heartened and amused us, too, and stirred up the sleeping demon of wanderlust that torments every caged-in person. But these ones that have come out of the land of the past, across the flat, hot sands, finally to drop thru our letter slot, with their queer brown stamps like the skin of mummies, have charmed us more and more. So we have become our own Egyptologist, and have pieced the fragments into a little story, with indifferent success.

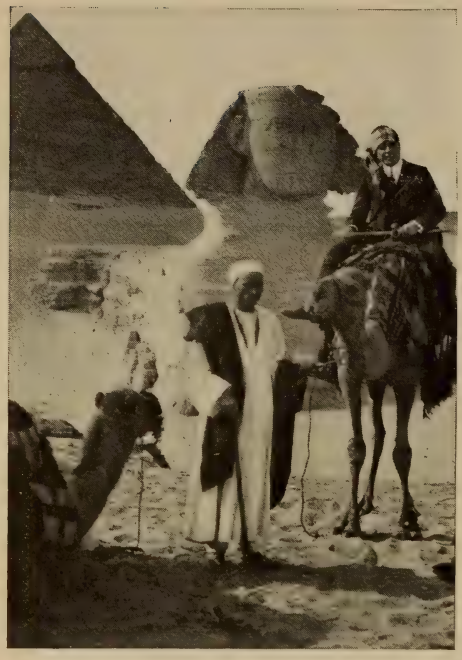
The first card in our collection, by the way, was taken en route to Egypt, at Pompeii, and shows the backs of some of the Kalem troupe on the edge of the Roman Theater. The long, shallow stage, with its three entrances, is clearly defined. The Romans were fond of tragedy, and not all of it was mere representation, for back of the theater were the large barracks where the Pompeian gladiators trained.

After disembarking at Alexandria, the first thought of the tourist is Cairo and the Pyramids. These latter are approached by a palm-bordered, splendidly constructed road from Geezeh. Before one realizes it, the edge of a desert has been reached, and a distant view, as across water, of the three great pyramids of Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus, comes to one. It is



THE GREAT THEATER AT POMPEII

From Left to Right—McGowan, Vignola, Alice Hollister, Clark, Doris Hollister, Gene Gauntier, George Hollister, Jr., and Allan Farnham



MR. VIGNOLA ON HIS "SHIP OF THE DESERT"

not impressive at first, but as the immensity of the treeless waste and the increasing size of these majestic tombs begin to infold the senses, they gradually become a fascination. That of Cheops is 453 feet high, and covers eleven acres. A few hundred yards from its base, as if guarding this resting place of kings, is the Sphinx. It is carved from one block of natural sandstone, and its antiquity is still a matter of dispute among archeologists. To this day it remains a mystery, and its expression, to gazers into its inscrutable face, has been variously described as terrible, beautiful, hideous, expressionless, mocking. There is no doubt of the expression on Bob Vignola's face, who has just learnt to ride "Mary Anderson," his camel.



THE KALEMS AT HOME



MAKING EGYPTIAN POTTERY

From Cairo to Thebes, following the Nile, is a jump of almost five hundred miles, and here, at Luxor, the Kalem Company spent the best part of the winter. Next to Thinis and Memphis, Thebes is the most ancient capital in Egypt, first appearing in history with the kings of the eleventh dynasty, 3064 B.C. Its civilization was old and jaded when Abraham appeared. Jo-



DRYING OUT THE POTTERY

seph governed it one thousand years before Rome was thought of; Moses led his people forth from it at the height of its brilliant power.

Thebes and Luxor lay cradled by a great circle of mountains, in the midst of a fertile valley. The foliage is often luxurious, as witness the grounds of the Kalems' cottage, with their winding bridle paths. Along the banks of the Nile, that most ancient art of all, pottery, still flourishes, and our cards show a potter at his turning wheel, and the finished product sun-drying by the roadside. These water-jars are called "goolahs," and have been fashioned to this shape for over twenty centuries. Their peculiar property is their porousness, which permits the cold winds from the north



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF AMMON, AT KARNAC

to penetrate them and keep the water cool.

As in all of Egypt, but a short distance away from the life-giving Nile absolute sterility grips the country. Sometimes water is raised by means of an arrangement called Archimedes'



DRINKING COFFEE—THE MOHAMMEDAN SUBSTITUTE FOR ALCOHOL

screw; in other places there are canals and irrigation ditches; and again, man and ox, harnessed to a primitive water-wheel, transport water by a weary process. Food is quite as scarce in the arid places, and is carried from Luxor on donkey or horseback. At times, even this transportation cannot be obtained, and provisions must be carried by hand or head. The Kalems' cook's assistant walked nine miles out to the desert each day, balancing their luncheon on his head.

The principal excursion from Luxor is to the Temple of Amen, at Karnac. This enormous pile of ruins measures no less than 1,200 by 350 feet within its enclosing walls. Amen, or Ammon, was so holy to the ancient Egyptians that his name, like the Hebrew name of God, was never pronounced. The temple dedicated to his worship was



AN EGYPTIAN WATER-WHEEL

begun in the eighteenth dynasty, about 1700 B.C., in the reign of Horus, and was carried on, with many interruptions, thru successive dynasties of Egyptians, Ethiopians and Persians, down to the reign of the Ptolemys, a span of thirteen centuries.

A Motion Picture Play

By RUTH RAYMOND

She stood beside the Lyric door,
With longing in her eyes,
Wooed by the music's lucid strains,
Like notes from Paradise;
Then laid a nickel on the shelf,
And walked the darkened way
That led her to the pleasure sought,
A Motion Picture play.

She watched the many scenes that passed,
With wonder and delight;
From valley low to mountain vast,
How rapid was the flight!
The hero was a manly youth,
The maiden blithe and gay,
And both held love a sacred truth
In Motion Picture play.

The story done, she rose to go,
Enraptured, yet alone,
Until a hand reached out to hers;
She heard a well-known tone
And words that she had longed to hear
For many a weary day;
Thus Fate had brought these lovers near
By Motion Picture play.

The Fighting Dervishes of the Desert

(Kalem)

By MONTANYE PERRY

From the Photoplay by Jack J. Clark

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Zarah, daughter of the Coptic High Priest.....*Gene Gauntier*
Hassan Ali, the Arab Sheik.....*Jack J. Clark*
Isma'il, Sheik of the Dervishes.....*Robt. G. Vignola*
Father Moosa, Coptic High Priest.....*J. P. McGowan*
Arab Runner.....*H. A. Farnham*
Arab Envoy.....*Abdulla Ya Fari*

SIX hundred miles inward from the Mediterranean, lies a level plain thru which the Nile glides placidly. Here the desert withdraws toward the hills which rim the horizon, east and west, and stretches of green fields, bathed in the unchanging sunlight of the Nile, smile upward to the amethyst skies. Here and there, shady sycamores cluster, or groups of palms shake their feathery greenness in the light breezes of the plains.

From the banks of the river to the faraway hills, and even into the valleys beyond, the ground is strewn with marvelous ruins, in piles imposing and glorious—the wondrous relics of a past that was ancient when Homer sang of "hundred-gated Thebes." For upon this plain stood that Egyptian city, which so abounded in stupendous palaces and temples that nations still gather to wonder at their ruins.

Centuries have slipped by and fallen into the vast storehouse of the ages since the days when the Moslem power lay over half the world. The huge population has melted away, and where the splendors of Thebes were spread, the plain is dotted only with widely scattered habitations of men, save where the single temple of Luxor remains, with its cluster of surrounding houses, teeming with a life that is so strangely like that life of long ago.

For the customs and manners of Egypt are as fixed and unchanging as her unvarying climate, or her immutable pyramids. Still the traveler may see the primitive wells where patient camels, circling monotonously, propel the rude water-wheels that bring the dripping water-jars to the surface. Still the wild life of the desert and the world-old civilization of the cities remain. Still at the call of the muezzins, the faithful followers of Mohammed turn devout faces toward sacred Mecca; and, in the old Coptic churches, the Christian service which the apostle Mark brought into this land so many centuries ago survives, in spite of the pitiless, age-long per-



HASSAN ALI VOWS HIS LOVE FOR ZARAH

secution at the hands of Moslem Arabs.

It is far back in the early days of Moslem and Coptic feud that our tale begins, when a thriving Coptic village lay upon the border of the Theban plain, its low houses clustered about the stately church where daily prayers were said. For months the villagers had rested in peaceful security, tilling their fields and tending their flocks, unmolested. And so, when Zarah, daughter of the Coptic High Priest, betook herself to the well at the edge of the village, there was no thought of fear in her mind, only an intense enjoyment of the loveliness of the early morning.

"Is it not beautiful?" she sighed, softly, letting the veil drop away from her face, as she turned dark, glowing eyes toward the east, where the faint gray-blue of the hills began to flush quiveringly into amber and rose. The village had not awakened yet, and all about her the stillness of the plains blended with the silence of the heavens. Her lifted face grew radiant as the sun crept upward, throwing a luster of gold on the hills, a radiance of rose in the hollow, and into her eyes stole a rapt look, as if thrilling, infinite mysteries were calling to her from out the shining spaces of the dawn.

It was thus that Hassan Ali, the Arab sheik, beheld her, as he galloped toward the well, seeking water for his thirsty steed. The noise of the turning water-wheel drowned the sound of approaching hoofs; and Zarah was unconscious of the sheik's presence until his voice accosted her, while his eyes devoured her beauty. The girl shrank back instantly, drawing the veil across her face as she picked up her water-jug, but the sheik spoke pleasantly.

"Why hasten away, fair maiden? I shall not harm thee. Canst not share the beauties of the morn with the stranger who seeks but water from thy well? Truly, the dawn on the desert is wonderful. Allah is great!"

"*God* is great!" retorted the girl, pausing for an instant to balance the jug more firmly upon her head, before she hastened away.

"Ah, a Coptic maid!" murmured the sheik, looking after her with a curious expression of wonder and admiration. "'Tis a Coptic village, then. A strange and perverse people are they, who worship not Allah—but the maiden is lovely as a lotus flower!"

"As lovely as a lotus flower," he repeated, and, as he mounted his horse again and sped over the tawny desert to his tribe's encampment, Zarah's dark eyes seemed to flash before him thru the swirling, golden dust. For days the vision lingered with him; waking or sleeping he dreamed of the graceful figure, with the dark, mystic eyes and the sweet voice which rang so proudly, "God is great!"

"I will seek her," he declared at last. "Tho she be but a humble Coptic maiden, I, Sheik Hassan, will wed her, because her beauty hath stirred my soul."

Beneath a cluster of palms beside the village well, the sheik waited anxiously for Zarah's approach. When she came, drinking in the beauty of the dawn as before, he gazed with rapturous eyes for a moment, before he went forward, speaking softly.

"Fair one," he breathed, tenderly, as she lifted startled eyes, while a flush of recognition swept across her face, "I come to seek thee, now. Day and night have I dreamed of thee, since I saw thee here with the dawn upon thy face. I, the great Sheik Hassan, will wed thee; thou shalt come with me across the desert; thou shalt be honored as my bride, because my heart adores thee, my lotus flower."

The speaker's voice was low and thrilling, his ardent face was dark and handsome. The heart of Zarah began to throb tumultuously, and the color deepened upon her cheek and brow. Still, she answered with shy dignity, her downcast eyes giving no hint of the gladness in their depths.

"My father's permission must first



FATHER MOOSA RECEIVES HASSAN'S ENVOY

be gained," she said, "and he is the Coptic High Priest. Thou art a Moslem; I know not whether he will consent to thy suit."

"It is well. Thou art a dutiful daughter and wilt make a dutiful wife," replied the sheik, proudly. "But fear not; thy father will gladly consent. Am I not a sheik, a man of power and wealth? Could I not, by a word, incite my tribesmen against this village? I will return to my encampment and send an envoy to thy father, as befitteth my position. Farewell then, until I come to claim thee, my own."

Waiting for no further word from the blushing maiden, the sheik sprang to his saddle, vanishing in a whirl of brown dust across the plain, while Zarah, her eyes shining with a new light, half gladness, half fear, turned toward her father's house.

The sun was approaching the golden rim of the desert as Sheik Hassan came from his tent and gazed eagerly across the plains, awaiting the return of his envoy. He smiled, as he gazed about at the peaceful encampment, where camel-drivers squatted beside their beasts, gnawing hungrily at flat loaves of yellow bread, and the beasts themselves drowsed peacefully, their humped shadows lying in dull blurs along the sands. Then, as his keen eye searched the level spaces, a lone rider sprang into view, silhouetted sharply against the sky as his camel rocked swiftly forward, the sand whirling upward with each stride, like puffs of yellow smoke.

"He comes," murmured Hassan; "he comes, with my answer."

But when the frightened envoy bowed before him with the Coptic priest's message, the peacefulness of the scene vanished, as the sheik burst forth in towering rage, venting his anger upon the cowering man who crouched at his feet.

"Thou liest," he roared, while men

and beasts sprang to their feet in instant dread. "Thou never went, as I bade thee; thou art deceiving me! Now, by Allah, I swear if thou tellest me not the truth thy bones shall bleach in the sands, and the vultures shall eat thy flesh. Tell me now, what said you to the High Priest, and what was his reply?"

"To the village did I ride, straight as the arrow flies, O Sheik," sobbed the terrified man. "I found the High Priest with his daughter upon the housetop, enjoying the summer air. I gave him thy gifts, and delivered thy words even as I was commanded. His face was stern, and he stretched forth his hand to me, with the gifts. 'Tell thy master,' he said, 'that Christian and Moslem cannot mate. Take back the gifts, and trouble our peace no more.' As Allah listens, O master, my words are true!"

"And the daughter?" gasped the sheik. "How looked she? Couldst see her face?"

"Her veil dropped, and she looked troubled, methought; but she bowed to her father's word, and spake not."

As the enraged Hassan raised his hands aloft in impotent, insane rage, there rose from the far desert the sound of wild, fierce music—a weird blatant chant, now shrilling into sharp distinctness, now dropping into harsh guttural, rising and falling in acrid cadence, growing steadily louder and more discordant, coming nearer and nearer.



HASSAN INCITES THE DERVISHES TO MASSACRE

"The dervishes!" cried the sheik, exultantly. "Allah hath sent them to avenge me upon that wretched Christian tribe! Now by him who hath raised the skies above the desert I swear that before another sunset that Coptic village shall be destroyed —not one soul shall be left alive!"

In an instant more the dervishes

rode madly up before the tents, their grim faces distorted with the passion of their wild chant, their bodies swaying in weird rhythmic unison, as they dropped from their camels and, without a moment's pause, took up the mad, fierce dance of the desert. Faster and faster whirled the dance, louder and fiercer grew the tumult, wilder and more fanatical shrilled their cries to Allah, their threats against all unbelievers. Thru it all moved Hassan, spurring on their zeal, inciting to fresh outbursts and excesses, feeding the fuel of their fanaticism with the cool plotting of his brain. At last the moment came when Sheik Hassan himself seized a sword, and, whirling it aloft, called out frenziedly:

"Death to all who praise not Allah! Tomorrow shall we destroy the Copts —we shall scatter their bones on the desert!"

"We shall scatter their bones," chanted the dervishes, beginning anew their fearful dance; "on the desert shall they lie; men and women, youths and maidens, all shall die—all shall die!"

Youths and maidens—*maidens!* Suddenly there flashed before Sheik Hassan's eyes the face of Zarah as he had seen it last, sweet and shy, flushed from his own impassioned words. How pure and tender she had seemed, this Christian maid. Should her bright beauty be struck down by the blow of a howling, frenzied fanatic? He shuddered, and, dropping the sword which he still held aloft, walked apart from the dancing mob, out upon the sands, where he threw himself down in anxious thought.

Slowly the peace of the desert entered his soul. The abrupt blackness of an Eastern night had swept down, blotting out the wide stretching distances, but the cloudless dome above was flecked with myriads of shining stars, which looked down upon him like calm, pitying eyes, speaking love and forgiveness. Again he saw Zarah's eyes, dark and tender and trustful. The silence of the desert had done its work—anger and malice had died from his heart when he rose.

But as he walked toward the camp again, a sharp conviction smote him with terror. Those whirling, howling fanatics could not be turned from their course until their fury had burned itself out! He was powerless now to quench this flame, which he had fanned into a fierce blaze.

"There is but one way," he decided: "I must send a trusted runner to warn Zarah, before the day breaks."

Quietly he called his fleetest runner, beckoning him far from the camp, where he gave him quick, imperative instruction.

"Start at once," he commanded; "in a few moments the moon will rise, and thou wilt be seen if thou art not far from here then. Fly to the Coptic village; search out the High Priest's daughter; give her my warning. Great shall be thy reward. Go, now!"

"I go, O Sheik," said the boy, obediently, as he bent his strong bronze body, priming his limbs for swift flight. An instant later he vanished into the blackness of the night, and Hassan turned to his tent with lightened heart.

On sped the runner across the sands, his bare feet flying faster and faster as he warmed to his task. Across bare, dreary wastes, over dune and hollow, with noiseless, unfaltering pace. The moon rose, throwing shadows of black and lines of silver on the pale sand, which seemed to stretch farther and farther away into emptiness as he advanced.

At last the palms and sycamores of the Theban plain stood out before him, waving spiritlike in the moon's rays. The desert sloped gently now onto the plain; in an hour his task would be accomplished. Suddenly, out of the desert's stillness, a sound broke—the beat, beat of hoofs, thudding nearer and nearer. Had Sheik Hassan altered his purpose? Could this strange rider, galloping so madly, bear a new message? The runner



HASSAN'S MESSENGER IS SLAIN

slackened speed, turning an inquiring face backward, as the dark form bore down upon him. Swift as lightning's flash a shot rang out; the runner fell backward, his faithful face upturned to the sky, his bronzed limbs stiffening in death, while the dark form whirled swiftly, galloping back across the sands.

The sharp eyes of the dervish Ishma'ik had observed the change in Hassan's demeanor; his sharp ears had heard the charge to the runner, and he had waited only until Hassan slept within his tent, to mount and ride in pursuit of the messenger. His purpose was accomplished. No warning came to Zarah, who slept peacefully in her father's house; no thought of his runner's failure disturbed Hassan, slumbering in his tent on the desert.

In the ancient Coptic church the service proceeded with its usual calm solemnity. With level, monotonous voice the High Priest read the lesson, and the people's murmured responses came back with clear unanimity. Their eyes saw no vision of a frenzied mob of fanatics bearing down upon their village; their ears caught no wild cries, no crack of whips above swift horses' backs, no shouts of "Oosh! oosh!" to velvet-footed camels padding steadily nearer. Their heads were bowed in reverence, their thoughts fixed on far heavenly things, as the priest presented the Host, his aged face alight with earnest piety. Then, with an awful crash, the doors burst open—the aisles were filled with howling, dancing fiends. There was no time for thought, no time for resistance, no time for aught save death! The whirling, shrieking foe descended upon them like a whirlwind, and like a whirlwind swept away again, in pursuit of the screaming women who had escaped from



THE DERVISHES ENTER THE VILLAGE

their portion of the church and fled frantically thru the alleys.

Crouched by a high wall, Sheik Hassan listened with horror to the awful tumult, whispering to himself in agony, "Did she get the message? Is she safe? Why did she not warn the others? Did the runner fail?"

It seemed hours that he stood there, listening to the shrieks of the women die out in awful, smothered sounds as they were captured, one by one. Suddenly, at the end of the long, straight passageway where he stood, a maiden appeared, dashing straight toward him. Her veil had slipped away, and a mass of long, black hair streamed about her face. A man was running after her, coming close, with upraised dagger, as she faltered, exhausted. Breathless, she turned, and, disdaining appeal for mercy, threw up her head proudly, awaiting the fatal blow. But in that instant's pause Hassan had seen plainly the white, tortured face—it was the face of Zarah! Instantly he was upon her pursuer—one swift thrust, and the man lay prone, his blood reddening the flagstones, as Hassan, wrapping the girl in the folds of his cloak, sped cautiously away with her.

Into the ruins of an ancient temple, just outside the stricken village, the moon's rays poured that night, touching the tall pillars, the crumbling walls, the fluted columns, with a shimmering, mystic light. Dimly thru the gloom gleamed marble statues, pale ghosts of vanished days. In a far recess gathered a few sobbing women, a few stricken, stern-faced men, to worship at a rude altar, improvised in this heathen ruin for their Christian faith. Into this refuge stole Zarah, with Hassan, and, pausing beneath an arched portal, held out a slim hand in farewell.

"Never will I forget thee," she said. "Thou hast given me life. My prayers shall follow thee always."



ZARAH IS SAVED BY HASSAN

"Come with me," begged Hassan; "come with me into the desert. There, in some quiet spot, we will make our home, and thou shalt forget thy sorrows. Thou hast no father now, no mother. I will protect, love thee."

For a moment the girl gazed wistfully into his eager eyes, then she shook her head with sad finality.

"It cannot be," she said. "In life my father forbade me to wed you, a Moslem, and in death I will not disobey him. Christian and Moslem cannot wed."

"Then will I become Christian," exclaimed Hassan, vehemently. "Is there aught a man shall not do for the woman of his heart? Come to me, my lotus flower; faithful will I be—see, I kiss the Cross!"

Kneeling there in the moonlight, he kist the cross of his sword-hilt, then rose, with face transfigured, holding out wooing arms. And over Zarah's white, grief-lined face stole a look of radiant content, as she slipped her hands into his, leading him softly toward the altar.

Transients

By ELISE WILLIAMSON

Shadow people in the pictures,
Here's a bumper filled to you!
You're a merry lot of comrades,
You're a pipin' clever crew—
Comin' bobbin' up from nowhere
In your funny silent way.
What's the use of rushin' off so?
Why, we'd like to have you *stay*.

The District Attorney's Conscience

(Reliance)

By STELLA MACHEFERT

WILFRED BURR hung up the receiver of his desk telephone, and turned, with radiant face, to his wife.

"Grace, dear, they've arrested the man suspected of that Henry Street murder, so I shall have to get busy on the case immediately. I feel confident I can win a conviction, tho the evidence so far is meager, merely circumstantial. It will mean hard work —but think of the glory for the new district attorney, if he wins his first case!"

He took his wife's hands, and drew her to him. "Wish me success, sweetheart. I want it more for you than for myself. I want you to be proud of your husband, dearest!"

But there was no reflection of his enthusiasm in her face; instead, she looked very grave, very uncertain. "You say the evidence is merely circumstantial, Wilfred. Surely, you will not try to send the prisoner to the electric chair, unless you are absolutely convinced of his guilt?" she half questioned, half asserted.

"Why, of course I wont, dear," he protested. "But the proof is strong and the motive has been established, so I shall have no difficulty in forging a perfect chain of evidence. I must get right down to my office. Good-by, dear."

"By-by, darling. Dont work too hard," she admonished, lovingly, as she accompanied him to the door.

The young couple were in the tender springtime of their married life. Their wedding had quickly followed his election to the office of district attorney; and, with the realization of his ambitious aims, and the attainment of happiness in his love, Wilfred Burr counted himself a very fortunate man. But fuller measure yet he sought, for to the pure gold of his own desire for a notable record was added the hardening alloy of pride and determination in respect of his wife's family. Their wealth and social position imposed upon him the obligation to lengthen his strides in his pursuit of the elusive goddess Fame. And he had a flashing intuition that in this murder case he would be borne forward in his quest, as tho on the winged sandals of Hermes.

Elated and sanguine, he hastened to his office and set about his preparations for the trial. He looked over the evidence, examined witnesses, sent out detectives, in the hope of gathering fresh shreds of proof, quizzed the prisoner, who had come thru the "third degree" wild-eyed and tremulous, but still doggedly maintaining his innocence. As Burr had anticipated, it was a full day and a wearing day, and, despite his satisfaction, he heaved a sigh of relief as he left his office and turned his face toward home.

Grace was eagerly awaiting him, having a day's hoard of affection with which to greet him.

"You look tired, dear," she remarked. "I believe you disobeyed me, and worked too hard, you bad boy!"

"Scold on, thou sweet and glorious woman, scold!" he retorted. "I have worked hard, and I have accomplished much, and, in my righteousness, I scorn your cruel words!"

She laughed joyously at his dramatics. "Come into the library and tell me every single little thing you've done today," she commanded, drawing him within the room.

"Well, I have seen the prisoner, and gone into the case as far as it is developed. There is no doubt of the fellow's guilt, so I have sketched out my plan for the prosecution. May I inquire if this report is satisfactory?" he asked, with twinkling eyes.



LOGAN IS PUT THRU THE "THIRD DEGREE"

To his surprise, she was very sober. "I suppose," she began, with diffidence, "that I am hypersensitive, but I hate to think of your being instrumental in sending a man to his death."

"You mustn't be sentimental, dear," he warned. "This man has taken life; there is a law for his punishment; and, as district attorney, I am obliged to see the law carried out. It is all not only legal, but just. It is natural and womanly of you to have an abhorrence of capital punishment, but you are too sensible to grow mawkish or morbid over a criminal. Suppose the man had killed me——"

"Wilfred, stop!" she exclaimed, her arms tight about his neck, and her cheek pressed to his.

"Ah! the point of view makes a difference, doesn't it?" he laughed, kissing her.

"It's that circumstantial evidence that worries me," she replied. "If no one saw him commit the murder, I think he should have the benefit of the doubt."

"Probably as many men have been convicted on false evidence of eye-witnesses as on circumstantial evidence," he replied. "Trust me to be fair, dear, and dont worry. Now, we must go up and dress, or we'll be late for dinner at your father's—and you know what a stickler he is."

The trial of James Logan for the crime of murder was moving expeditiously to its close. The papers commented favorably upon the skill that had set before the public an example in the economy of time and of the taxpayers' money. There had been no difficulty in impaneling a jury, there was no superfluity of witnesses or cross-examination—everything had worked smoothly and rapidly. And now had come the last day—the one for which Wilfred Burr had yearned and planned, the one that was to make him quoted as deserving of legal honors, or that was

to brand him with ineptitude. The counsel for the defense had finished his plea, and, after a recess, the district attorney arose and addressed the court.

Upon a deathlike silence his words fell clear and ringing. He constructed his theory of the commission of the murder step by step, according to the evidence and the logic deduced from his knowledge of crime and criminals. As he proceeded, the burly figure of the accused man shrank into his chair, but never once did he withdraw from the prosecutor his straining, dilating eyes, that burned in the brutish vacuity of his face. Stroke by stroke, Burr sketched with the directness of a master the wretched, shambling existence of the prisoner, the immoral character of his mind, his easy acceptance of crime, then its premeditation and consummation. Vitriolic denunciations showered upon the prisoner, and he shuddered and writhed in agony, as tho the acid were indeed eating into his soul. Then, in a great finale of forensic eloquence, Burr demanded the full penalty of the law for the craven wretch, whose liberty would mean the jeopardizing of innocent lives.

He sat down amid a silence that gradually stirred and awoke with a murmur of appreciation. Admiring glances spoke their applause, and his pulse beat madly, as he rested with the knowledge of a sensational success.

The judge charged the jury. As they filed out to deliberate on the verdict, Burr strolled into the corridor. His progress was one continuous ovation, and he tasted of the heady sweets of celebrity when he



"THAT IS THE PRISONER'S BOY"

overheard a group of reporters characterizing his summing-up speech as "magnificent."

He was flushed and smiling when Grace caught sight of him and hastened toward him. "Oh, how is it going, Wilfred?" she asked, breathlessly.

"The jury is out now and we expect a quick verdict. But I thought you were not coming down."

"I was so nervous and restless, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I got father to bring me down," she explained.

"You were just too late to hear your devoted husband making the rafters ring," he laughed.

"I am sorry I missed it, but I was afraid my presence would make you nervous," she answered, earnestly. Then she asked quickly: "Did you get my letter?"

"Yes, dear; but there was a clear course to follow. His counsel looked after his interests, you know. I wish you wouldn't worry about the fellow," he said, soothingly.

"I suppose I am foolish," she admitted, with a smile. "But I couldn't help sending you one last word to let you know I was of the same mind."

The letter referred to was one she had written that morning and sent by messenger to her husband just before court opened. It was her last plea to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

"I am glad you are not on the jury, you obstinate girl," he said, affectionately.

Grace was observing the people thronging the corridor. "Wilfred," she said, suddenly, "look at that child over there. What a sad face he has! What do you suppose he is doing here?"

"That is the prisoner's boy," he answered. "He's been at the trial every day, and he's always hanging around the prison, they tell me."

Grace's eyes filled with tears. "Poor little chap!" she murmured. Then she went swiftly over to the little boy, who stood with downcast



MRS. BURR REFUSES TO ALLOW THE PRISONER'S BOY TO HEAR THE VERDICT

eyes, his thin, nervous fingers plucking at his shabby cap.

"Boy," she said, softly, "what's your name?"

"Bobby Logan, ma'am," he answered, with a rapid upward glance that disclosed heavy, brooding eyes.

"The man in there——" she began, nodding toward the court-room.

"That's me fadher, ma'am," he replied, in a muffled voice, as tho choking down a sob. "An' he never done it, no more'n I did!" he added, passionately.

"Was he always good to you?" queried Grace.

"You bet he was! Him an' me was pals," he answered, proudly. "I aint never had no mother."

Grace put her arm about the thin little shoulders and drew him close to her.

"Wot're they goin' to do to him?" he asked, fearfully.

"I dont know, Bobby. I hope he'll

be acquitted," she answered, with fervor.

Word passed around that the jury had reached a verdict, and the crowd rushed toward the door.

Wilfred Burr hurried to Grace. "Are you coming in?"

"Yes; I'll take the boy in with me," she answered, sadly.

The jury returned to their places; the prisoner was brought in. Grace presaged the decision of those twelve men, who looked haggard and portentously solemn. She felt that she could not endure to hear the fatal words. "Come," she said to the boy, "let's go out." With an arm about him, she turned and looked full at the prisoner, striving to fathom the truth, and to convey to him that the boy had found a friend. The eyes of a hunted animal responded steadfastly to her gaze. Their tragic appeal was too harrowing—she rushed from the room.

Wilfred Burr turned homeward that evening in buoyant spirits. His name was on the lips of the town; his friends were openly hinting at future honors. Reaching the house, he went to the library. Grace came to him, with a quiet smile.

"I hear, sir," she said, "that you are a modern Demosthenes. It appears that you have made a very wonderful speech."

Farther than that she could not go; she could not congratulate him on the outcome of the trial. She had read of it in the afternoon editions—of the verdict of "guilty in the first degree," and of how the condemned man had sprung in maniacal rage at the district attorney, but had been struck down and dragged to his cell. The horror of it was with her yet, and always the doubt of his guilt. Wilfred felt it, and his enthusiasm waned.

"I brought the boy home with me," she informed him, hesitatingly. "I want to keep him and take care of him—may I?"

"Where is he?" he asked.

"I'll fetch him," she answered.



BOBBY SHAKES HANDS CONFIDINGLY WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

She had had the child bathed and groomed and dressed as were the children of her friends. The boy that she led into the library was a good-looking little chap, with fine features and great, sad eyes, that met one frankly and steadily. The district attorney was surprised at the unlooked-for metamorphosis, and pleased at the manly bearing of the little chap. He held out his hand and Bobby placed his confidingly within it.

"Mrs. Burr tells me that she would like to have you stay with us. What do you say about it?" Burr asked.

"I'd like it fine!" answered the boy, rapturously. "She sure has been good to me!"

"The majority has it, my dear," he smiled.

"But you?" she queried.

"I belong to the majority, too," he assured her.

"Wilfred, you're a dear!" she exclaimed, as she led the boy away.

But when they had gone, an uncomfortable feeling that had flicked at Burr as he stood holding the boy's hand, began to grow into a succession of twinges. He felt less proud of his achievement in sending the boy's father to the electric chair. And, then, gradually, looming like blurred figures out of a mist and melting into it again, recurred the doubts that his wife had been dinning into his ears for weeks. Impatiently, he threw off the mood and picked up a book to read.

That was the beginning of Wilfred Burr's wrestling with his conscience. Day after day, his mind grew limp to the task on which he tried to concentrate, and he would sit staring by the hour at the inscrutable face of this new dilemma. As time went on and the detectives he had sent out could bring him no fresh clues, either of a damning or an exonerating nature, he went carefully over the case, looking for loopholes, hoping to stumble upon some technicality that would warrant a reopening of the case. But he had builded too well—there was not the tiniest rift in the construction of his prosecution. The thing was inevitable. He tried to be fatalistic over it, but his conscience, refusing to be lulled, fretted at his nerves. His doubts took on the weight of dead things, dragging him down to gloomy and terrifying depths. He realized the condemned man's position—his terror, his helplessness under the crushing wheels of this inexorable juggernaut, the Law. His own part in the torture of that human soul appeared inexplicably cruel. This was no foe of his; the crime of which he was accused touched the district attorney no more closely than a theoretical case in a law book; and the man might well be innocent; yet he, the public prosecutor, had passionately, with all the fire of his intellect, with all the art and craft of his profession, sought and encompassed the taking of the creature's life.

The morning that he read of the gruesome "electrocution," he bowed his head upon his hands and prayed for the picture to be wiped from his mind. He sat in his office surrounded by luxurious furnishings, and he knew that he had but to pass thru a couple of doors to be out in the street and mixing with the crowds. Yet, as he sat there, gray walls closed in on him, there came a shuffling tramp of feet, and into the death-chamber came the man he had convicted. There was a swift adjusting in the chair, the sudden horrible stiffening of the muscles and the straining of the straps. It was all over—the man had paid the penalty, if guilty. If! Wilfred Burr rose from his chair, wiping the cold drops from his brow. "Almighty God!" he almost sobbed, "is this never going to cease?"

Why should he be so haunted? The man was of no account—he was of the "submerged tenth" of humanity. Yet, argued conscience, was not his life as precious to him—on his plane, was it not as full of possibilities, of futurity, as Burr's own? Grant that it was the one gift of a grudging destiny, why should another long so desperately to wrest it from him? The man was not all brute—there was the boy who loved him, the boy now in Burr's own home, and a daily reminder of what he would forget. The love of that boy for his father spoke of years of affection and such care as one of his hard, gray existence could bestow. And for the glory of success, for the triumph of winning his case "for the people," he had sent the shivering wretch into that appalling valley of oblivion!

Verily, the fair face of Triumph began to wear a jibing leer, and her shimmering, wafting draperies drooped and clung like cerements!

Into his morbid reflections broke a white-haired man. He carried a paper in his hand, and was evidently racked by some emotion.

"Ah! Mr. Martin," Burr greeted him, "do you wish to see me?"

"Yes, Mr. Burr," he answered; "I want to speak to you about this James Logan who was executed this morning."

The district attorney made a protesting gesture, but queried shortly: "Well, what about him?"

"You dont know, of course, Mr. Burr, that I was the only juror on that trial that believed the man innocent. I held out for acquittal as long as I could, but in the end they argued me over to the other side. But when I saw this—" he slapped the paper—"I felt like a murderer! Thinking it all over again, I cant see how the evidence could have convicted him."

Sick at heart, unstrung by his own doubts, Burr, nevertheless, laid before the old man the strong points of the prosecution, and succeeded in sending him away in a calmer frame of mind. It was a terrible day for him, and that evening Grace hovered about him anxiously.

"You know you're not well, dear. Let me send for the doctor," she pleaded.

"The doctor couldn't help me, dear. It's that affair of Bobby's father that is worrying me. You know that I was fair, but, of course, I had to make the most of the evidence brought in. He protested to the last that he was innocent. And now Mr. Martin, who was on the jury, has been in today declaring that he considered him innocent. I feel as if I should go mad, for I have come to believe in the man's innocence!"

"Wilfred!" cried Grace, in horror.

"And it's too late to do anything—the man's dead!" he cried, moving restlessly about. "I think I'll call up Hoover, his counsel, and tell him just how I feel about it, and see if he can suggest any amends I can make."

Mr. Hoover answered over the telephone that he would come up to the Burrs' home immediately.

When he arrived, he found a very different man from the one who had opposed him at the trial.

"Why, you're not looking very well, Burr. Anything the matter?" he asked, solicitously.

The district attorney explained to him the throes he had been passing thru. Slowly Hoover drew a paper from his pocket.

"Written last night," he said. "His last words. He bound me to secrecy unless an occasion should arise in which it would be absolutely necessary to divulge it. I think this is such an occasion."

He put the paper into Burr's hand. Grace read over his shoulder. A sigh of infinite relief broke from both. It was a confession written and signed by James Logan.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Burr, fervently. He threw his head back against the chair, in sheer exhaustion. "Thank God! Thank God!" he murmured, almost hysterically.

When Mr. Hoover had gone, Grace asked softly: "Shall I bring Bobby in?"

"Yes, do, dear!" replied her husband, heartily. "He doesn't know, does he?"

"No, indeed; nor will he ever



BOBBY IS CONTENT WITH HIS NEW FATHER AND MOTHER

know, if I can help it," she answered.

Bobby had prepared for bed and came running in clad in his pajamas.

"Well, Bobby, old man, let's have a little talk before we go to bed," suggested Wilfred Burr.

Bobby climbed upon his knee and was soon giving a vivacious account of the interesting day just passed, totally oblivious of the dramatic events that had so startled his benefactors. And he wondered why Mr. Burr clasped him so close, and why his beautiful, new mother had tears in her eyes when she bent and kist him.

The Photoplay House

By WILLIAM H. KOFOED

About six or seven years ago, one of the first "Motion Picture Parlours," as they were then styled, was opened on an uptown business street in Philadelphia. The owner was a crabbed old fellow, who had failed to make good in the several occupations in which he had previously been engaged. He rented a store and altered the front in the approved fashion of the time. The seating capacity of the place was about two hundred, and the show was to last a full fifteen minutes; pictures changed every week. A phonograph was placed on a small table near the door, and the gentleman was ready for business.

"The venture will fall flat," declared his neighbor, contemptuously; "his audiences will consist of but a few children living in this section of the city."

On opening day, or night, rather, crowds were waiting on the sidewalk fully an hour before the doors were opened.

The old fellow gave eight or ten exhibitions of an evening and always had a full house. After a few weeks, he hired a singer and indulged the populace in the luxury of an illustrated song (a feature that is now fast dying out). He made steady improvements on the place and, after three years of prosperity, sold the business at a fabulous price and retired.

So much for the pioneers of the Photoplay house and how they prospered in their "twenty-foot front" stores. But now, with the tremendous increase of popularity and demand for high-class and instructive Photoplays, it is necessary that the buildings be large, hygienic, and up-to-date. The store theater, it must be remembered, is a thing of but a short time past. This serves to illustrate the wonderful growth of the business.

The Photoplay house of modern times rivals many of the best theaters. Almost every day we read of new and wonderful places in the process of building. Let us view one of these buildings. Massive and imposing in structure, it is a masterpiece of the architect's pen. The long, snow-white lobby with the high arched ceiling above, where cherubs are floating about upon silken clouds, is in itself an invitation to enter. The man in uniform with the ticket machine before him takes the place of the old-time colored boy who sat in a chair and punched the small piece of cardboard you held in your hand. And there are more uniformed men inside to attend to the seating of your august being and otherwise see to your welfare. And all this service and amusement for five or ten cents! The Motion Picture house is truly the home of the people.

Once on the inside, in that artistic, spacious, and well ventilated place, what wonders do we not behold? Reader, you have been there, so it would be useless for me to describe it.

In hot weather, there are cooling breezes on all sides. In cold weather, it is warm and comfortable. And very few there are who cannot afford to treat themselves to the entertainment and enlightenment of the Photoplay house.

The Laurel Wreath of Fame

(Essanay)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Maria ..... *E. Dolores Cassinelli*
Guido ..... *Francis X. Bushman*

A YELLOW flood of sunlight was filtering thru the delicate draperies of the windows, touching the dainty furnishings of the little apartment into a radiant glow. Outside, in the park, daffodils and tulips flaunted their gay colors proudly, and pretty girls, as sweet and fresh as the flowers, strolled up and down the walks, enjoying the first warmth of spring. Birds called to one another in the trees outside the windows, and inside, the yellow canary in his gilt cage broke into a perfect riot of song, pouring out his little heart in sheer gladness for the glow and color of the morning.

"Just listen to Pepita," exclaimed a girl who was standing in the window, watching the gay tide of travel in the park. "I really think she is trying to sing your new song for you, Guido. Is it nearly finished?"

"It is all finished, Maria, and you must sing it for me. Yours must be the first voice to try it. Mother"—springing up from his desk, and raising his voice slightly—"come! The song is finished, at last. Come; we will play it for Maria to sing."

At his call, a woman entered from the adjoining room, smiling tenderly at the flushed, excited face of her son, who took up his violin as she seated herself at the piano. Together they played the first bold chord of the accompaniment; then the girl's voice, glad, lilting, yet with a note of tender feeling trilling thru its sweetness, took up the words.

It was a glad, brave song—a song of undaunted hope, of unquenched enthusiasm. Only youth could have written it, and only youth could have entered into its spirit as did this dark-eyed singer, smiling over the music into Guido's dreamy eyes, as her voice drifted into the refrain:

Oh, the road lies straight before me,
And the stars shine clear above;
I ride, I ride for my laurel wreath,
I ride for fame—and love!

As the song ceased, Guido dropped his violin, and caught both of Maria's hands in an eager grasp, while the mother went softly from the room.

"Is it beautiful, Maria?" Guido pleaded. "It sounds beautiful, with your voice, but anything sounds lovely to me, when you sing it. Do you think it will be a success? Will it bring me fame?"

"It is beautiful, Guido," answered the girl, "but as to fame—who can tell? Fame is a bright will-o'-the-wisp, fluttering ahead of us with shining wings!"

"I shall make her my captive!" declared the boy, proudly. "Something tells me that I shall wear my laurel wreath."

"I hope so," smiled the girl, "and I wish you success. Wish me success, too, Guido, for I am going away soon; perhaps I shall return with a laurel wreath, too; who knows?"

"Going away?" exclaimed Guido, bewildered; "where are you going?"

"Where should I go to study my music, but to Germany? Mother has consented at last, and I am to start next week. Why are you so surprised—have I not talked and dreamed of it for years?"

"But, Maria, you are going away from all you love—away from home—away from me!" he stammered. "Why should you do this? How can you wish to leave us?"



MARIA COMPLIMENTS GUIDO ON THE EXCELLENCE OF HIS COMPOSITION

"Do you think a woman cares nothing for fame—nothing for success?" queried the girl, a trifle coldly. "Like the gallant youth of your song, 'I ride, I ride for my laurel wreath.' Remember, I love my art as you love yours."

The boy turned to the window, and stood very quiet for a time, looking out into the park where the gay colors of the flowers blurred thru the mist of his tears. Finally he turned, his dark eyes looked pleadingly into Maria's, while he spoke in a voice that trembled with the tumult of his youthful feeling.

"But you will stay with me, for love, will you not, Maria?" he breathed. "Fame for the man, love for the woman—it is the way of the world, and there is no better way. We shall be happy, my dearest. Stay with me, and forget these restless longings."

"No," declared the girl, resolutely, "I love my art better than anything else. I shall go; I have a right to life and to work, as well as you have. Those who ride for fame, must ride alone, my Guido!"

There were many other words spoken—impassioned, pleading, even angry words, before the girl went away from the sunny apartment, and Guido sought his mother's room, to pour his troubles into her sympathetic ears.

"Never mind, my Guido," she said,

soothingly, caressing his dark hair softly, "Maria will return, after a few months of study. You must work hard, so that you may be ready to meet her. With your violin, and your talent for composition, you will surely win success, and Maria will be proud of you. You have youth, health, talent, and money enough to continue your studies—what lad could have better prospects?"

But the boy's emotional, sensitive nature was stirred to its very depths at the thought of parting from the girl who had been his sweetheart from the days when they had lisped their nursery songs together. For hours he sat in a black, despondent mood, while his mother, with anxious eyes, moved restlessly about the apartment, longing to comfort him. At last she heard the notes of his violin creeping out of the gloom, and her face lightened.

"His music will comfort him," she whispered. "Poor lad—he is so young, so ardent, so full of dreams and hope! What would he do without his mother?"

Was there some vague foreshadowing of the future in the mother's words? Did some intuition warn her that her boy would soon be without her comforting presence? Before a year had slipped by they laid her to rest in the quiet burial-ground where her husband lay waiting for her, and Guido faced the world alone, with only his beloved violin for solace.

From the very first, calamities multiplied for Guido. With his mother's death, their income, which had been abundant, stopped. He was forced to sell the furnishings of the pretty apartment and move into humble quarters. Still, hope burned brightly within his breast. The sale of the furniture brought enough money for a few weeks' expenses, and he determined to work very hard, sell many songs, and win the fame and fortune for which he longed so ardently.

"It was the spur of necessity that I needed," he told himself, bravely. "I shall compose wonderful music now. Have not our greatest geniuses been poor men, who lived in attics?"

But no success rewarded the poor boy. Only polite, printed rejection slips came to him in return for the manuscripts over which he spent so many weary hours. Little by little his money went; little by little his hope and courage ebbed. Still he toiled on, playing and composing far into the night, often faint and sick from hunger and cold, but seeing always, in his restless dreams, fame fluttering almost within his reach. His scanty bits of furniture were sold, his watch and ulster were pawned, nothing remained but his violin. It was a rare old instrument, almost priceless in its value, but no thought of selling it entered Guido's mind; to think of selling this treasure would have been as unnatural as for a mother to think of selling her child.

At last there came a day when his landlord harshly demanded that he pay his overdue rent, or leave the little room which was his only refuge.

"I shall be able to pay you, very soon," declared Guido, earnestly; "see, here is a song I have just finished. I am sure this one will be accepted by the publishers, then I shall have plenty of money."

"Songs, is it?" exclaimed the practical landlord, scornfully, "if it's songs you're expecting to pay your rent with you might as well go now, and be done with it; but I'll give you another day. Then, if you cant pay, out you go—see?"

Trembling and faint, Guido hurried along the streets toward the great publishing house where he hoped to sell his song.

"The manager is out," said the clerk at the desk, "but you may leave your manuscript; I will call his attention to it." Then, seeing the anxiety in the musician's eyes, he added kindly, "I hope you will be successful; anyhow, I promise you that you will hear from us promptly."

Cheered by the friendly words, Guido hurried homeward, his mind aflame again with dreams of success and fame.

"I shall win, yet," he muttered. "I shall become rich and famous; then I will look for Maria again. Poor Maria! How she must wonder at my long silence—but I cannot tell her of my misfortunes. I wonder where she is now?"

As if in answer to his question, a big poster suddenly flared out before him, from the front of the Grand Opera House, which he was passing. In letters a foot high a name stood out before his astonished eyes: MARIA MEDICI! Half dazed, he read the poster which announced the arrival from Germany of the celebrated soprano—his playmate in childhood, his sweetheart in boyhood, his never-forgotten ideal in manhood, Maria! As he gazed, bewildered by the suddenness of this knowledge, there was a flash of wheels, and a limousine stopped beside him; its door was opened, and out stepped Maria, to meet the startled, wondering gaze of Guido. With a glad cry of recognition, she stretched out her hand.

"Guido!" she exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you! I have wondered so often what had become of you? Have you forgotten me, so soon?"

In her long opera-cloak, with a shimmering silken scarf wound about her head and shoulders, she looked like some lovely vision, and for a moment Guido stared, unable to believe his senses. Then he caught his breath sharply, and lifted his head with his old proud manner.

"You honor me, madame," he said, coldly; "I rejoice to hear of your great success, but I would not presume upon old friendship to force myself upon one who is now so far above me."

"But, Guido," began Maria, astonished, "why——"

But he was gone, vanishing quickly in the crowd, and with a puzzled sigh Maria turned to her maid, who had been listening in unconcealed surprise.

"Hortense," she said, hurriedly, "I want you to follow that man, and find out where he lives. Do not let him see you—do you understand?"

"Oui, madame," and the maid's tall figure hurried down the street, while Maria entered the opera house. All thru the evening, her thoughts reverted to her old friend. She wondered what had happened to him; why he looked so poor and shabby; above all, why he had treated her so coldly. It was a relief when the concert was over and she was able to question the maid and learn the results of her mission.

"Ah, mon Dieu, he is so poor, madame!" exclaimed the voluble maid. "He live in tiny room in big, miserable house. He have no money to pay even for that poor room, the owner says. Tomorrow he will be put out in street."

"Tomorrow I will go to see him," said Maria, decidedly. "He shall not want for friends or help while I am able to assist him. We will go tomorrow morning, Hortense."

Maria kept her word; but to find Guido was easier than to help him. He received her with dignified courtesy, which could not hide the love and admiration of his eyes, but her offers of money he steadfastly refused.

"No," he said, firmly, "I cannot take your help. I must make my own way in the world; a man must succeed, or fail, by himself."

"But, Guido," she begged, "why should you be so proud as to refuse help from me—your oldest friend? We have been friends since we were tiny children—do the old days count for nothing with you?"

"They count for everything with me," he replied, his eyes flashing. "When I succeed, when I am famous and rich, I shall seek you. Day and night have I thought of you, dreamed of you, longed for you. But I must succeed; I will succeed, and I cannot take your money. I have a song at the publisher's, now, which I feel sure will be accepted. If it is, my name will be made, and I shall be worthy to come to you."

As he spoke, there was a rap at the door, and the landlord thrust in a scowling face, holding out a bulky letter. Guido opened it hastily, with trembling hands and a look of eager



MARIA CALLS ON GUIDO

anticipation. Then, with an exclamation of bitter disappointment, he dropped the letter, while Maria looked at him with pitying eyes.

"Dear Guido," she said, softly, "let me help you."

"No," he cried, furiously, "I will make my fight alone! I swear that I will yet win fame! Go away, Maria, I cannot bear your eyes looking at me so pitifully—go!"

He dropped into a chair, burying his face in his hands, while the rejected song fell upon the floor. The girl bent, softly, picked up the song, looked at it, and the tender look in her eyes deepened. It was the old song—the one that she had sung for him in his mother's sunny parlor. He had altered and improved the air, and a stanza had been added; but the refrain was the same, and she hummed the closing words softly—"I ride for fame—and love!" Still Guido remained motionless. With a sudden, cautious movement the girl slipped the manuscript into the folds of her cloak and stole softly away. An hour later, Guido arose, and with white face and wild eyes, went out into the streets to pace up and down for long hours, thinking desperately of his failure and his bitter need.

The moonlight was streaming into the one window of the little room when Guido returned, and in its fitful light he groped for his beloved violin —his only solace in the long, sleepless nights. It was not in its usual place, and he fumbled about, at first impatiently, then anxiously, striking a light to aid his search. The violin was gone!

As he gazed wildly around, a faint flicker on the hearth caught his eye, and he bent, to find a mass of charred papers, that fell into white dust before his touch.

"My songs!" he exclaimed. "Who has burned them? And my violin—where is it?"

Swift fear clutched at his heart as his eyes swept the room, frenziedly. Suddenly, with a cry of rage and



GUIDO FINDS HIS VIOLIN BROKEN INTO FRAGMENTS

horror, he darted forward, clutching at the remains of his violin, scattered upon the floor. It was broken into fragments! For a few moments he raged up and down the room, storming and swearing in vain, impotent rage; then, for a moment, his frenzy died, and he pressed the broken bits against his face, sobbing over them, despairingly. At this instant, the door opened, and the leering face of the landlord peered into the room. With a bound, Guido was upon him, almost felling him to the floor.

"Wretch!" he cried, shaking the burly landlord, with a strength born of his anger and despair, "what have you done? You have broken and destroyed that which was life itself to me! Do you hear? It is murder that you have done—you have murdered my violin—my beloved one—my only friend! It is a wonder that the very walls did not fall upon you and crush

you, as you did that wicked deed. But I shall crush you—I shall be avenged —ah!"

His hand was raised to strike the terrified, cowering man—it might have proved a deadly blow. But suddenly, up from the street below rose a strain of music. Beautiful voices, blended in perfect harmony, were singing the refrain of his song:

Oh, the road lies straight before me,
And the stars shine clear above;
I ride, I ride for my laurel wreath,
I ride for fame—and love!

One voice, clear, sweet, marvelous, soared high above the others, and as Guido listened his hand fell limply to his side.

"Maria!" he murmured—"my song! How can it be?"

The landlord scuttled away, glad of his escape, and Guido listened for a moment, with tense, excited face. Then, like the breaking of a tightly drawn string, his reason snapped—the light of intelligence fled forever from the brown eyes, and a glitter of madness replaced it. He moved about the little room, bowing, smirking, and drinking toasts to imaginary guests, exclaiming over and over: "Ah, they drink my health. See, they honor me! There, they bring the laurel wreath—it is mine, mine! Fame is mine—alone have I won her—now they crown me!"

The music below had ceased, and now Maria stepped into the room, followed by a dozen of her friends. She had sung Guido's song at her concert, and his fame was made. Already, upon the streets, boys who had heard the notes from the top gallery, were whistling the air, and beautifully gowned maidens, hurrying home in carriage, or taxi, were humming the refrain, with its glad, haunting melody. And this little band of musicians and critics had come, with warm words of congratulation upon their lips, to be confronted with the gruesome pantomime which the crazed musician was enacting!

They stood, in shocked silence, while Maria ran forward, not comprehending at first the extent of the calamity.

"Guido," she cried, "my Guido! Your song is a success—you have won fame at last! We have won it, together. Your song and my voice together, Guido—are you not glad?"

But the crazed man only stared at her, with no recognition in his eyes.

"Fame—fame?" he cried, wildly, "there is no fame. Nothing but ruin, and broken bits—broken bits!"

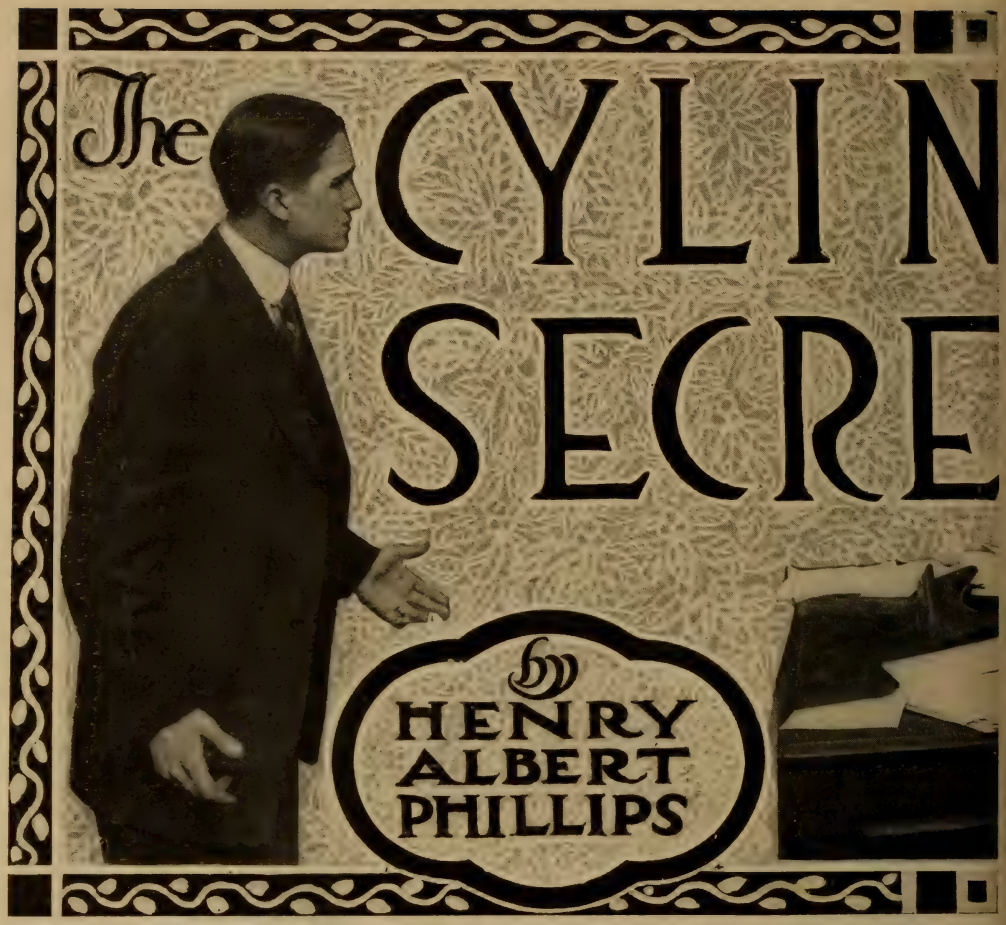
He sank into a chair—staring vacantly before him for a long moment, while Maria watched anxiously. Then she crept close to him, and knelt, laying a white hand upon his knee.



"FAME? THERE IS NO FAME—NOTHING BUT BROKEN BITS"

"Guido," she breathed, softly, "they have come to you at last—fame, and love! Can you not understand?"

The vacant eyes turned slowly to her, searching the lovely, pleading face; their dazed look softened for an instant, and he bent forward, but before his eager arms had touched her, the eyes glittered into intense fury again; two long, bony arms were thrown upward, there was an instant's struggle, and the tired head dropped forward—Guido's long, sad quest was ended, forever.



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Howard Johns, millionaire.....*Mr. Harry Morey*
Richard Johns, his son.....*Mr. Tom Powers*
Dave Simpson, Nell's half-brother.....*Mr. George Cooper*
Chief Detective.....*Mr. Robert Gaillord*
Nell Lane.....*Miss Lillian Walker*
Nell's mother.....*Mrs. Julia Swayne Gordon*

THE fact that his new secretary was an exceptionally pretty girl had little, if any, emotional effect on Howard Johns. A plain girl would become beautiful in his eyes the moment she showed efficiency.

With his son Richard, however, the case was different, naturally. He happened to step into his father's study about an hour after Nell Lane had taken her place at the typewriter. He was overwhelmed with admiration at the girl's extraordinary beauty.

His father, impatient at being interrupted, turned, to find the boy gazing at the secretary, who was typing a letter from a dictating phonograph.

"Well, Richard!" flashed his father, with a scowl.

"Oh, yes," said the boy, confusedly, "I came in to see if you could spare your secretary for about a half-hour, while I dictated the data for that Pentonbury matter?"

The old man looked from him to the girl, and then back again, in swift comprehension, before he spoke.

"No, I cant; but you may have this dictating machine. Take it with you. I shant want it again this morning.



I'll see you at luncheon. Now, Miss Lane, bring those letters, and we will go over them."

Richard, thus peremptorily dismissed, had no other recourse than to take up the machine, and make a speedy departure.

At the door he paused, however, to give a final lasting look, and in doing so he caught the girl's eyes squarely. That fleeting instant was like the brushing of their two young souls together.

Richard closed the door softly, with a feeling almost of awe, and, with a sigh, went down the hallway.

During the weeks that followed, Richard did find occasion, often, to employ the services of his father's secretary. But so matter-of-fact were these little transactions that the stern old man let them pass without notice, oftentimes leaving the two in the midst of them.

One day, after Mr. Johns had gone out, Richard suddenly stopped his dictation. The girl looked up inquiringly, but immediately dropped her eyes when she saw what was in the young man's face.

"Miss Lane," he said, very softly.

This time she did not look up, but her heart saw him, and the vision set her hands trembling against the keys of her typewriter. Nor did she speak.

"Miss Lane," he repeated, almost pleadingly. The letter he held in his fingers fluttered to the floor, and, as tho it were a signal for action, he stepped forward and laid his hand gently on the girl's.

"Dont! Oh, you must not! You must not!" There was neither acquiescence nor denial in her tone, only pleading. She gently drew her hand away.

"But, Miss Lane—Nell—you can guess?" The impetuous young man

stood like one helpless, with everything in the world just out of reach.

Nell nodded her head, and he gave a sigh of relief, and what was meant for an expression of joy sounded like a sob. He drew nearer, trying in vain to restrain his longing to take her in his arms.

"No! no! Not *here!*" she begged, pushing back her chair.

"But, Nell! Nell! I love you!" he protested.

"But you must think—think what all this will mean. You must think of what your father will say!"

"Oh, what do we care, if we—— But do you love me, then, Nell? If you wont let me come near you, at least tell me, or I'll go mad!"

"Be patient, only be patient. This is all so serious," soothed the girl.

"But I've told you everything—give me just a little in return."

Richard was making a very pitiable effort to restrain his impulsiveness.

"Richard——"

"Yes, yes!" he urged, hungrily, his face now no longer anxious.

"I will tell you anything, but I cant bear to think of what every one must say—that I came here, your father's stenographer, and--and——"

"His son fell in love with you. I cant see anything that you can be blamed for in that," insisted Richard.

"But you, and every one else, could, if I accepted your advances in your own house?"

"Perhaps they would think differently if you accepted them in some one else's house," pursued Richard, evasively.

"But cant you see? We must not!" She was sobbing now, in the ferment of her emotions.

"There, there, little girl!" cried Richard, distraught with all that a man feels the first time he sees the woman he loves in tears. "I promise to say no more—now. But tell me at least that I may come and see you, and then we can talk it all over."

"No! no! It should—it must—end now!" said Nell, shaking her head sadly.

"But I tell you, girl, it cant end now—except in one way."

The girl looked at him intently for a moment.

"And your father?"

"If my father, or anybody, should try to get between us, why—why——"

"Very well, I'll agree," said Nell, quickly, frightened at the tragic, threatening look in the boy's eyes.

"Let me come tonight—at your home?" he pleaded.

"I'd rather you met me at my aunt's."

"Why?" he asked, almost jealously.

"I have a brother who takes very little interest in anything outside of his crazy inventions, except to regulate who shall call on his sister. I think he would seriously object to you."

"I'll take my chances."

There was a step in the hall.

"Very well," she said, resignedly.

Mr. Johns entered, casting a keen glance at the two faces as he strode to his desk. He usually set about a definite routine immediately upon taking his seat, but now he sat, with wrinkled brows, tapping the desk almost nervously. Suddenly he turned on his son, with a frown.

"After this, Richard, I shall require *all* of Miss Lane's time. I'll have to ask you to make other arrangements for your dictation. Sorry."

He wheeled round to his desk again, with his son's angry eyes fastened upon him. Then Richard smiled, as the truth dawned on him. The admonition had come too late.

"Very well, dad," he said, leaving the room, his last look at the pretty face, now overcast with anxiety.

That evening, at seven, after Nell and her mother had washed the supper dishes, they went to the cozy living-room. Nell had been trying to tell her mother the great secret, but Dave, her inventor brother, had been within earshot all the while. Richard was due within an hour.

"You're not looking well tonight, Nellie. Is that boss of yours overworking you?" asked her mother, solicitously.

"They're all alike—those fellows with money," growled her brother, significantly, while he continued to work away at a piece of mechanism built of springs and wires and cylinders.

The girl's task was made more difficult in the face of this double prejudice.

She lay down on the sofa for nearly a half-hour, trying to think, all the while watching her brother anxiously, and hoping he would tire of his task and go out for the evening. At last, so nervous that she felt she must scream, she asked, blankly:

"I should think you'd ruin your eyes, Dave. How long are you going to keep at it, anyway?"

"Till I make this wheel go around without friction," he responded.

"Oh!" She sat up now. "And what in the name of common sense is it this time?"

"There's little use in telling you, but it's a wireless telephone, that's what it is."

"So that people can talk without wires?" She looked at the clock, and found it to be four minutes of eight. She must tell them Richard was coming.

"Yes; and this little piece of nonsense would make us all millionaires, too, if I could get any one to be its backer."

Nell had heard something like this many times before, but her quick wit now discerned where it might help her in her trying moment.

"And if I could get some one, with money, interested in this invention for you?"

Her brother rose like a flash, brushing off his shabby blue serge suit, as tho getting ready to go at once.

"You just put me in touch with one of 'em, Nell, that's all I ask. I'll convince 'em!" The boy's dreaming eyes sprang into a flame of earnest-



DAVE EXPLAINS HIS INVENTION TO RICHARD

ness that impelled the mother to rise and kiss him.

"You could, Dave; I believe it," she said, smiling fondly.

"Who is it—your boss?" asked Dave.

Nell nodded. Her mother took in a deep breath, as if of pain, giving her daughter a quick, searching look.

"How do you know he'll do favors for you, Nellie? Has he said so?"

"No. I have never asked him."

"Then you must never do so—never! Do you hear, daughter?"

"But look here, ma," pleaded Dave, "if it's going to make us all rich——"

"David! Nellie! My children, you must let me settle this. Nellie, I am thinking of you, dear. We must never hear of this again."

At that moment the door-bell rang.

Nell turned toward her mother, with startled eyes.

"Mother, it is young Mr. Johns."

"What does he want?" asked both brother and mother, in almost a tone of menace.

"He—he has come to—to call," she said, blushing. "Dave, it was he I was going to have ask his father. Show him this machine."

Then she left the two standing there and hurried to open the door.

What followed is sententiously summed up in the good-night greetings of the little household.

"Nell," said her brother, "he's a brick. He gave me a card of introduction to his father, who, he says, makes a hobby of inventions. If there's anything in it that appeals to the old man, he felt sure that he will back it all right."

And her mother held her long and lovingly in her arms, as tho they were soon to part.

"Nellie, only once before in my life have I seen the look I saw in that young man's eyes tonight. Your father looked at me that way the day he told me of his love. And you, too, dear—but dont cry, my little child, those tears are not all sorrow, and they come to all women who find their heart at the moment of losing it. And



MR. JOHNS IS INTERESTED IN DAVE'S INVENTION

I cant advise you just yet. Pray that great sorrow may not come before you attain your great joy. You have innocently plunged father and son into a battle from which the stronger character will emerge victorious. The father may win, and then you will lose the son. The father is cold and hard as steel. The son is hot, and may err in the heat of his passion. We must wait; and mother is with you, darling. Good-night."

Three months passed, during which little of note happened. Dave had taken his invention to Mr. Johns, and met with a favorable reception. He called from time to time, but nothing definite was accomplished, much to the boy's impatience.

Richard, however, with his usual impetuosity, was pressing his suit with Nell to the point of harassing the poor girl. At last she had given her consent to a conditional engagement. Nothing would do but that they must celebrate with a little dinner out.

All this time, as far as appearance went at the Johns mansion, Richard and the private secretary neither saw each other nor spoke. Nevertheless,

the relations between father and son, if anything, grew more strained as time passed. Mr. Johns, feeling a little repentant, was ready at any time to come around, but Richard, perhaps feeling guilty at his own deception, kept aloof. The younger man was ready at a word to burst into an angry, impetuous flame; the older, on learning the truth, would, no doubt, pronounce some harsh ultimatum.

So matters stood on the eve of the young people's engagement.

Richard arrived at the Lane home even before his sweetheart had begun to dress for the evening.

She opened the door for him, and he caught her in his arms before she could scurry away down the hall.

"I'm almost afraid of you at times," she said, half laughingly, half seriously, looking into his flashing black eyes. "Your emotions run away with you before you think. Goodness knows what you'll do, some time!"

"The worst that I can think of is to marry you," he returned, teasingly. "Here"—he took a little package from his pocket—"this is for you. If you dont like it, throw it into the scrap basket."

"Candy?" she asked, coquettishly.

"Worse than that. Open it."

Then, with supreme joy in his face, he stood watching her. Inside the paper was a box; in the box a plush box; and inside that was an exquisite ring. The sparkling flashes that sprang from its diamond setting were reflected in the tears with which the girl's eyes were filled.

"Richard, darling!" she sighed, snuggling her head on his shoulder.

"Put it on."

She gave a little shudder, and her face became very serious.

"Richard, do you know—forgive me, dear, but I must say it—at times I am very, very frightened over it all. It doesn't seem right. You, of that great mansion and proud family—and I"—she gave an expressive gesture, sweeping her surroundings. "And a daughter-in-law should not tear father and son apart, but bring them together."

"It'll bring us together, all right." Then, seeing her hurt look at his levity: "Nell, dear, I'm a foolish boy sometimes, but you are always a sweet, serious woman. Now run along—and do hurry, for I am a poor waiter."

"Go in and talk to Dave. I'll hurry."

Richard found Dave sitting, sullen and uncommunicative, in a corner of the living-room.

"Hello, Dave!" he said, advancing cordially, with outstretched hand. "Haven't seen you in weeks."

But Dave only sulked, and gave neither movement nor reply.

"What's the matter, old man? What have I been doing?" Richard asked, in surprise.

"Well, for one thing," muttered Dave, "you gave me a tip about that invention of mine which I dont thank you for."

"What's the trouble? Wont the governor put up for it?"

"Oh, that's to be expected," said Dave, sarcastically. "The thing is he wont see me or give me back my model. Threatens to throw me out of the house if I come around again."

"Oh, if that's all it is, I'll get it for you in the morning. Be somewhere in the neighborhood, will you? I'll see that you get it."

The unbalanced, almost insane look of menace in the boy's eyes was wiped away in a moist glint, and the belligerent attitude dropped from him in a moment. He took Richard's hand in both his own.

"You love my sister, dont you? And you'd fight and go thru hell for her, rather than lose her. I've seen it in your eyes. Well, that little model of my invention is the thing I love. Yours aint nothing compared with it, Richard. Why, I'm crazy where that's concerned. Why, for that little model I'd—I'd——" The boy became so excited he could not speak for a moment.

"I know," said Richard. "Well, you come around tomorrow, and you wont have to. Here's your sister. We're engaged. Congratulate me."

"Did Dave tell you his troubles?"

asked Nell, as they were being driven downtown.

"Yes. I'll get his machine for him."

"That's a dear. For you know, Richard, after you, I love Dave and mother better than all else in the world."

"I'm going to finance the invention myself for him as soon as we get things out of the snarl."

Richard took Nell to the finest restaurant in town, of course. A table had been reserved, and a splendid dinner had been ordered in advance.

Richard was jubilant almost to the point of hilarity, until near the end of the dinner, when his face suddenly clouded, and he became silently morose.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?" asked Nell, involuntarily laying her betrothed hand upon his.

"Nothing, sweetheart—nothing."

Then she turned as tho to look around the restaurant for a cause. At the table just behind her she found it. Richard's father sat there, with arms folded, his cold gray eyes forbidding mercy, and his set jaw an impassable barrier between them.

"Come, Richard. I cant stay here a minute longer," said Nell, faintly.

Richard rose without a word, and helped her on with her wrap before the waiter could get to them.

Just before they reached her home, Nell took his hand firmly in her own.

"Richard! Listen, boy," she said, solemnly. "You are in for a serious trial. Dont be hasty or rash."



"COME, RICHARD, I CANT STAY HERE A MINUTE LONGER"

"But I hate him!" cried the boy, vehemently.

"Remember, he has cause for anger," she went on, ignoring his epithet. "And, too, you owe me some consideration, for I am going to stick by you now, no matter what happens. Here we are home. No, let me get out by myself. Good-night, dear, and do be careful."

And later, just before she threw herself, sobbing, on the bed, she took off the scintillating ring, and addressed it.

"Oh, I felt it the moment I put you

on! I knew something dreadful was going to happen!"

But she did not dream how shockingly dreadful it would all be.

After a little debate with herself, she went to the office as usual next morning. She had been alone for fully an hour before the door opened. She looked up, filled with dread. It was Richard.

He stood with his hand on the doorknob, his face was haggard, his eyes set sullenly.

"He was laying for me when I got home," he said, tonelessly. "He threatened, he called me about everything in the gutter. He's going to disinherit me tonight, unless I give my promise never to see you again, and so forth." He smiled.

"Richard, dont you realize——"

"Everything," he said. "I restrained myself last night, and I intend to try again until I'm out of this mess. I'm going to leave tomorrow."

"I think I'd better, too."

"I hear him coming."

Richard left her. Little did she realize under what circumstances they were again to meet.

Everything went along in its usual businesslike way, and the only reference to the vital subject was Mr. Johns' single remark:

"I shall not need your services after Saturday, Miss Lane. I can say nothing but good words of your efficiency —as a stenographer," he added, with little change of tone.

As she stepped thru the Johns gate on her way home she was accosted by her brother. The boy had been waiting since early morning for Richard to bring him his beloved model. He was nearly famished, very much excited, and in tears or feverishly angry, by turns.

"You'd better come home with me now, Dave. I have reasons for knowing you had better wait until tomorrow."

But the boy was obdurate.

"Very well," she said, wearily, "wait for him. I have troubles of my own."

She gave no further thought to the matter. At home she pleaded a sick headache, and sought her room.

After a sleepless night, she rose early, leaving the house even before seeing her mother. After walking for what seemed hours, she made her way to the Johns mansion. A hasty look at her watch showed her that she was still an hour early. So weary that she could scarcely stand, however, she rang the bell.

The white face of Bangs, the butler, greeted her.

"Then you've heard, miss?"

She saw at a glance there was tragedy here.

"No," she murmured, slipping in, and grasping the solid hall seat to fortify herself.

"Master was murdered last night!"

She slid limply into the seat, as tho struck a physical blow. When she came to, it was with the heart and soul of a woman many years older who had passed thru life's darkest trials. The bitterest waking thought was that she had been only shocked and not surprised.

She was alone, but further down the hall she could hear strange voices. With calmness and strength of purpose she approached the door of the study and looked in.

Richard sat, handcuffed, in a chair, surrounded by four very determined and serious men. Bangs stood behind them. One of them was administering the third degree. The young man answered all questions quickly and clearly.

"Is this your gun?" The detective put a revolver in his hand, which trembled a little.

"Yes," he replied, turning it over.

"That gun fired the shot that killed your father, boy. And is this yours?" The man held up the stub of a cigaret.

"Yes. You'll find more on the floor if you look around."

"Put every word down, Riley. When were these smoked?"

"Last night."

"You were in this room with your father last night?" The man turned a quick look toward his companions.



RICHARD ADMITS THAT THE CIGARET WAS HIS

"Yes."

"Ordinary chat with your father, I suppose?"

"Just what was said I cant remember."

"How about you, Mr. Butler? Did you hear any loud words?"

"Answer them, Bangs," urged Richard.

"You were quarreling, sir."

"Now let's see, young feller, if you can remember any better what you did. You shot your father, didn't you?"

"No."

"Well, if you cant remember what you said, how are you to remember what you did?"

"I know what I feel."

"Well, that dont count. You were mad clean thru, that's all we want to know."

"I was drunk."

"Oho! Warmer and warmer! Put that down, Riley. I suppose that's why you dropped your key in the hall?"

"I remember having great difficulty getting in at all."

"That memory of yours works to order, all right. If you remember opening the door, of course you dont remember closing it?"

"No, I dont. Father called me as soon as I had entered, and I came straight here."

"How did you leave him?"

"Smoking one of his black cigars—sitting in the chair you now occupy."

"And the gun?"

"Was kept in his desk drawer."

"Can you show us the route you took on leaving this room last night?"

"I will be glad to show you the

route I usually take. I cannot recall all the little things I may have done last night."

"Remember that, boys. He cant recall *all* the things he done. Come on—show us the way, then."

Nell stepped out of sight behind a portière, and let them pass. Then, with a shudder, she stepped into the study.

With calm deliberation she looked over the pieces of evidence which the detectives had carelessly left behind. The revolver was engraved with Richard's initials; the cigaret was stamped with them.

She carefully noted every detail near the desk. Behind a leg of the desk, within six inches of the pool of blood, she discerned another half-burned cigaret. Gingerly she picked it up. It bore no initials. It was of a cheap brand.

Could the detectives have dropped it? None of them had been smoking.

Suddenly she sank, ghastly pale, into a chair, hiding her face in her hands. She remained in this attitude, shaking her head, for fully a minute.

Again she went resolutely about her task, after having shoved the cigaret into her bag.

On Mr. Johns' desk was a paper scribbled with notes. He must have remained in his study late to dictate.

She turned to his dictating machine. It was still going! He must have been interrupted, then, and had not had time or thought to turn it off. Strange things to happen to her methodical employer!

With trembling hands she took the record and put it on her own machine. She hesitated, and grew faint, before putting the tubes to her ears.

At first there came the usual dictated letter, in Mr. Johns' deep tones. Suddenly they broke off into a rough demand:

"Well! What in the devil do *you* want? Where'd you come from?"

"Howard Johns, where are my models?"

Nell gave a little cry at the voice, and for an instant seemed on the point of tearing the tubes from her ears.

"Your inventions were worthless. I had them thrown out, as I am about to have you!"

"Throwed out my models!" screamed Dave Lane's voice. "You lie! you thief, you sold them! Give me the money for my models, or I'll kill you!"

"Now you get out of this! Here, give me that gun, you loafer!"

There followed a report.

Then Mr. Johns' voice, feebly:

"You've killed me! Call my son."

Nell had fallen forward on the machine, in the excess of her agony.

"Oh, Dave! Dave! Why did you do it?" she moaned.

Suddenly she grasped a heavy paperweight, and for an instant held it poised above the fragile cylinder in which lay the terrible secret. But she laid it carefully on the desk with as quick a movement.

Then she rose, with purpose and calm again shining thru the misery in her eyes. Outside the door she paused and cleared her throat.

"Richard! Have the men come down. I have here the proofs of your father's murderer!"

A Rural "Release"

By DOROTHY HARPUR

I'm guldurned tired of milkin' cows,
And doin' chores for Sally;
For while, near by, the cattle browse,
I gaze yon—o'er the valley.

And dream of every Picture Play
That showed there—in the city;
One, a daisy field in May,
With milk-maids dancin' pritty!

Then Mr. Bronco lopes across
A sage-brush bordered prairie;
Just gives the heroeen a toss,
With ease extraordinary!

But in my sleep there comes a dream,
A journey mighty grand;
I'll try the Pilgrim's prayerful scheme
With Kalem in the Holy Land!



MAKING GOOD

By LEONA RADNOR



"WELL, thash all right," murmured Tom Rockaway, contorting his drink-inflamed features in an effort to seal his satisfaction with a smile.

He had succeeded in creeping up the stairs without mishap, and had performed the delicate feat of closing his door softly, hampered as he was by a vacillating equilibrium and the effort required to keep the nerveless fingers of one hand tightly gripped about his shoes, which he had removed in the lower hall. He had a filtering remembrance of other occasions when shoes had played a loud and regrettable part in the course of his stumblings, or had betrayed him, upon their removal, by marking their impact with the floor with a heavy thud. So, now he was very cautious. He turned from the door with the intention to deposit them carefully at the foot of the bed. He took a few steps, then lurched, touching something in the dark. Crash! "Whash thash?" he exclaimed, his trembling hand outstretched in fear. It was only the table that had gone over, but Tom slunk to his bed, and sat upon its edge, waiting for what he knew must inevitably follow.

In a few moments the door was flung open, the light switched on, and a middle-aged man looked toward the boy on the bed, with an expression of weary hopelessness.

"So you are at it again, in spite of your promises?" he said, bitterly.

"Well, gov'nor, it wash thisha-way," began Tom, his wits not too sodden to hanker after justification.

His father made a peremptory gesture that nipped the forthcoming explanation in its incipiency. "I have heard the whole category of excuses," he said. "You are in no condition to talk or to understand what I have to say to you; but in the morning I'll have some information for you."

His father's wrath penetrated even thru the thick layers in which Tom's comprehension lay swaddled. A vague prompting to penitence struggled feebly for expression, but Mr. Rockaway saw only a stupid working of the boy's features as he swayed on the edge of the bed. With an exclamation of disgust the father turned and left the room.

"Huh!" muttered Tom, "the gov'nor cutsh up rough. He wash young fellah himself oncesh. Young fellash mush have good timesh!"

And thus having satisfactorily accounted to himself for his weakness, he rolled over, and slept heavily.

The sun had long since cleared the horizon when he awoke. It was a labored and painful awakening, accompanied by heaviness and dizziness and throbbings, that cold water, slapped on his face, failed to expel. He was staggering about the room, his head in his hands, when his father entered, followed by the man-servant, bearing a tray on which were a siphon of seltzer and a glass.

"Drink this," directed his father, as the servant filled the glass. "I



"THIS IS NO LONGER YOUR HOME UNTIL YOU MAKE GOOD"

want you to brace up, and heed what I say to you."

Tom drank thirstily. The man left the room, and Mr. Rockaway faced his son sternly.

"Each time this thing has happened you have promised me it would be the last. You have no word; you have no will; you think of nothing but your own pleasures. I have been hoping that you would come to your senses, and realize that you are a good-for-nothing waster. But my patience is exhausted, and I intend to force that realization on you—in a word, I am done with you! This is no longer your home, and I will take no interest in your existence until you make good!"

Tom stared, open-mouthed, at this father who, aside from the occasions when reprimands were necessary, had always shown him leniency and affection. He recoiled from the stern mandate as if from a blow. Then, advancing toward his father, he pleaded for another chance.

"Another chance?" exclaimed Mr. Rockaway. "That is the same old cry! No! I have given you too many. My methods have failed; now it is for you to see if you can make a man of yourself. I'll no longer harbor a loafer and drunkard under my roof. This is final, so pack up and go as soon as possible."

"This is not fair!" exclaimed Tom, passionately. But the door had closed behind his father.

Disowned! Driven from home! His face flushed at the shame of it. And his father had taunted him with not being a man! Well, whose fault was that? He had simply done as the other rich boys of his set did. His father had often proposed putting him in a bank or in a brokerage house, but the boy had always begged off and temporized. A disgust for himself succeeded the rebellion and indignation at his father's sentence.

"Dad is right," he admitted, ruefully. "I'm a waster, and he did the only thing to pull me up. I'll go West and rough it, that's what I'll do! If that doesn't make a man of me, I guess I'm hopeless!"

A freight train rumbled thru a landscape that was monotonously devoid of vegetation. On each side of the track the plain stretched away in an arid tract until met by the foothills, which were of the same brownness and aridness. Here and there a determined pine-tree made an incisive note of color, but it introduced no mitigation to the general effect of dryness and unfriendliness.

Perched on a pile of cordwood, loaded on a flatcar, sat Tom Rockaway. He was "beating it" thru Southern California, for the excellent reason that his funds had come to an end in Los Angeles. He had even pawned everything of value, and everything immediately superfluous that he possessed, with the exception of the ring on his little finger. So, when he trudged out of the "City of the Angels," he took with him merely the clothes upon his back and that one gleaming souvenir of better days.

He had walked some hours, when a freight train came grinding and creaking down the line.

"I guess this will take me somewhere quicker than I can hoof it," he

remarked to himself. As the cars went groaning by him, he made several attempts to get aboard, but each time his courage failed, until, seeing a possibility of missing the chance altogether, he laid desperate hands on the flatcar and swung himself up in safety.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he settled himself on the sticks of wood, "this is better than tramping in that dust."

Soon there occurred a break in the monotony; evidences of human interest in the arid tracts appeared, in the form of clusters of oil derricks. Tom looked at them wistfully; they suggested employment. "There ought to be something I could do around those fields," he thought. The memory of the applications he had made in Los Angeles filled him with humiliation. "The nerve of me, thinking I could do newspaper or office work without any experience!" he murmured. "But I guess I could dig holes, or drive nails, or do anything simple, if these oil chaps would give me a chance."

The idea of Tom Rockaway yearning for manual labor struck him as rather whimsical, and sent his mind spinning backward thru grooves of thought that he vainly tried to clog. The ring upon his finger—the ring he had refused to pawn, tho it would have saved him from his present penury—had been his mother's. She had been dead some years, but his boyish love and veneration for her remained as fervent as on that dark day he sobbingly received her dying blessing.

The freight train grumbled and clanked and creaked along. It was very hot; a quivering haze lay over the brown earth, and the sun beat down mercilessly from a cloudless sky. Tom felt very wretched. Hunger and the jolting and the heat added momentarily to his depression. He drew the ring from his finger, and turned it around and around, dwelling upon the memories it inspired. His eyes grew dim, and his head swam dizzily. Just then the car jolted roughly, and the wood upon which he sat became dislodged. With a spasmodic spreading of the arms, he sought to clutch at something stable, but he had a wild nightmare of slipping, slipping, and then of being hurled thru space, to crash into the dust and among the dry weeds by the trackside.

When he came to his senses, several hours later, he looked up into a pair of anxious hazel eyes, that he instantly voted to be the most beautiful in the world. Then a voice belonging to the eyes—a clear, young voice—asked him how he felt.

"Why, I'm all right, thank you," he answered, smiling, and raising his head from the pillow. Then he saw that a man stood beside the girl, and regarded him curiously.

"Well, young feller," said the man, "I guess you had a purty nasty fall. But you're wakin' up all right—you'll be as good as new in a day or so. What happened?"

Tom explained. Then, glancing about, and realizing that he had been brought to this man's house, and had been cared for like a friend, and also noting that the girl had left the room,



BECKY DISCOVERS THE INJURED STRANGER

he told the man the reason of his being a wanderer from home.

"Huh!" grunted the other. "You're lucky to get your lesson while you're young."

The girl came in, and shyly approached Tom.

"Here is something that was in your hand when I found you," she said, tendering his ring.

"Oh, thank you! I am so glad I didn't lose it! So it was you who found me and played the Good Samaritan?"

"She sure did," answered the man for her. "Becky's my gal—I'm Frank Bourke, foreman of the oil works near by—and if I do say it, she did a mighty smart thing. When she found you she was out for a horseback ride, and so she gets down and sees you're dead to the world. So what does she do but take a piece of old fencing, about the size of a field gate, and lug you on to it somehow. Then she tied her lariat to it, and made the horse drag you up to the house here. Purty good for a gal, eh?" he chuckled.

"Oh, pa!" expostulated the girl, dimpling with embarrassment. It was at that moment that Tom discovered that he adored dimples.

"Miss Bourke has put me under very heavy obligations," declared Tom, striving to catch a glance from under her lowered lids.

"We dont talk about obligations in this part of the world," said Mr. Bourke. "We're rough and ready, and we've got the helping hand out to any one that needs it. You're welcome to stay here till you're well. So dont worry that bunged-up head about obligations."

In a couple of days Tom was well enough to walk about. He was standing on the porch when Frank Bourke came out of the house, on his way to the oil fields.

"Well, how's the health today?" asked the foreman, cheerfully.

"Too good for me to be doing nothing," answered Tom. "Mr. Bourke, isn't there something I can do over there?"

"D'you mean to say you are willing to do any kind of work?" almost gasped the foreman, sizing up the erstwhile rich young idler.

"That's exactly what I do mean," answered Tom, eagerly.

"Then, come along. I'll find work for you."

As the day advanced, and Tom found himself installed as an assistant to Bourke, his joy was not for any inspiration afforded by the view of the oil field, with its black-ribbed derricks, nor was it for the increasing griminess of his hands and greasiness of his overalls. He followed the foreman about from the drilling operations to the pumps, and from the pumps to the reservoirs, always with one underlying thought, that gave to the barren landscape the delectable attributes of the "Happy Valley," and transformed the chug-chug of the pumps into music. And that was the thought that he would not have to leave Becky Bourke. Her smiles and her frank hazel eyes, her berry-brown skin, and the boyish swing of her walk, were delights that he loved to dream of. He wondered if she was glad he was to remain. He wanted to ask her, but he never could find her alone.

As the weeks went by he caught himself thinking more and more of the girl, and when, on several occasions, he thought he discovered a tender light in her eyes as they rested on him, his heart leaped with hope. One afternoon, as he worked over one of the pumps, he straightened up suddenly and found Becky looking at him with such ultra-friendly eyes that impulsively he seized a little brown hand and kissed it. She tried, coyly, to draw her hand away, but Tom held it tighter.

"Oh, girl!" he whispered. "I have wanted so to tell you something. I can wait no longer—I'll say it now." He put a finger under her chin, and tilted her face up to his. A heavy step sounded behind him; he turned, and faced the foreman, who glared at him.

"Go home, Becky," said her father. "I dont want you coming around here."

The girl left them instantly. Tom



"OH, GIRL! I HAVE WANTED SO TO TELL YOU SOMETHING"

could see that Bourke was in a black rage, but he expected a few harsh words at most. Consequently, he was taken unawares, and infuriated, when the foreman clutched him by the throat, and cried:

"You leave my gal alone, d'ye hear? I wont have you fooling about her and insulting her!"

Tom shook him off, and, blind with fury at the attack, he picked up an iron rod and brandished it over the other's head. But before the blow could fall, came the paralyzing thought: "He is her father!" His arm dropped to his side, he threw away the rod, and turned back to his work with a white face. The foreman hurried away, his rage augmented by the humiliation he had suffered at the hands of his young assistant.

Becky, hiding behind a large wheel, watched her father out of sight, then hurried back to Tom.

"Did he say anything to you?" she asked, anxiously.

"I should say he did! But he doesn't understand. He thinks I'm just trifling with you." He drew her to him. "But you know I'm not—dont you, dear?"

"How should I know?" she sighed. "You never said anything to the contrary."

"But haven't you read it in my eyes?" he replied, warmly, his hand seeking hers.

"I dont understand eyes as well as I do words," she encouraged.

"Then," said he, seizing her and crushing her to his breast, "you shall hear the words. I have loved you ever since I opened my eyes that day and saw you looking down on me so full of pity. I haven't told you, because I wanted you to grow to love me, first. Do you care for me—just a little?"

She drew back suddenly, flashed her eyes on him, and exclaimed: "Guess!"

"No, I wont guess. You must tell me!" he declared, vehemently.

"Then I will. Why, you silly boy, I've loved you ever since I saw you lying hurt beside the track—loved you more and more every day—loved you this morning—love you now!"

"You darling!" He had her in his arms again. "Now, I dont care what a hundred fathers say! And will you marry me, my beautiful?"

"Next year, sometime?" she queried, mischievously.

"No, girl. This year, and this month. Say 'yes'!"

She said it so softly that he had to bend his head to catch it, and their lips met in a long, plighting kiss.

"Dear heart," he said, "I bind your vow and mine with this ring. Its sacred associations will be proof to you of how deep and lasting is my love."

Becky touched her lips to the jeweled band on her finger, then, impulsively flinging her arms about Tom's neck, she kissed him tenderly.

"I hate to let you go, my darling," he said at last, "but your father will be back in a little while, so you'd better run along. Just one more kiss, to last till evening."

As she tripped away, the foreman appeared from the doorway of the boiler-house.

"So it's no use telling you a thing once!" he shouted.

Tom thought to pacify him. "Now, dont get into a rage, and I'll explain."

But Bourke was like a maniac when he let his temper dominate him.

"I tell you to leave my gal alone, and then I catch you kissing her! You cur!"

He struck at Tom. The young man parried the blow, but a second came like a flash, sending him with force against an angle of the derrick. His forehead received the brunt of the impact. Stunned, he clasped his arms about an upright to keep from falling, and in this position Bourke left him, to find his daughter and to give his final warning.

Becky was only a few rods away, for she had stopped at the sound of her father's angry voice. Now he joined her.

"I believe you have hurt him!" she exclaimed, passionately, stamping her foot in anger.

"Well, I had to make him understand that he cant fool with my gal," he said, doggedly, somewhat abashed by her arraignment.

"He's not fooling! He asked me to marry him, and I'm going to!" she declared, defiantly.

"He asked you to marry him?"

"Yes; and gave me this ring." She held it up for his inspection. As she did so she chanced to glance in the direction of the derrick. An exclamation of horror turned her father's eyes in the same direction. The sight was enough to make their blood run cold, and for a moment both were too shocked to move. The girl recovered first, and, with a piercing cry, dashed toward the derrick.

"Wait! Oh, wait! wait! wait!" she panted, as if her voice had power to stop the machinery that was gradually pulling her lover to his death. And she rushed madly on.

She had seen Tom reel as he stood



THE SIGHT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE THEIR BLOOD RUN COLD



BECKY ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SAVE HER LOVER

against the derrick. Then, as if he had lost consciousness, he had fallen backward upon the wide belting that ran from the wheel to the pump. Nearer and nearer to the huge wheel moved the body. Would she reach him in time? She stumbled, but was up in a second.

"Wait! wait! For God's sake wait!" she cried, breathlessly.

Only a few more steps, but he was within a few inches of the wheel! With one last bound she was beside him, and, quickly seizing him, she dragged him from the belt.

A heavy sigh escaped her lips as she realized that her lover was safe. She was almost exhausted from the struggle, but she refused to rest. She knelt beside the injured man, sobbing, softly stroking his head.

Bourke had followed Becky as fast as his heavy weight and clumsy boots would allow. He now took a flask from his pocket, and poured some of the contents down Tom's throat. The foreman's stern, now penitent face was the first thing that struck across Tom's returning vision. He gazed into the foreman's eyes as if undecided whether they were friendly or not. Then he read sympathy and kindliness there, and smiled.

"Will you forgive me? I didn't understand," pleaded Bourke.

"Yes, of course I do," consented the injured man, "but then"—he hesitated as he caught a sly look from Betty's eyes—"how about the girl?"

"Anything she says I agree to."

"Then you know all? Has she told you?"

"Yep."

"And you consent?"

"Surest thing you know!" was the hearty response.

Tom turned to Becky, and clasped her little, brown hand.

"Now that I have won the dearest girl in the world," he said, "I think I can write to dad tonight that I have *made good!*"

The Convicts' Parole

(Edison)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

THE symphonic hum of machinery, running at high speed, passed thru the open, grated windows and drifted across the hot courtyard to the warden's office. The new Singer "heads," installed the past month, were working beautifully. Close at hand, in the loft above the cells, their strokes thru cloth sounded like the drumming of a thousand desperate woodpeckers. At a little distance, the million little taps blended into one smooth, mounting roar. It was as if some monster stood at the windows, and plucked running chords from the iron bars.

The call of the new machines wafted across as sweet music to MacMurdo. With a fine Scotch ear for the sound of machinery, the increased speed of the power sewing-machines appealed strongly to his canny temperament. No clattering and dissonance, no sudden stoppage of a long bench of heads to locate defects, and the resulting pull at his patience. The prison sweat-shop was a poem! a model plant! a song without words!

And the dollars—he must not forget that; the final analysis of mechanical music. Speed! speed! Efficiency! efficiency! A full dormitory; no labor laws; no unions; no employers' liability; no rent—God bless the State! No deterioration of plant; no overhead charges; no strikes, nor stockholders; no fuel; no advertising bills; no pensions, and all that rot. All this labor was penned in there—safeguarded, inert, and the State had turned it over to him to job out at so much a head. Can you blame his cigar smoke for forming dollar signs across the beam of sunlight in the office? No such opportunity, in contradiction to all the rules of business, had come forward, pushed into his hands, since slave labor built the Pyramids for the whims of dying kings, and, later, eased the soil of our own dying aristocracy. He was only human, and he took it; took it in wonder and contempt.

The office door opened and shut again noiselessly. Only the smoke in the beam of light took notice of it by whirling like the skirts of a dancing dervish. MacMurdo unclenched his



THE CONTRACTOR COMES TO INSPECT THE NEW MACHINES AT THE PRISON

cigar, and turned to find a stout, old-ish man back of him. A man with thick eyebrows, heavy lips, and some pretense of dignity in his manner. In fact, the type who has chosen to rule us, since we are too indifferent to take care of our own public business.

MacMurdo admitted his presence with a grunt. "I have been listenin' to the new machines—they're beauties," he said.

The visitor walked over to the window and stared moodily across the courtyard. "Jim," he said, suddenly, "they're after us—no mistake this time."

MacMurdo listened imperturbably, as an ox does to flies. "Huh! Who's cryin' this time?"

"That candy kid, the governor—a committee has got next to him."

MacMurdo yawned heavily. "You know what that amounts to—right down the main channel. The governor calls in the commissioner, who calls in the superintendent, who calls in me. By that time, the insulation is all wore off, see?"

"Mac," said the other, with the tone of one submitting to authority, but not convinced, "you're wrong this time, for once. This sucker in the Capitol takes an interest in crooks, and thinks that he can handle them. He's got a bug about making a study of them; of separating them into classes and givin' parole."

The warden's yawn ended with a jerk. "Huh! This is gettin' close to home. Y'u cant tell what a darn fool will do with a loaded gun. I guess it's up to me to push my feet off the mahogany and get busy."

He busied himself with the heavy cigar for a silent minute. "He's got to be seen unofficially," he finally announced, "and I cant think of any one better than a bright boy like yourself to do it. Go up there with a grudge against me, see? How I'm laying on the discipline—all for solitary confinement—and then come over strong on the contractors' end. Go ahead—you're fryin' your own bacon."

"Mac," said the contractor, admiringly, "you're the goods—always right. I've got to talk to him like a Dutch uncle; we cant have no green kid runnin' our end of the shop."

"What are we here for?" said Mac, good-naturedly.

"So long—I'll be back in three days."

The door closed, and MacMurdo listened again to the mounting song coming into his window. A steel door opened in the courtyard, and the tramp of men in step came up to him.

"Huh! the shirt squad goin' across for a wash-up," checked up Mac. "What are we here for? I dunno—search me."

For two days the song of the power needles missed the leadership of Contractor Murdagh; on the third, he stood again in the presence of the warden.

"Mac," he said, bending over the desk, "hell's let loose, take it from me. The governor has them dreamy eyes all right, and he took to me like one of the family. I told him our



THE COMMITTEE ARGUES WITH THE GOVERNOR IN VAIN, AGAINST THE PAROLE SYSTEM

story straight—the good we were getting out of the 'sleepers,' and the industry that the system was proddin' into them for life.

"He swallowed my spiel with that 'highbrow' look of his, and I thought I had him on the run. But, Mac, so help me, I'd forgot to look at his jaw. It's undershot, with big teeth like a dog's, and he fairly barked his stuff back at me.

"He as much as said he didn't object to the contract system—it had grown up with the West. What he did object to, and meant to choke out, were the abuses of it. In the meantime there was 'a lot of unfortunates' —them's his very words—'as could be given a chance on parole. What was meat for some, the habituals and degenerates, was poison for a big class of men and women, that were still nine-tenths the children of God.'"

"When them reformers subpœna God," mused Mac, "it generally means business."

"He aint weavin' no daisy chain," said Murdagh, "take it from me. I was tipped off that he's comin' down to the fold in a day or two."

MacMurdo brushed some ashes off his stomach. "Jim," he said, paternally, "I've had these things on my hands before—they're like the colic: short and panicky. Sometimes we fight in the open, and again, we use the needle. I guess it's about time to get down to cases. So long—you leave it to me."

"So long. Remember, this feller is a fighter, Mac—I seen his jaw."

"What are we here for?" said Mac, with resignation.

On his desk lay an executive letter, embellished with the State's coat-of-arms, asking for the prison records of certain convicts. Unknown to MacMurdo, this list had been most carefully analyzed by the governor, by a system of counterchecking the records of the criminal courts, the police, and the district attorneys' offices. Besides this, the offenders' private and public lives previous to conviction were searched out in full. It was a labor entailing a good deal of pains and expense, but the governor was resolved to make no mistakes in his initial appeal to the honor of the "guests of the State."

"When they're gunning for a man," Mac philosophized, "his business is to lay low, and draw the other gent's fire. Back of all this gallery practice, I've a hunch the governor's after me—with a Winchester; so I'm going to play up these records as soft as possible. It's me for the truthful biography for a spell, I guess."

For several days, MacMurdo lived with his ferretlike nose in his books, then his feet went back to their resting-place on his desk.

"A little vacation is comin' to me," he communed to them. "That report was long enough—and heavy enough —to throw 'old Lombroso' into a decline. When he gets thru reading that serial——"

The telephone tinkled by his side. A few husky sounds came from it. MacMurdo hung up the receiver and got to his feet painfully. "Holy smoke! the governor's special left O——, 7 A. M. this morning. That'll mean it's about here now. My better self tells me he is comin' straight to the arms of yours respectfully. It's lucky my housekeepin's good."

Midday heat hung over the courtyard and smote thru the warden's window as he struggled into his coat of blue and brass. Deputies were summoned and drilled in the duties of an official visit. A formidable pile of shoddy clothing was moved from the sewing-room to quarters unknown.

The word passed among the convicts silently, with the odd, hidden prison language of the hand and eye. Expectancy hung in the air like that brooding silence before a thunder shower, and MacMurdo, making his rounds, was bathed in the sweat of dread and anxiety.

Several carriages, containing more or less prominent citizens, began to arrive. Most of them were gotten up in frock-coats, as for an executive function, and suffered pathetically in the steaming court, shut off from the breeze. Such a flock of crows con-



THE GOVERNOR PAROLES THREE PRISONERS

tinually hinder the progress of public servants.

At last the governor, in an easy summer business suit, arrived. "I have read your report," was his greeting to MacMurdo.

"Judas! When?" thought the warden, as he delivered his neatest official bow. "Do you wish to make an inspection, sir?"

"No; that is unnecessary."

MacMurdo sighed at the thought of his misplaced preparations.

"Kindly send those convicts into the yard, that were designated in my letter," continued the governor.

Those in the courtyard could hear the turnkeys singing out the convicts' numbers, and the shuffling of feet forming in line back of steel doors.

They opened, and two gray lines, one of men, the other women, filed out into the yard.

The governor stepped in front of them.

"Number 986, step forward."

A tall, well-built young man, in the early thirties, perhaps, with a large humorous mouth and clear gray eyes, walked out from the line of faces.

"You are to be given a chance on parole. Go to the warden's office, read the parole papers, and, if you see fit, sign them."

The same procedure was gone thru with another male convict, then the governor turned to the line of women.

Instantly the white faces of the younger of them were suffused with blood.

"Number 206, step forward."

A delicate girl, scarcely a woman, came forward, her eyes big with wonder.

"You are to be given an opportunity to start life again. Go to the

warden's office, read the papers carefully, and, if you want to, sign them. Gentlemen," continued the governor, turning to the frock-coats, "I have made this first attempt at voicing parole in our State as short as possible. I feel that most men who wrong their fellow men do not do so in a spirit of malignancy—they are non-social rather than anti-social. Yet the weak must be punished with the bad, and my hesitancy in speaking to them more than the bare words of freedom comes from my incapacity to decide that hair-line dividing cruelty from sentimentality. Both I abhor. I have tried to be just. And should these three weak ones be cast among you, be not the first to turn them away."

This was singularly unlike the tongue of officialdom. In fact, it would read very baldly in the press, and those who had come to witness a spectacle, or to listen to oratory, made for their conveyances with disappointed looks.

A few, however, followed the governor, and, when he had come outside of the gates of the prison, on its bare, steep hill, gathered around him to await a further issue.

Presently the three freed convicts hurried thru the gates, and stood looking down at the city. The governor beckoned them to him.

"You, George Clayton," he said, addressing the taller, "and you, Edward Fries, and you, Maud Lyons, have earned the right to be called by your names. What you have signed today is a promise of right living; stick to it, and all that you have lost —home, friends, happiness—will come back to you."

He stopped, and they turned their faces toward the city with less of cowering vacantness in them. A thin, jerky foreigner, probably a Socialist, raised his voice above those around the governor: "Your Excellency, I would be glad to give two of them employment. I am the owner of a small theater, and could use a man and a woman selling and collecting my tickets. It is a position of trust, but I have felt every word that you spoke, and oh, more, much more!"

The tall convict and the girl had drawn a few steps apart from the other, and to them the governor spoke: "Will you accept this gentleman's offer?"

A peculiar atrophy of brain and will, the prison stamp, seemed to hold them in check. A look of appeal shot from the girl's eyes.

"I am sure this gentleman will walk back to the city with you," said the governor, "and that he will do me the honor of shaking hands with me."

The two, with their protector, started down the hill. The remaining spectators crowded around the governor with promises of support. As for Edward Fries, he had started toward the spires and chimneys of the city, alone.

A month went by; a month in which the principals of this episode were as widely separated as the continents. The letter of the parole had been complied with. Mr. Menges, the theater owner, had sent a weekly report of his employees' conduct to the warden, who had, no doubt, forwarded them to the governor. The hum of the sewing-machines still hurried across the prison yard, and so into the window of MacMurdo.

But the song of the new heads was no longer music in his ears—fine ones, since they detected the beginning of the end. Countless black cigars had refused to cast up in smoke the familiar dollar sign; but he was thinking how and where to strike.

Number 819, Fries, had not succeeded in getting a job. He had done some fetch-and-carry work and slept in the fields. This much he had confessed. And here lay a weakness. The man was still a pariah; he was looked upon as tainted and passed along. No new influences had started to form his life. MacMurdo meant to be that influence.

A certain ex-crook in P—— was known as the star "stool-pigeon" of the police. He had a well-organized

set of brains, but preferred to lead the life of vice that his cunning made easy for him.

MacMurdo sent for him and lost no time in stating his case. "I want you to 'lay a plant' for one of my dear departed boarders, and lay it thick and soft, savez? I've simply got to have him back in the fold. Here's a copy of his last letter; meet him, and get to it."

The stool-pigeon needed no further convincing. He realized that the matter must be important to cause MacMurdo to take his feet down for an hour of ways and means. So he proceeded to nose out his quarry.

When a man has been driven from door to door, it's easy for a sympathetic stranger to get acquainted with him. If he's three-quarters famished besides, two or three cheap whiskies will knock the very manhood out of him. Fries, once found, became as soft as plumbers' lead in the hands of the warden's decoy.

When the fire of wood alcohol had been blown to a white heat in his stomach, the melting process started in his brain. His wrongs were held up in glowing colors, the path of labor and sweat and hunger shown to be a mockery, and the ways of the initiated were hinted at as bold and luxurious.

Conroy, the pigeon, left his victim in an exalted state of mind, under promise to meet him at a certain crooks' hang-out, known as Muggs', at twelve-thirty that night. In the meantime, "keep a stiff upper lip and cut out the booze."

As he passed down one of the busy neighborhood thorofares, the slow steps and dull looks of the men he recognized as laborers or mechanics looked despicable to him now. In front of a little theater with its gaudy stucco front, he came face to face with Clayton in the cheap, showy livery of a doorman.

They recognized each other with caution. Then the humor of the sit-



CLAYTON IS TEMPTED



THE MEETING OF THE "CROOKS"

uation came uncontrollably over the twisted brain of Fries. "Why, you poor boob," he said, with a smile, "whose monkey are you?"

Clayton saw that he had been drinking, and smiled back good-naturedly.

"Where's your chain?" Fries demanded. "Say, cut this rot," he whispered, drawing close, "and meet me at Muggs' at twelve-thirty tonight. Somethin' doin'."

Instantly, as if by instinct, Clayton's hand turned inward against the seam of his trousers. It was one of the many ways of saying "yes" in the vocabulary of the underworld.

Fries passed on. Clayton turned to the little ticket-window, behind which Maud Lyons sat. Her face was very pale, and showed that she had heard and seen the conversation that had shown so little and meant so much.

"You are not going there?" she asked, harshly.

"Yes."

She stared at him, almost in horror.

"Fries is half-drunk—helpless. I want to get him away from them."

"Oh!" She looked reassured and grateful. Then instantly the horror crept back to her eyes; but she said nothing.

The day wore into night, and the half circle of incandescent bulbs started into life above them. Early theater-goers bustled up, panicky; to wait half an hour in the darkened theater. The regular rush began. People came to the window, hectored, complained, threatened—and smiled inconsequently when they had dropped their tickets in the box.

Maud Lyons was thinking, in defiance of her busy hands. She knew that the governor was in town—had read it in the morning paper. She felt that the case of the losing man should be known to him before it was too late. A good deal depended on it: the success of the parole system, the saving of one weak man—and perhaps a stronger one. The money shook like leaves in her fingers at the thought.



THE "CROOKS" ARE ARRESTED ACCORDING TO PREARRANGEMENT

She resolved to go to his house and stake all on an interview.

Eleven o'clock came, and she was free. Fear, working upon her, drove her to the lighted gateway of the governor's before she could realize her boldness.

"Was the governor in?"

"Yes; please wait in the study," said a vanishing servant.

She heard the governor's quick step by her side—then a pause.

"Maud Lyons," he said.

She did not waste preliminaries, but told him simply and rapidly of the meeting of the two convicts, and what had passed between them.

When she had finished, he thanked her. "This may be of greater importance than you state." He stared out into the night. "I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you go to this place with my secretary, and try to overhear what takes place?"

"Yes. Oh, sir, I have been there before," she said, brokenly.

Conroy, seated with Fries, half-hidden in the thick smoke of Muggs' back room, felt that all was over but the shouting. His man was helplessly swaying on each word that he measured out to him. Wonderful! to be admitted to the inner circle of crooks, who lived in swell houses, went about town in the open, and were spotless to the police. He was getting in soft! He had never gotten to the stage where he had any *respect* for the law; the *fear* of it had always possessed him. Say, this was life!

His sponsor meant to do the thing up handsomely. "See here," he said, taking a leather roll from his pocket, "throw your glims on them." "Them," unrolled to view, proved to be a kit of burglars' tools—fine drills, a "can-opener," powerful hair-like

saws—pigmy things that do the work of a giant.

Fries slid them out, one by one, and gloated at their beautiful mechanism. "By thunder, you're a pr-rince!" he stuttered.

Noiseless feet came down the dark hall, and Clayton came into the room. Fries hailed him cordially. "Come here, y'u, an' see the outfit—I'm runnin' with the swells."

Clayton sat down by him. Conroy watched him, ready to spring. The newcomer raised his eyeballs with a singular lateral movement to the right. Conroy breathed heavily and easily: the stranger was one of them.

The stool-pigeon sauntered across the room to pick up a sporting paper. Again a quick movement of the eyes from Clayton. Fries' hand made a slight movement outward.

"You're crazy drunk," said the other, passionately, under his breath. "Quick, get out of here—you're planted."

A whistle shrilled dully from the street, and a rush of heavy feet sounded in the hallway. "Beat it—the screws," some one called, and then the lights were turned off.

The door was dashed open, and a heavy policeman blocked its opening. Conroy slid by him, and into the arms of MacMurdo.

"Aw' right," he whispered.

"Aw' right," echoed the warden, hoarsely, and his satellite made a quick passage thru sightless officers.

"Bring in a flash lantern, captain," shouted MacMurdo. "Steady—along the walls. Huh! 986; 819, step out lively. I'm wantin' you boarders back."

By some mysterious prescience, which he gave up as a bad job, the governor's office called him up in the early morning. "You are expected to call—with your prisoners of last night—by ten o'clock," said a voice, "at the governor's private residence."

"Huh!" said MacMurdo, hanging up, "dont he know when he's down? This aint amateur night."

"Hey, Rube," he said aloud to a deputy, "put the bracelets on them two prodigal sons, and send 'em down in the wagon to the governor's house—he's invitin' 'em to breakfast."

When MacMurdo was ushered into the governor's study, he found, much to his surprise, that Murdagh and the other prison contractors had already preceded him there.

"Governor's orders," said Murdagh to him.

"I reckon he's going to kiss us all good-by."

They sat around in uneasy attitudes until the governor came in, and then all stood up as he seated himself at his desk.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please be seated. Our affair of this morning is a family matter, and will be discussed as such. Should anybody's feelings be hurt, or should emotion overcome him, he is at perfect liberty to stand up and to walk out.

"It is hypocrisy to deny why I called this meeting, and to deny, also, the evident failure of my attempt at parole. However, with your permission, I will ask that the prisoners be brought into the room."

The two shackled convicts were led in.

"Gentlemen, I will not question them—their capture, by our esteemed warden, with burglar's tools in their possession, is sufficient evidence."

Things were going off nicely. The contractors settled back easily.

"What are we here for?" said MacMurdo, with a nudge to the nearest.

"Maud Lyons!" said the sharp voice of the governor.

The girl came forward from behind half-drawn portières, and stood by the governor's desk.

"Tell me what you witnessed last night," he said.

In low tones, very much frightened, the girl faltered out her story—how she had sat in a little room, with a slide window, and seen the story of the past night with a convict's eyes.

"Thank you; that will do—you may go," said the governor.

"Your Excellency," said Mac-



THE GOVERNOR'S WITNESSES SURPRISE THE WARDEN

Murdo, getting to his feet, "I object to such evidence, except as a matter of amusement. I am here to testify, and the police captain, who helped me in getting the evidence, can back me up. You aint going to take the word of these ex-convicts, and give it the same weight you would give ours, are you?"

"MacMurdo," said the governor, sternly, "this girl's story did not impress you in the least. Why should it? Your word is at least as good as hers. Perhaps we had better go deeper into the matter."

"Mr. Gregory, please step into the room."

The governor's well-known secretary, a young criminal lawyer of high repute, came in and stood where Maud Lyons had.

"Will you please state what you saw last night," said the governor, "so the warden may understand it?"

The secretary did. He reviewed the job from start to finish, and intimated that there were more witnesses to follow. His recital lasted for the best part of an hour, during which the row of sitters seemed chained to their chairs. One nudged the other with his knee, now and then, and one ground his teeth together with suppressed anger. But they did not speak, nor interrupt. MacMurdo assumed an attitude of indifference, but it was plain, from his white face and set lips, that he was agitated within.

When the secretary had finished, the "family" gathering maintained their dignified silence. Even the redoubtable MacMurdo had nothing to say.

"MacMurdo," said the governor, coming to the point at once, "I have no reason to desire this thing to go any further—to the press, or into the courts. My only desire—and this I might almost call a passion—is to get rid of you. Here is your resignation, drawn up briefly and grammatically. Sign, if you see fit."

"Gentlemen," he continued, to the charmed circle, "when one of the firm drops out, or is pulled down, it serves as notice to the others. I know how rotten the prison system is, and *you* know that I know it. With this little insight into our family matters, may I trust for your support during the coming session?"

The Parachute Maker

(Pathé Frères)

By JOHN OLDEN

WE had motored up to one of those pleasant and immaculate little inns that dot the banks of the Hudson near its broad tidewater reaches. A black sky working up from the sea, and, as we looked back, clouds of dust presaging a storm, had decided our turning into this temporary shelter.

It was not long before the rain began to fall, the thick, blotchy drops of a summer shower, and the cheerful, bracketed lamps of the long, low dining-room of the informal hostelry architecture of perhaps the early days of the last century, shone out with welcome against the heavy foliage of the lawns.

It was quite late for dinner, nigh on to eight o'clock, usually the hour when sunset casts a spell of grandeur over this part of the river, and we found the dining-room with but a single tenant. He was an old priest, with a remarkable crop of heavy white hair, and kindly, alert eyes.

I remember remarking to my wife, at the time, of this singular mixture of rugged vitality and benevolence, of a tamed spirit within this frame of a warrior, and as the soft splash of raindrops began to play persistently upon the window-glasses—a warning that our jaunt was interrupted for the evening—I noticed that she was taking quite as much interest in the man as I.

A big, almost vacant room, such as the one we found ourselves in, with its empty tables, will either stiffen the formality of its surviving tenants, or draw them together thru the sense of its emptiness. The latter case was ours.

I had remarked to the old man on the continuance and strength of the storm, and my comment on this evident subject had seemed to draw him out.

"We, who live between the sea and the mountains of the Highlands, are used to these sudden storms," he said. "They are as sudden and almost as volatile as the passions of man."

"Then you have lived here long?" I inquired.

"The best part of my life," he answered, gravely, "and I may add that I have had unusual occasion to compare the moods of human nature with the elements." Here he paused a moment. "My parish has consisted for many years of those creatures who have been set apart from their fellow men. Until recently I have been the priest of the state prison in this neighborhood."

The old man stated his vocation in tones so solemn, yet triumphant; so candidly, yet so sorrow-laden, that it would be impossible to reproduce them on vocal chords that had not run the extreme gamut of human passion.

"On a night like this," he continued, as if communing with himself, "I am always reminded of the remarkable escape of one of the prisoners. A man who, in a short period of mental tempest, showed the most extraordinary devotion to his family, and in his mad attempt at freedom but plunged himself from one of Dante's pits of torture into another and more poignant one."

We begged him to continue.

"There are some crimes," he prefaced, "that require an exhaustive search of heredity and environment to get at a reason, or palliation, of their cause. And again, there are others that by reason of the circumstances surrounding the case appear almost inevitable. To such a class the one I am about to relate belongs.

"The man was and had been employed for several years in a canvas manufactory but a short way from



THE SWISS CANVAS-MAKER IS COMMENDED FOR HIS INDUSTRY

here, on the water-front. He was of honest Swiss parentage, and his record as a trusted and skillful employee was without a spot. He had brought his family, consisting of a wife and two little daughters, here with him, and they lived a thrifty life in a little cottage with a garden plot, in the environs of the town. At that time my duties in the institution were unofficial—I had merely added them to my parish work—and my relations to this man and his family were those of priest and parishioners.

"Quite unexpectedly, the elder of his children began to fail in health. I advised them taking her out of school to lead a life in the open. And while this course, without doubt, did her good, and caused a color to form on the surface of her skin, she was withering away slowly, but surely, from some malignant internal growth.

"Its cause or its cure was quite beyond the worthy country doctor who attended her. Yet if devotion could act as a stay in a case of this kind, that whole-souled one of the practitioner, and the ceaseless care and love of the parents, should have worked a remedy.

"The child got slowly worse, and, with it, the little savings of the man and wife were as surely diminishing. With the abhorrence of thrifty people they saw themselves running into debt. The man—and I beg of you to let him be nameless—was paid for his designing and cutting of canvas goods, by the piece; so he merely worked the more rapidly and stayed at his bench each evening time several hours after the other workers had gone. In this way they managed to keep a dry roof over their heads and to supply the child with luxuries.

"But their misfortunes were only beginning. One morning the man went to his factory and found a line of workmen forming at the cashier's window. They were being paid off. The renewal of a government contract for tents had passed into other hands, and necessitated the shutting down of the plant. The man was fairly hungry for work just at this time, for the country doctor had at last persuaded a well-known New York surgeon to

make an examination of the child with the view to an operation.

"He stood in line without talking, and received his pay envelope in a dumb manner. What seemed so unfortunate to the excited men around him, struck him with the dull blow of the poll of an ax.

"He went immediately home and found the carriage of the city surgeon drawn up before his door. Then, for a moment, the spark of hope at the bottom of his manhood flickered into a tiny jet.

"The expensive practitioner was bending over his child, with eyes in which trained science and drawing-room culture were inextricably mixed.

"'Yes, there was hope,' he admitted, finally, 'but an X-ray examination would have to be made before he could determine an exact diagnosis. What would it cost? Oh, he would need an assistant, and an electrician to install the machine—possibly a hundred dollars. The payment for his own services could wait, for a time.'

"One hundred dollars; one thousand dollars; a million dollars! The sums were alike incomputable to the man and his wife. They stared at each other dully.

"The surgeon left with the alacrity of a business man. 'They had better,' he had advised, 'send the child to some county or state institution. He would indorse the local physician's recommendation. Good care and food would make enough blood to keep it alive, but without a distinctive diagnosis he would hardly care to state the nature of the malady.'

"His carriage wheels whirled rapidly away. They knew nothing more than before. Except that money would cast a violet light thru the child, and perhaps reveal her disease. Afterward an untold quantity of money might cause the knife to fall around the source. It was a barrier which they could not hope to pierce; instead, they gave themselves over to the procuring of food and unbroken care of the mortally wounded little one.

"I will not detail the downward steps in their prosperity. What had once been a well-furnished home, full of sunshine, became a bare and desolate one. They denied themselves food. People, noticing his shabby and unkempt looks on the streets, thought him a victim to drink, or worse. Such odd jobs of work as he could find in the lumber-yards hardly supplied the child with thin soups. Their hearts ached bitterly as the fluid became more and more like water.

"Their rent had been paid a quarter in advance. The once cheerful rooms were almost denuded of furniture. What they had had was sold for the value of kindling-wood: it is so hard to build up a home, and so easy to empty it.

"The man's rugged strength began to fail. His meaningless tramps for work by day, and long vigils by night, when the child's breath rasped across a burning throat, had tried his tiny jet of courage almost to its extinguishment.

"It was then that his temptation must have come upon him. How taunting it was, only a hopeless man, with loved obligations walling him in, can measure. He resolved to steal—only a little—enough food to keep body and soul in the same earthly tenancy.

"Of course he was caught—the man was a bungler at this sort of work, and the constables had been unusually alert by reason of some atrocious burglaries recently committed in the neighborhood.

"His trial was short and perfunctory. Public sentiment was aroused, and needed a sop for its indignation; so the man was sentenced to a term in state prison where, on ordinary occasion, he would have been sent to the county jail.

"But I am not dealing with the justice of his case. Perhaps for an exact science, justice is the most erring of the earmarks of our civilization. So much is left to the discretion of the judge, the district attorney, and the prison officials, as to just how long and how severely a human being shall suffer.



THE SWISS CONCEALS A BIT OF CANVAS UNDER HIS JACKET

"I found him, after a month of incarceration, more an animal than a man. The man's mental state, at the time of imprisonment, had not been taken into consideration. One cannot bottle up misery without having it work in the very fiber of the intellect. This is a physical truism.

"My own contact with the man—I say it in all modesty—was the only thing that prevented him from becoming an incurable maniac. I brought little messages from his home to awaken the silence of his cell. I feel that God will forgive me if, in the bringing, I softened the monotony of their sadness.

"I persuaded him for his own salvation to show such a conduct record that he would be put to work with the others. And this bore fruit, for soon he was assigned to a sewing-room where garments were being fashioned to clothe the incurables in other parts of the State.

"In speechless contact with other men, his fingers busied somewhat in imitation of his calling. I believed the man was lulled into a less dangerous frame of mind. His family I supplied as my own modest means would permit.

"But his child was imperceptibly slipping away. I am no physician of the body, but little signs showed me plainly that the grasp of her baby hands was slowly loosening from life's casement. I thought the matter over, and decided that it was my duty to tell him. A remarkable paternal solicitude had brought him to his present estate.

"Strange to relate, my news did not seem to affect him. If anything, he became more tractable than previously. He was granted the little favors that a good conduct convict can earn. Of course, you must understand, I did not know what was going on deep down in the man's mind, and I wondered at his seeming placidity.

"It all had a method, it seems—the man was temporizing with the beast. He was already planning to escape. An unusual plan, which would depend for its success on circumstances beyond his control.

"He was considered an unusually good stitcher—for a man—upon the coarse prison fabric. He used up

twice as much thread as his seatmates, but he was doing double work, so the room monitor kept him supplied with material.

"If he had been under unusual suspicion they might have noticed the rapidity with which he came to an end of a length of thread, and the many times he stopped to bite them off before re-threading. Each time a little length—a few inches—remained in his mouth. These he worked into pellets against the roof of his mouth, and held concealed between his teeth and his upper lip. In sewing the material many little pieces had to be cut off where the pattern was carelessly followed. This was done by shears chained to the work-tables. He succeeded in retaining some of these scraps daily, and in secreting them in a loosened seam of his jacket.

"When he was locked in his cell the concealing process had to start anew: each article of the furnishings was examined minutely in the mornings. But before he had hidden his rag-bag of thread ends and scraps, a long night of crazy sewing was resorted to —crazy on account of the ridiculous equipment and the absolute blackness of his cell. On moonlight nights the faint reflection coming into his high-up window filled him with a kind of delight for the more delicate operations of his task.

"For there were ropes to be spun and rove from these comical hoardings of thread. The miniature clippings of cotton fabric were bit by bit forming into shape: a process almost as minute as coral formation. But he took a feverish delight in his design, and, as the gray of dawn approached, sewed the formless thing each day beneath the tick of his cotton mattress.

"The man became very thin and bloodless from lack of sleep; so much so, that he was allowed an extra hour in the exercising corridor. But he begged to go back to his work. What brain he had left seemed to hop, like sparks, from one to another of his finger-tips.

"To digress for a moment, I might state that the average wages paid the mental, moral, and physical guardians of convicts is sixty dollars a month.



BY MOONLIGHT, THE SWISS WORKS ON



THE CONVICTS MAKE THE ATTACK

To reclaim the good in their charges, we should pay them not less, but more than school teachers. They are in contact with corrupted morals, stunted or twisted minds, and bodies in captivity, and yet we expect them to make headway, and to keep a job of this kind. As a result, not one prison servant in a thousand is fitted to cope with the needs of his charges. Under a proper system they would be summarily expelled for physical or mental deficiency—but the real blame lies higher up.

"One of the prison guards, at the time, was particularly brutal to the convicts; so much so, that the broken men had resolved to take the remedy into their own hands and retaliate. An attack was to be made upon him at the afternoon exercising hour, and the silent signal of agreement had passed thru the room of stitchers.

"My Swiss knew of the plan—in fact, was counted upon to be where heels were thickest; but it was such a circumstance which, if made, he had been hoping to take advantage of for a far different purpose.

"When the exercising hour arrived, he feigned sickness—he looked sick enough, poor man, without acting—and a turnkey was told off to take him to his cell. He realized that it would be necessary to detain his captor until the disturbance in the corridor should send him scurrying down to the guards.

"Naturally, bribery suggested itself. What men at fifty and ten a month for despicable work are not open to it?

"The man entered his cell ahead of his jailor. A cunning look came into his eyes. 'Will you send a message for me?' he whispered, rapidly. 'It is worth much money.' As it is well known that the stones of our prisons are porous when words—for pay—are to be gotten in or out, the turnkey was immediately interested. Details were quickly gone into—too quickly for the man . . . and then a shout and a long drawn-out whistle came echoing up between the cells.

"It was the call for help—the convicts were getting busy with the cock of the walk! The interested turnkey

ran out of his cell, and slammed to the grating-door with sufficient force to catch the spring-lock in its nosing. But it had encountered the toe of a shoe—it was open, and the turnkey's feet were pelting down the iron stairs away from him.

"Another circumstance delighted him. All that day a high wind, the harbinger of a storm, had been blowing up from the sea. As he stole quickly down the corridor, and mounted the stairs leading upward, he could hear it singing and soughing across the roof of the dormitory.

"More stairs to climb; then, to stop suddenly and listen for sounds of pursuit.

"At last he reached the iron ladder leading up to the roof scuttle. It had not been taken down. The outlook on the roof must have been overcome by the events in the exercising corridor.

"He mounted swiftly, dragging his bundle of ropes and fabric behind. The scream of wind across the parapets sounded like a lullaby to him now.

"Five minutes afterward, the guards in the yard below, glancing upward in response to a shout, saw a marvellous thing going on over their heads. A man in the striped suit of a convict was clinging to a gigantic umbrella, which swayed him like a doll in the wind. The apparition streamed for a moment above their astonished heads, and was gone, swaying and twisting above the walls.

"A series of shots rang out from the roof, and the guards were mustered. Incredible thing—they could not fathom it.

"It was found—the parachute—in a near-by field—a jumble of ropes and lifeless patchwork. The man was missing. He had gotten to his feet, and limped quickly away.

"Found him? Of course they



THE SWISS MAKES THE LEAP JUST AS THE GUARDS APPEAR



THEY FIND THE PRISONER BENT OVER THE ASHES OF HIS CHILD

found him. What else did the poor creature want except his home and an hour of freedom? When the guards entered, they found him bent over the ashes of his child—she had exhaled her last breath against his cheek.

"He gave himself up freely—he wasn't all brute, you see; and somewhere deep down in him he realized that the winds of God had carried her baby heart beyond all human confines."

The Call of the Open

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

Dear comrade, let us journey forth to see the leafing boughs;
The brooklets flow thru flowers, the wind is from the south.
The heart beats time in unison to Nature's sweet carouse—.
Blossom time and Maytime and a maiden's laughing mouth.

With feet that pace in lilting swing, why in the mart be lingering
When skies no clouds betoken, and days are warm and fair?
While life is young, and hope's a-wing, we'll wander forth a-gypsying,
To seek the Valleys of Delight and leave the Hills of Care.

Oh! rich is life when pleasure lures, and fond ambition waits,
So pledge we deep in Wine of Joy while Youth is at the flood;
We'll fancy sweet Pandean pipes we hear from fair estates,
And comely country maids we see are dryads of the wood.

But, dearest friend in all the world, too well, alas, we know
We, hapless, tread the City streets in blossom time, or snow:
The whisp'ring woods and fragrant lanes are ours in dreams alone;
The rustic maids we see are those by Motion Pictures shown.

HENPECKED IKE

by LOUIS REEVES HARRISON

IT was all on account of a miniature donkey.

Some authors pretend to know what is going on in the brains of myriad characters of the human species, yet become shy in depicting the simple emotions, known instincts, and limited manifestations of thought among domesticated animals. To him who observes closely, and gets into sympathetic touch with a dog or a horse, there is little to be concealed, and even if it is stripped of subterfuge by the stern laws of necessity—no mature animal will stare its feed-box out of countenance. Our four-footed friends have thinking machines, many of them philosophically recognize the universal laws of interdependence, and a few are capable of noble gratitude, but such diplomacy and foresight as that displayed by Ike Van Winkle's burro, Moses, are rare and well worth recording.



Ike was a veritable descendant of Rip Van Winkle, with fewer opportunities to indulge in prolonged sprees than his illustrious ancestor, and none at all to come back after a protracted and preservative soak among mountain moonshiners, with a tale such as enabled Rip to enjoy tranquillity, exemption from jury duty, and a halo of romance for the rest of his tottering life. No one would have believed him, and his wife would not have let him. Mrs. Ike Van Winkle, who had been afflicted during the formative period of her existence with the name "Gladys," had possibly read family history, for she refused to take in washing for a living—she kept boarders instead—declined to split a blood vessel arguing religion,



and actually succeeded in compelling her liege lord to work at chores about the house. She lived up to modern ideas of sex equality by doing her share of money getting, and keeping all she could lay hands on.

Ike was compelled to wait on table, wash dishes, and perform other humiliating duties for the sake of eating whatever he could get at odd moments, without leisure for Fletcherizing. He rebelled in secret, and went frequently to his little burro, or his big bottle, for consolation, according to whether or not the latter was filled or empty, but it all intensified his migratory instincts. Unfortunately for both, Mrs. Ike would not see that his temper could never be made pliable in the white heat of domestic disagreement. Many a woman has killed all the natural affection in a man's heart by *mothering* him, whether by coddling or correcting makes little difference in the end. When she reverently regards him as her adviser, guardian angel and sole protector, she keeps peace in the family.

Spring was dawning, the rain-soaked earth was sending forth green sprouts that defied the lingering cold, and, finally, a few days of warm sunshine set all nature throbbing with the delight anticipatory of re-creation. Ike became as irritable as a prima donna with a sore throat.

"What's the use?" he asked of his burro one day when he and Moses had a few moments together out of hearing near the woods. "What's the use of working *all* the time to lay up money for a rainy day, instead of enjoying what comes along? I've a notion to skip out, and let Gladys shift for herself."

Moses wagged his tail in acquiescence—it was too early for flies.

"Then, here goes," said Ike. He adjusted a halter to the head of willing Moses, slung a pannier filled with secret supplies across the burro's back, and proceeded to inflate his

courage with a long pull on the whiskey bottle. Delays are dangerous, even when they are not fatal, for Ike was caught in the act by his wife, and ignominiously dragged back to the house.

"What does all this mean?" she demanded.

"I'm goin' to leave," he faltered; "leave you forever."

Gladys could not credit him with sufficient resolution for a course so manly. She tied an apron around his neck, set him to work at the wash-tub, and went about her household duties. She was mistaken for once in her life. Moses nosed around the end of the house, and stood regarding Ike with ill-concealed derision. This was more than human flesh could bear. Ike cast off his badge of degradation, penciled a short note to his wife, and took to the woods in company with the wily burro. He stopped short at the sound of the dinner bell, his whole frame racked with an inner struggle; then braced up with another pull at the bottle, and plunged into a trackless forest, headed for the mountains.

All afternoon, during sober intermissions, Ike was tormented with misgivings that caused him to stop and look back at the source of all his creature comforts, but Moses refused to compromise. The little donkey plodded along faithfully in any direction leading away from home, but was not to be cajoled into returning. He had not lost remembrance ancestral of pastoral days when uncivilized men found it good for their health, as well as for the regulation of domestic relations, to make an occasional change of residence. It was thus they upset the tyranny of woman's realm. Ike was compelled to fortify his purpose at more and more frequent intervals, until night found him as ready as the immortal Rip to forget that he ever had a wife, a condition which awakens suspicion that Washington Irving's hero left an enormous number of descendants.

Moses, feeling the weight of responsibility placed on his shoulders by the helpless condition of the two-legged weakling, and in response to the noble example of his namesake, stood guard thru the night over the Children of Israel, as represented in modern life by the much-befuddled human being unable to release himself from bondage. The burro was ready next morning to lead his charge into the wilderness, as did the great Jewish leader the tribes of his enslaved brethren, but Ike rose from his slumbers with a new and glorious sense of mastery, and decided that the little donkey might as well carry him in addition to the panniers. The result proved beyond a doubt that Moses had a scheme in mind from the outset, which he proceeded to put into execution with super-mule wisdom.

The donkey's first act was to toss Ike over his head and down a declivity into a ravine, from which there was only sober escape.

"Did yer mean that?" Ike shouted at the burro.

Moses nodded with grim humor, and proceeded to munch some delectable foliage from the bushes over which he was peering.

"Come down here!" the shaken-up man ordered.

Moses shook his head—"Not on your life."

When Ike had given full consideration to his situation, one of abandonment in a pathless forest, without eats or drinks, he became serious and imploring. Moses gave him time to meditate upon the folly of trying to alter the course of destiny, as embodied in a little donkey; then pointed the way back by taking it himself. When Ike managed to scramble out of his physical predicament, Moses trotted along, just beyond reach, and followed the fresh trail he had made from the house to their camping ground.

No sooner had Gladys Van Winkle come to a full realization that her husband had left her, than she began openly, and defiantly, to appreciate the services he had rendered much against his own will, and her tears flowed with scalding bitterness at the

indelicate intimations made by her boarders that she alone was responsible for the desertion. She wept thru the lonesome night at the thought of his sufferings, unbunked and unfed, in the wilderness. Morning brought no immediate relief to her mental agony, and by noon she was plunged into the depths of despair. Then it was that Ike's cautious eyes, peering around the corner of the house, rested upon a pile of unchopped wood. He stole into the field of action, took up an ax, and began swinging it with an enthusiasm stimulated by certain fragrant odors from the kitchen. He was so occupied when Gladys came, sobbing, from the house, and clasped him fondly in her arms. Moses ambled into view, and cocked his head on one side, as much as to say: "She's taking you in." Ike permitted his wife to weep over him, to doll and pet him, to bring him refreshment, and finally yielded to the influence of creature comfort. He took his reformed mate into his arms. He admitted that he had passed a cruel night of insomnia.

"How could you be so cruel?" he asked.

"Dont you know?" she whimpered.

"Was it because you loved me so?" he asked, fondly.

"Of course," she cried.

Moses went solemnly away, winking one ear.

Bein' Usher in a Motion Picture Show

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

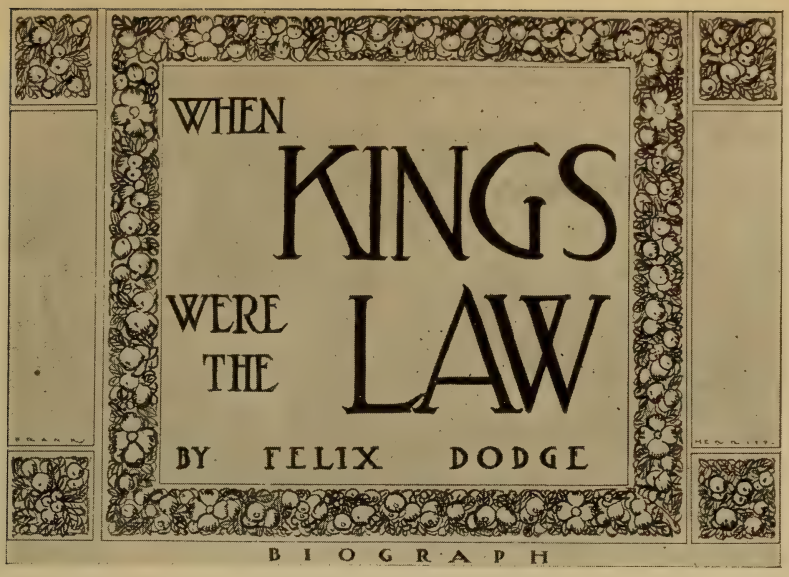
There's lots o' things I like to do; go swimming, shoot, and camp,
And ride a horse, and row a boat, and play football, and tramp.
But of all the fun a-goin', more than anything I know,
I'd like to be an usher in a Motion Picture show.

To wear a uniform of blue, and walk on up the aisle,
And show the people to their seats, and boss the crowd in style.
And look around as if I owned the whole blame thing, you know.
Gee! I wish I was an usher in a Motion Picture show.

But best of all about it is to see each Photoplay,
And never miss a single one, but see them every day.
The cowboys riding round like mad, the soldiers, Indians—oh,
I'd give a lot to usher in a Motion Picture show.

And think of all the things I'd learn; the lots of history,
Geography, and such—O my, the foreign lands I'd see!
I'd learn more than I do at school of all such things, I know,
All just by bein' usher in a Motion Picture show.

Fred White, he says, when he's growed up, he'll be a millionaire.
And Tom says his ambition is to fill the Pres'dent's chair.
I've got one wish, beside it any other would seem slow—
I want to be an usher in a Motion Picture show.



IN the kingdom of Romanda there reigned a king of mighty temper; but over that kingdom there were three rulers: a countess, a cardinal, and—the king.

Before the coming of the countess, the Cardinal Calambo had ruled with a hand of mail, encased in velvet, yet wisely, withal. The king was content to satisfy his least whim, and leave the grave responsibilities of the state to rest on other shoulders.

But with the coming of the Countess Adrigal all was changed, and the star-chamber of the court became a jousting place for three mighty wills.

The Countess Adrigal had flitted in one summer afternoon, like a radiant butterfly, from a far province of the king's domain, to do homage to her sovereign on coming of age.

The cardinal's court were wont to smirk and smile at this provincial display of obsolete vassalage. The king gave no thought of aught but the beautiful Countess Adrigal, and smiled.

Whereupon, from that day forth, the cardinal smiled no more, nor did the court, except in its sleeves and behind barred doors. The Countess Adrigal had become the royal favorite.

A week passed, the cardinal and his minions keeping a jealous eye on the daily walks and talks of the king and the countess.

Each morning, for sixteen years, the king had been wont to lay his hand and seal to such documents as His Eminence brought to be signed.

But this particular morning affairs were different. The Countess Adrigal had come into his life.

"And wilt thou be pleased to lay thy hand and seal on such papers as I have brought, O sire?"

"Nay, but leave them, my lord cardinal; they shall receive my early attention."

"Sire, these documents are of great weight——"

"Therefore, a greater reason that I should peruse them."

"But, sire——"

"My lord cardinal, I am the king!"

"Yea, sire. God be praised! Then I will bring the papers again, later."

"Nay. I shall take good care of them."

Cardinal Calambo retired, showing none of the discomfiture or malice in his face that rankled in his heart. One thing he knew too well—King Rolando was subject to a hot, quick temper, that would fall with all the terrible power of the law of kings upon whomsoever brooked his displeasure.

The king ruled by divine right, and the king's word was law; and the king was hasty and rash in his judgments —sometimes cruel.

The cardinal, with these facts fore-

most in his crafty mind, beat a hasty retreat.

Meanwhile, the king read over and over the documents. For the first time his heart swelled with pride at the thought of his being the ruler of the hands and hearts and lives of tens of thousands of men, women and children, and one woman had awakened him to the fact that were he to take a wife, he could bring her to a palace, but to no kingdom. He had felt shame at that thought.

But what was this royal decree he was reading?

"'Know ye, all my subjects, that this day, at sunset, the domain of Bouvalley, its lands, castle, and all things real and personal therein situate, become forfeit and annexed to the crown, in exchange for 100 florins in gold, to be paid to the present feudal heir and owner, the Countess Adrigal——'"

"The Countess Adrigal!" The young king rose in a rage, giving vent to the fiery temper that Cardinal Calambo had craftily nourished, until it had become his sovereign's worst enemy.

He paced up and down the luxurious chamber, either tearing into strips or breaking into fragments whatever rare and costly piece he could lay his hands upon. Thus Calambo had incited him to act when he had been the young prince's tutor. In reward, the impetuous young man had made him a cardinal.

At length the king seized the offensive document. "For this piece of villainy," he cried, "I shall punish Calambo and his crew by——" He was on the point of tearing the paper into bits, when he paused, a subtle smile stealing over his handsome face. "No, I *will* sign this document!"

The cardinal was summoned. The messenger returned without him.

"The cardinal has gone on a journey," was the message brought.

The king laughed long and loudly. "Hasten to him—these will bring him back," he said, handing him the pile of papers, all bearing the fresh signature of the king.

The king appointed a fête day, to be observed thruout all the kingdom by games and gaiety. He sent messengers with largesses for this purpose. The rule of the cardinal had begun to wane.

His Eminence was summoned to be in close attendance to His Majesty from morn till night of the appointed day of fête. But he was not even told why such a day, outside the calendar of the saints, had been appointed. His most secret emissaries failed to bring him the desired knowledge. To have his mighty power thus toyed and trifled with by his tool of yesterday, and a little noblewoman from a far province, sorely tried the prince of the church.

That day the royal gardens were made a picture of fairy splendor. The thousand fountains played all day long; rare plants were brought to bloom, and to sweeten the summer air on every side; melting melodies filtered thru the interstices of every verdant bower, and amidst it all flitted the gay courtiers, a panorama of gold, broideries, fine lace and delicate colors.

The king kept about him a small circle of favored ones. Most favored of all was the dainty Countess Adrigal, who walked by his side, a hand on his arm, like a fragrant rose petal. Just behind strolled the cardinal, with Lady Francesca, now appointed by royal command to be Countess Adrigal's lady-in-waiting! The cardinal and his companion exchanged whispered words, which, if they had been of steel, must have struck the fair favorite to her death a score of times. Lady Francesca was still the cardinal's choice for queen.

Beneath a magnificent bower of scarlet roses the king paused, as tho by chance.

"My lord cardinal," he said, in the executive tone that had come to him during the past fortnight, "this gala day was suggested to my mind by thee —tho perhaps thou didst not guess it at the time."

"By me?" said the cardinal, trying to fathom the mystery in his sover-

eign's pleased eyes, and gage his words accordingly. "That were my last wish, sire, to please thee."

"Well said, cardinal—and see that every wish before thy last shall be designed to please thy king."

This was the most direct expression of opinion and threat the king had ever uttered. The nails dug viciously into the hand the cardinal held behind his scarlet robe.

"Among the recent papers signed and sealed by me was one confiscating a certain distant county for the crown. I take this occasion, my lord cardinal, to ratify that document."

The cardinal stood with a perplexed cloud on his brow.

"Countess Adrigal, I hereby make known, in the presence of these witnesses, that I this day seize thy estates and chattels, known as the County of Bouvalley, as mine own! In exchange I give thee one hundred florins in gold."



THE KING PRESENTS THE COUNTESS WITH A NECKLACE

The little gathering of witnesses stood about in amaze, searching the young king's changeable face as tho for traces of insanity. The countess looked up, in birdlike alarm.

"Furthermore, I make it part of the royal decree that all the household of Bouvalley hereafter become members of the royal household—*even thou!*" He turned, with the confession of his love in his almost boyish face.

"Sire!" gasped the little assembly.

Never in all history had such a breach of royal etiquette been known.

A page had hurried forward, bearing a golden casket on a cushion of cloth-of-gold.

"This," said the king, drawing forth an exquisite necklace, in which was stored a blaze of countless brilliant facets, "I shall place about the fair neck of Romanda's future queen."

Already Countess Adrigal had sunk to her knees, where, with bent head and downcast eyes, she sobbed audibly. With fingers that trembled with tenderness and joy, the king clasped the necklace on the fair white neck.

"Swear by the stars thou wilt never part with it!" whispered the royal lover, bending near the countess' ear as she slowly rose.

"By the stars, as thou dost wish, I swear it!"

Thus was there in the strange behavior of the king another example of that impulsive nature which none dared withstand.

"Command all the musicians to play!" cried Rolando, gaily. "Spread the tidings thruout the realm! Now, on yonder dais, I propose to sit until the sun be set, and dispense to all my subjects who approach and ask, that which they most desire—and I choose." The king laughed merrily and took his seat on the dais of gold and velvet that had been set up on one side of the bower.

Stringed instruments spun golden webs of music thruout the gardens. Children decked with flowers danced and sang, while all who had favors, pleas and grievances, drew near, and craved the king's ear.

Cardinal Calambo and Lady Francesca, like evil spirits, stood near, in moody silence. Countess Adrigal, her tongue now loosed from the spell, sang like a bird uncaged to all she met.

An hour passed. The king had not

refused a single behest. Suddenly he looked up, and saw the countess at some distance, in animated conversation with a handsome youth. His brow clouded, and the hot iron of jealousy shot deep into his heart, souring the sweet joy that a moment before had been his. He caught Calambo's eye, and was goaded by the half-veiled innuendo in its glitter.

"Ah, my cousin!" cried the youth, now rushing toward the king.

"Sir Alwyn, what bringest thou here—now?"

"The old story," said the youth, gaily, with many grotesque gestures. "Wine—song—women!"

This was an unfortunate remark.

"I have eyes," remarked the king, dryly.



THE KING REFUSES SIR ALWYN A LOAN

"Bring hither yonder youth!" he commanded of a page.

The two were so busy laughing and chatting that the page was forced to address them thrice.

Rolando saw it, and in his jealous anger almost hated her whom he had betrothed.

"He hath the face and air of a prince," suggested Calambo, sententiously.

"And I come, my kingly cousin, at an auspicious moment. I have a behest—a thousand florins, O sire, and my troubles and adventures are done for. I would buy a cot and settle down."

"Hast thou a spouse?" inquired the king, quickly.

"Nay. I come a-seeking," smiled the care-free cousin.

"Then thou comest too late!" cried



THE CARDINAL SETS A TRAP

the king, goaded into anger by the last remark. "My favors are done for the day, and I banish thee at daybreak from my kingdom!"

For a moment the youth looked up, dazed and staggered by this cruel and unexpected pronouncement. Then a smile lit his face.

"Sire, thou hast left me life, at least—for this favor I thank thee. The few hours left me I promise thee to enjoy." And, with a courtly bow, he stepped majestically away.

"Tonight the festivities will continue in the palace," said the king to the herald, but there was no joy of expectancy in his voice. Like a funeral procession, the royal party betook its way toward the palace.

Calambo drew Lady Francesca aside before they reached the gate.

"My secretary, Kalitzo, will call for the king's necklace tonight," he whispered.

The lady-in-waiting gave him a startled look of fear, then of understanding.

At the gate the king and Calambo ascended the steps alone.

"Oh, Calambo," said the king, turning, "request the Countess Adrigal to appear at the reception a few minutes before the others—at the hour after Vespers."

"Yes, sire," responded Calambo, hurrying back toward the receding women.

"My Lady Adrigal, His Majesty commands thee to appear at the hour of nine tonight," he said, breathlessly, on reaching them.

At precisely half after eight the king took his seat in the reception hall of the palace. For five minutes he contained his impatience, then his fury burst all bounds.

"Calambo!" he called, loudly. "Thou didst tell her the hour?"

"Ay, sire, I repeated it."

"Enough! Send Kalitzo with orders that the Countess Adrigal be brought!"

"One moment. One cometh who may bring tidings."

Sir Alwyn entered, happiness still beaming in his face.

"Ay, I bring good news. 'Tis a starlit night, and the nightingale sings with the voice of a beautiful woman."

"The fellow is crazy with women," muttered the cardinal, significantly.

An evil thought seemed to flit thru the king's mind that made him look blackly at his cousin.

At that moment there was a little commotion in the antechamber.

Kalitzo hurried forward.

"Sire, the countess comes!"

He moved to the side of the cardinal, just behind Sir Alwyn. In the excitement of attention directed toward the doorway at the sound of weeping, no one saw the secretary deftly slip his hand into the gaping pocket of the king's jovial cousin.

The next moment the Countess



FRANCESCA ACCEPTS THE COMMISSION

Adrigal had entered, leaning heavily on the arm of her lady-in-waiting.

"Sire!" murmured the countess, kneeling at the king's feet, and bending her fair neck before him. "Oh, sire!"

Then he saw, in a paroxysm of jealous anger, that cast a pall of red over everything before his eyes.

"The necklace!" It was but a hoarse mumble. "Where is it?"

"I laid it off to bathe, oh, sire," whispered the countess. "There was no one near but"—she glanced at Lady Francesca—"we two. It is gone!"

"Consider our guest, sire!" It was the voice of Calambo, close to His Majesty's ear. He had seen the king's eye rove in that direction. "See! Our looms do not weave such texture as this foreign fabrication!"

The king's hand had followed the suggestion, and in another instant it had sprung like lightning into his cousin's pocket.

He drew forth the necklace!

All the heat of ruthless passion fled from the king's heart and left it cold and cruel. His eye saw sure and true. His mind worked swiftly and relentlessly.

He called to his master of arms.

"Lock the doors! Bring a heavy hempen cord!"

While this was being done he sat with his head heavily on his hand, his brow knit in terrible thought. At length he shook his head, and summoned Calambo to his side, speaking so that none other might hear.

"It is fitting that those who plan to ruin the happiness of their king should die. Tell me how."

"Let it be in each other's arms."

The king jerked himself erect.

"Well?" he demanded, coldly.

"Place them in yonder room, bound together; brick up the wall, stop up the cracks—rats in a hole will die."

"So shall they perish," said the king, decisively. The king rose and



THE KING CONDEMNS THE COUNTESS AND SIR ALWYN TO AIR-TIGHT CHAMBER

faced the silent court. "I am the king, and the law. Sufficient reasons have come before me why two of my subjects should suffer punishment at my hands. Countess Adrigal of Bouvalley and Sir Alwyn of Pancourt, I condemn thee both to death!"

Sir Alwyn stepped forward.

"I stole the necklace. Remember, sire, I besought thee for a thousand florins; therein lay ten thousand. Sire, the countess is innocent. Put me to death. I have confessed."

All the while the fair countess had been looking with eyes of wonder at this man, almost a stranger to her, yet so ready to die for her. This was the knight she had dreamed of in her far province, not one of the stripe of yonder king. She, too, was on her feet before the king.

"Nay, sire! He stole naught from me!"

"Then thou gavest him!" blazed the king. "I knew it! Art ready, my lord cardinal?"

The few members of the court that remained sat frozen with horror at the spectacle they saw enacted before their eyes.

The condemned prisoners were tied with a stout cord, placed in a small alcove, with a burning candle on a table between them. The hangings were drawn so that the movements of masons, who had been summoned with all haste to wall up the alcove, were carried on so stealthily that the prisoners were not aware of their fate until the moment the candle burned their shackles in two! Too late!



THE KING ORDERS THE MASONS TO SEAL THE CHAMBER

The king, in a state of insane ecstasy, ordered wine and fruit, and forced the assemblage to eat and drink.

Then they heard the frantic, dull thuds against the wall, that told that the prisoners were loose, and were

making a horrible struggle for life and air. Once the silence was so profound they thought that they could hear the frantic scratching and breaking of finger-nails against the cruel bricks and the rasping of gasping breath against parched, dry throats. Then came a moment when all was still.

Several women had fainted. Perspiration poured down the drawn faces of the men. Even the cardinal was whispering for mercy, with dry lips.

But the king sat, with jaw set, his eyes with a mad light in them, and his skin gone a blue-gray in color.

Suddenly a shriek broke the silence, like a snapping cord, shocking the taut nerves of half of the hearers into tears and sobs.

It was the Lady Francesca. She was plucking madly at the king's sleeve, great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Sire! Sire! Break the wall! She is innocent! I am guilty—I and the Cardinal Calambo and—Kalitzo!" She sank to the floor.

"Break thru! Break thru!" screamed the king, rising, and standing during the next few minutes with his hands sunk deep in his heavy hair, his teeth set.

At length the workmen carried them out, both with cruel scratches on their throat, where they had madly torn them in a vain endeavor to breathe, but they were not dead.

"Doctors! doctors!" whispered the king, still standing one side, in a torpor of horror.

At length he knelt very quietly and reverently by the countess' side.

When she opened her eyes the tears came to him at last, and dropped, one by one, on her hand. She looked up, and shuddered.

"In all my kingdom, whate'er thou



THE KING FEASTS WHILE HIS VICTIMS STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE

askest, that shall be thine, sweet Adrigal," he said, softly.

"Wretch!" she moaned. "I ask nothing else in life than the love of yonder *man!*" Her eyes were lifted reverently toward Sir Alwyn, on whose face a pale smile beamed once more.

"And I, with the few florins I have, and life, and thee, see heaven at my gate! Wine and song no longer tempt me, O sire, for I have *the woman!*"

The king gavè forth an agonizing groan of lost hope, rose laboredly, and walked like one grown old to a table whereon lay the glorious necklace.

"This, O countess, take as thy wedding gift from a man whose heart was a slave to his nature.

He stood silent in thought for a moment, toying with the spent hourglass in his hand.

"Sir Alwyn, my cousin," he resumed, "I cannot but compare our lives to the wasted substance in this glass: my sands have run in riot and futility—like yours—but the time has come when your bravery and love have stood out paramount before the world—and mine . . ." He sighed in extreme bitterness.

"My cousin," he resumed, "I create thee Duke of Bouvalley, whence came the sweetest and most wronged woman in all the world. Return with her to thy duchy—all there is thine."

He turned wearily to the tearful assembly.

"Bear gently to rooms in the palace these two brave souls, and let us leave this terrible place—— Wait!"



FRANCESCA CONFESSES TO THE THEFT

The king turned to the Cardinal Calambo. "All except thou—and the masons."

His eyes were sunk in painful thought again. Naught remained in the chamber but the king and his former councillor.

"As thou hast taught me to waste, or to check, the sands of my destiny," began again the sad voice, "so art thou freely forgiven."

The cardinal breathed more easily.

"But with mine," the inexorable words went on, "thou hast rove the strands of other lives—cruelly and godlessly."



THE KING REWARDS SIR ALWYN

The cardinal paled. "But, sire——"

"Even now—when it is too late—I have plucked them asunder. My heart is bleeding from the wound..."

The pallid listener stepped forward, in entreaty.

"Too late," reminded the king.

"Too late!" shuddered the other. "'Twas thy device, my lord cardinal, for those who would rob the king of his happiness; and now the curse of sorrow lies till death in my heart—so thou must suffer. Farewell, then, my lord, farewell!"

My Picture Girl

By JOHN SUMNER

There's a girl who stays in the Golden West
That I never shall see or know;
She's the Picture Girl that I like the best—
But I never shall tell her so.
She has wistful eyes that shine like stars,
And hair like velvet night,
And I might as well wish for the Moon, or Mars—
But I love her, that's honor bright.

For she's always thinking of me, you see,
In her far away sunny land,
Thinking and planning, just to please me;
And working to beat the band.
But never for her the applauding throng
That backs the footlights' glare,
Her only "lime" is the noonday sun—
No paint or powder there!

She can ride her horse like a cattleman,
She can handle a rope or gun,
And my heart beats now in a rat-a-plan
When I think of the risks she's run.
I have seen her leap from an engine cab
And roll in the sand below,
Risking her life for one thrill's quick stab
To the people who watch the show.

But you needn't think that a cowgirl's part
Is all my film girl knows
(She can swing her train with a grande dame's art,
And her love is as sweet as a rose),
But the best of it is that she's always near,
No matter how far I go;
She never has guessed that I hold her dear—
And I never shall tell her so.

The Choir of Densmore

(Lubin)

By LILLIAN CONLON

THE child, a sturdy, beautiful lad of three years, looked anxiously at his mother, realizing dimly that something very terrible had happened —something that was breaking his pretty girl-mother's heart.

"Dont cry," he begged, putting both chubby arms about her neck. "Howard loves mama—he will be good boy."

The mother's sobs became quieter as the boy continued his efforts to comfort her; the neighbors, who had been helping, with pitying hands, to rearrange the little home after the simple funeral service had taken place, stole softly away to attend to their own little flocks, and Eleanor Perry sat quietly rocking her child, and trying to plan for his future.

It had all been so sudden—the blow had fallen with such swift relentlessness. In the morning the husband, whom she loved so tenderly, the father, whom the boy had worshiped, had gone out with his dinner-pail, kissing them, as always, a loving good-by. Only an hour later he had been carried thru the narrow doorway of the little home, silent in death. To the young wife it seemed that the fatal accident had crushed every hope that life could hold for her. Still, she had the child, and she must face the world and try to win a living for the boy until he should be old enough to care for himself.



THE LAST LEAVE-TAKING

Out of the chaos of her thoughts a plan finally evolved. She determined to find a place as housekeeper, where she would be allowed to keep Howard with her.

"That will be better than putting him in an orphanage," she thought. "I must have him with me, or I shall go mad!"

But it was not so easy as she had thought to find a place where the child would be welcomed. Many a weary mile did the mother walk, answering the advertisements which read so attractively in the Help Wanted columns, but no one seemed to want to employ a housekeeper with a three-year-old son. At last she determined to take Howard with her when she tried again. Motherlike, she felt that the boy's bright face and cunning ways would win favor for him. So, when she called at a beautiful home near the park, Howard, dressed in his prettiest suit, went with her. But when the mistress of the house had almost decided to engage the pretty, pathetic widow, in spite of her encumbrance, the child himself defeated the plan. He shrank away from the proud lady, who looked at him so critically, and began to sob.

"I dont want to live with that lady, mama," he cried, with a child's uner-

ring intuition. "She dont like little boys!"

"There," said the lady, rising decisively to terminate the interview, "I feared the boy would be troublesome, and now I know it. Be sensible, and put him in the children's home, then I will take you."

"Naughty lady makes mama cry," prattled Howard, as Eleanor led him up the stairs into their little room.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" thought the mother, almost in despair, as she fumbled in the gloom for a match. The light flared up, disclosing a letter, which had been thrust beneath the door. As she read it, her face cleared, and she caught Howard up, with a joyous cry.

"Oh, baby!" she exclaimed, almost crying, in her delight and excitement, "we have such good news! Would you like to go to the country, where there is lovely green grass, and pigs and chickens to play with?"

"Howard play with pigs," cooed the child, contentedly, not understanding what it was all about, but responding happily to his mother's enthusiasm.

"Aunt Grace has sent for us," continued the mother. "See, here is the money to go. She says we may live with her, and she will love you. Howard will love Aunt Grace, wont he?"

"Howard love Aunt Grace—love shickens—love piggies," nodded the boy, impartially.



MRS. PERRY SEEKS EMPLOYMENT

Preparations for the journey were soon made, and a few days later they were speeding across the green country to their new home. When Eleanor saw the pretty, vine-covered cottage, with her aunt waiting in the doorway, it seemed as if the heavy load of trouble and care slipped from her shoulders, and she was a child again, surrounded by the tender care of this woman, so like her own mother. The longing for her dead husband remained, but it was a softened grief now; the first bitterness was over, and

in the delight of seeing Howard grow rosy and strong, in the joy of the free, simple life, her hope and courage asserted themselves. The color returned to her cheeks, her dark eyes took on their old sparkle, and Aunt Grace often looked at her with admiring eyes as she romped with her child among the daisies.

Eleanor had been with her aunt for several weeks, when the village minister, on his round of calls, stopped at the little cottage. As he chatted with Aunt Grace on the piazza, a sweet voice rang out from the parlor, singing a ballad, with which a child's notes mingled occasionally.

"What a lovely voice!" exclaimed Mr. Belden. "Who is it?"

"It is my young niece, who has come to live with me," explained the aunt. "I am so glad to hear her sing, for she has had a great sorrow, and is only beginning to be herself again."

"Do you think she could be induced to join the choir?" he asked, eagerly. "A voice like that would mean everything to us; we have so little real talent in the church."

Mr. Belden was very young, very enthusiastic, very devoted to his calling. It was not hard for him to convince Eleanor that he needed her help, and she readily consented to attend the choir rehearsal that evening. There her shy, sweet manner won the hearts of the other singers. Her voice was wonderful, they agreed, and she "knew her place" as a newcomer in the band of singers who represented the first families of the village. Indeed, there were cynical ones who declared that social position, rather than musical ability, determined who should sing in that choir. Everything went smoothly for Eleanor, however, thanks to her sweet, unassuming ways, and she was actually invited to sing a solo on the following Sunday, when a delegation of strangers from a neighboring city was to visit the church.

The church was gaily decorated with flowers on the eventful Sunday; every member of the congregation was present, and new bonnets were numerous. Mr. Belden had prepared a special sermon, and the choir had outdone their most ambitious former attempts in the extent and variety of the musical program. Every woman in the choir had a mammoth new hat and a crackling new silk gown, except Eleanor. Every woman cast her sweetest glances toward the visitors, and sang her loudest, in the effort to draw attention to her own beauty and accomplishments. The anthem was a fearful and wonderful production of sound, the evident object of each singer being to drown every other voice, if possible. The visitors, in spite of their decorum, looked a trifle amused, and Mr. Belden, in the high, old-fashioned pulpit, wished, uneasily, that he dared to suggest any improvements to the autocratic choir leader.

But the anthem came to an end, as everything does, and Eleanor stepped quietly forward to begin her solo. A hush fell over the audience as the organist played the opening notes. The girl looked very fair and appealing in her simple muslin dress and black hat, and the visiting delegation were plainly impressed. But as the rich, full voice poured out its melody, the listeners leaned forward, breathlessly. Who was this dark-eyed beauty, anyhow? Where did she come from? Was this treat to be theirs every Sunday?

Eleanor was utterly unconscious of the sensation she was producing; her face was uplifted, in forgetfulness of the congregation and its distinguished visitors. Straight from her heart came the flood of music; it was her exalted soul that was singing:

> The King of Love my shepherd is,
> Whose goodness faileth never!

She did not see the little church, with its garlands of bloom, its gorgeous green and red carpet, its fat, smug deacons, its assemblage of new gowns and hats. She saw nothing, felt nothing, but her music. A sense of peace, of rest, of relief, and thankfulness for the new life that had opened to her, after her bitter anguish,

trilled thru her voice as she sang the closing words, with glad triumph:

I nothing lack, for I am His,
And He is mine, forever.

She sat down, quietly, unaware of the impression she had made, and turned her attention to the sermon. But the rest of the choir was not unaware of her triumph. They were looking at her with envy, then at each other with questioning glances. Poor Eleanor! Little did she know of the petty jealousies she had aroused.

The jealousies strengthened rapidly after the service, when prominent members of the church, with the visitors, crowded each other in their efforts to meet the new singer.

"Who is she, anyhow?" asked Deacon Stone. He was the youngest of the deacons, and a bachelor. His question was addressed to Miss White, a spinster of uncertain age, who was the choir's leading soprano.

"That's just it," she replied, tartly, his question giving her a new idea. "Who is she? I dont believe any one knows who she is. Mr. Belden brought her in here—picked her up in one of the cottages, I understand."

It was enough! The other immaculate and exclusive singers took up the idea readily. Horrors! Were they to sit, Sunday after Sunday, beside a girl whose ancestry was unknown to them?

"She's bold enough, anyhow," declared a dashing brunette. "Did you notice what a stage manner she had? Never acted the least bit self-conscious. Seemed as if she had been used to the public gaze all her life."

"There! I have it!" The exclamation came from a Mrs. Harcourt, who was the guest of the choir leader for the day. "I knew I had seen that girl before! She is the very young woman who came to my home a few weeks ago, trying to get a place as housekeeper, and she had a child with her—a child about three years old."

A child! They looked at each other in horrified triumph. Mr. Belden, gentle and unsuspecting soul, had introduced the girl simply as "Eleanor Perry." His mind was set on heavenly things. It never occurred to him to ask questions about her former life. He had a vague idea that she was an orphan, who had been adopted by her aunt.

"She is an adventuress!" exclaimed one.

"Undoubtedly she was a chorus girl, who was out of work this season. It's been a very hard winter for stage people," said Miss White, showing unexpected familiarity with things theatrical.

"Well, of all the bold things!" chorused an interested group.

"Anyhow, she can sing some," declared the leading bass. He was the handsome, scapegrace son of one of the deacons, only tolerated in the choir because of the scarcity of male voices. Every lady tried to blush at the idea of his having heard their conversation upon such delicate topics, and he left them, shaking his head whimsically.

"It's hard on the girl," he cogitated, "but she's better off out of that bunch than in it. Dollars to doughnuts, she's all right, tho. No exchorus dame wears a face like that!"

So this voice, coming from the black sheep of the choir, was the only one lifted in Eleanor's defense. She had gone home happily from the service, and spent the afternoon with her child, unconscious that she was the topic at every dinner table in the village.

Promptly at the appointed time for the next rehearsal, Eleanor appeared in the vestry, but, to her astonishment, no one appeared to recognize her. There was no explanation; the good and charitable ladies simply drew away from her, and it was perfectly evident that there was to be no music so long as she stayed. Shocked and bewildered, she looked anxiously from one to another, until the leading bass stepped forward and drew her away, out of the vestry.

"Let me walk home with you," he said, gently. "The ladies do not understand you, that is all; they are

jealous of your voice. Dont cry—they are not worth your tears."

"But what have I done to them?" sobbed Eleanor.

"Nothing. You simply have a lovely voice, Miss Perry."

"Mrs. Perry," she corrected him.

"Then you are married?"

"I am a widow," she said, sadly. "My husband was killed three months ago. I have nothing left to live for but my little boy."

They were at her aunt's door, and the bass left her, with a word of comfort. His mind was intent on righting this wrong, and he sped for the parsonage. It was strange that this ungodly young man should be the only one to come to the poor girl's defense in this Christian choir.

Half an hour later Eleanor stole into the little church, whose doors were always unlocked. Hers was a simple, pious soul, and in this hour of new trouble she longed to pray there, hoping to find peace and rest in the house which was sacred to God's worship. As she knelt there, sobbing, a glorious summer moon came up, flooding the little room with a soft radiance. She did not hear a door in the rear softly open, did not see the good minister peering in, stopping in surprise and pity as he saw her there. He had heard with horror the pathetic story of her unjust treatment; now, he waited until she arose, then came quickly forward, speaking eagerly.

"Mrs. Perry," he said, earnestly, "I have just learned of the great wrong that has been done you. Believe me, I am truly sorry that this mistake has been made. I shall see all the members of the choir in the morning. Before next Sunday everything will be understood. I trust you will forgive them—we all err at times—and our Master is forgiving. You will come to the church, as before, will you not?"

They were standing on the church steps now, and Eleanor hesitated. "I hardly know," she said. "I am not unforgiving, but I feel so alone, so friendless. I do not believe that I can gather courage to come and face them alone, after what has happened."



THE WIDOW IS DISCOURAGED

The leading bass stepped forward.

"You will not need to come alone," he said. "I shall be pleased to come for you, with my sister. She is your age, and will be delighted with your friendship. She has always refused to help the choir, but I am sure she will, now that you have come. Will you let us call for you?"

They started down the path together, forgetting the minister, who smiled after them.

"Who knows?" he murmured. "He is a fine lad—a little wild, only. She would steady him down—it would be very nice——"

He stopped abruptly, with an odd smile.

"I'm an old matchmaker," he declared. "I'm afraid I'm as bad as my gossiping congregation."

Darby and Joan

(Lubin)

By PETER WADE

DARBY and Joan, simple old couple, have long since sought rest beneath the sod. Antiquarians cannot find the remains of a mound, or even a bit of headboard, to commemorate their ashes; yet had they never rounded out their fourscore years of happy usefulness, and, as some would have it, were only phantoms of fancy—the striving of the soul to picture the continuance and unity of a perfect wedlock—they have found a permanent resting place in our literature and song. It is such a mausoleum as kings and king-makers lack, this zealous minstrelsy, sung with regret in cruel times, and from an open heart when grain falls thick against the cradle:

Darby, dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadows and sun for ev'ry one as the years roll on;
Darby, dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I—
Ah! lad, how you cheered me then,
"Things will be better, sweet wife, again!"
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife, Joan,
Always the same to your old wife, Joan.

It is beautiful to weigh this content, which never took fright at each other, nor held a hidden contempt, nor turned bitter in sorrow.

I wish I could bring them back, these twain, if only for a passing spell, to sit them in front of their rose-hidden cottage, in the hamlet beneath the Hall; where the harshest sound was a sheep bell from the bracken, and the liveliest sight a shepherd's collie, with his nose and paws stretched to the sun.

The legend runs that at the approach of their golden wedding, truly a measurement of quality as well as of time, that two of the servants in the Hall would venture a marriage in the light of these rare exemplars. Alfred, the son of Alfred, from father to son groom to my lady's chaise horses, yearned for the hand and satin cheek of Minnie, a nymph of a maid, about her person.

It was only just that this red-handed youth, who had so long smoothed the polished necks of spirited cattle, should wish to try his luck at grooming a bride. Skittish mares had always bowed their heads, and whinnied, nuzzling to his touch. So the chapel bells tolled in the villagers, Sir Wilbur Mylde and my lady smiled a wondrous blessing, and the simple knot was tied.

After this, a halting procession under the trees of the park, best coats and kerseymere shawls folded primly over backs, straggled out into the highway, and so to the cottage of Darby and Joan.

Here, rough deal tables, fashioned by Darby himself, were set out in the open, and a bridal supper of spiced bread, honey, small beer, ale, cheese and barley-meal pie, lay, tempting the guests.

Here, too, eventide fell upon them, and the rim of sun, and then the reddening harvest moon, lighted their endeavors.

With the whetting of village hunger came toasts and good sayings for the bride, seated among the goodwives. "Ah wish her as blithe as a linnet"; "As snug as a bug in a rug"; "As happy as days is lang," passed current among the goodmen. Stomachs could hold no more, nor words form truer blessings.

Then, with sufficiency, came the cart, with its new straw, and Alfred and his Minnie scrambled in. The moon cast their joggling shadows on the flanking hedges. The guests dispersed to the crunch of disappearing wheels. Darby and Joan turned within, and lit their dip for the night.

A smile flashed between them in its ghostly light—a smile of memories; for their own wedding, a half-century gone, had been very much like this.

A month went by, an unchanging month, except that a paler moon now hung in the sky, and dome-roofed stacks of grain lay in the sheared fields. The dip, of sheep tallow, burned far into the night in the home of the aged cotters. A young and tear-smudged woman clung to the flat to jealous sullenness. So fine and filmy a thing but could have been slipped upon her shoulders, with a whisper, by some knave in London.

She tried to explain—its sheen, and changing colors pricked on his bull-like anger. He bellowed and blubbered and cursed, in rapid turns, as he fumbled over his bundle. "'Y'u're as rotten as pash," he said, with Yorkshire directness, "'an' y'u'll no dhrag ma doon more."



SIR WILBUR DIFFERS WITH HIS WIFE

breast of Joan, and refused to be comforted, for her goodman of a month, the mettlesome Alfred, had left her—flung wide their door, and, with a bundle dangling from his holly stick, had started down the dusty road, into the unknown. It had all come about, this passion for the highway, by her ingenuous attempts to please him. She had wound a silken scarf, filched from my lady's finery, no doubt, about her waist, and from round-eyed wonder at such a luxury, and its strangeness in her dowry, he passed

And so he had left her, and she had flown straight to Joan, the comforter. "There, deary," counseled the old wife, "'put ye to bed; Ah'll fun out enoo ti mawnin'."

On the morrow Joan was as good as her word. With the scarf—that biting serpent—under her dress, she set out for the Hall and an audience with my lady.

It was in the first blush of early morn, a rose-pink light, when dew lay heavy, like broadcast jewels, on the lawns, and white sheep cropped



MINNIE APPEALS TO DARBY AND JOAN

the stubble, like fleecy toys. Not so early a light but that my lady had not already put her hunter three times thru his paces around the bridle of the park, and now she came thundering up, almost brushing Joan, a glowing, rosy, faultless face beneath its wide cavalier's hat.

Joan was the unfailing harbinger of good news or good deeds, whether in Hall or cot; her white face, like the placid moon, seemed to render back in subdued quittance my lady's coursing color. When the old baronet had passed away, or, rather, fought back the clutching devils, she had sat calmly by his bedside, quite at ease, his hand in hers, and his last choking breath had been eased by her Yorkshire prattle. In that time of fright none had come near him . . . the servants stood pallid behind doors . . . a mighty drinker and boaster was in his last wrestle hold with unseen demons . . . but she took it all as a matter of duty in its narrow orbit.

And now a packet of home-stitched lace, of a beautiful rose pattern, showed in her hands. There was no mistaking the sparkle in my lady's eyes at the soft, white lure of it. "Come in, Joan," she cried. "Your old hands have been at it again—shaping treasure."

And Joan followed to a dressing-room, where her labor of months was unrolled. It was a piece of rare guipure, such as a duchess could envy, the delicate brides radiating from and fixing the rose design to the pattern being as ethereal as cobweb, as strong as spun wire.

My lady stood off from the lace, then bent close, with the warmth of a connoisseur. "I must have it, Joan," she cried, clasping her hands. "It is exquisite—wonderful!"

Sir Wilbur shuffled in, yawning, in slippers, and a dressing-gown with a

motif of peacocks. "Who drags for treasure with a net must drag exceeding fine," he hummed, in a clear baritone. "Hullo! A market at this hour of the morning! Good Dame Joan, she is as wax in your hands, where lace is concerned."

"Buy it for me," flashed my lady, turning her battery of eyes and teeth, all gleaming fire, in his direction.

The gentleman felt carefully thru the pockets of his gown. "Cleaned out—quite," he confessed. And with the words a little three-cornered thing of paper, smelling of bergamot, dropped from a pocket to the floor. Two hands, his and my lady's, reached for it at once. In a trice she had caught it, and twisted it open. The color flooded her face again. A sneer crawled, like a worm, across her full lips.

"It was at the Drury Lane playhouse," he explained, watching, like a dagger, the thing in her hands. "There were four of us—Mohawks—quite far gone in wine, who sat within a stall. This creature came upon the stage—beautiful, half clothed, and we, silly sheep, applauded her lines to the echo. Later, I found this note in my hand—I must have kept it as a souvenir of a wild night. That is all."

Her eyes seemed to burn his skin. He stood like one before a judge—then her words came.

"All?" in a low voice. "All that necessity forces you to acknowledge. A despicable thing, unworthy of my groom. I must tell my lord, and at once. Ah! it were not a woman's place to ply the whip . . ."

Her thoughts choked her. She stood for a moment, swaying slightly, like an exquisite tigress about to spring, then, gathering up her riding-habit, with a light rush she had passed him.

Joan followed after. The lace, her labor of love, which she had brought as a gift, lay neglected on a chair. With the cunning of the old, she had folded the silken scarf beneath it.

Now, as she trudged, empty-handed, back thru the same glad road, she realized the emptiness of her efforts. A sudden horrid something, in the ceremonies of a woman, had risen up between her lord and lady. This thing had tossed her ruse of lace aside as so much mist. Ah! but they would call for her, nurselike, when hearts were broken.

A quick rush of hoofs at her back caused her to draw to the roadside. With a roar of breath and churned sweat flecking from his sides, the hunter dashed past her. My lady, with set, pale face, and skirts whipping in the wind of passage, sat upon his back.

Joan sighed at the vanishing sight. A second parting, full of hatred, within the span of a day.

At the cottage she found Minnie weeping softly before the ashes of the morning fire. Darby was gone, and the deserted maid had taken no care to mend it. In that unmanned condition we must leave them, to take up the adventures of the ill-treated Alfred.

In justice to him, I can lay it only to the dust of the road, which worked into his open mouth, and not a flagging of courage, that got him no farther on his journey than the village pot-house.

There he found sympathy—liquid and animal. The carpenter's appren-



JOAN EXHIBITS HER LACES



DARBY AND JOAN PLAY THE GOOD SAMARITAN

tice and the flesher's boy sat by him nobly until the last of a shilling had been spent. His fortitude at parting with them at the inn door was truly pathetic. And then, with no witnesses but the stars and a haggard moon, he had crept under a rye stack, and slept the sleep of the just.

His departure had but been delayed to snatch the cool of the morning. When, with a heavy head, and somewhat bloodshot eyes, he shouldered his stick again, quite a crowd had gathered to speed his resolution. The matter at hand, and the untrustworthiness of women in general, must be discussed over fresh tankards. And thus, mellow, and full of self-pity for his sorrows, Darby came to the place and found him.

The advent of the esteemed old man threw a blight of silence over the malingerers to wifely duty. Their sheepish looks were proof of ill advice.

Darby placed his hands on Alfred's shoulders, and addressed him briefly: "Y'u're as wet as a dishcloot," he said. "Come heeam ti be dhried by yur wife."

Alfred followed him meekly. Perhaps it needed a plain speaker to show him the error of his ways; perhaps he already half repented. Howbeit, a very mild, tho somewhat taciturn, husband entered the desolated cottage, back of Darby. Minnie, sensible minx, did not goad him with reproaches. In the most matter-of-fact way she asked him to fetch a load of faggots for the old people. He jumped to the task like a willing dog, who has escaped the lash; her smile, on his return, quite warmed his heart. He took an inward vow never to cause her pain again, and, for all I know, he's kept it.

Now, while this little tragi-comedy was being cured, as much by its own simples as the good offices of the happy old couple, a most serious event had occurred in that far graver affair of the Hall. The villagers had heard the mad beat of my lady's horse's hoofs, and had peered down the road

in time to see the funnel of brown dust that followed her. She was known the county wide as a reckless horsewoman, and this thunderous passage was thought another of her daredevil whims. Whether the nag realized or no the blind rage which drove him on, somewhat of its fury must have passed into him, for his long and rapid leaps were no longer the pure joy of a running animal, but the efforts of an enraged one. My lady felt the shudder which passed thru his frame at each convulsive leap; the hunter's head was distended, nostrils flaring outward, and the very demon of resolve in his locked mouth. She pulled on the reins until her arms were almost lifeless from hollow, aching pain, and to her quick sawing at his mouth—bloody now—he shook an angry, impatient head.

A foolish thing, a ewe, blatting behind the hedge-row, caused him to shy suddenly—and then, with a turn of girths, the saddle swung around, almost beneath his belly, and flung my lady cruelly in the ditch. The terrified animal stopped, and trembled for a pace, then, as if his rage had died out with hers, coolly cropped the grasses at her feet. As for my lady, she lay insensible, not in twisted sleep, but like one resting by the roadside. Only the long scrape of soil on her arm, and the broken plume of her cavalier's hat, gave token of disaster.

And so, like resters, a carter found them. He whistled sadly to himself, in dull amazement; such a sight had never been given to his eyes before. At last, with much head-scratching, he raised my lady into his cart and whipped up warmly for the village and the cottage of Darby and Joan; for in sudden disaster—a cut finger, a dying child, or a cow's torn udder—the happy old couple were always sought out.

The dejected hunter followed in their wake, up a byway, into a lane, which ended meaninglessly in the



UNDER THE TENDER CARE OF DARBY AND JOAN MILADY RECOVERS

fields. Here, withdrawn, but within a quick step of the hamlet, the loving pair lived.

The repentant groom and his mate had barely left them, with sound kisses given and taken all around, when the carter drew up with his grewsome burden.

"Ah fund her by th' rooad," he said, "all clasht aboot," and then took to staring wildly, like a drunken man. Darby, with one pitiful look, was all action at once. With the carter's almost useless help, he carried her into the cottage, and laid her upon their best and only bed.

Not long afterward her eyes opened, and she called softly for Sir Wilbur. But, later on, with broadening consciousness, she bade them not to tell him where she was.

At such a pass, Darby and Joan were distressed between duty and a sense of love which they felt ought to be fulfilled. All their lives long they had grown up and were fading away in the shadow of the Hall. Its smiles and tears, its anger and its grief, had always been shared by them. They could not grasp the lack of humility at the bottom of my lady's character, for their courage was the kind which bears and bends in its patient growth.

As nightfall came on, and my lady, now greatly recovered from her shock, persisted in not going to the Hall, Darby set about thinking of the care of her beast, who stood so tractably under the trees of the lane.

He had gone out to ease the nag's bridle away from the sores of his lips, and was leading the beast perplexedly up and down, when a ruse, that for harmless guile, alone could have originated in the brain of Darby, began to form.

He glanced over his shoulder, and seeing that he was not spied upon, quickly led the horse down the lane, into the byroad, and so, by the highroad, to the gates of the park. Here he halted, and, giving the beast a sound belt with the reins, loosed his hold on the bridle. As he expected, the horse, with a snort of indignation, galloped straightway up the bridle that led to the Hall.

He turned, with a sly smile upon his face, and trudged back to his cottage. At the juncture of the byroad he had dropped the broken length of my lady's feather.

A riderless horse has always betokened disaster. Upon this one its signs were unmistakable. The ridges of dried sweat, the cakes of blood on lip and neck, the sunken belly, and cut stirrup-leather, all spoke their lines of a tragedy.

Sir Wilbur Mylde took them in quickly, and immediately dropped his air of injured innocence. Instead, a very white and shaking man mounted his horse, and, bidding his groom follow with my lady's chaise, set off thru the park at a clipping gait.

At the turn of the byroad, in the failing light, a red feather, the one she had worn, lay in the dust, and pointed, arrowlike, the way. There was no other place to go but the cottage of Darby and Joan.

The frightened, contrite man came upon her, seated in Joan's rocker. At sight of his yearning face all the heat of the morn, its suspicions and its rage, faded from her countenance. The frankness of a young lass and the humility of Joan had framed her face with true nobility. Their arms sought each other's shoulders, with an avowal that needed no carping words.

Some time later, in the dusk, the chaise came to fetch her, and the cottage of Darby and Joan was left to its original tenants. How brightly their fire burned; how their old hearts warmed in its glow! A misty light, too, of perennial happiness shone from old Joan's eyes.

Darby turned, and slowly lit the dip, from the fire.

"Ah's varry tired, noo," he said. "Ah's been afeeat all day."

"Cum thi' ways, my man," she ordered, "an' give az a kiss."

And so it was given, in humility and gentleness; the third they had shaped that day, from different pairs of lips.



The Housekeeper

(Powers)

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS



THERE was no imbecility about Brownell's old age—he was not yet sixty—but soon after the death of his wife, the mother of his pretty daughter, Fritzi, he became afflicted with that mild form of brain softening known as "widoweritis"—he was ready and willing to marry any woman who would have him. After living in the clouds of solid comfort for nearly a quarter of a century, ignoring the good management at home, which had assured the prosperity of his business, accepting all the happiness conferred by his devoted companion without thanks, he came down to earth with a bump, and looked around him with dull amazement at the meagerness of existence when she died. The friendship and fellowship of men had long been alienated—he had not needed them—and, as he had turned his back on the humanizing elements of society, he found himself completely forgotten and alone.

While in a state of chronic coma at home, one which did not permit him to recognize in Fritzi the existence of a bright and attractive little replica of the wife he regretted, if not appreciated, when it was all too late, he admitted to intimate relations in his household a nifty widow, named Mrs. Galleon, with a good figure and a cold eye on the main chance. This trim lady was so conspicuously prudent in her management of affairs, and so well versed in the lures that tempted Antony to sacrifice the empire of the world for the Serpent of the Nile, that she easily fastened upon old Brownell, and induced him to seal a promise of marriage with a valuable solitaire diamond ring which had belonged to his first wife. Mrs. Galleon thereafter drifted into an easy security of position that was not at all to the liking of little Fritzi, and into a comfort of negligé attire somewhat distressing to the aspirant for a second yoke—middle-aged women are as old as they look when they are not dressed to go out. Brownell began to realize, after he had hung above his own head a sword of Damocles, in the shape of a possible breach of promise suit, that love is only for men in the period of illusion, tho it might be for women of all ages.

Little Fritzi was unaware of the true status of family affairs. She knew that the house was not kept as it had been while her mother was alive, and that there was scant service at table, on which Mrs. Galleon seemed to thrive; but it was natural for her to ascribe the change to the shadow of sorrow which had fallen like a blight on her girlish hopes and joys. All the tragedy of death is for those who survive. Brownell's daughter bore with fortitude many privations to which she had been wholly unaccustomed, until she caught a glimpse of her father in his library, settling accounts presented by the housekeeper, with groaning submission that indicated their magnitude and his ineptitude. He was acting like a man unfit to manage his own affairs.

On this occasion, important in the life of the bright young girl, Brownell opened his library safe in the presence of the housekeeper, plainly revealing the combination as he did so, and took forth a tin box of generous proportions. He made no attempt to conceal the fact that his cash-box was filled to the brim with valuable securities and bills of large denomination, and to judge from the glare of greed in the housekeeper's eyes, he was showing about as much discretion as a stranger in New York who flashes a roll in the Tenderloin. It became incumbent on the inexperienced Fritzi to exercise some of the

sagacity and providence which had characterized her mother's successful conduct of domestic economy.

Fritzi's first act was one of open rebellion. She went boldly into her father's sanctum, and denounced Mrs. Galleon as an inefficient servant, demanding her dismissal in no uncertain tones. Brownell's weak embarrassment was pitiful to behold. Even when his combative daughter dragged him into the presence of the housekeeper, and published the fact that the woman was unfaithful to his interests, he appeared to be confused, and incapable of action. Mrs. Galleon, at first, shed a few imaginary tears behind her apron, then burst forth in retaliation. Stung by the cutting declarations of the spirited young girl, she announced that she would soon be in complete control of the household, as Brownell's wife, and pointed to her ring as evidence of her compact with him. He made no denial of his debasement. What force of mind he had ever possessed had become so vitiated that he sank into a state of hopeless confusion, and acknowledged his bond.

Little Fritzi turned on the man who had received all that had made life worth living from her mother, and given nothing in return, and arraigned him with withering scorn. "As for you," she proclaimed to the designing servant, "the very life you have lived, and the foul thoughts in your mind, unfit you for the hallowed position of mother and wife. Your very presence in this home of sweetness and purity is a desecration. I will put you where you belong within twenty-four hours."

Mrs. Galleon paled, and did not recover her composure until after Fritzi left the room. The little girl's words were simply the bursting forth from imprisonment of natural indignation, but they drove straight to the point, and had a virile ring in their enunciation that must have reminded Brownell of the woman who had stiffened his spine during many a crisis in their struggle upward toward material prosperity. He was not to be consoled by Widow Galleon's dolling, that day, betraying that he would break his agreement with her if he could find any avenue of escape. In this weak and despairing mood he went to his office, while his plucky little daughter visited an employment bureau, as if inspired by some unseen power to force the issue.

Brownell found his office deserted. His only clerk had gone to the house on a matter of business, and there found Mrs. Galleon in a state of mind.

"I am afraid," she confided to the young man, "that the jig is up. Brownell is getting wise to the game, and that little vixen of his has skipped out, maybe to the police station."

"Get a move on," urged the clerk. "Open the safe—you know the combination—I will wait outside the window—put the cash box in this valise—pass it out to me—I will meet you at the freight yard. We must make a quick getaway."

He left the house by the rear entrance, and went around to the library window. Mrs. Galleon tried the combination, with the infinite caution of guilt.

"Hurry up!" came the impatient voice of the clerk at the window.

Mrs. Galleon succeeded in unlocking the safe, after several ineffectual trials.

"You are wasting time," said the voice at the window.

It was not probable that Brownell would return before evening—he was too thick—but little Fritzi might appear at any moment. Mrs. Galleon proceeded, with stealth, to remove the box from the safe.

"Throw it out!" called the eager clerk. In his distress over the unaccountable delay he hurried to the back entrance.

Mrs. Galleon placed the box in the valise, and tossed the latter out of the window. She fled to the rear, ran into the arms of the clerk, and they hastened to make away with the booty. It was all right, but there was a suspicious movement in the neighborhood, and they left the place, never to show themselves again.



THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER ASSUMES CONTROL

That evening Brownell returned home, after a lonely day at the office, and brightened up as he sniffed a change in the order of household affairs. The rooms were tidy, and a delicious aroma of Maryland fried chicken floated in from the kitchen. At the table, his daughter seemed ready to burst with ill-repressed excitement, and she was concealing something in her lap.

"Papa," she declared, solemnly, "you need some one who is honest to take care of you."

Brownell sighed heavily.

"I mean," said Fritzi, "some one who is not a servant."

As if in illustration of the wisdom of this remark, a big negro woman appeared with the appetizing dish she had been cooking, and chuckled at Brownell's bewilderment.

"*She,*" Fritzi explained, indicating Dinah with her fork, "is our new housekeeper, and she will attend to *her* business."

Brownell glanced from one to the other, as if unable fully to grasp the good news.

When the colored woman had gone back to the kitchen, Fritzi watched her father with amusement. "Mrs. Galleon has gone," she said. "I never liked her face. There was something wrong with the front of the little house where her soul lives, but she has gone for good, and we needn't worry any more about her. The thing is, who is going to take care of you like mama used to do? You didn't notice, when you came in, that the safe is open, and all your money in the tin box is gone. Mama was a blessing to you, and now that she's gone, I suppose I've got to be a blessing, too. That housekeeper, who got mama's diamond ring from you, stole the tin box, and put it in a bag. Who do you suppose was watching outside for the bag? Your clerk. I saw the whole thing when I was coming back from the employment agency."

"My little blessing!" Brownell muttered. Then, excitedly: "Did you let them get away with the bag?"

"Yep!" replied Fritzi.

Brownell buried his face in his hands, and groaned.

"You see, it was this way," Fritzi explained. "I was chasing back to



INSTEAD OF MONEY THEY FIND A STONE

the house as fast as I could, when I saw the clerk at the window, making motions to some one inside. Next he beat it to the back door, and your office bag came flying out. I slid up and opened the bag. I took out your cash box—here it is—and put in a big stone, instead. So there!" Fritzi handed her father the tin box she had been hiding in her lap.

Brownell gazed at her in dumb amazement, as he gradually gathered his fragments of common sense; then he bowed his head, as if to say grace, and murmured: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The Exile

By GEORGE B. STAFF

He wandered into the Photoshow,
To pass an idle hour, and lo!
The film was a scene from his own home land:
A lake in the heart of the mountains grand.

So he watched the old scenes come and go,
But the people around him did not know
That the film to his eyes was blurred and dim,
While an aching filled the heart of him!





HELEN GARDNER, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

WHEN the Vitagraph's wonderful film, "Vanity Fair," was being shown at a local theater, several months ago, I sat well down in front at an afternoon performance. Near me sat a schoolgirl, accompanied by her mother. The little girl was intensely interested in the whole performance, which she followed closely, commenting on various parts of the story as it proceeded. Between the first and second reel the child suddenly turned to her mother, her eyes shining with eager delight.

"Oh, mama!" she exclaimed, "isn't that lady who plays Becky Sharp wonderful? It doesn't seem as if it could be a real, truly person, does it?"

"That is Miss Helen Gardner," replied the mother.

"Well," declared the enthusiastic girl, "it is hard to believe that there truly is such a person in the world—just really living, like other folks. I'd rather meet her than all the kings and presidents!"

I was inclined to agree with the child. Miss Gardner's masterly interpretation of that difficult and trying rôle made a deep impression upon me. I found my thoughts straying back to it often, and when the managing editor suddenly told me to go out to the Vitagraph Company's plant, to interview Helen Gardner, I accepted the assignment with such unusual alacrity and enthusiasm that he looked puzzled.

Once inside the Vitagraph's gates, I walked across the yard, and tapped upon the door which I had been told was Miss Gardner's. I was ushered into a tiny office, where, beside a big rolltop desk, in a revolving desk chair which was many sizes too large for her, the lady herself sat. She looked up from a pile of letters as I entered, and smiled, but even the smile was what might be described as a serious one. For Miss Gardner is, above all else, serious. Steadiness of purpose and depth of feeling reveal themselves instantly to the most casual observer of her face. Expressive her face is, and mobile, but it is the mobility which accompanies real thought, not the mere surface changes which signify capriciousness or indecision.

She was reading a poem which had been written to her by a little girl.

"It must be very pleasant to have the little ones appreciate your art," I said.

"It is," she replied, earnestly. "The children are very frank and very real critics. They follow the plays so closely; they concentrate better, and have more imagination than the grown-ups. When I go to a picture theater where some of my own plays are appearing, I always try to sit near a group of children, to hear their comments."

"Then you attend the picture theaters often?" I asked.

"Certainly. Whenever I can. It is there that we can learn most about how our work really affects the public. Oh, how I long for the time when we shall have really good picture houses, with decorations, music, everything in good taste and harmony! When all these things come—and they are coming—refined people will pack the picture houses as eagerly as they flock to the opera now."

The reason for Miss Gardner's great success in her work is plain as one talks with her. She believes in the Photoplay sincerely and enthusiastically. Her training for the work has been of the very best. Much of her life has been spent abroad, and she has alternated the best boarding-schools of France and of America with much travel. As a small child, she was always in demand for private theatricals; as she grew older she studied her art in the best schools of the world. A graceful and finished dancer, she attracted the attention of the famous Maude Fulton, who took great pleasure in helping her to develop this talent. At length she began her public acting, with the Alberta players, in pantomime, and Madame Alberta unhesitatingly pronounces Helen Gardner the best in the world in pantomime. Many excellent opportunities came to her during this time to go upon the regular stage, and they continue to come, but Miss Gardner shakes her head.

"Some time I may," she says, "but not yet. I have always shrunk from the public—I cant tell why; I cant quite explain the feeling, but I like this work better. There is every chance for fine acting and improvement—the picture stage is a wonderful school—and yet one is less conspicuous. Life can be quiet and happy."

It has been only a little more than a year since Miss Gardner left the Alberta players and joined the Vitagraph Company, but in that time she has acted many leading parts and created many successful plays. Her writing is not confined to

scenarios, however, as she writes both stories and verse. She is intensely fond of poetry, and of strong, fanciful prose, such as Hawthorne's.

"I dont care merely for the sound of beautiful words," she declared; "but when a strong, wonderful thought is clothed in beautiful words, the ideal is reached."

What little leisure this lady has is spent at her home, a handsome apartment in New York, which radiates her own personality. Books are there, flowers, rare pictures, and curios gathered from all parts of the world. A canary sings in a sunny window, but, as Miss Gardner's prime favorite, its nose was broken recently by a white rabbit, which hops about the rooms, and makes friends with the guests, tho it shows a decided preference for its mistress. If the visitor is very good indeed, Miss Gardner may sing one of her favorite songs, and always there is beautiful music from the player-piano, which she handles with the skill of the true music-lover.

She loves both country and seaside, in their wild and natural state. The cultivated nicety of the summer resort landscape holds no appeal for her, but the grandeur of bold mountaintops, or wide, rushing sea, meets instant response in her adventurous soul. For it is an adventurous soul—if I may be permitted to judge from so short an acquaintance—always seeking further depths, delving into mysteries, seeking new intellectual and emotional realms.

I think the one word which might describe this charming woman is sincerity. Her face, with its regular features and clear, rather pale complexion; the masses of soft brown hair; the distinctive yet inconspicuous dress; the intense, earnest manner; the conversation, showing always an instinctive purity and eager search for high ideals, unite in breathing a sincerity which is as rare as it is beautiful.

"My god is intellect," she declares, boldly, and I doubt it not. Unquestionably, intellect, the power of the brain, comes first in her code. But I affirm that there is something else—perhaps she herself does not quite know yet what it is—which gives to her acting its balanced perfection, its appeal to the heart as well as to the mind.

ROMAINE FIELDING, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

THOSE who have seen Mr. Fielding's acting, characterized by quiet forcefulness, poise and dignity, will not be surprised to learn that he is rather a difficult subject for an interviewer. Not that Mr. Fielding is ungracious or unfriendly—he is courteous and cordial, in his own quiet way, but he is decidedly not the type of man who gives you a whole stickful of copy every time he opens his mouth. In fact, his answers to my somewhat persistent questioning could all be described by the adjective laconic, so I must say to those who are interested in details of this popular actor's personality, that it is like his acting—thoughtful, reserved, forceful—but very charming.

Romaine Fielding, whose close friends call him "Ned," was born in Corsica, and his blood is a mixture of Spanish, Italian and French. His education was at the Shattuck Military Academy, the University of Minnesota and College of Physicians and Surgeons, but his thoughts turned to the stage very early in life, and he played Little Eva, Fauntleroy and other children of the stage. For fifteen years he played steadily with "regular" companies, including "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Renegade," "The Conflict," and "The Christian." A year ago, he began his work in Photoplays with the Solax Company, going then to the Lubin's. In his year's experience with the Photoplay he has taken more than three hundred different parts, and has written many successful Photoplays.

"My favorite line of acting?" he said, in response to a question. "Anything natural, from juveniles to old men. I should hesitate to say whether I like the Photoplay or the regular stage best; each has its advantages and disadvantages, but I enjoy my work intensely, and do not miss the footlight's glare."

"Do you like to see the pictures in which you have appeared?" I asked.

"Some of them!" he exclaimed, with a reminiscent smile, and I waited, hoping for more remarks on that subject. None came, however, so I was obliged to venture another question, which was: "What Photoplays do you think you have done your best work in?"

"'The Impostor,' 'The Teamster,' and 'The Blacksmith,' are my favorites," he replied. Asked to name some of the great Photoplays, he at once said: "'Enoch Arden' and 'The Battle.'"

Mr. Fielding likes the seaside and the mountains, dividing his vacations between the two, and doing much walking and swimming. He is interested in politics and declares himself a Republican, tho he does not state his favorite candidate, at present. He is fond of music, the opera, the drama, and of reading, his favorite poets being Shakespeare and Milton.

"What interests you most of anything?" I queried.

"Seeing others enjoy themselves," he replied, promptly. "It is glorious to be alive and see the whirling tide of life go by. Character study is my favorite hobby."

"What do you think of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?" was my parting question.

"It's mine," he declared, "to make an acrostic from its initials: it's the Most Practical Stuff Made."

VEDAH BERTRAM, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY

THE subject of this interview is perhaps not as well known as some of the other leading ladies, because she has only been in the Motion Picture business for a few months, and perhaps many of our readers have not yet seen her upon the screen. From staid old scholarly aristocratic Boston to California is a pretty big jump, but it required just such a jump for Miss Bertram to join G. M. Anderson and the Western Essanay Company in Lakeside, California.

Interviewing Miss Bertram was one of the pleasantest tasks to which I have been assigned. She greeted me cordially, as she does everybody, smiled charmingly, and showed her mischievous dimples to fine advantage. She made my visit extremely pleasant and interesting. Furthermore, she was perfectly willing to answer every question I asked—which is more than I can say for some of the other players. I even dared to ask if she was married, and she promptly gave me a smiling "No." So that you may know what an exceptionally good interviewer I am, I will say that I had the brazen effrontery to ask the young lady her age. I must say, however, that appearances favored me, and lent courage. You know that when a young woman is under twenty-five she is always willing to admit it; but after that she seldom has any birthdays.

Miss Bertram was born December 4, 1891, in the good old town of Boston. When I say that she received her education at Wellesley College I need say nothing more about her education, culture, and refinement. She is a handsomely built girl, standing five feet six inches and weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, her figure being well modeled. As is to be expected from a college-bred girl, she is extremely fond of reading. When she is not reading for pastime, she is usually painting, at which art she has considerable talent. She spends about four hours a day, on the average, in posing for the pictures, and this means that she has plenty of time for her hobbies. Her principal outdoor pastime is horseback riding, and as we all know, she is an expert horsewoman. When she and G. M. Anderson—who usually plays opposite her—are mounted on their steeds you will note that the "bad man" or the Indians are soon overtaken and that the other cowboys, or members of the sheriff's posse, are usually left far in the rear.

"Miss Bertram," I asked, "would you mind naming some of the great Photoplays?"

"'The Battle,' and 'Broncho Billy's Xmas Dinner,'" came the answer without hesitation.

"Would you mind naming some of the Photoplays in which you think you have done your best work?"

"Well, I am not particularly proud of any of my work, because after viewing it on the screen I can always see where I might have done better; but I rather think that my best work was in 'An Arizona Escapade,' and 'The Deputy's Love Affair.'"

Urged on by these interesting and unhesitating answers, I asked: "Are you particularly proud of any character that you have created?"

"Well," said Miss Bertram, thoughtfully, "it may be immodest of me to say it, but I am rather proud of one of my characters, that of a lame girl; did you see it?"

I replied that I had, and lost no time in complimenting Miss Bertram upon her exceptionally fine work in that Photoplay.

Like most players, Miss Bertram is fond of the pictures, and fond of seeing herself upon the screen. "I enjoy seeing my errors," she said, "in order that I may perfect myself."

Miss Bertram is of French descent. She was never on the stage; neither was she with any Motion Picture company before she joined Mr. Anderson's company. She was not even interested in theatricals during her childhood days, and not until she entered boarding-school did her remarkable talents begin to show themselves.

Mr. Anderson had been looking for a long time for a lady to play opposite to him, and since he is very exacting and particular, and since any lady who plays opposite to him must have unusual talent and various other remarkable qualities, it is no wonder that it was many months before he found a player to suit him. When he heard of Miss Bertram he began to make investigation. Then came an interview, a trial, and you know the rest. I have been very much surprised that a young woman without any experience whatever could step into a difficult place like this and make good from the start, as Miss Bertram has. There is not one in ten thousand who could have done it.

Miss Bertram showed extremely good taste, in my judgment, in answering many of the questions I asked, but perhaps the best of all when I asked: "What do you think of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE?" Her answer was: "Extremely good."

"What department interests you most?" I inquired.

"The stories of the plays," was the answer.

Miss Bertram is very fond of music and plays very well indeed. She is fond of the

opera and always attends when she is in town. She is not interested in politics, nor in baseball, but is fond of the seashore, of swimming and of walking.

So, these are the main points I gathered from the one hour's talk I had with Miss Bertram, and upon leaving I shook her hand cordially, and said: "Miss Bertram, I am greatly indebted to you, not only for the many interesting facts you have given me, but for one of the most charming hours I have ever spent. I shall now tell all of the great Motion Picture public about you, and assure them, as I do you now, that they are to expect great things from you in the future."

EARLE WILLIAMS, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

Earle Williams, like Young Lochinvar, "came out of the West," but the similarity stops right there; for Lochinvar, as every one knows, was a bold, dashing, roistering fellow, whereas Mr. Williams is the modest, rather reticent type of gentleman. He greeted me cordially, however, when I sought him out at the big plant of the Vitagraph Company, and answered my queries with a kindly, if somewhat abbreviated courtesy. He seemed to understand that it was part of my job to ask impertinent questions, and that it would not be fair to blame me for it.

There are few photoplayers who have risen in their profession as rapidly as this young man has done, for he came to the Vitagraph Company from the "regular" stage less than one year ago, and is already classed as one of the popular favorites of the Photoshow audiences. Born and educated in Sacramento, California, for a few years he shifted about in business, going from wholesale hardware to jewelry, then to photography, which is still his hobby. On every possible occasion he takes pictures—delightfully artistic ones—developing and finishing them himself, and enjoying the process as only a skilled artist can. A recent trip abroad resulted in four hundred photographs that are a treat to any one who is fortunate enough to see them.

It was in New Orleans, with the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company, that Mr. Williams—then twenty-two years of age—made his first bow to the public.

"How did you happen to take to acting as a career?" I asked.

"Well, I needed a job," was the frank response, "and it occurred to me to try the stage. Thru my family I was familiar with its history and traditions—James Padgett, the great character actor, was my uncle—and I had haunted the theater since my childhood, tho it was with no definite thought of becoming an actor myself."

Mr. Williams was soon playing leading parts with the Baldwin-Melville Company, going from them to the James Neill Company, and later to the Grand Opera House Stock Company, of San Francisco. Then he played with such stars as Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Mary Mannering and Henry Dixey. A season with Rose Stahl, in "The Chorus Lady," followed, and another with "The Third Degree," in the Hudson Theater, New York. In 1911 he came to the Vitagraph Company for a summer's engagement, and there he has remained.

"Yes, I like the picture work," he said. "Of course, one misses the applauding audiences, which are a great inspiration and incentive, but there are other features in the Photoplay work which make it attractive."

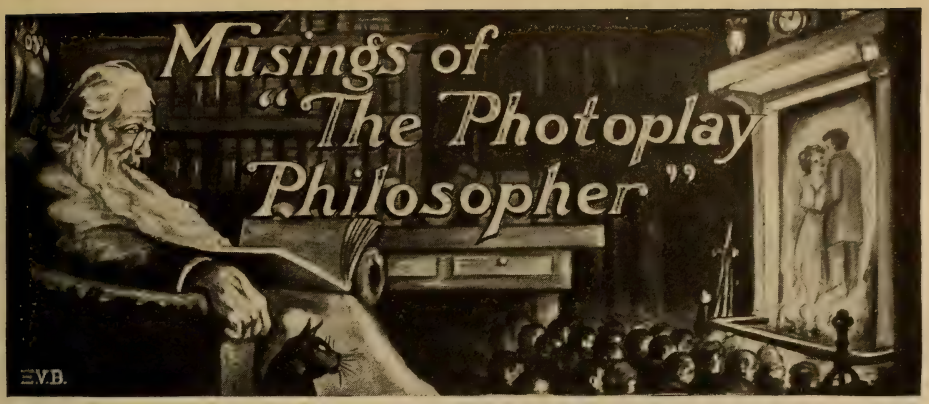
"And now your applause comes by mail," I suggested, thinking of the many ardent epistles concerning Earle Williams which have come to the office of The Motion Picture Story Magazine since the photoplayer contest began.

"Please dont discuss that," he replied, looking a trifle annoyed. "I suppose every actor gets hundreds of letters, and I'm not an exception. However," he added, brightening up, "when they contain intelligent criticism or commendation, it is helpful."

Out-of-door life appeals strongly to Mr. Williams, and he loves tennis, boating and riding. As a schoolboy, he excelled in field athletics; now he is an indefatigable mountain climber, and many of his photos have been snapped from dizzy Alpine heights. He lives in New York, "just off Broadway," but declines to believe that the public would be interested in details of his life. I managed to learn, however, that he prefers the old masters of fiction to the modern novelists, and the old-fashioned, thoroly feminine type of woman to the suffraget.

"Put Williams down as a heart-breaker," ordered one of his fellow players, strolling in just as my notebook was closing. "Dont let that shy and modest manner of his deceive you. He's a dangerous man!"

Honestly, I'm inclined to think this statement is true. Dozens of girls have sent us poems about Earle Williams' eyes, ascribing so many different colors to them that I had fully decided to settle that question definitely when I saw the gentleman. So I looked at them all I dared, and I have to confess that the question is still in doubt. Just as I had decided that they were hazel they seemed to turn to a dark gray; when I mentioned suffragets they grew black, but before I could make sure of that they melted off into a tawny brown. When they began to throw off purplish sparks, I gave it up in much confusion. But whatever their color, girls, they are effective, and worthy of your sonnets.



It is a peculiar thing that most persons think they can do, or can learn to do, anything they see others do. And, what is even more remarkable, they generally try to do it. It looks the easiest thing in the world to act in a Photoplay, or to write one, or to direct one; but not one person in a thousand could ever learn to do any of these things successfully. Do we not often see the man who, blest with one great talent, disclaims it and professes another? Michael Angelo, who was, perhaps, the world's greatest painter, wanted to be known as an architect, and said that painting and sculpture were only his pastimes. Goethe, one of the five greatest poets the world has ever known, took no pride in his poetry, but was very proud of his knowledge of colors. Shakespeare thought that his sonnets, not his plays, would make him famous. Sir Walter Scott thought he would make a better soldier than he was a poet and novelist. Byron was prouder of his swimming and of his insignificant "Hints from Horace" than he was of his great "Childe Harold." Cæsar boasted of his bridge-building, but was quite silent about his military genius. Liston, like many other famous comedians, wanted to be a tragedian. Douglas Jerrold wanted to be known as a natural philosopher, rather than as a wit, and Oliver Goldsmith, author of the beautiful "Vicar of Wakefield," tried, and failed, to make fame and money on a scientific work. Girardet believed himself a poet, rather than the great French painter that he was, but nobody else believed it after reading his verses.

There was only one Leonardo da Vinci; there was only one Benjamin Franklin; there is only one J. Stuart Blackton: so let us be content to be good at only one thing, and at that let us strive to be the best. And, by the way, dont forget that the history of American finance shows that a great many men have made fortunes in one line (their own lines), and lost them in another; which is another argument in favor of minding your own business and letting others mind theirs.

Hereafter, this magazine will discontinue the use of the word "scenario" when referring to plays from which Motion Pictures are made. Properly speaking, a scenario is but a mere skeleton of a play; whereas the manuscripts from which Photoplays are made are complete sets of working instructions, and are just as much entitled to be called plays as are Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and Sheridan's "The Rivals." Furthermore, I am informed that a scenario cannot be copyrighted; whereas a play, or a Photoplay, can, even tho its author believes it a scenario. There has been some discussion on this point, and among those who favor a discontinuance of the word "scenario" are Messrs. Gaskill, "Spectator," Sargent and Wright. As to a substitute word, we prefer "Photoplay," a coined word that has now come into general use. Some, doubtless, will prefer "Picture Play," and perhaps a still better expression will yet be invented.

One of the great defects of our system of book education is that it does not make the pupil think; we do not understand all that we read, simply because we do not think while reading, the main purpose being to learn merely what the types spell. Herbert Spencer once said that Tyndall was one of the greatest teachers who ever lived, because he made his pupils think. Spencer knew how rare a thing was independence of judgment, and how few could think for themselves independently of what others thought. Fontenelle affirmed that he would undertake to persuade mankind that the sun was the source of neither light nor of heat if he could secure six philosophers to stand by him. A defect in our educational system is made apparent by this thought, for it is clear that the reasoning and discursive faculties are somewhat neglected. There is no doubt that children learn primarily thru the eye, rather than thru the ear and thru the mental faculties; and, if the objects or pictures that are presented to the eye are properly explained, the child-mind will develop and the discursive faculties will be brought into action. In brief, words make us familiar with bare facts, while pictures make us think.

While the United States covers only five and nine-tenths per cent. of the earth's surface, and has only about five per cent. of the population of the globe, we produce 76 per cent. of all the corn grown in the world, 70 per cent. of all the cotton, 59 per cent. of the copper, 37 per cent. of the coal, 26 per cent. of the silver, 21 per cent. of the wheat, 62 per cent. of the oil, 43 per cent. of the pigiron, 31 per cent. of the tobacco, and 21 per cent. of the gold. We possess over 33 per cent. of all the wealth in the civilized world. Are you not proud of being an American? But what are *you* doing toward creating or conserving all this wealth? Are you doing your share?

At least one criticism of Motion Pictures should appear in this column every month. On this occasion I must reluctantly admit that during the past thirty days I have seen at least a dozen Photoplays that I did not understand. Assuming that I am of average intelligence, the conclusion is that at least a dozen scenario editors have been careless. I have also heard several others exclaim that certain plays were "pretty, and well done, but hard to understand."

After viewing several films showing life, customs and conditions in different parts of the globe, I was struck with the superiority of the northern races. The star of empire rises in the south, soars northward, and sets in the west. From Rome to London, from London to New York, from New York to Chicago, and from Chicago to San Francisco, will be the march of the power center, and the Pacific coast seems destined to lead all other sections in population. Egypt and Assyria were once the world powers. Then the scepter passed north and west to Rome and Greece, thence to Spain and France, thence to Germany, thence to Great Britain, thence across the Atlantic, and next it will probably cross the continent. The north always conquers the south, in the long run, for the northerners are hardier and more strenuous, while the southerners are more indolent, owing to nature's indulgences. Ten out of every eleven people live north of the equator. The farther north they live the harder they have to work, and hence the better they are. Impressions like these never came to me while reading history and the various text-books, but it all seemed very clear after viewing Moving Pictures depicting various nations.

One of the greatest mistakes parents make is to keep their children in absolute ignorance of the world. It is a common mistake to assume that if a child learns that a man has broken into a bank, the child will want to do likewise, or that it will want to do a dishonest thing because other persons have done dishonest things. It is true that children are great imitators, but the tendency is to imitate that which has given pleasure to others or won fame or applause. If a child should see, read or be told that a man has burglarized a bank, and that he was promptly rewarded and applauded for so doing, that child would have a tendency to imitate that successful person; but let the child be shown that the burglar was condemned, reprimanded, imprisoned or otherwise punished, and held up to public contempt, and that child will be the last to imitate such a crime. The contention that it is wrong to permit children to learn of crime and of wrongdoing and of the dark side of life is adequately met by the answer that it is necessary to point out the pitfalls of life in order to teach how to avoid them. So long as children associate with other children, so long as they can read the newspapers, so long as they have ears to hear older people talk, so long as they have eyes to read the Bible and classic literature, be sure that they will learn pretty much all there is to know, in spite of the efforts of their parents to conceal it. Hence, if children must learn, let us see that they get their information in morally beneficial form. I have yet to see a Photoplay in which vice was applauded or virtue belittled; and I have seldom seen one in which heroism and virtue were not rewarded and vice punished. Furthermore, the Photoshow intermingles pathos with fun, wit with mirth, education with play, and sends the child home with laughter on its lips, sunshine on its countenance, joy in its heart and nobler instincts in its soul.

Everything is subject to change. Let a thing alone and it will rust out; work it too much and it will wear out. We must keep busy, but we must not overdo it. Remember that the bow that is the oftenest unbent will the longest retain its strength and elasticity. But the mind, as well as the body, must be given exercise or it will decay from disuse. Nothing can stand still; it must either advance or go backward.

If the censors think that children should not be permitted to witness Motion Pictures in which crimes are enacted, giving as a reason that children are inclined to do that which they see others do, will they please state why they permit children to read newspapers? In the newspapers there is ten times more crime and immoral conduct, and, what is more, it is supposed to be true; whereas the children know that what they see in the pictures is only play. Besides all this, are we to assume that fathers and mothers are not to have some say as to what their own children shall do and shall not do?

Is it not a funny thing that the funny sheets of the Sunday papers can print all kinds of pictures about crime, divorce, infidelity, bad boys doing mischievous things, drunkenness, fighting and so on, which is so much objected to when seen on the films? The news columns are always full of these things, but the censors have not yet forbidden parents allowing their children to read the newspapers.

Some politicians, otherwise known as statesmen, seem to rise on account of their own emptiness. A kite is kept aloft by its lightness, and the lighter it is the higher it flies; but it will be observed that these kites always have a string tied to them, and somebody always has hold of the string.

In this issue will be found the first story written from the first film that has come out of Egypt from the "El Kalems," who, by the way, were formerly known as the "O'Kalems," because of their splendid work last year in Ireland. Those who have seen this film pronounce it "beautiful!" Those who read Montanye Perry's story will doubtless say the same. Miss Perry will contribute one "El Kalem" story each month for some time to come, and dont forget that you will have the pleasure of reading in this magazine an original story by the great REX BEACH, just as soon as the Vitagraph Company completes the pictures. The story is ready, the film is being made—from Mr. Beach's own Photoplay—and from all accounts the pictures will be just as superb as is the story.

Children judge a man from what he is; women, from what he says; philosophers, from what he thinks; society, from what he wears; the world, from what he makes. Hence, the wisest of these is the child.

The Moving Picture News announces on seemingly good authority that E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe are considering a proposition to furnish a Photoplay of "The Taming of the Shrew." It is said that Miss Marlowe has been a Motion Picture enthusiast for a long time, and that she is anxious to have her dramatic art perpetuated. Following so closely the entrance of the famous Sarah Bernhardt into Motion Pictures, this news is significant. I am also pleased to note the presence of a lesser star in the Photoplay—my old friend Augustus Phillips, whom I have seen capably playing leading rôles in some of the Edison productions.

Our real wants are many, and easily satisfied. Our imaginary ones are many and are never satisfied. But, if we cant have what we please, we can be pleased with what we have.

The preachers are complaining of poor attendances, and the atheists are boasting of the decline of religion. If the preachers would adopt the advice of Josh Billings, perhaps the problem would be solved: "I always advise short sermons, espeshily on a hot Sunday. If a minister cant strike ile in boring forty minutes, he has either got a poor gimblet, or else he is boring in the rong plase."

Will Carleton, the author and poet, who, by the way, has written a story that will soon appear in this magazine, has invented a new game that will prove very interesting at small, social gatherings. It consists in conversing without the use of the personal pronoun *I*, every offense being counted and charged against the offender, and the person finally having the greatest number of offenses charged against him being declared the winner. Try it, and you will be surprised at the difficulty you will have to say much without saying "I." It is not reported that Mr. Roosevelt has yet been induced to play this game.

It is said that the reason animals do not talk is because they have nothing to say. If this rule applied to men and women, what a quiet world it would be!

There is a large field for Motion Pictures that has not yet been touched. We have heard a great deal about "educationals," but there is one kind of education that the general public needs more than any other, and that is, exposure of superstitions. Superstition has probably done more harm in this world than war, famine or pestilence; and, while a few of the more flagrant demons, such as witchcraft, have been annihilated, there are many that still live and thrive. Uninquiring credulity has been one of the greatest curses that ever afflicted mankind, and it has set the clock of civilization back a thousand years. The Dark Ages were its product, and Superstition was its natural offspring. It gave a staggering blow to Reason, and its effects still linger. It would be an easy matter to show the folly of hundreds of false beliefs and superstitions, and the company that does so effectively will win and deserve the blessings of mankind.

Those who believe in lucky or unlucky days should remember that there can be no gain without some loss, and no loss without some gain. Nothing can be destroyed, and nothing new can be created—we can simply change the form of matter, not create new matter. If your horse wins the race, some one loses. If you have good luck at cards, some one has bad luck. If you find a purse, some one lost. If your stocks go up, some one loses. Therefore, what is a lucky day for you may be an unlucky day for somebody else. Likewise, when you are praying for fair weather the farmer is praying for rain; and, in summer, when you are praying for a rain storm, the yachtsman is praying for fair weather. The next time you dread a Friday, or the thirteenth, think of these things.

As to Friday being unlucky, Columbus sailed from Palos on Friday, discovered the New World on Friday, and discovered the continent on Friday. Cabot received his commission on Friday. Menendez founded St. Augustine on Friday. The *Mayflower* arrived at Plymouth Rock on Friday. Washington was born on Friday. The colonies were united on Friday, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday, the Saratoga and the Yorktown surrenders took place on Friday, and on Friday, June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee read the Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress.

As to the thirteen superstition, between 1660 and 1680 the general death rate in London was 80 per 1,000 living, or one in every 12½. During these twenty years it became a common understanding that one in every thirteen must die, and finally it became a superstition. When groups of thirteen were found together at any time, effort was promptly made to add to the number present, which, of course, increased the probability of one of the number dying. When it was recalled that just thirteen sat at the Lord's table, just previous to His crucifixion, the superstition received new inspiration, and the world has never quite discarded it.

Richard Wagner had no cause to complain about the figures 13. Thirteen letters spell his name. He was born in 1813, and these four figures, added together, make thirteen. He composed exactly thirteen great works. Tannhäuser was completed April 13, 1845, and was first performed March 13, 1861. He left Bayreuth September 13, 1861; September being the ninth month, if you write 9-13, these three figures, added, make thirteen. He died February 13, 1883. The first and the last figures of that year equal thirteen, and if you write it 2-13-1883, and add these seven figures, you get two thirteens.

The Popular Player Contest, having closed with this issue, we wonder how our readers feel about another. We have had several "Best Story" contests, the first of which began shortly after this magazine was started, and in which we awarded $250 in cash prizes. All of these contests have been successful in the extreme, and we would be pleased to hear from our readers as to the advisability of starting another. Shall there be another? And, if so, what shall it be?

The fool asks, What is he worth? The wise ask, What has he done? A man's money value may be great, and yet he may be worth nothing. It is no disgrace to be rich, nor to be poor; but it is a disgrace to die without having done something.

We come into the world naked and poor. We grow and accumulate, but after a short time we leave the world as we entered it, for we can take nothing with us.

The latest of the great voices to be heard in favor of Motion Pictures is that of Israel Zangwill. He thinks that the film will eventually revolutionize the teaching of history, geography and natural science, and says that "the child will be fed with experience in place of words, realism in place of abstraction, and lessons will be changed from torture to a treat." One by one, all the great publicists are coming to admit that the Photoplay will "pluck out knowledge from the dead matter of the text-book and set it flaming alive before the pupil's eyes."

Our "Answers to Inquiries" department seems to interest everybody. It has interested one of our correspondents so much that it looks something like the inspiration of a poet as, witness—

Those ? ? ?

What puckers to your snowy brow
The daily mail must bring.
Its everlasting "why" and "how"
Will wear you to a string.
I haven't seen your next week's mail,
And aint no weather prophet,
But watch 'em wail the same old tale,
Or not so blame far off it.

Again, some more and yet again,
They'll ask, "Oh, where is Bunny?"
Is Florence Lawrence dead, and when
Was Billy Quirk most funny?
Is Alice Joyce a Suffragette?
Where's Mary Leonard gone to?
Has Arthur Johnson married yet,
Or do you think he'll want to?

Is Red Wing with the Méliès yet?
Aint Florence Turner grand?
And just to help decide a bet,
Aint Anderson got sand?
Is Mabel Normand very old?
Does Lanning wear a mask?
Why cant some players' names be told?
Who's Lubin, may I ask?

Is Costello a Polish name,
And is he Casey's dad?
How could I meet that Storey dame?
Dont answer if you're mad.
Did Gladys Fields once have to work?
How do you write a play?
And is De Grasse a real Turk?
What's your name, anyway?

Who's Mary Pickford's brother's wife?
Is Jack J. Clark a Jew?
Why dont they play "The Span of Life"?
And say, how old are you?
Please tell me is that Shea's real face?
Has Zena Kiefe a beau?
Say, get me if you can a place
With some good Picture Show.

And when you've nicely shifted
All this debris from your brain,
More punishment is lifted,
And we get your goat again.
What colored language you must use,
Your voice must be a bark.
Oh, henpecked friend, why did you choose
To be a question mark?



Popular Player Contest



An Avalanche of Votes Received, and the
: : : : Contest is Closed : : : :

AS ANNOUNCED in the last issue of this magazine, the Popular Player Contest closed on May 3d. The final result will be found on another page. We were surprised, and somewhat disappointed, to find that many voters reserved their big guns for the final skirmish. This, of course, has doubled our work, for during the closing days of the contest the mail receipts were simply enormous. Only by putting on an extra force of helpers have we been able to handle and to tabulate the votes. Very few indeed took advantage of our offer to credit large numbers of votes for groups of subscriptions. While a great many single subscriptions were received, only in a few instances did our readers take advantage of the other offers.

While the coupons were used freely by our readers, we are pleased to note that the majority of our readers chose to vote, one vote at a time, by writing an appreciatory letter or verse. All these letters and verses will be sent to the various players, along with their prizes. Our only regret is that we were not able to publish all these letters and verses.

The first fifty on the list will receive a handsome engraving, a copy of which has been heretofore shown in this magazine, which will serve as a certificate as well as a memento. Some of these are engraved on sheepskin, some on parchment, and some on bankers' bond paper; some will be handsomely framed. The first five on the list will receive five sets of books, as beautiful as our bookbinder can produce. These books have already been described. In addition to these prizes, the winner of the contest will receive a prize of honor, as well as the handsomest of the framed certificates and the most elaborate of the sets of books.

We know of no other contest that has created the enthusiasm that this one has created. No doubt there are a thousand picture players in this country who have eagerly watched the result, and who have been as excited about it as have our readers; but very few of these have taken an active interest. This is as it should be. We wanted an expression of opinion from the public, and we have obtained it. It is true that if we were to make out a list of the fifty most popular players, they would not come in quite the order that they appear on page 146 of this issue, for we imagine that there are several players too far down on the list, and that there are two or three others who are too far up on the list; but since we have no control over this list, it remains as it is—the expression of the great Motion Picture public.

Many of our readers will be disappointed in the result, and many will be elated. In every contest somebody must win and somebody must lose. Those players who have lost, or who are far down on the list, need not feel discouraged, because, as we have said before, some players seem to have the faculty of inspiring enthusiastic workers, while other players, perhaps quite as good, have not this faculty. The players who always play parts of the romantic hero or heroine will naturally get more votes than the player who is usually cast for the villain, or for some other obnoxious or unlovable character. We note that several of the younger players who have only been in the business for a short time are far up on the list, while some of the older, and perhaps better, players are far below; but this must be attributed to the enthusiasm and admiration of youth—perhaps it is for encouragement.

This contest having closed so successfully, we would like to start another. Just what kind it will be, we are inclined to leave to our readers. The reader

who first sends us the best idea for another contest will be presented with a year's subscription to this magazine, and this subscription will include the twelve beautifully colored art portraits of the players, as announced elsewhere.

In closing this contest, we want to thank the many thousands of our readers who have helped to make this contest a success. We also want to thank those who have sent in subscriptions, and particularly those who have contributed so many excellent letters and verses. We assure all these kind readers that their efforts are warmly appreciated, even if we have not published their contributions. The letters and verse received this month have been fully as interesting as those received heretofore; we only wish that we had room for more of them.

Perhaps Alice Joyce, Florence Turner and Maurice Costello have received the most encomiums and verse this month. From the State of Connecticut comes this dainty tribute to Miss Joyce:

There's a girl in the Motion Pictures,
With a crown of waving hair,
With eyes as deep as the summer sea,
And a face of beauty rare;
And I dont care whether she's married,
For it doesn't affect my choice;
She's the daintiest thing in the wide, wide world,
And her name is Alice Joyce.

The same writer praises Florence Turner, the Vitagraph Girl:

The Vitagraph Girl is charming,
And fair as the flowers in May;
Her eyes are the sweetest upon the screen,
They have stolen my heart away.

And, wishing to be impartial, winds up with a tribute to Costello:

There is one whom the girls call "Dimples,"
A man that we all adore,
The Beau Brummel of the Vitagraph,
And winner of hearts galore.

Leona A. Clow, of Richmond, Cal., thinks that John Bunny is the dearest, funniest fellow of all—and there are a lot of others who agree with her.

A little miss from Baltimore writes, in a beautiful round hand, of her admiration for F. X. Bushman, "the very nicest actor of all."

A lady from Geneva, N. Y., declares that King Baggot is one of the very few leading men who wears a dress suit as if he was in the habit of dressing for dinner every evening.

Miss Doretta Bergen, of New York, fears that this is her only chance to vote, as the Suffragets are not gaining ground very fast, in her estimation. So she hastens to cast her votes for Leo Delaney, whom she calls "a modest hero."

From Brigham City, Utah, come these lines to Helen Gardner, of the Vitagraph:

There is beauty in flowers and jewels,
And things that are costly and rare,
But with Helen Gardner's beauty
There is nothing that can compare.

The railroad men of Indianapolis, Ind., have come out strong for Carlyle Blackwell, sending a big bunch of votes, and promising more. They also send the following toast:

"Here's to Carlyle Blackwell, of the Kalem. May he play till the final curtain, and may it be a long time coming down."

There seems to be something in the way Mrs. Mary Maurice, of the Vitagraph, plays the mother parts, that brings a responsive thrill to every heart. Many appreciative letters from far and near testify to this fact, and declare affection for this player.

Warren J. Kerrigan is popular in Canada, as a letter from Winnipeg testifies. He seems to enjoy a steady-growing popularity in his own country, too, and he deserves it.

Little Helen Costello is rapidly making a place for herself among the child actors. Miss Beatrix, of Missouri, declares her the most charming baby actress in the Moving Picture world.

Miss Myrtes Carman, of 20 Linden Avenue, Suffolk, Va., is collecting votes for Maurice Costello, with forty thousand as her goal. She declares it is not a difficult task, for he is the most popular actor in the State.

Miss Emilia Caprini, of Pittsburg, Pa., would have to be awfully sick, or bound by bonds which she couldn't break, if she missed a picture in which Miss Mary Fuller appeared.

Miss Mena Blumenfield, of Starkville, Miss., has been trying for a long time to decide for whom to vote. But when she saw "The Tale of Two Cities" there was no more doubt. Maurice Costello is her choice.

Miss Marion Leonard is popular in Texas, and LaVerne Harter, of that big State, declares her the most beautiful lady in the world.

The Hopkinsville High School is voting in a body for Alice Joyce.

Here's a pretty appreciation of Gene Gauntier, written by Miss Helen Grace Lee, of Bristol, Conn.:

There's a little girl with the Kalem,
From the dear old Emerald Isle,
Who carries me back to Ireland
By the grace of her haunting smile;
But widow, or wife, or maiden,
To me she is just as dear,
A sweet little, shy little Colleen Bawn,
Whose name is Gene Gauntier.

Harry H. Main, of Salinas, Cal., says that Miss Gladys Field is "endowed with a rare, natural ability to act without betraying a consciousness that she is acting."

Writing of Robert Gaillord, Miss Harriet M. Scott, of New Orleans, La., avers: "A more finished, pleasing actor I have never seen. He is one of the few players who pays absolute attention to the smallest detail, and works with as much earnestness in a small part as in a large one."

"Edith Storey is all right, for a woman; John Bunny cant be beat in his line; but G. M. Anderson is the man who is there with the thrills," writes Berta M. Coombs, of Oklahoma City.

A fellow editor, T. Dudley Goodwin, of the *Daily News,* Helena, Arkansas, sends this little hand-shake to Edith Storey:

Beautiful Edith Storey, like
The vision of a dream;
Her presence seems to thrill me
When shown upon the screen.
I watch her every gesture, as
Her picture I behold;
I recall with thrilling pleasure
The stories Storey told.
I have a mighty reason to
Admire this dainty miss, so fine,
For her ever charming self
Recalls "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

From Seattle, Wash., comes an anarchistic statement that some of the picture players "should be led out and shot at sunrise." Marc McDermott, Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, and a few fortunate others, are reserved from the slaughter, however.

Mrs. H. A. Price, of Newport, Ky., confesses that she is a grandmother, but that the depictions of G. M. Anderson represent faithfully the spirit of pioneer Western days, when a sheriff stood for courage, and when love and friendship needed stirring deeds to win and to hold.

Mrs. L. M. Lumbert, Hyamis, Mass., is an equal partisan for Arthur Johnson and Adele De Garde. Her accompanying verses are characteristic of these favorites, and will be forwarded, as keepsakes, to them.

F. M. Newmann, Chicago, prefers James W. Morrison for some very good reasons: Control, lack of conceit, naturalness, and life and feeling in his parts.

Lillian Walker finds favor in this clever little verse of J. C. Harney, New York:

When dimples in a cheek you find,
Dont stop to think—make up your mind
It's simply what the angels did
When she was just a little kid.

They kiss a baby when asleep,
To make it lucky, and they keep
A record of it, very simple;
They leave behind—a little dimple.

Heaven must have been a lonesome place
The day the angels kist her face;
I've watched those dimples come and go,
And she's, for me, just all the show.

A schoolgirl enthusiast of Los Angeles, Cal., writes that school work did not prosper in her class at the advent of Easter vacation, as they were all looking forward to a glut of picture shows—and especially those films featuring Crane Wilbur!

Gwendolen Pates, of Pathé Frères, continues to get letters of appreciation from the four corners of civilization.

T. Evans, of Chicago, states that the only times that he can be serious when thinking of Eleanor Blanchard is when voting for or praising her. Her infectious comedy is always a laughing matter in his case.

Miss Olga Wood, of Montreal, Canada, is in doubt whether she prefers THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE or Florence Lawrence as the greatest treat. She compromises by asking for all she can get of Miss Lawrence thru the pages of her favorite magazine.

Lee P. Battley, a photoplaywright, of Washington, D. C., regrets that the historical field is so dry of comedy—otherwise he would immortalize Mae Hotely in historical rôles.

An intimate friend of Dolores Cassinelli sends us some postcard portraitures of her, and regrets that those published in the magazine have not done her justice. Let justice be done! Perhaps her managers, on seeing this, will send us better ones of this dainty lady.

Mae Hotely continues to have friends and admirers everywhere, but, unfortunately, they are not poets. They can all vote, tho, and they did it early and often. The same is true of F. X. Bushman, who appears to be extremely popular with the ladies. Arthur Johnson, beware! During the closing days of the contest thousands of the admirers of Octavia Handworth got busy.

In spite of our announcement in the April number requesting our readers not to vote for Biograph players, many letters, coupons and subscriptions still come in for these popular photoplayers. In all such cases we can, of course, do nothing but credit such votes to the players mentioned, but we must decline to state whether those players are with the Biograph Co. or

(Continued on page 146)

The Photoplay Dramatist

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

DURING the past six years the Motion Picture has come to be an all-important institution—more so than the drama ever was—and the old saying, "The play is the thing," has recently taken a double meaning to itself, which, in a broader sense, now reads: "The Photoplay is the thing."

It is estimated that, on an average, 15,000,000 people attend the Photoplay theater every day.

In the old days the makers of Moving Pictures contented themselves by snapping moving trains, busy street scenes, and almost anything and everything that carried with it the suggestion of excitement and rapid motion. No picture was complete without a chase or scramble of some sort.

The picture patrons soon tired of this sort of entertainment, desiring something more tangible, something more definite and instructive. The playlet followed, and the dramatic, artistic and moral standard has ascended with the popularity of the Photoplay.



Monte M. Katterjohn, a successful photo playwright, who is scenario editor for The Photoplay Enterprise Association.

A New Field of Work

What is the first requisite in the manufacture of Moving Pictures? No one, understanding, will gainsay the assertion that it is the scenario. Without scenarios there would be no modern Moving Pictures.

The writing of Motion Picture plays has become a branch of art in itself. However, those not thoroly conversant with the real details can scarcely conceive of the proportions this industry has assumed. The manufacturers are encouraging ambitious playwrights to send in their ideas, and the result is a greater variety in the choice and treatment of subjects. Once an individual has mastered the style, playwriting for Moving Pictures will prove both fascinating and remunerative.

"There is an attractive field and a fair living for the scenario writer," says Horace G. Plimpton, who is general manager of the Edison studio and assists in the production of Edison Photoplays. "The field has hardly been entered. Stop and figure up how many pictures are produced by the manufacturers in this country alone, and you get an idea of what it amounts to. All these plots must come from somewhere, and it would pay those interested to learn the technique of the business."

There are, roughly speaking, twenty-five Moving Picture manufacturers in this country. All told, they release about one hundred pictures a week; so, in round numbers, one can see that more than four hundred new ideas, new scenarios, must be purchased every month. This number is equal to that of the short stories used by all the American monthly and weekly magazines during a similar period. This demand must be supplied by those who know how to prepare the plays.

A Word About the Work

The successful novelist or playwright does not necessarily make a successful Moving Picture playwright merely by applying the principles of construction. Moving Pictures afford a new school of composition; and before one attempts to write them, he must understand the limitations and possibilities of the "silent drama"—must know the principles of scene construction.

The first flash across the brain when one writes a play is the motive of the story. The prime essential is the idea. It is the essence of the plot, but it is without avail if it provides no opportunity for silent acting.

A scenario that will make a full reel of film will also make a magazine story of eight to ten thousand words, for which a writer will receive at least five cents a word. Thus a writer may receive double pay for the product of his brain. If your

story is good enough to be thus rated, it stands a good chance of being noticed by other editors; to bring requests for contributions. If the story happens to make a favorable impression on the manager of a dramatic company, or star, and is dramatized for the regular stage, it may bring a fortune in royalties.

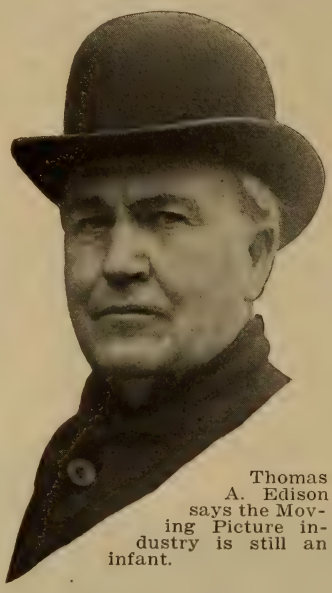
Photoplay Ideas

Manufacturers are constantly pressed for new subjects, consequently the eager search for original ideas. Original plays bear the well-marked stamp of individuality, the writer deriving his materials from observation and reflection. Actual everyday conditions, truthfully told, are always desired.

Suitable ideas are to be found everywhere. The history of our country furnishes thousands, yes, millions of incidents unknown to many. Patriotism offers innumerable chapters for development. Human nature provides countless thousands of ideas for picture production; but to be able to properly tell these ideas, you must understand the technique of the Photoplay. If you will put your heart and mind in the work, you can become a successful photo playwright.

The Bank Account

The best scenarios bring as high as $100.00 each. Ordinary ones, amateur efforts, but in proper form, easily sell for $15.00 and $20.00. If you have original ideas, you can learn to put them on paper in practical form, and will be well paid for them.



Thomas A. Edison says the Moving Picture industry is still an infant.

Photoplay producers pay for a scenario according to its merit. Several producers have paid as high as $500.00 for a single scenario. The following companies are paying from $50.00 to $75.00 for all scenarios which they accept: Reliance, Lubin, Edison, "Bison," Vitagraph, and Selig. The other companies pay from $50.00 to $35.00 for acceptable scripts. In case of exceptional scenarios, $100.00 is the usual price paid.

Writers like Rex Beach, Elbert Hubbard, Will Carleton and Richard Harding Davis receive larger amounts. The extra is not given them for the reason that their idea is any better, but as a premium for the publicity and prestige their names will bring to the producer of their plots.

The Edison, Kalem, Reliance and Lubin companies place the name of the scenario author beneath the title and flash it upon the screen. Thus a scenario writer is given an opportunity of deriving a further profit from his work. Practically all of the other producers are contemplating such procedure. A successful photo playwright may attain nation-wide fame. Moving Pictures have come to stay. Thomas A. Edison believes that Moving Pictures are better than books, and says the day is coming when the Photoplay will supplant books in the schools. "Moving Pictures are," according to Mr. Edison, "the most wonderful educative and entertaining force ever produced."

Who Can Become a Photo Playwright?

You can learn to become a writer of picture-play plots if you are a person of average intelligence. One does not need to be an experienced writer. If you are free from theories and vagaries, you are likely to enjoy a greater amount of originality than the experienced novelist whose ideas are stereotyped—always the same—probably a few new twists now and then.

You represent new ideas —new blood.

Lillian Rubenstein, of the scenario staff of the Lubin Manufacturing Company, recently wrote the following in a letter to us:

"I have looked thru your edition of 'How to Write and Market Moving Picture Plays' very carefully, and, in my estimation, you have succeeded in giving a very intelligent interpretation of the important rules for the correct assembling of Photoplays. You have, I consider, covered the ground very thoroly and concisely. Your book should be of service to those desiring to learn the art of scenario writing."

This is evidence that one can become a photo playwright without paying an enormous ransom to institutes and correspondence schools. "How to Write and Market Moving Picture Plays" considers the subject of Photoplay writing step by step. This book contains one hundred and twenty-four pages and is six by nine inches in width and length—quite different from the pamphlets being issued and purporting to be an authority on the art of scenario writing.

"How to Write and Market Moving Picture Plays" is undoubtedly the most far-reaching work on scenario writing now in print.

The Photo Playwright's Guide

Among the many contributors to *The Photo Playwright*, a monthly publication for those interested in the picture play, is Horace G. Plimpton, of the Edison studio. Mr. Plimpton has produced the notable Photoplays, "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and "The Heir Apparent."



INTERIOR OF THE EDISON STUDIO, WHERE MR. HORACE G. PLIMPTON PRODUCES THE EDISON FEATURE PHOTOPLAYS

The Photo Playwright is a monthly guide for the scenario writer, its purpose being to promote his welfare. It keeps the photo playwright advised, giving the information needed by Photoplay students.

Richard V. Spencer, of the "Bison" Pacific Coast Studio, Los Angeles, says:

"I have read the magazine thru from cover to cover. The publication fills a long-felt want, and should help every one concerned in the business of making and marketing of films. In the course of my work I receive many written and verbal requests for information relative to the construction and marketing of scenarios. Being a very busy man, I do not have time to go into details in replying to these inquiries. Hereafter I will recommend seekers to subscribe to your magazine. Mail or express me a dozen sample copies for distribution among the local scenario writers."

Similar letters have been received from Norman Macdonald, of the Essanay Company; also from George Terwilliger, of the Reliance Company.

Edna Foster, editor of "The Children's Page" in *The Youth's Companion*, a successful writer of scenarios, and whose ideas have been purchased by the Vitagraph and Edison companies, is the owner and user of one of our books.

You Need These Books

With these two publications, "How to Write and Market Moving Picture Plays," and *The Photo Playwright*, one cannot help but become a successful photo playwright. One is a text-book, the other a monthly publication. The two combined are a greater educative force along the line of scenario instruction than all the other courses, combined.

The Photo Playwright contains thirty-two pages every issue. Every number contains more vital information and gives a greater amount of instruction than do any three lessons provided by any course.

The book, "How to Write and Market Moving Picture Plays," is written in plain, understandable language. It is mailed to any part of the U. S., postpaid, for $1.50.

The magazine, *The Photo Playwright*, is issued on the fifth day of every month. Monte M. Katterjohn, journalist, historian and publisher, is its editor. The subscription price is $1.00 the year.

Extra Special Offer

For a limited time only you can secure one copy of "How to Write and Market Moving Picture Plays," and a year's subscription to *The Photo Playwright*, for only two dollars—an investment that will net returns many times over the cost of these publications. This privilege is exclusive.

This offer means a saving to you if you order now, and is made to convince you of the sterling worth of our publications over all others.

This offer will not be made again, nor will this advertisement appear in this publication again. Now is your opportunity. Dont be one of the people to delay until this new field is overcrowded—and then pay a higher price for these publications.

If you are interested in the work of a Photoplay dramatist—if you desire to become proficient—send a money order or check for $2.00 to THE PHOTOPLAY ENTERPRISE ASSOCIATION, Special Offer Dept., Boonville, Indiana.

POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

(*Continued from page 142*)

not. This page is being made up the minute before going to press (May 4); hence our comments on the winners must be reserved until the next issue. Space forbids giving the entire list of contestants: only the first one hundred can be given.

THE WINNERS

1st Prize, MAURICE COSTELLO (Vitagraph) - - - 430,816
2nd Prize, E. DOLORES CASSINELLI (Essanay) - - - - - - - 333,898
3rd Prize, MAE HOTELY (Lubin) - - - - - - - - 204,955
4th Prize, F. X. BUSHMAN (Essanay) - - - - - - - - 130,361
5th Prize, G. M. ANDERSON (Essanay) - - - - - - - 98,989

THE OTHER PRIZE WINNERS

Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	72,021	Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	6,130
Octavia Handworth (*Pathé Frères*)	69,580	J. B. Budworth (*Kalem*)	6,079
Florence Lawrence (*Lubin*)	61,520	Edith Storey (*Vitagraph*)	5,626
Arthur Johnson (*Lubin*)	45,130	Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	5,536
May Buckley (*Lubin*)	41,104	Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	5,182
Florence Turner (*Vitagraph*)	31,925	J. W. Morrison (*Vitagraph*)	4,795
Mary Pickford	24,726	Jack J. Clark (*Kalem*)	4,592
Mary Fuller (*Edison*)	21,961	Anna Q. Nilsson (*Kalem*)	4,495
Gladys Field (*Powers*)	20,222	Elsie McLeod (*Edison*)	4,329
Robert Gaillord (*Vitagraph*)	19,732	Adele De Garde (*Vitagraph*)	4,305
Carlyle Blackwell (*Kalem*)	19,358	Earle Williams (*Vitagraph*)	4,097
Gene Gauntier (*Kalem*)	17,820	Kenneth Casey (*Vitagraph*)	3,854
Sadie Osmon (*Essanay*)	17,744	Mildred Bracken (*Méliès*)	3,805
Warren Kerrigan (*American*)	13,388	King Baggot (*Imp*)	3,619
Helen Gardner (*Vitagraph*)	12,207	John Halliday (*Lubin*)	3,404
Marin Sais (*Essanay*)	11,637	John Bunny (*Vitagraph*)	3,337
Gwendolen Pates (*Pathé Frères*)	10,446	Kathryne Williams (*Selig*)	3,262
Eleanor Blanchard (*Essanay*)	9,676	Judson Melford (*Kalem*)	3,169
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé Frères*)	9,661	Gertrude Robinson (*Reliance*)	3,081
Lillian Walker (*Vitagraph*)	8,664	Mabel Normand	3,056
James Cruze (*Thanhouser*)	7,793	Marc McDermott (*Edison*)	2,789
Marion Leonard (*Rex*)	6,389	Sidney Olcott (*Kalem*)	2,752
Leo Delaney (*Vitagraph*)	6,380		

THE OTHER CONTESTANTS

Daphne Wayne	2,167	Charles Kent (*Vitagraph*)	1,150
Jack Richardson (*American*)	2,156	Pauline Bush (*American*)	1,138
Hobart Bosworth (*Selig*)	2,143	Joseph De Grasse (*Pathé Frères*)	1,103
Miriam Nesbitt (*Edison*)	2,063	Max Linder (*Pathé Frères*)	1,092
Henry Walthall (*Pathé Frères*)	2,019	Cleo Ridgley	1,061
Pearl White (*Pathé Frères*)	1,873	Francis Newburg (*Vitagraph*)	1,055
Guy Hedlund (*Edison*)	1,836	Jean, the Vitagraph dog	1,054
Laura Sawyer (*Edison*)	1,766	Billy Quirk (*Solax*)	1,046
Edith Halleren (*Vitagraph*)	1,648	Evelyn Dominicio	1,046
Owen Moore	1,627	Evangeline Blaisdell (*Vitagraph*)	1,044
Mary Maurice (*Vitagraph*)	1,601	Tefft Johnson (*Vitagraph*)	1,039
Harold Shaw (*Edison*)	1,461	Gertrude McCoy (*Edison*)	1,037
Lilly Branscombe (*Essanay*)	1,417	Marion Cooper (*Kalem*)	1,036
Whitney Raymond (*Essanay*)	1,401	Rita Davis	1,036
Zena Kiefe (*Vitagraph*)	1,391	Bigelow Cooper (*Edison*)	1,036
Julia Swayne Gordon (*Vitagraph*)	1,369	Rose Tapley (*Vitagraph*)	1,035
Tom Powers (*Vitagraph*)	1,314	Herbert Prior (*Majestic*)	1,027
William Clifford (*Lubin*)	1,308	Isabelle Rae (*Majestic*)	1,022
Paul Panzer (*Pathé Frères*)	1,269	Hazel Neason (*Kalem*)	1,013
George Melford (*Kalem*)	1,223	Frank Mason (*Vitagraph*)	1,012
Anne Schaeffer (*Vitagraph*)	1,194	Edwin August	1,005
Robert Vignola (*Kalem*)	1,186	Leah Baird (*Vitagraph*)	1,002
Richard Niel (*Edison*)	1,169	Gladys Le Comte	1,002
T. J. Carrigan (*Selig*)	1,165	Julia Taylor (*Thanhouser*)	1,002
Wallace Reid (*Vitagraph*)	1,154	Mabel Trunnelle (*Majestic*)	1,001

P. S.—Later returns suggest a few slight changes in foregoing figures.

KALEM'S COMING FILMS



"THE FIGHTING DERVISHES OF THE DESERT," A Spectacular Feature Production
Made by the Kalem Company in Egypt

THE OUTLAW

A Western mining story.

HYPNOTIC NELL

A lively comedy of a resourceful girl.

AMERICAN TOURISTS ABROAD

Visiting Rome and Pompeii.

SUPPRESSED EVIDENCE

This drama of genuine heart interest is splendidly portrayed by capable artists.

"FIGHTING DAN" McCOOL

A thrilling Civil War production. All patrons of the picture theater are familiar with Kalem war stories. This is one of the best.

RANCH GIRLS ON A RAMPAGE

A story of light hearts and strong nerves, told in a way to bring forth roars of laughter.

EGYPT, THE MYSTERIOUS

American tourists on a pilgrimage to Cairo, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx.

HER CONVICT BROTHER

An intense drama of modern times.

THE PILGRIMAGE

From the poem by Heinrich Heine. This film will be noted for its fine acting and pleasing story.

EGYPT

As it was in the time of Moses. This very interesting and instructive picture illustrates the primitive methods still in vogue in Egypt, along the upper Nile.

UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE

This spectacular military picture is founded on an incident of the American Civil War.

THE GENT FROM HONDURAS

There are many laughable situations in this "Bucktown" comedy.

LUXOR, EGYPT

Built on the ruins of the ancient Bible town, Thebes. A pleasing scenic.

INTO THE JUNGLE

A decidedly original drama, that will both entertain and instruct.

Ask your local theater manager to show these films

KALEM COMPANY

235 West 23d St.

New York

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The increasing pressure upon our columns and the length of time that of necessity elapses before a question can be replied to in a magazine, which must remain on the press almost a month, has led us to extend the usefulness of this department.

Hereafter those questioners who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. A stamp alone will not be sufficient. It must be affixed to an envelope bearing your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper and use separate sheets for replies to the contests or inquiries of the business office.

The magazine cannot undertake to guarantee replies, but every effort will be made to obtain the correct answers to all legitimate questions clearly stated.

MAIL REPLIES.—Correspondents who sent stamps without return addressed envelopes are requested to read the paragraph which states that a stamp alone does not entitle the questioner to a reply. If you are not sufficiently interested to comply with the simple rules we cannot extend you the courtesy of a personal reply.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS.—So many inquiries have been received asking as to whether this or that player has been "chatted" with, that the list of interviews since the inauguration of the department is here given. Miss Jean Acker, May, 1912; Miss Lily Branscombe, April, 1912; Miss Lottie Briscoe, May, 1912; Miss May Buckley, May, 1912; Mr. John Bunny, May, 1912; Mr. Francis X. Bushman, February, 1912; Miss E. Dolores Cassinelli, March, 1912; Mr. Maurice Costello, April, 1912; Miss Gene Gauntier, March, 1912; Mr. John E. Halliday, December, 1911; Miss Ormi Hawley, April, 1912; Miss Mae Hotely, March, 1912; Mr. Arthur V. Johnson, February, 1912; Miss Florence A. Lawrence, December, 1911; Mr. Howard Missimer, January, 1912; Miss Miriam Nesbitt, January, 1912; Mr. Charles M. Seay, February, 1912, and Miss Mabel Trunnelle, February, 1912.

Back numbers containing these interviews may be had of the publisher, while they last, at fifteen cents each.

VERY IMPATIENT, NEW YORK.—We have nothing to do with the personal addresses of the players. Miss Lawrence returned from abroad the latter part of April, but as this is written, has made no new connection, tho it would not be surprising to find that she had returned to Lubin by the time this gets into print. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for addresses of the studios.

LOTTIE, NEW YORK.—Arthur Johnson is not a half Indian, or any lesser fraction. It was Leo Delaney, not Maurice Costello, who played in "The Love of John Ruskin." They resemble each other strongly.

E. J. L., OAKLAND.—Violette Kelley was the child in Essanay's "The Call of the West." We believe that she comes from your town. Her mother states she is under regular engagement to the company.

W. A. G., MARBLEHEAD.—The Kalem Company is making all sorts of pictures in the Orient. The Egyptians will come first, with the Biblical pictures following. They will not be what you call hand-painted. We cannot place the colored "Western Hero." Several American companies have patent processes for stencil work in color, but none make a practice of releasing pictures in color, unless by color you mean film tinted to represent moonlight, lamplight, or firelit scenes. This is called "toning." Miss Storey is still with Vitagraph and likely to stay there. Helios is an Italian company.

A. H. N., GLOUCESTER.—Miss Normand's picture was published in the August issue of last year. We are in doubt as to the company she is with at present. Give the correct title of that Essanay and we'll try and answer.

B. G. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—You will find Miss Cassinelli in "The Laurel Wreath of Fame" and "Detective Dorothy," released about the time this issue comes out.

PETER PAN, DANBURY.—Miss Ethel Grandin, formerly with Imp, is now with Bison, and played in both the releases named.

C. L. R., WARWICK.—Hank and Lank are still with Essanay, but the series was abandoned long since. Vitagraph's "Soldiers Three" featured three vaudeville players whose names are not on record. It was a special engagement.

SUCCESS SECRETS

BY

Eugene V. Brewster

(Editor The Motion Picture Story Magazine)

A little book that tells the story of how to get on in the world, in a bright, breezy style that drives the simple truths home

Sent by mail on receipt of the price, 25 cents. Stamps accepted

The Caldron Pub. Co.

26 Court Street Brooklyn, N. Y.



"The more women know about babies the better babies we will have" said President Wm M'Kinley

IF YOU LOVE A BABY

READ

"The New Baby"

The following are vitally interesting chapters. "The Expectant Mother," first symptom, proper diet, clothing, exercise, etc., by Thomas M. Acken, M. D.,—"Care Baby Needs," feeding and hygiene, by William L. Stowell, M. D. —"Baby's First Tooth" and the other thirty-one, by Stephen O. Storck, D. D. S.,—"Things You Can Make or Borrow," how to prepare for the new baby, by Sarah J. Keenan, a maternity nurse for twenty years without ever losing a baby.—"Schedule of My Baby's Day," showing just what to do, by Eva James Clark, a mother.

In addition are 433 illustrations of baby's clothes, toys, accessories, in fact everything for a child from birth to five years, and how to get them direct from the manufacturers, at lowest prices.

By special arrangement with the publisher, we can send you an advance copy of "The New Baby" if you will send us your address and 25c.—ADDRESS

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C. H.—What would you do with a Motion Picture camera if you had it? It would cost from $2,000 to $3,000 to get started, since you would need a perforating machine, a printing machine, developing and fixing tanks, washing racks and tanks, and about fifty other things. They are not on sale in this country, and would have to be imported. If you are still interested, send a return stamped envelope.

C. M. W., Yonkers.—The Kalem picture was made by the Jacksonville section, which does most of the war dramas. An effort is made to present in the magazine stories that are about to be released.

Subscriber, Bridgeport.—Miss Mary Pickford was the girl in Majestic's "Honor Thy Father."

A. V. M., New York.—In Kalem's "The Spanish Revolt of 1836" the Governor was Wm. Herman West; the Alcalde, Knute Rahmn; Isabella, Miss Alice Joyce; Juan, Carlyle Blackwell, and Olivia, Miss Jane Wolf.

P. K., Brooklyn.—Miss Edna Fisher played the girl in Essanay's "The Tenderfoot Foreman."

H. W. O., New York.—The only answer not already given is that Helen Costello was the child in Vitagraph's "Captain Barnacle's Messmate."

Reader, New Jersey.—Pictures of the Kalem players may be had in several styles.

F. H., Washington.—Pictures of Yale Boss cost 25 cents. He is about twelve, and goes to school regularly, playing after session and on Saturdays. He lives in New York.

G. F., Montgomery.—We understand that Miss Martha Russell is in vaudeville. Her photographs cannot be obtained.

L. R. C., Poughkeepsie.—Send an envelope for the addresses wanted.

A. C., New York.—Sydney Ayres had the title rôle in Selig's "The Heart of John Barlow." In Edison's "His Secretary" Charles Ogle and Guy Hedlund were respectively the brother and sweetheart.

E. R., Norwalk.—There are not two Gaumont or Cines companies. At the expiration of the Kleine contract the Gaumont Company affiliated with the Sales Company, and to replace them the Cines was admitted to the Licensed end under the Kleine (Kosmik) franchise. Up to that time Cines had been in affiliation with neither side, but sold prints wherever it could.

M. T., New York.—Miss Lawrence has no sisters in Photoplay, tho Miss Pickford is popularly supposed to be a sister because of a fancied resemblance. We did not fictionize the releases mentioned.

W. A. S. T.—Stanner E. V. Taylor has been a director for Edison, Reliance and Imp, but we do not believe that he had played parts, if that is what you mean. He is with Rex at present. We have not published Mr. August's picture, except in scenes from stories. Herbert Rawlinson had the title rôle in Selig's "The New Superintendent."

G. M. K.—"The Cave Man" is the release title of Vitagraph's "Before a Book Was Written." The cast was Else, Miss Rose Tapley; Aleric, Tefft Johnson; Eric, Ralph Ince; Dagban, Harry Northrup, and Chloe, Miss Edith Storey. For "The Serpents," which is the sequel, add Linda, Miss Helen Gardner; Greeg, James W. Morrison; Haakon, Tefft Johnson, and Fangen, Wm. Ranous.

J. W., Hopkinsville.—Miss Mae Hotely has never been with the Vitagraph. Miss Lillian Walker was pictured in May, 1911, and May, 1912.

C. B. K., Brooklyn.—You've another guess coming on that Selig title. Henry Walthall is not a Rex player. He was with Reliance, but recently returned to Pathé.

J. T.—If you have a thousand votes you have a thousand votes and not two thousand. What we said was that you could cast one free vote each month for one man and one woman player. The bound volumes offered as a premium are exhausted.

E. M. P.—It was E. R. Phillips to whom Millie went for a job in Vitagraph's "Millie Becomes an Actress."

Truckee.—In a recent issue we told Alma X. we were unable to place the company that visited Truckee. Miss Genevieve Davis, who was a member of the company, very kindly advises us that it was a section of the Selig players. She adds that Frank Montgomery was in charge and that the Princess Mona Darkfeather had the leads.

B. B., Brooklyn.—Francis X. Bushman was John Gray in Essanay's "Out of the Depths."

Stella H. T.—We dont know exactly what an "idle" is, but Maurice Costello is still alive, and a very busy man, and no idle, since he both directs and plays leads. The "particular section of the universe" in which Arthur Johnson acts out is called Philadelphia by map-makers and railroad men, and other names by the men who write funny paragraphs for the newspapers.

F. P., Hoboken.—We advise you to keep away from Photoplays made from stage plays or books because, when adaptations are wanted, the companies can make much better scripts than you can. We were merely advising you not to do work that would not sell.

Two Fans.—You've probably seen Mr. Cruze's picture by now. They may be had of the Thanhouser Company.

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"The Reformation of Jim Doul"	Bison
"Aunt Ann"	Vitagraph
"A War-time Widow"	Champion
"The College Spendthrift"	American
"The Foreman of Ranch B"	Méliès
"The Soldier's Sacrifice"	Vitagraph
"The Strike Breaker"	Selig
"The Proving of a Coward"	Selig
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
"The Continental Spy"	Solax
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699 SHERIDAN ROAD, CHICAGO

P. G.—We positively refuse to become interested in the "real names" of players. There is a paragraph in the notice at the head of this column that tells how to get addresses, and states that they are not given here. Why not read the rules? Most of the film used comes from the Eastman Company. The Agfa and Lumière companies also manufacture.

R. H., Catskill.—The reason that Kalem "Bertie" is seen no more is that he is back on the stage.

P. G. W., Corpus Christi.—Miss Mary Pickford was the wife in "His Dress Shirt," and yet she wasn't in his dress shirt, at that, she just ironed it.

V. M. B., Lancaster.—William Russell was the Doctor in Thanhouser's 'Flying to Fortune." Owen Moore doesn't seem to be anywhere just at this moment.

R. E. R., Fort Worth.—Brinsley Shaw was Pedro in Essanay's "The Deputy's Love Affair." Romaine Fielding was Dr. Busso in Lubin's "The Revolutionists." Miss Alice Joyce was Mrs. Thorpe in Kalem's "The Defeat of the Brewery Gang." Miss Ruth Roland was Mary in Kalem's "The Trail Thru the Hills."

E. W. S., Brooklyn.—Miss Gladys Field has left the Powers Company and has not been heard of in another company since.

A. G. S., Athol.—Max Linder has been sick, but will presently be seen in a lot of new Photoplays. Pedro and Melita in Méliès' "Melita's Ruse" were William Clifford and Miss Mildred Bracken. We do not recall "The Devil's First Visit to Earth," but "A Trip to the Moon" was one of the first notable trick films. It was made in France by George Méliès, brother of Gaston Méliès of the present Méliès Company. George Méliès was the real creator of trick films.

G. E. R.—In Lubin's "Somebody's Mother" the son was John Halliday, the mother Mrs. George W. Walters, and Miss Ormi Hawley the wife. Jimmie was Master Mizler. Jack J. Clark is with the El Kalems.

C. R., Keeseville.—Vitagraph's "Destiny Is Changeless" was made in Ausable Chasm. The Western company is now in the vicinity of Santa Monica, Cal.

M. and F., Denver.—Henry Walthall was the express messenger in Reliance's "Hide and Seek." We presume that is what you mean.

O. B., San Antonio.—This matter has been mentioned before, but there are several asking. The Méliès Company shut down because there were releases for five months ahead. Many of the players went to the Bison Company, and William Clifford went from there to a Western section of the Lubin Company.

L. B., Montreal.—The first issue of this magazine is dated February, 1911. It is out of print. The numbers from March to August, inclusive, may be had of the publisher. You will see above that Miss Field is no longer with Powers. Miss Edna Fisher is supposed to be with the Vitagraph.

C. S., Belleville.—Philip Tannura was Pietro in Edison's "Bob and Rowdy." See A. V. M.

M. P. Fan No. 9999.—Miss Betty Harte was the teacher in Essanay's "Epidemic in Paradise Gulch."

S. W., New York.—That "old" Biograph was released February 19, 1912.

F. H., Terre Haute.—The American has not stopped the making of Western pictures. We decline absolutely to state John Bunny's weight. We think he even shuts his own eyes when he steps on the scales and drops a penny in the slot.

E. M., Baltimore.—The Powers Company does not identify the players you ask for. Herbert Prior and Miss Mabel Trunnelle were the sweethearts in Majestic's "Arresting Father."

Toronto.—We think there will be studios in Canada in time, but static electricity raises several sorts of trouble with film in your climate in winter. That's one reason. No studio could work to advantage save in summer.

V. D. S., San Francisco.—The entire Biograph Company wintered in California, and the little blonde and the brunette and the demi-blonde and some others all headed it.

Crete, Brooklyn.—The Lubin players have been reproduced by a process in very good imitation of photography. The price is five cents each, we believe.

Sydney Ayres.—L. E. S., of Oakland, Cal., sends a program to prove that Sydney Ayres is now playing the leads in a stock company there. The statement that he had gone to Nestor was based on the announcement of the Nestor Company, but the program proves that he has gone back to his first love. We thank L. E. S. for her interest.

P. V. W.—Having noticed that there is "a page or so" of answers each month, please read back for the names of the two spies. Photoplayers cannot, as a rule, reply to letters, since the popular ones receive hundreds each day. It would require the undivided time of at least two men, for example, to handle the mail that Maurice Costello receives. They are glad to know you like them, but it is a physical impossibility to tell you so.

Dixie, Augusta.—Bryant Washburn was Matthews in Selig's "Out of the Depths."

G. W. B., Sherbrooke.—Vitagraph's "Lady Godiva" was taken in the studio and the studio yard.



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E. L., TEXAS.—Albert McGovern was with Powers, not Imp, but has been forced to retire because of illness thru overwork. Miss Lawrence should be addressed General Delivery, America, so far as we know at present. We dont think she would get the letter.

M. B., CHAMBERSBURG.—Harry Myers' picture was published in the magazine for May, 1911. Why ask the same question twice?

R. M. B., NILES.—Earle Williams was the Sheppard in Vitagraph's "The Heart of the King's Jester."

A. B., BROOKLYN.—G. M. Anderson had the lead in "A Western Girl's Sacrifice."

R. K., OGDENSBURG.—All of the licensed and most of the independent companies develop and print their own film, but a few turn to the Carleton and Gaumont laboratories, where the work is "jobbed." All of the licensed and some of the independent companies have projection rooms where the film is run off before it is "cut." The other independent companies work in the projection room of the Sales Company. As soon as a negative is made, a positive print is developed, and this is run thru the machine. Parts that are not needed are cut out, and where the scene is not clear it is ordered made over. When everything is just right a cross is made on the picture above and below the first and last pictures shown, and this X mark shows the printers just what part of the film will actually be used. Sometimes ten to fifty feet are cut from a scene to drop the deadwood. In studios the projection room is called the "canning factory," because very often an entire reel will be thrown out, or, in other words, "canned." The Gaumont Company is a French corporation, with offices in Paris. They have a factory in Flushing, L. I., and presently will make pictures there, the studio at present being rented to the Solax Company, which will move to Fort Lee.

T. W. G., WASHINGTON.—Gladys (Betty) Cameron and Elsie (Peggy) Glynn were the flirtatious young ladies in Lubin's "A Gay Time in Atlantic City." Miss Cameron is still with Lubin. Miss Glynn has recently completed a vaudeville tour.

M. J. S., MARSHALLTOWN.—Mr. Lubin has more important matters than "taking minor parts such as the butler in 'A Blind Deception.'" The player is not cast, but we presume that it was Charles Brandt, who looks not unlike Mr. Lubin. Mr. Lubin's last appearance in the pictures was a couple of years ago, when Arthur D. Hotaling caught him coming out of the station in Atlantic City while he was making a scene for "When the Cat's Away," and included him in the picture. Mr. Lubin is far too busy to go in the pictures to save a salary. It would be very poor economy.

V. S. C.—If you were in a hurry to find out things, you should have sent a stamped and addressed envelope. To get Photoplays into the hands of the producers, send for the list advertised at the head of this department, but you'll have to limber up on the postage stamp account if you want to get in. Some places will not accept underpaid scripts, and others will not return unless you provide stamps. When you ask a favor, keep the person asked free of expense. This does not apply to your inquiry, but to your endeavors to sell, and is based on a knowledge of the shortcomings of authors.

NORMALEITES, ALBANY.—We do not place the player you ask for. The day you can see Pathé's week-end release depends on the arrangement of the theater with its exchange. The exchange lists the pictures in accordance with the arrangement made by the theaters. One house gets the reel on the day of release, another the following day, and so on. To illustrate, the Friday Pathé may be in Troy on Friday, Mechanicsville Saturday and Sunday, Albany Monday, Schenectady Tuesday, Cohoes Wednesday, and so on. If you can find the address of the General Film Company in Troy or Albany, telephone your question to them. Biograph's "The Net Mender" was made near Los Angeles.

L. C. C., COVINGTON.—The Mrs. Turner listed in some Vitagraph's casts is Miss Florence Turner's mother. Albert Hackett and Baby Nelson were the children in Lubin's "The College Girl." See above for Chats with Players.

M. A. U.—The name you mention is not familiar to us.

CURLEY BROWN'S ADMIRER.—Curley Brown and his aunt in Essanay's "The Ranch Widower's Daughters" were John Church and Mrs. William Todd. We presume that you think Essanay Westerns "bully" because they are cowboy pictures. Officer!

A. B. C., BROOKLYN.—We have not the slightest idea whether Miss Gardner smoked real tobacco cigarets or the cubeb sort, and we fail to see that "Regeneration" is better or worse for tobacco or cubebs. This department is for the satisfaction of intelligent curiosity, and not for idle speculation. And right on top of that you ask about a Biograph player!

D. L., LITTLE ROCK.—Harry Benham was Thanhouser's Nicholas Nickleby. We do not know what you mean by "where is Leo Delaney from?" For Miss Field see E. W. S.

C. E. W., DENVER.—There is no picture company operating nearer Denver than the coast.

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PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

:: YOU SEE IT AS IT ::
ACTUALLY HAPPENED

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UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES

: SEE IT EVERY WEEK :

R. W. M., MUNAP.—The volume of portraits is offered as a premium, therefore no sale price is placed upon it. You must pay in subscribers; not in cash. We have answered all your other questions before, with the exception of the Solax. Darwin Karr had the lead.

DAISY, LOHRVILLE.—Miss Mary Fuller was Nellie in Edison's "The Little Woolen Shoe." We still lack the Méliès cast. In Essanay's "The Clue" Miss Lily Branscombe was Kathleen. We believe that Miss Talmadge is still with the Vitagraph, but it's pretty hard to keep tabs on such a big bunch.

MRS. W. G., LOUISVILLE.—James Gordon was the Seigneur in Edison's "The House with the Tall Porch." The cast gives no names. We "get" it. Dont send poetry and inquiries on the same sheet.

W. H. C., BALTIMORE.—We are certain that Damon and Pythias has been done into Photoplay—by one of the European companies, we think—but a rather extended search fails to reveal the title, and we fear that the reel has been lost in the inferno of "commercials." We would suggest that you look up the local branch of the General Film Company in the telephone book and ask them. The idea of using the reel for a K. of P. fair is a good one. At a pinch try George Kleine, 166 N. State Street, Chicago.

A. H. S., WELLAND.—We do not believe that Miss Joyce would be "awful mad" if you wrote her a letter, but we imagine she might resent the sort of "mash" note that your letter suggests. The "lucky fellow" who plays opposite her is Carlyle Blackwell. We dont want to hurt your feelings, but you're a specimen of "he-matinée-girl."

M. G. T., SALEM.—William West is still with Edison, therefore his address is in care of the Edison Company. If you'll look right under the heading of this department you'll find out how to obtain the address.

C. P. C., DALLAS.—We are not to be bribed with a two-cent stamp to tell the name of the Biograph's Nancy, and, anyhow, we do not regard a stamp as the equivalent of a stamped and addressed envelope, as required by the rules.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Why ask our opinion and then tell us what to say? See above for Max Linder. Miss Pates is in the same section of the Pathé Company as Miss White. We have absolutely no line on Crane Wilbur's disposition and do not regard it as a part of the duty of the department to know. The former Lubin player is Miss Elsie Glynn, who is nicknamed Peggy. We do not know whether or not Maurice Costello is conceited. In the chats the Inquiry Editor has had with him he has not shown any conceit. We dont know why pictures end just as soon as the hero and heroine get married and the "exciting part" begins, unless it's because the Board of Censorship objects to fight pictures. (Yes. We are a married man.) Next time please ask some regular questions. Answering your second edition, Pathé Frères have studios all over Europe. Miss Mae Hotely was the servant in "Tim and Jim." Write Miss Bracken in care of Méliès. She is still with the company.

M. W., NEW YORK CITY.—It was Marc McDermott who played Jim, or, as the cast gives it, Burton Prentiss, in Edison's "The Little Woolen Shoe."

KALEM IN NEW ORLEANS.—Clifford L. Hallans advises us, relative to a recent inquiry, that the Kalem studio near New Orleans is located on the Bayou St. John, that they will remain there for about a year and then proceed to Japan.

O. B. E., KEITHBURG.—What man do you refer to as playing with Mr. Anderson in "The Girl Back East"? There were several men. The widow in Lubin's "Divided Interests" was Miss Florence Hackett. Harry Myers is the other Lubin player you want. The favored lover in the same company's "His Exoneration" was Frank Crane.

WORRIED.—Stop worrying. Buster or Roswell Johnson, the child with the Lubin Company, is not the son of Arthur Johnson, but of one of the camera men.

J. W., FAR ROCKAWAY.—Joseph De Grasse is still with Pathé Frères.

C. E. G., MONTREAL.—The actress in American's "The Tramp's Gratitude" was Miss Pauline Bush.

Q. L. A., WASHINGTON.—We are unable to advise you as to Miss Mary Pickford. Mr. Kirkwood recently left the Reliance Company, and it will not be long before so sterling a player and director is snapped up, but the information is not to hand as this goes to press. Your local library can supply a copy of W. S. Gilbert's "The Bab Ballads," of which "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell" is perhaps the best known.

O. E. G., MONTGOMERY.—In Edison's "Is He Eligible?" Yale Benner (not Boss) was the junior partner and Miss Mary Fuller the detective-stenographer.

E. H. K., SHARON.—The cast wanted has been published. Miss Buckley's picture was printed in the March issue.

F. J., CLEVELAND.—Ed Coxen was the leading man in Kalem's "The Trail of Gold," and Harold M. Shaw the Jack in Edison's "How Washington Crossed the Delaware." After this please address the business office and Inquiry Editor on separate sheets, and send your poetry on still another. It makes for speed in handling.

E. C. S., CONNELSVILLE.—Miss Gertrude Robinson was the daughter in the Reliance "When the Heart Calls."

113
Picture Players

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146
Portraits

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G. K., Brooklyn.—Miss Jessie McAllister was the wife in Edison's "The House with the Tall Porch." Mr. Grattan was the husband of Miss Gardner in Vitagraph's "A Problem in Reduction."

E. M., Brooklyn.—It is probable that you saw a section of the Vitagraph in the vicinity of Coney Island, since the studio is out that way and they do a lot of work along Coney Island Boulevard, but it might have been Bison. They worked at the Island for a time.

J. T., Lowell.—Charles Arthur is the Lubin player wanted.

Anxious M. P. Fiend.—The story should be done into Photoplay form and sent to the company direct. We cannot aid you if you cannot get a letter. Sorry.

Betty, Glens Falls.—The Edison cast does not contain a recluse in "Her Face," but you seem to have reference to the lawyer who wrote the poem. He was Marc McDermott. C. G. P. C. is the designation of the Pathé European films, and not the Gaumont product. About the only thing we think a newly organized Motion Picture company can do to "join the association" is to work a miracle. The present formation is entirely satisfactory to the constituent members.

E. M. D., Brooklyn.—Miss Lottie Briscoe has not been with Essanay for about a year. She was with Imp before going to Lubin's to play opposite Arthur Johnson. She has the opposite in "Shall Never Hunger." Sorry to have incurred your "personal displeasure," but the number of stories printed was reduced that the space allowance might be increased to the betterment of the tale.

Lad, Brooklyn.—Miss Nora Talmadge was 'Liza in Vitagraph's "Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins." We have not yet had the pleasure of printing her portrait. Miss Miriam Nesbitt was the Flo in Edison's "The Boss of the Lumber Camp," the camp being situated a few miles north of Waterville, Maine.

G. C. D., Winston-Salem.—A sample copy has been sent. The title rôle in Edison's "His Daughter" was Miss Gertrude McCoy.

Interested, Tarentum.—Darwin Karr and Miss Blanche Chapman had the leads in Solax's "The Detective's Dog." Jean, the Vitagraph dog, is a valuable animal, but we do not know what money value she is supposed to represent.

H. St. C.—A letter should be addressed to Mr. Costello at the studio. Learning to pose in the pictures is something that varies with the capacity of the individual. Some learn quickly; others never learn the trick. The hardest part is getting a chance. Miss Miriam Nesbitt was Mrs. Hanscomb in Edison's " Children Who Labor."

M. W. A., Adrian.—Miss Gertrude Robinson was the girl in Reliance's "The Better Man." Miss Vedah Bertram was the girl in Essanay's "The Ranch Girl's Mistake." Miss Morgice Lytton was Alice in Kalem's "Trapped by Wireless."

Bronx M. P. Fiend.—Leo Delaney was the tramp musician in "The Unknown Violinist." Maximus in the same company's "The Illumination" was Harry Northrup.

Lillian, Columbus.—Both Reliance and Essanay made a "The Playwright" recently. Unless you can tell, we cannot.

L. H. M., Omaha.—Visitors are not admitted to the studios. Pictures of the Thanhouser players may be had by addressing the concern and learning the price.

Curious, Willimantic.—We recall the title having been used, but not the company. It is an old one. Perhaps some reader can identify "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

J. B. R., Brooklyn.—Read the notice at the head of this department.

Helen, Sandwich.—Miss Jessalyn Van Trump plays leads in American productions in which Miss Bush is not the heroine.

A. Marie.—You'll have to supply titles if you want answers.

E. S., McCleary.—Miss Bertram has been too ill recently to play with Mr. Anderson. Miss Fisher was her predecessor in Essanay Western.

C. J. M., Memphis.—The reason you see few Arthur Johnson Lubins in Memphis is something that New York knows nothing about. You have not the right title for the picture you mention, and we do not place it.

I. M. P., Richmond.—Miss Anne Case was the younger sister in "Sunset." She has not played with Cines. The latter films are made in Rome.

Peoni A., San Francisco.—Miss Bertram is a Bostonian and has not had stage experience. Motion Pictures are completed before being scheduled for release. Written parts are not given the players. They are told, scene by scene, just what to do. Sarsaparilla, or cold coffee, or burnt sugar and water, are generally used for liquor in Photoplays, the same as on the stage.

An Actress.—We have no record of the last picture for which the late Mace Greenleaf posed.

Miss Elsie, Youngstown.—Miss Ruth Roland is not a Vitagrapher, but a Kalem player. The correct cast for "Winning Is Losing" gives Misses Helen Gardner and Hazel Neason. The latter is now with Kalem. Perhaps this accounts for the error.

A. S. D., St. Louis.—We cannot identify the picture showing the Indian sand artist. Perhaps some reader will.

MAKE MONEY HERE



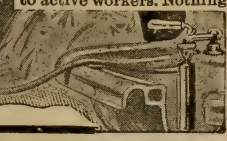
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The Moving Picture News

INCORPORATING

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(*America's Leading Cinematograph Weekly*)

Editor, ALFRED H. SAUNDERS

(20 Years Expert in Cinematography)

For the Trade—Manufacturer, Exchangeman and Operator
For the Home—A Delightful Story of the Film Each Week
For the Educationalist—Full Particulars of Educational Films
For the Writer—A Scenario Page Full of Hints

SAMPLE COPY, 5 CENTS IN STAMPS

CINEMATOGRAPH PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

30 West 13th Street, NEW YORK

H. M., Los Angeles.—The subscription price of this magazine is $1.50 a year. The National Board of Censorship is located in New York and passes on the moral merits of the Motion Pictures.

C. G. B., Beach.—Miss Gertrude McCoy and Miss Jeannie MacPherson, of the Edison Company, are not the same.

M. J. B., Washington.—Address Mr. Clark in care of the Kalem home office and ask that the letter be forwarded. The surest plan would be to enclose the envelope stamped with a five-cent stamp and the address beyond his name left blank in another cover addressed to the company.

B. W. Z., Brooklyn.—Mr. Halliday appears in at least one Lubin a week. Perhaps the theater you patronize does not get that particular one of the four.

Benecia Inquisitive.—Miss Grace Lewis does play—with the Imp. Miss Lottie Pickford is with the Kalem Company. The cute little Pathé player is Miss Gwendolen Pates. William Shea married the girl in Vitagraph's "Chumps."

B. D. K.—It is almost universally required that film stories be put in Photoplay form.

W. W., Springfield.—You can settle your dispute by consulting the back numbers, or by sending a return stamped envelope.

M. H., Sutton.—Sorry, but supplying material for orations is not in our line. Read "The Photoplay Philosopher" and you'll find a lot of material.

Alma, Reno.—Arthur Johnson has not played with the Western sections of the Lubin Company. Romaine Fielding heads one, and William Clifford the other.

R. D.—Why address *The Moving Picture World* and send your question to The Motion Picture Story Magazine? If you sell a Photoplay, the company may cast it as it pleases. A story that would fit Arthur Johnson might be given some one else, in the discretion of the director.

Westerner.—Jack Standing and Dorothy Gibson had the leads in Lubin's "Good for Evil." Warren Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush in American's "Duel of Candles."

Vesta, Utica.—There seems to be no use making inquiry of Pathé Frères, as they seldom identify players. The Méliès title is not correct.

O. K., Detroit.—Jack Richardson was the agitator in the American of that title.

Inquisitive, Brighton.—The question as to why a flag with the present number of stars is carried in so many Civil War Photoplays has been asked so often, that we can only conclude that the various property men cannot read. Seriously, there is no good reason why special flags should not be made, and this has been done by several companies.

W. L., New York.—Yale Boss is working regularly, but is not seen in more than two or three pictures a month, as a rule.

E. H. M., New York.—Harry Myers is with the Lubin Company in Philadelphia. His picture may be had of the company.

B. H., New York.—If you think your Photoplays will be stolen, do not give the editors a chance to do the stealing. Personally, we do not think you have anything to fear in this regard. Send them to the editors of the various companies, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for their return if they do not suit.

S. P. L.—You should read the Inquiry department every month. Billy Quirk is with Solax. We do not accept stories not intended for Photoplay and do not accept Photoplays until they have been produced. Miss Mary Fuller was the feminine lead in Edison's "For the Commonwealth."

E. M. F., St. Louis.—No one played "opposite" Hobart Bosworth in Selig's "The Test." It was a cast without women, and his "opposite" would be the woman he made love to. You probably mean Herbert Rawlinson, who played Dr. Baldos.

J. L. W.—That's a very pretty signature, but next time write it so we know what it is. Marcella in Essanay's "At the Stroke of Twelve" was Miss Bernadine Zuber. Miss Field was with the Essanay Western before getting in and out of the Powers Company. Miss Mabel Normand's picture was published in the August issue, last year.

H. W., Yonkers.—Harry Cashman was Olmstead in Essanay's "The Melody of Love."

Cashed In, Los Angeles.—We dont quite "get" that West Coast studio. There are several in Edendale. We have no advice as to the work of the Lubin Company in Los Angeles. The Kalem Company had about one hundred actors regularly in its employ. Marshal Nielsen and Miss Ruth Roland were the leads in Kalem's "A Romance of a Dry Town." We do not know where Biograph got the prêtty blonde.

S. Y. R., Los Angeles.—Miss Edna Payne was Dolores in Lubin's "The Revolutionist." George Lessey had the title rôle in Edison's "The Heir Apparent." Knute Rahmn was the husband who was elected in Kalem's "The Defeat of the Brewery Gang."

M. A., Penn.—You'll have to give titles.

F. G., Flagstaff.—Most of your questions are answered elsewhere. For addresses see standing notice.



Price 25 Cents a Dozen. 60 Cents a Set

1 Miss Florence Turner 2 Mr. Maurice Costello 3 Mr. Leo Delaney 4 Miss Edith Halleren 5 Miss Flora Finch 6 Kenneth Casey 7 Miss Edith Storey 8 Miss Rose E. Tapley 9 Mr. Maurice Costello 10 Mr. Earle Williams 11 Mr. John Bunny 12 "Eagle Eye" 13 Mr. Chas. Kent 14 Miss Clara Kimball Young 15 Adele de Garde 16 "Eagle Eye" 17 Miss Anne Schaefer 18 Miss Helen Gardner 19 Mr. Tom Powers 20 Mr. William Shea 21 Miss Norma Talmadge 22 Miss Rosemary Theby 23 Mr. Van Dyke Brooke 24 Miss Julia Swayne Gordon 25 Miss Lillian Walker 26 Mr. James W. Morrison 27 Mr. Ralph Ince 28 Miss Florence Turner 29 Mr. John Bunny 30 Miss Zena Kiefe 31 Jean (Vitagraph Dog) 32 Mrs. Mary Maurice 33 Mr. Tefft Johnson 34 Mr. Harry Morey 35 Mr. Robert Gaillord 36 Miss Leah Baird 37 Mr. W. V. Ranous 38 Mrs. Kate Price

Address PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT,
VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
E. 15TH STREET and LOCUST AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THANK YOU.—It would be possible to publish Biograph portraits without names, but what would be the use? Wallace Reid and Hal Reid are related, but are now with Reliance. See G. M. K. for "The Cave Man" cast. William Russell was the expressman in "The Twelfth Juror."

M. P. FIEND, BRONX.—You make the second from the Bronx this month. Old Biograph subjects may be ordered from the company if you have a theater, use licensed service, and are willing to pay the exchange the full price. Licensed subjects are leased only to branches of the General Film Company.

R. W. J.—Your guesses are all right. Miss Jean Gale played with Miss Ormi Hawley in Lubin's "Her Heart's Refuge," and Miss Edna Payne had the lead in the same company's "Mexican Courtship."

L. V. W. B.—"Dante's Inferno" is sold on the State rights plan. That is, you pay so much down and get the rights to sole production in the State you buy. "Ordinary" or, more properly, regular releases, are sold at a rate of ten cents a foot. This applies only to the independent films. Licensed film is merely leased for six months at the same price, and must be returned to the maker at the end of that time. In England the rate is eight cents a foot, and you buy everything outright, including the licensed subjects.

E. C., HOPKINSVILLE.—We do not recognize the player you mention, so cannot tell you whether he is a "real" actor. Photoplayers do not have secretaries to answer their mail. Miss Lillian Walker has her picture in every May; 1911 and 1912.

A. M., ST. LOUIS.—You've had two guesses, and they are both wrong. It is the Selig Company that has a menagerie of animal actors.

M. S., LEWISBURG.—Comply with the rules and send an envelope for the addresses.

FLOSSIE C. P.—You here again! We've answered two of your letters up above. It's Miss Alice Hollister, not Agnes. It's William Shea and William Shay. The first is Vitagraph and the second Imp. Both are pronounced the same way. Al Ernest Garcia is with Essanay. We do not have "anything" about Pathé because their advertising man wont answer questions when we ask them.

L. K., CHICAGO.—Write the advertiser, not the magazine, when answering an advertisement.

H. W. C., HERKIMER.—It's the Monopole Film Company, of New York, that handles the Milano "Dante's Inferno." The film was made on the sides of Mount Vesuvius. Send envelope for addresses.

B. A. S., SALEM.—William West was the Child Labor Society detective in Edison's "Children Who Labor."

A. B. C., SUFFOLK.—Harry Benham was the husband in Thanhouser's "Deacon Debbs." The London Kid in the same company's "The Higher the Fewer" was the Thanhouser Kid. In the Imp's "Master and the Man" King Baggot was the master and Wm. R. Daly the servant.

E. AND C., CINCINNATI.—In Thanhouser's "Extravagance" Miss Florence LaBadie was the leading woman and William Russell her sweetheart. In Rex's "Eyes That See Not" Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber had the leads.

E. P., ST. LOUIS.—When you write a Photoplay do not put in the conversation, because you'll put some hard-worked editor to the trouble of taking it out again. Just write the action scene by scene, give the cast of characters and two or three hundred words of synopsis, which is just a short story of the big things in the film. There is but one edition of each month's issue. The occasional disparity between the story in the magazine and the story on the screen is generally due to insufficient description on the part of the company or changes made after the story is sent us. The two correspond in essentials.

FLOSSIE C. P.—And now comes the boy with the last batch of questions for the month—and here you are some more. Bunch your hits. Joseph Graybill was the "very cute" fellow with the "cute little" mustache, who played the romantic suitor in Thanhouser's "Ring of a Spanish Grandee," and it wasn't Herbert Prior who was Edison's Spanish Cavalier, because he is working with Majestic, and we think it's a shame that Billy Quirk went to Solax, and if you read half as much as you write you'd have known that Vitagraph name a month ago. We are here to answer questions, but give a few others a chance.

L. T., WESTERLEY.—Charles Arthur was Harry Myers' friend in Lubin's "His Mistake." You'll have to use your own judgment in the Biograph identification.

A. H., ST. LOUIS.—Full directions for reaching the Biograph and other companies may be had by reading what we print right under this heading. A two-cent stamp *and* an envelope self-addressed.

C. E. B.—We can tell you where to get a cheap camera in England if you send an addressed envelope, but the £7 is the least part of the expense. Where will you get the special film?

NO NAME.—The golf caddie is not cast. No wonder you dont dare sign your name after the things you say about the cherished heroes of picturedom.

DONT FORGET

That The Motion Picture Story Magazine has secured original stories from the following celebrated writers:

Rex Beach
Will Carleton
Montanye Perry
Edwin M. La Roche
Henry Albert Phillips
Gladys Roosevelt
Emmett Campbell Hall
Louis Reeves Harrison
Leona Radnor
John Olden
Peter Wade
Stella Machefert

and others. The first two of these are known the world over, and their stories will appear as soon as the Motion Picture films have been completed. The only way to make sure of getting all of these stories is to

SUBSCRIBE!

REMEMBER that each subscriber will receive twelve handsomely colored art portraits of popular players—one with each number of the magazine

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor: For years I have been taking in Moving Pictures, and thought I was getting all there was in them. But the first copy of your very excellent magazine that came to my notice taught me that there were pleasures to be had from them, and which could only be brought about thru just such a medium as your magazine has proven to be. It has made me acquainted with real human characters, whereas before I was pleased with moving shadows. Formerly it was the plot, now it is the players that I go to see. Enclosed please find coupons, also a little "effort" on my part—treat it as it deserves to be—and in closing, with every best wish for success for the M. P. S. M., I am,

H. G. Bender, Dansville, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I received your letter the other day, for which I thank you. Have also just finished reading the magazine and must say that I cant say when I enjoyed a paper so much.

I read every story and each contained something that deeply touched me. It may sound strange, but the stories all seemed to be about people I knew. I did not look upon them as just actors, but imagined that the different incidents were occurring to these Photoplay actors and my whole heart felt deeply for them. Sometimes I had to pull myself together and remind myself that they were only stories and not real facts about the actors. I just feel as if our friends, the actors, were part of my family, and whatever sorrows or misfortunes came to them were to be shared by me. Silly idea, isn't it? However, I wish more people could get to read your paper and glean from your stories the tender, happy moments as I do. Somehow the stories dont seem so crude and rough, like most magazine stories, and they are just long enough to be fascinating and interesting. Each one is filled with some atmosphere which keeps the reader's attention to the very last, and he feels well repaid for his time after he has finished the book. I look forward to my future numbers with the keenest anticipation of something good, and know I shall not be disappointed.

Wishing you every possible success in your future endeavors and hoping the good paper grows to great numbers, I remain,

Edward A. Lifka, St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor: I want to tell you how I fully appreciate your magazine. I buy it every month and thoroly enjoy reading the stories and seeing the pictures of the actors and actresses whom I see daily on the screen and whose faces are now familiar to me. I am greatly interested in the interviews of the players, which gives me a personal view of their characters and lives. Your editorials I always find to be very much to the point, and I sincerely trust your good work in discouraging objectionable features will some day prove effective, to the end that one will never see anything on the screen he would not want his own mother, sisters or sweetheart to see.

I attend regularly the Moving Picture theaters and I always leave with a light heart and a stronger desire to do right. Please believe me a stanch friend of your magazine and an ardent admirer of your methods. Here's to your success!

Very sincerely yours,

Chase S. Osleoon, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SHE CAUGHT HIM

A lady came into one of Baltimore's Moving Picture theaters the other day, bringing with her a boy about eight years of age. A scene was shown in which a boy steals into the pantry and helps himself to a jar of jam. During the process of devouring same, he is seen by his mother, who in turn hands him over to the father, and a good, sound spanking is administered to the proper part of the little rogue's anatomy. At the end of the picture, the lady was about to leave, when her little companion was heard to remark: "Say, ma, let's stay in and see it again, I want to see if his mother catches him this time."

Harry Lewy.

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"The immortality of the painter is secure in his painting; he can lay down his brush with the knowledge that his name will ring thru the succeeding centuries; and in its ultimate development the invention of your wonderful Mr. Edison will bring equal fame to the great player."

Thoroly alive to the subject, this foreigner, who has been such a spectacular figure during her connection with the American stage, advances argument after argument in justification of her almost revolutionary ideas. Among other points, one upon which she dwells with particular strength and enthusiasm is the future educational value of the Moving Pictures, not only to the public, but, above all, to the adherents of the stage calling themselves.

Says madame: "Take the young actor or actress, whose artistic schooling is just in progress. Could the principles of pantomime, the value of action as opposed to dialog, which is so hard to learn that many actors never know it at all, ever be brought home as conclusively in any other way?

"A prominent critic in one of your interior cities wrote of Madame Bernhardt, on her last tour of America, that to watch the movements of her fingers in one scene would be a liberal education to the ordinary actress.

"With the photographic lens these movements could be caught, and, with them, the countless others which so glorify a Bernhardt impersonation, and they could be a factor in the training of generations of actresses. Bernhardt, supreme genius that she is, recognizes this, and she has already posed for the 'little pictures.' She is perfecting her title to immortality, so that when, for the last time, she ennobles her art in life, it will live for ages after her.

"Rejane, too, has glimpsed the future, and several of her most famous impersonations have been preserved to posterity by the celluloid films.

"Another direction in which the new movement—for it soon will be that—will be tremendously beneficial, will be that of self-study and improvement. As the mirror is so essential to obtaining the proper effects in make-up, adornment, and the like, so will the pictures be in framing the visualization of an important rôle. When an effect in make-up does not please us, we can change it, and keep on trying until we secure the result we wish; but we can tell nothing about the acting picture we present to our audiences—not, at least, until the next day, and then it is often too late.

"To see yourself as your audiences will see you—what a wonderful help it will be!

"Acting is sometimes considered impulsive and spontaneous, and the more it partakes of these qualities the more it is real acting; but an effect seemingly natural is oftentimes the result of long and careful thought, and even then it might seem wrong or incomplete if we could see it ourselves.

"We hear a great deal about the lack of dignity that would be entailed in the appearance of the foremost people of the stage before the camera. All what you call 'moonshine.'

"What difference is there, ethically, between acting into a lens and singing into a funnel? Haven't Caruso and all of the other great operatic stars of the world been doing the latter for years? And what one has suffered in dignity or public regard? Rather has their art been given a distribution to the most remote sections of the country, where it could never have penetrated otherwise. The music-loving cowboy on the plains of the West, the miner in frozen Skagway, or the orange grower on his porch, in Riverside, can enjoy Caruso's golden notes simultaneously with the millionaire in his box at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"And so, too, it will be with the great artists of the dramatic stage, for it will not be long until the individual Moving Picture machine will be found in as many homes as the phonograph is today.

(*Continued on page 168*)

If you want to know anything

Ask the Technical Bureau

Owing to the large number of requests for information of a technical nature that will not interest the general reader, The Motion Picture Story Magazine announces the establishment of a

BUREAU OF TECHNICAL EXPERTS

whose services will be at the command of the readers of this magazine.

ANSWERS WILL BE PROMPT, BY LETTER OR WIRE

Among those included on the staff are:

Epes Winthrop Sargent, who is an accepted authority on the details of House Management, advertising, road management, etc. Mr. Sargent has been actively engaged in the amusement business since 1891, has been a dramatic and musical critic on the staffs of the Musical Courier, the Dramatic News, the New York Morning Telegraph, etc., has been general press representative of the F. F. Proctor interests, on the staff of the William Morrin, Inc., enterprises, and has been identified with the Motion Picture business since its inception.

Will C. Smith will answer questions relating to the Motion Picture machines, their installation, use, etc. Mr. Smith is a veteran lantern man, his experience dating back of the development of the Motion Picture, and is regarded as the most expert writer on the subject in this country, tho his varied interests do not permit him to devote much time to this branch of the work. He was the projection expert for the Film Index, and we regard ourselves as fortunate in being able to offer the services of this authority.

Mr. George C. Hedden, for many years in charge of the film renting service of the Vitagraph Company of America, and one of the best informed men in the world on all questions of film service, will have charge of this branch of the service.

Electrical matters will be handled by an expert whose name we cannot now announce, but this branch of the service will be as well looked after as those already mentioned.

By special arrangement the Bureau is able to announce the purely nominal fee of one dollar for each question that does not involve extended research.

Arrangements can be made for special service by correspondence.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

The Bureau will also act as Purchasing Agent for out-of-town exhibitors, and is in a position to command the lowest terms and quickest service. Correspondence is solicited. ***Address all communications***

TECHNICAL BUREAU

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE—Scenario writing is not regarded as being within the scope of this department and those desiring service in this connection are referred to the various pages of the advertising section.

"People do not go to the opera to see the dramatic exposition of the great rôles, except in the case of a Mary Garden; they go to hear them sung, and it is for that, solely, that they buy their phonograph records; with the artists of the drama, they will buy their picture reels to see them act, and the dialog will be of as little consequence as it is in the Moving Picture theater of today."

Personally, Nazimova says that she is "crazy" about the "film plays," visits the picture houses whenever possible, and, with all fervor and conviction, declares that it will be a proud day for her when she can present before the machines, Nora, Hedda, Hilda, and the other rôles that have made her famous.

"I shall be doing it soon," she declares, "and while I may be the first in a prominent position, in America, to do it, I surely will not be the last. All the others will follow."

And it would not be at all surprising to find that she is right.

The Picture Play's the Thing

By ELISE WILLIAMSON

Are there times when you grow restless,
And impatient of your kind?
It may be a silent drama's
Being acted in your mind;
With your conscience playing Hamlet,
And your lustful heart the King.
If you want that monarch's sounding,
Why, the Picture Play's the thing!

They are thoughts—the shadow actors—
Only clothed in human shape,
They reveal your hidden motives,
And your secret sins they ape,
Till you loathe the wrong that's in you,
As did that ancient Danish king.
If you want your heart's deep sounding,
Why, the Picture Play's the thing.

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A department in The Moving Picture World every week, giving all the market news, comment, advice, etc. Also Inquiry Department for questions. The Moving Picture World is the representative trade publication. : :

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The Moving Picture Theater of Tomorrow

By ROBERT GRAU

Two years ago the present writer predicted that within five years the distinction as between the "regular" theater, where $1.50 and $2.00 is asked for seats, and the theater of cinematography will have passed.

This was two years ago, I repeat.

At that period the assertion or prophecy was regarded with ridicule, just as a year later, when the writer foresaw the advent of the world's greatest players before the camera. But I thought it would take five years to achieve this extraordinary evolution.

Today the goal of the earlier prophecy is in sight—the other is already fulfilled.

And now, what of tomorrow?

We have seen recently a theater in New York's playhouse zone on which the fixed charges are $60,000 annually, having its difficult problem solved by Moving Pictures. I refer to the New York Theater, where the Kinemacolor Durbar pictures drew $10,000 a week, while three of the best theaters in the metropolis were dark, and three others with sterling attractions did not draw combined one-half of the $10,000 referred to.

We have seen twenty-two of New York's playhouses of the first grade revert to the silent drama, and the amazing spectacle of one Moving Picture magnate, who had recently inaugurated a million-dollar theater on Sixth Avenue, now adding the famous Herald Square Theater to his chain of gold mines, and—whisper it slowly—he devotes the best located theater exclusively to Motion Pictures!

There you have it.

Marcus Loew sees the trend, and he is just one of a group of men, who having amassed fortunes thru the theater of science, are expanding their operations with a distinctly apparent intention of devoting the enormous capital at their command to the purpose of immeasurably raising the level of the industry which has enriched them.

One man is planning to erect an entirely new theater in the heart of the "Great White Way," costing $600,000, and seating 1,700 persons, where Photoplays shall be presented exclusively, enhanced by a symphony orchestra.

In Montreal, a city recalled by the writer not so long ago as the "theatrical morgue," a Mr. Conover, who has made a fortune with a nickel theater, is now erecting a $300,000 palatial auditorium, the finest playhouse in the Dominion of Canada. For years Montreal has endeavored to raise capital for an opera-house in vain, and now one man comes forth to do that very thing with the nickels the public paid to see Moving Pictures.

In the fall of 1912, at least two score of the theaters in this country, costing in no instance less than $200,000, will be dedicated to exhibiting "the greater Moving Picture."

Down in Jacksonville, Florida, there is a man named Frank Montgomery. Five years ago he was unknown to fame. He conceived the idea of erecting theaters of unsurpassed beauty in a half-dozen cities in the South, and conducting them as model places of public entertainment. This man is today so highly regarded in these cities that he is a part of their very existence.

It has remained for the Moving Picture magnate to impress mayors and governors of cities and States with the power for public good of the Photoplay.

If it is true, as chronicled at the time of this writing, that Benjamin Franklin Keith has purchased for five million dollars the seven theaters in Greater New York heretofore conducted by Percy G. Williams as Class A vaudeville establishments, then it is a most significant transaction, for the removal of Percy Williams from the vaudeville arena eliminates from that line of endeavor the one man who has

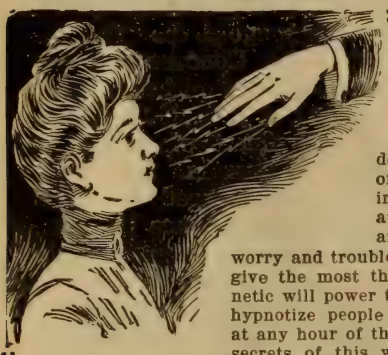
prevented a retrograde movement in modern vaudeville.

We know that Mr. Keith and his erstwhile associate, F. F. Proctor, have amassed millions in the theaters where Moving Pictures are featured, whereas only one of their many theaters (The Fifth Avenue) is devoted to high-grade vaudeville.

And now, what?

Will Mr. Keith devote the seven amusement palaces to the same usage as conducted by Mr. Williams? Or will Mr. Keith, shrewd showman that he is, turn his new possessions over to the camera man?

Today perhaps the former plan will be adopted, but tomorrow or the next day—as the opportune time arrives—we shall learn just why Mr. Keith made this great investment. Another year should witness the outcome at the latest. Wait—and see what happens!



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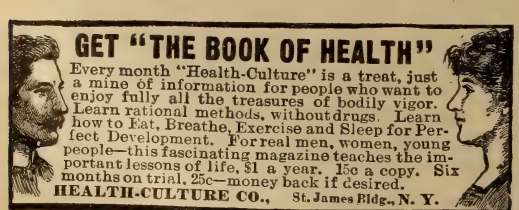


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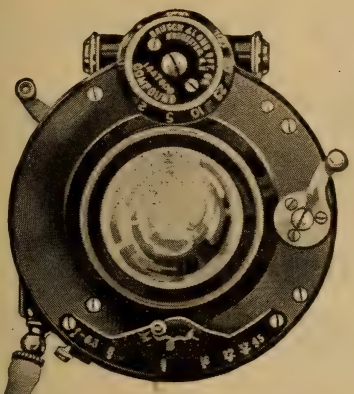
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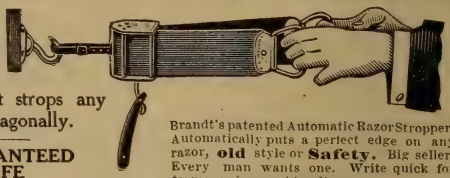
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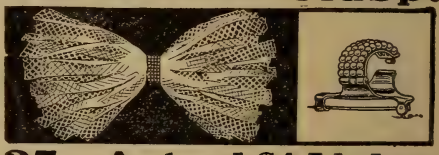


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SPECIAL: "WESTERN HEARTS"—By Peter Wade

JULY

15 CENTS

The MOTION PICTURE

Story Magazine



Scene from "The Cowboy Kid" (p. 61)

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster ..... Managing Editor
Montanye Perry, Edwin M. La Roche } Associate Editors.
Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager
V. H. Kimmelmann, Advertising Director

Western Advertising Representative:
Pullen, Bryant & Fredricks Co., People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.
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GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



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(Kalem)



"DANNY, THE COWBOY KID" (Méliès)



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(Vitagraph)



ALICE WASHBURN

EDWARD BOULDEN

(Edison)



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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

JULY, 1912

Vol. III No. 6

Western Hearts

(Essanay)

By PETER WADE

"SHIFTY" PERKINS, with an empty specimen sack, had worked slowly down from the snow-capped knobs of Big Horn, onto the bench-land, which acted as a buttress to the mighty range. From a half-mile above he had looked down at the sun-sparkle on a watercourse in his valley, but his home was still a good day's hoofing to the east.

His usual bad luck had followed him as persistently as a dog. It was said of Shifty, in the undersized Wyoming frontier town of Sinking Water, that he knew the turn and twist of every canyon, gulch, and gully in the mountains. Small good it had done him—the glint of a single grain of gold dust would not show in his pan—while far away to the east, across this broad-bosomed valley, the flumes and pipes of the Black Hills were sluicing the metal down the rocks.

His prospecting had always taken him to the west—against success. His haunts were the dry summer beds of mountain forks, which he followed like the spirit of the squaw of Old Woman's Fork.

The valley seldom saw him before the breaking up of summer; the ranchers were used to the vagaries of Shifty, so that when a crew of punchers, working at new ditches, saw his ungainly shape making for the settlement on a fragrant June day, they paused to take stock of his passing.

The facts of his premature home-coming were these: A certain Dr. Thomas, a famous surgeon of Cheyenne, was spending a few weeks of a hard-earned vacation in Sinking Water. The news of his coming had worked as far as the barrier of the Big Horn, and by mysterious processes had come to the ear of Shifty. He had immediately packed and shouldered his kit and set his face downward toward the valley.

It is to be supposed that Perkins' girls would not look upon his sudden return with favor. With the help of one tireless farmhand, they had run the little farm ever since their mother had died. It was a hard job grub-staking Shifty, with the coming of spring—all thru the winter he thumbed over his charts and locations, with the gold light in his eyes—and the girls breathed freer when he was finally off on his wanderings.

In June, their garden-truck needed constant attention. Strawberries to be transplanted; potatoes, peas and beans to be seeded; new chicken-runs to be fenced in, and loads of muck to

be carted from the Fork for carpetless young pigs.

The horses were kept at the corn plowing from sunup to sunset, every second of their time was valuable, and Vedah walked the two miles into the store, with her crutch.

Mabel, with her round arms working the churn-dasher, was the first to sight her father's dusty figure coming up the road.

"Vedah, come out quick!" she called into the open kitchen window. "Here comes Pop!"

The quick tapping of a crutch sounded on the bare boards, and the crippled sister hurried skillfully out of the door and down the path toward the gate. Here the wayfarer met her.

"I've come hum, gal, sure enow," he said, kissing her. " 'Way up thar in th' firs I heard th' word about this Cheyenne bone-setter comin' to town."

"Dr. Thomas, Pop?"

"Yep; it looks like th' finger of th' Lord sendin' him here, and I want him to see you."

"Dear old Pop!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "to come 'way down from the mountains on such a chase."

"I couldn't sleep no more, thinkin' of this chance. Where's the roan mare?" he asked, suddenly.

"Plowin' the lower field, Pop."

"Have her hitched to oncet," he ordered.

She looked at him in wonderment, but he started slapping the dust from his clothes. "We're goin' to drive right over," he explained, tersely, "and corral him."

The porch loungers at the store rubbed their eyes as if a vision, in a cloud of dust, had jogged by them. In the course of two hours the unconscionable thing happened again—coming toward home, this time.

"Jim," asseverated one, solemnly, "it's Shifty an' his gal!"

"Shucks!"

"I fetched that roan up from Douglass ten year ago; I ought tuh know her. . . ."

"Shoo!"

"An' I hired out tuh Perkins for four years; I ought tuh know *him.*"

"Shifty aint tuh home," said the unconvinced one.

But before the argument of the settlement drones had finished, Shifty was at home, and the ancient roan had been girded anew in her plow traces. The great event had been brought about: the Cheyenne surgeon had been consulted and had promised to give his answer as to whether Vedah's limb was curable, not later than that evening.

Contentment, a forerunner of the coming miracle, reigned in the little kitchen, seemed to stutter happy words from Shifty's pipe and to radiate smiles from Vedah's scoured milk pans. Then, toward the close of day, a horseman unhooked the gate-latch, and, riding up to the open window, thrust in a note to Shifty. He read it slowly to his girl:

CYRUS PERKINS, Esq.:
Dear Sir—After the thoro examination I have made, find it absolutely necessary to operate in order to cure your daughter's affliction. Expense of operation will be $100. JEROME S. THOMAS.

Shifty turned it over and over. "One hundred dollars," he reflected, "for whittlin' a bone! Why, it's a fortune—afore th' harvest!"

Vedah turned, with a cheerful face, to leave the room.

"Never you mind, Pop," she comforted; "I'm getting very spry with the crutch, and some day, when your luck comes home, we'll take the cars down to Cheyenne, you and I."

She left him, and worked slowly up the stairs. He heard the tap of her support crossing and recrossing above.

"I'm gettin' purty old for muh luck tuh come," he ruminated; "mebbe I wont know her when she does."

Above the luckless man, the lame girl had taken a cigar box from her dresser, and dumped its contents on the bed. There were a few bills, like a church collection, half hid in a pile of small coins. She stacked them neatly in proper denominations.

"Thirty-one dollars and sixty cents," she announced to herself, when the arrangement was done. "A dollar and ten cents more than the catalog buggy harness. I guess I'll send it tomorrow," she added, wearily; "we cant go to church with that crazy old one any more."

Her fingers swept the hoard back into its container. "I guess I'll have to walk," she continued, with moist eyes; "half a girl, when I feel as if I ought to be two—we cant afford it."

The following morning, very early, before the field-larks had ceased piping, and a wreath of mist, like bedclothes, still lay over the distant knobs, the sisters set out with pails of butter and eggs for the store.

As they trudged beneath elms guarding the roadside of their fertile valley, Mabel dilated gladly on the new summer frock she was going to buy.

"It's going to be pongee," she explained, "with moss-green facings, and green stockings and slippers to match. I spotted this rig on a girl once—in a fashion magazine," she qualified, "and I'm just crazy to look like her."

Vedah smiled at her enthusiasm.

"I'll let you in on a secret," resumed Mabel: "Bert's ordered the goods a month ago, and I expect he has them waiting for me. Isn't it jolly?"



SAM POINTS WITH PRIDE TO MABEL'S PORTRAIT

As they entered the store, the enthusiast hurried thru hardware, drills and planters, oil-cans, and boots strung up like fish, back to the sacred precincts of the dress-goods counter. "Hurry up, Bert, please!" she called. "I'm plumb loco until you get out my things."

Fat and good-natured Bert, knowing the ways of women, unrolled the finery before her.

"It's lovely, Bert!" she exclaimed,



VEDAH SELLS HER GARDEN PRODUCTS FOR CASH

and bent perilously near him. It looked for a moment as if he was to receive a kiss of gratitude, but she whispered: "Now, show things to Vedah, please—pink, for her fair skin."

Bert's eyes softened with the far-away look of an artist. "Vedah," he began, "I've got just th' thing—a dream direck from N'Yawk."

"How does our account stand, Sam?" she inquired, unpersuaded.

"Let's see—with fresh eggs at fifty cents, you have nigh on tuh sixty dawlers comin' to yuh this month."

"All right, I'll take the money."

Bert staggered as tho gored by a steer, but seeing the determined look in her wide blue eyes, he counted the cash into her hand.

Mabel sauntered out on the porch, bundle in arms, very much to the detriment of a harmless game of California Jack. As she stepped down, her glance had done deadly execution to one hand, at least, for the cards were flung down, and a tall puncher, with a spasmodic grasp of his Stetson, pursued in her wake. With the grins of the others following him, he caught up with her, and blushing like a schoolboy, relieved her of her bundle.

Vedah, coming out, with her silver



BUT MABEL SECURES A NEW DRESS

dollars knotted in a heavy handkerchief, was just in time to see them disappear down the road.

Another morning dawned blue and brilliant over the valley. Vedah, milk-pail in hand, had joined Mabel in the truck garden, where dew had bathed the dusty vines into a vivid green. From afar across the range, new fences sparkled like bayonets, in the slanting sun. A faint cloud of dust trailing along the road gave signs of a rider coming toward the settlement.

Vedah shaded her eyes and watched his approach. "It's a black pony, Mabel," she said; "I guess it must be Sam."

"How can you see so far?" said the other, her cheek coloring.

"I'd almost know that pony across the valley," she answered, laughing, but she could not explain how it came to be more of a case of feeling his approach than actually distinguishing it.

"Jack's coming over from the 'Two Circle' this morning," remembered Mabel; "perhaps it's him."

"No," said the watcher; "wait."

At length the soft pad of hoofs and the slight rubbing noise of leather—the only sounds in the valley—came

to their ears. A broad-shouldered rider and a rushing horse loomed thru the dust.

"Why, it's Sam, sure enough!" cried Mabel, as the horseman bore down upon them. "He's running his horse, too!"

"Time for me to go," said Vedah, inaudibly. With a sprawling of legs, the deep-breathing pony was stopped at the Perkinses' gate, and the rider threw himself off in haste.

Mabel ran toward him. "Sam! you darling!"

He caught her in his arms, and half crushed her as he swung her from her feet.

"Yuh never reckoned tuh see muh ag'in," he said, finally, setting her down. "Did yuh, honest?"

"Where on earth have you been for the past two months?"

"Why, haven't yuh heard?"—he searched her narrowly. "I'm goin' tuh open up th' ole man's ranch ag'in—been down tuh Texas—load of steers on th' way—fences—machinery—everything. Sounds like a fairy story, huh?" he questioned.

"It sounds too good to be true!" she cried. "Sam, I knew you had it in you. Let's go down by the cottonwoods and talk it all over."

As Vedah watched him lift her sister over a fence, she stifled something like a sob that caught at her throat. It was not so long ago that Sam Hard, the handsomest daredevil in the valley, had searched her heart and found it a captive to those piercing eyes. Then, with her accident—a limb crushed against a fence post by a bolting pony—and the long days indoors that followed, she came out upon her crutch to find that she had given place to another—her sister.

She had borne it bravely—from now on her life must be one of shadows and sacrifice, and Sam, the ingrate, had taken it as his due.

From the road, flat on his stomach, another less forgiving than she watched Sam help the now timid Mabel over the dizzy fence, and saw the kiss of reward as she was swung to the field. The roadside watcher swore softly to himself. It was the tall puncher who had been her successful cavalier of overnight. Even now, he had come, bearing toothsome gifts, to complete his conquest.

The figures, hand in hand, faded across bottom-lands from his view. He turned back, a sadder and a wiser man, to where his pony cropped bunch-grass, with snorts of content. Suddenly rage seemed to overpower him, and he jumped blindly on his animal, as a cougar springs.

"Th' yeller-livered coyote!" he exploded; "I'll touch a brandin'-iron tuh him and watch him squirm. I got a leetle story for th' sheriff . . ."

The rush of his pony's hoofs toward the settlement drowned the rest of his threat.

As the sun was resting on the crest of the Big Horn range, tired and red from a day of warm watching over the valley, the lovers separated reluctantly at the Perkinses' gate.

Sam turned in his saddle and waved his hat, with a final "yip-yip" to his pony, while Mabel stood with her round chin cupped in hands as she watched her vanishing knight.

When he had passed out of sight, and she had turned to walk in a dream toward the house, a strange thing happened.

A mile beyond the Perkinses', a trail leading up to the mountains crossed the main road which led up to the abandoned Hard ranch. Sam's pony turned into this trail, and, urged by the restless rider, picked his way up the now gloomy ascent into the mountains.

It must have been two o'clock of the same night, when the valley, lit by a lace-work of stars, was sunk in its deepest beauty sleep, that the stamping of horses and the persistent halloo of a man's voice awoke Mabel from her slumbers.

She hurried out to the gate to find the road full of armed men: the sheriff and his posse.

"I'm awful sorry tuh disturb yuh, Miss Mabel," the sheriff apologized, "but Sam Hard has got a last

word tuh say afore he hits the calaboose. I reckon you two were tuh be married."

The posse walked their horses down the road a piece, and Sam sat his horse, alone and handcuffed, before her.

She came up close to him.

"It had tuh come," he said, with humility; "I'm a liar an' th' thief of yuh heart."

She cowered away from him. "Oh, Sam, what has happened? Where are they taking you?" she sobbed.

"Come closer," he ordered; "I dont want Vedah tuh hear it from me yet." He bent from his saddle and blurted out his misery, rapidly: "You remember my tellin' yuh about that trip to Texas, an' the cattle, an' fences? That part was true. I started out with a roll that an old Kansas aunt was obligin' enough tuh leave tuh me, and got th' steers up as far as Cheyenne.

"It was some hot on th' cattle train, crawlin' over the plains, an' some of th' steers died from th' thirst. I guess th' dust an' heat worked intuh me some, too, 'cause I started tuh sluice down in Cheyenne." He paused to look quizzically at his wrists. "That's what brought muh these bracelets—the irrigation was too good tuh be delayed.

"When I'd got thru flirtin' with drink, and her little sister, the cyards, I had sold all th' steers, standin', on the cyars, and came back tuh th' valley in an empty box-car. I was wrung dry as a blanket, an' hadn't th' face tuh look for a job on th' ranches. Suddenly I thought of yuh, here all alone with a lame girl, an' I went half loco, thinkin' of th' miserable skunk I'd been.

"Th' end's comin' now, little girl," he warned, "so jest yuh buck up. The devil had sure got a strangle-hold on muh this time, for I remembered



"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, ON WITH THE NEW"

th' old still up in Coyote's Cave, that Tennessee Bill used tuh run. It was there, all right, with a good stock of corn, an' I fired up, set on runnin' th' mess thru.

"That's about all, Mabel, girl; I jest had tuh stop an' tell yuh. They're goin' tuh send muh across for this—and I thought as if I ever came back, could yuh bear tuh look at muh again?"

He bent down close for his answer, and for a moment she stretched out her hand. He took it, with a glad cry.

"It's to say good-by, forever, Sam," she said; "I'll never marry—but—but I could never see you again."

Sam bent his head in acceptance of her answer, and as she turned toward the gate, called to the sheriff that he was ready to go.

Mabel went back to her room, where, I am sorry to confess, after a few smothered sobs for her own hurt pride, she went soundly to sleep again.

From the little room next to hers, the ray of a candle shone. Vedah had arisen at the first call of the sheriff, and, as she was preparing to descend, had heard his words to Mabel. Then she sat in the open window and waited—she knew all, and could feel all, that was going on in the dark road beneath her.

Presently she heard Sam call, and the horses starting down the road again. Mabel's sobs and, soon after, her regular breathing fluttered into her window.

Her mind was already made up. She had resolved to gather up her little hoard, "the make-well-again fund," as she called it, and at the first peep of day to take it in to Sam to ease him on his long and bitter journey.

Dressed, and with crutch by her side, she watched the stars pale and the gray face of dawn rise slowly from the east.

She crept down the stairs, and, with the tree-toads still scolding out their night-song in the bottoms, she started for the settlement. Early as she was, with the sun just peeping over the hills, a bunch of ponies tied in front of the lockup door warned her that Sam was about to be taken away.

She had waited but a little while when the sheriff came out with his prisoner.

"Vedah!" cried Sam, as if he saw a ghost, "what are yuh doin' hyeh?"

She came up very close to him, and looked pleadingly at the sheriff, as if she wanted to be alone with him. That obliging official took the hint and busied himself with the ponies.

"Sam," she said, "I know you've done something wrong, but please dont tell me what." She pushed a little box into his hand. "And please take this with you as a help on your trip."

"What is it?" asked Sam. "Sandwiches?"

"S-s-h! It's money."

"Why, yuh little trump, where'd yuh git it?"

"Please take it, Sam; it's all I've got."

"Honest?"

"Yes, it's over a hundred dollars."

"Shoo! there's only one thing I could do with it: that's tuh make th' sheriff look cheap."

"Oh, Sam, do whatever you want with it!" she begged him.

"Mr. Sheriff," called out Sam, "I've decided to pay my fine here and now—th' ole valley looks too sweet tuh be mopin' in a jail."

The sheriff took the heavy package which Sam offered him, and seemed to meditate on further action.

Suddenly he unlocked the handcuffs on Sam's wrists, and pointed to his black pony. "I'll take th' responsibility with th' revenuers," he said, "and I reckon you've larned your lesson."

This time the black pony carried Vedah home, Sam walking by her side.

As they came up to the Perkinses' place and walked together out to the garden-patch, a queer, shining light had gathered in his eyes.

"Vedah," he said, gruffly, "d'yuh reckon I'll ever grow up tuh be a man?"

She could see no reason why he should not.

"And take a man's place in th' work of th' valley?" he persisted.

She felt sure that he could.

"I have always loved you," she said.

He looked far over the bottoms, toward the mountains, his eyes filling with tears. His hands clasped purer gold than the hazy, mysterious range would ever unfold.

"Dear girl," he said, "Shifty's



SAM FALLS IN WITH AN OLD PAL AND IS TEMPTED

"And ever learn th' worth of a real woman?"

That might come, too.

"Then," he burst out, taking her hands, "I'm goin' tuh start without losin' a minit. I'm strong, and I'll roun' up a little ranch in this big-bosomed valley. Will yuh let me hope that I can come for you, too, some day?"

been lookin' for gold all these years, an' it was here, right in th' house—in yuh."

Her eyes had caught a far-away look, too, but something down by the cottonwoods seemed to hold them. His gaze followed hers. There, on a fallen log, sat Mabel, with the protecting arm of the tall puncher shielding her from evil.

Contentment

By HARVEY PEAKE

A roomy seat,
In quarters neat,
  A chummy friend or two;
The pictured world,
Like dreams unfurled
  By first-run films on view;
A song or two,
The kind that woo
  The mind from toil and woe;
Here would I spend
Hours without end—
  At the Motion-Picture show!

A TEMPORARY TRUCE

THERE were only three women in Snake Gulch in the early days before the big "lead" was tapped, and one was a Dutch homesteader's wife, who was shot in her tracks, along with her man, so she doesn't count. Of the other two, one was a *vaquero's* woman—a beauty in her day—who had trailed her lord and master up from the cow country on this will-o'-the-wisp chase for gold.

Mexican Jim, the good-for-nothing, had taken French leave of his ranch, along with his lady, the estimable cook. Two of the outfit's best ponies went with them; and, after months of indolent travel, they had dropped down over the mountain trail into Snake Gulch.

The same day, following almost at their heels, Jack Mason, and Alice, his young New England wife, slowly toiled up the bare slope and looked down into a gash in the mountains so deep and sheer that it pained their eyes to penetrate its bottom.

And so at last these four voyagers, bringing, among them, two women, came to the final outpost of gold-seekers, a hundred miles from nowhere, and forsaken of God, if ever a bleak and cheerless country was.

Mason staked his claim, raised his cabin, and bent his square shoulders over his shovel, with the others. So also did Mexican Jim, at first, but the back-breaking labor was too much for the son of the plains.

"Carajo!" he cried one day, throwing down his pick; "such work is for peons. Hereafter I shall play at the cards, and, as for Rosa, is she not such a cook as the miners adore?"

Fortified by these reflections, he abstained from the further soiling of his hands, and became a perpetual dweller at O'Toole's saloon, and Rosa's capable, tho somewhat faded, beauty was given over to the baking of bread and the shaping of *tortillas.*

With flour at fifty cents a pound, and pork at one dollar, Mexican, Jack Mason found his little stake fast disappearing. But he would not surrender; tho his claim did not pan out enough for their bare existence, he resolved to search every inch of it before turning their backs on the gulch.

In such a fighting mood, he stopped in O'Toole's, one morning, to weigh a slender bag of dust. Jim was there, loafing, as usual, and sauntered up back of the miner.

"Ah, señor," he said, smiling, "forever at this digging. Can you not knock off for a pleasant game of cards?"

"Sorry," said Jack; "too busy."

"Madre de Dios!" continued the indolent voice. "What does it all amount to? You work like a *mula,* and get nothing—nothing but blisters and an aching back when the day is done."

"And a little self-respect," suggested Jack, gruffly.

By JOHN OLDEN



BIOGRAPH



"Ah, you will never learn life," said the smiler; "it is so easy to set the pretty one, who pouts in your cabin, at work."

"Yes?" said Jack, his eyes hardening.

The other came nearer. "She is young and fresh as fruit blossoms; her hair shines like gold to the miners . . ."

"Shut up, you skunk!" ordered the Vermonter.

"She has only to show herself . . ."

Mexican Jim did not finish his kindly advice: a heavy-booted foot caught him square in the small of the back, very much as a football is punted. Merciless hands gripped his collar, and propelled him thru the door. With the neatest of final kicks, he lay sprawling in the dust.

A roar of laughter went up from the miners, and Jack was ordered to "licker up" by a dozen appreciative citizens of Snake Gulch.

"No, boys," he said, firmly, shouldering his pick; "take care of the wounded first." And so, departed, as Jim, muttering imprecations, was making an inventory of his insulted bones.

The morning's fun was too good to be discontinued, and the miners gathered around the maltreated one and helped him back to the bar. Here, in copious drafts of "forty rod," his disgrace was washed away as much as could be.

It must have been about noon when the now thoroly drunken crew lurched thru the door and out upon the street of straggling cabins. The climbing sun had, at last, penetrated the bed of the gulch, and a curious, hot stillness hung over everything.

"I forgot to tell yu', boys," one graybeard muttered, "I seen signs of Injuns on t'other side of Round Knob holler, as I wuz comin' across this mornin'."

"Oh, shucks!" said One-Eyed Pete, "there aint a redskin north of Walker River—nary a one—huntin's too pore."

"Jest th' same . . ." asseverated Graybeard.

"Let's mosey over to th' Knob, an' show him he's a liar," said a third. And, without more ado, the group of three started out on a lurching, stumbling tour of investigation.

In the meantime, the wits of Mexican Jim had been sharpened like a

knife by the quart or more of whisky he had swallowed, and a scheme of revenge was forming in his brain.

When the miners had separated, he had started ostensibly toward his cabin, up the gulch. Their backs were hardly turned, however, before he had turned into the low-growing chaparral, and, working on hands and knees, had performed a painfully slow return trip, back of the cabins, which brought him out some distance below the settlement.

"The gringo pig, descended from

Within doors, Alice, busy with housework, was disturbed by a knocking on the door.

"Who's there?" she called.

"It's Jim," came a soft voice from outside, "Mexican Jim; I gotta message from your husband."

Alice unbarred the door, and looked into the smiling face of Jim, then into the unsmiling muzzle of the thing in his hand.

"What d-do you want?" she stammered, cowering away from him.

"I want you, pretty one; and I



pigs!" he muttered. "I have fixed a little plan for you, which will turn the laugh very much in your direction."

Jack Mason's clearing and little, closed cabin lay a few yards beyond him. He stood back of the wall of cactus, and peered thru. Not a sound, except the distant strokes of picks from beyond in the gulch, disturbed him.

"It's time for me to call," he said, and, drawing his revolver, he walked across the clearing.

want you quick," he ordered. "Get out of the house and follow the bushes toward Round Top. We're goin' to have a holiday," he added.

"My husband . . ." she cried.

"Isn't invited," he finished, evilly. "Now, step out lively."

She obeyed, the inhuman glint in his eyes, rather than the weapon in his hands, warning her of the consequences of refusal.

They journeyed thru the brush of the gulch until, overlooking the Dutch settlers' fields, they started to climb

the slope of Round Top. Here, in a little hollow, thick with piñon saplings, he ordered her to halt. "The señora does not object if I tie her pretty hands to a tree?" he inquired, unknotting his scarf from his neck. "They will be out of harm's way until I return.

"Adios," he said, with a mock bow, as he finished his task, and turned to leave her; "your *caballero* will return to you, never fear."

She hung her head with shame and fear at his terrifying proceedings, and heard him slipping thru the brush in quick descent.

"I will make his shame public," he thought, with steps bent toward the settlement, "and when he has eaten out his heart in rage and bitterness, I will mount my pony and shake the dust of this dog's hole forever. As for my wife, Rosa," he meditated, "*peste!* she is far too good a cook to take away from them."

Thus planning his future disposals, he came to the deserted front of O'Toole's. He looked warily up and down the street for a moment, and then pinned the following message to the door-post of the saloon:

> The joke's on you. Find your wife if you can. MEXICAN JIM.

"A little message, Señor Mason," he laughed, turning on his heel, "that will start the devil's prickings."

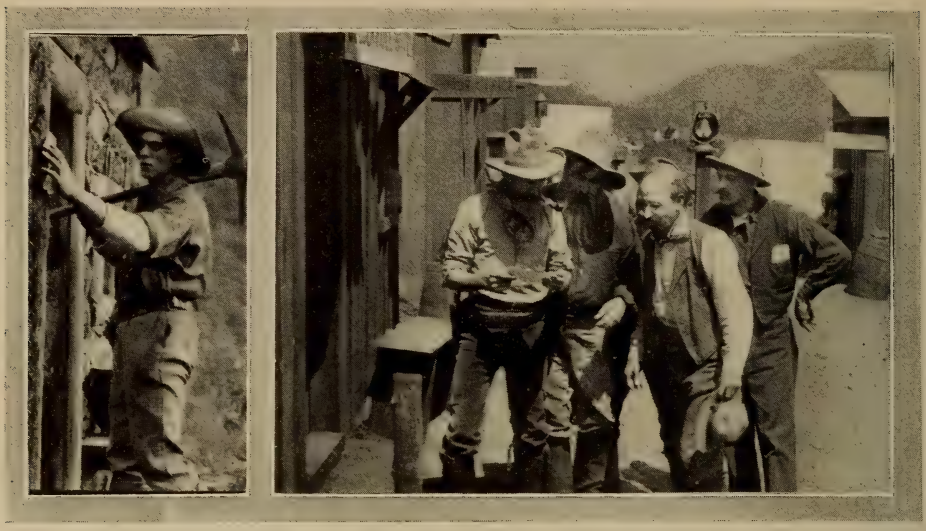
At precisely the same moment that Mexican Jim was making his return trip to his captive, Jack Mason stood over his wash-pan, his eyes distended with incredulous joy.



"Pay dirt, at last!" he shouted; "I've struck a 'lead,'" and, pan in hand, he dashed up the gulch, in the direction of O'Toole's.

On the door-post, the fluttering message caught his eye, and he stepped near to read it. It was enough, and more than enough, to sicken his new-found elation. Clutching the note in his hand, like a snake to be strangled, he started on a frantic run toward his cabin.

While Jack is running directly



away from Alice, and Mexican Jim has started back to charm her again, we must take up the wanderings of the three morning drinkers who had started out to climb Round Top in search of possible Indians.

The trail on Round Top, as if weary of perpetual climbing, skirts the knob of the mountain, before descending into the westward valley. At its highest place, our three tipsy investigators left it and scrambled up the side of the mountain to a platform of rock commanding its westerly approach.

The place was hot and treeless, and the trio, seeing nothing, would have soon wearied of their vigilance, had not Graybeard pulled forth a bottle and proposed a drink. One led to another, and the rock waxed boisterous in spite of the grilling sun.

"I'm thinkin'," said One-Eyed Pete, "that this 'ere Injun hunt is about cooked, inside an' out. Let's vamoose."

They had risen to go, when Graybeard grasped his arm and sang out: "What's that yonder—across th' valley? Injuns, by jingo! two on 'em makin' along the trail!"

The three watchers could now distinctly see the redmen, half-loping up the mountain.

"A pot-shot," said Graybeard, drawing his revolver unsteadily.

"Wait till they're under us," warned Pete, and they waited.

The three crept to the edge of the rock, and lay, with leveled weapons. A patter of feet sounded below.

"Now," said Pete.

Three shots rang out, to be followed by a spluttering volley, then, as the investigators scrambled down, all was silent on the mountaintop.

Mexican Jim, at the foot of the mountain, heard them, and wondered what they meant. Jack Mason, hurrying, white-faced and dazed, from his deserted cabin, caught the far-away sounds, and he, too, running and stumbling thru the brush, could think of no earthly reason for them.

Jim worked thru the piñons to his victim, and looked on her face with delight, for her expression was still one in which rage mingled with shame.

"Come, my beauty," he said, releasing her, "there's gun-play somewhere on Round Top, and we're going to find a new home."

He pointed down to the cleared field of the Dutch settler, and, seeing no other outcome, she started the descent ahead of him.

In the center of the field was a well-box, which, after the manner of the Dutch, the owner had constructed before digging his cattle-well. The

thing was roomy, made of thick planks, and, in its exposed position, the last place to be thought of as a refuge.

Jim guided her to it, and the ill-





assorted pair were soon kneeling inside of it, peering over its rim.

"Sorry I cant furnish the señora with a more beautiful home," said Jim, and then, seeing that his taunt did not hit its mark, settled back to roll himself a cigaret.

He ought to have known better, but the tiny cloud of smoke from that lighted cigaret was his swift undoing.

Jack had quickly skirted the base of Round Top, and now hesitated, with his eyes sweeping across the settler's fields, whether to climb the trail.

A slight puff of smoke, as impalpable as vapor, drifted thinly from the middle of the clearing, but it was enough to turn his steps toward the harmless-looking well-box.

As he crept toward it, warily, his revolver ready for instant use, his surmise that the place was occupied received a shocking proof. He could see distinctly the crown of gold hair that only one woman in the gulch could claim.

"Alice," he called, frantically, "I'm coming!" With his words a bullet rang out from the well-box, and sang shrilly by his ears.

He flung himself flat on the ground. She was not alone, then! Mexican Jim meant to spit fire as well as smoke.

It was perilous work, aiming at an unseen antagonist, with Alice so close

to him, but he patiently waited until the Mexican should show himself.

Suddenly the man stood up, his face chalk-white with terror, and a bit of fluttering white rag in his hand. What did it mean—surrender? Had he had enough before a beginning, with the odds all in his favor?

He seemed to be staring up and beyond Jack, who half turned to follow his look. The cause of the man's terror instantly dawned on him. A band of half-naked Shoshones, brandishing their guns in rage, were running, with leaps and bounds, down the steep trail of Round Top.

He thought a moment rapidly. Better all die together than to be shot and scalped in front of his wife, in the open, and then, afterwards, what would happen to her? He closed his eyes at the thought, as he staggered toward the well-box.

"A truce!" he called; "quick, make room for me!"

He had barely leaped into the box, and faced toward the common enemy, when the slide of soil and the falling of stones told them that the Indians had left the trail and were working down the side of the mountain. Jim's shot had brought them up, standing, and then with little "yips" of triumph, like a dog on the scent, they had left the trail and were coming down upon their quarry.

"Save your fire," said Jack; "wait till they rush us."

For hours, it seemed, no sounds issued from the bush around the clearing. Now and then, the gentle swish of a branch falling into place as a body crawled under it, told them that the place was watched and surrounded.

"Madre de Dios! I cant stand it," said Jim; "here goes for a shot in the bush."

He raised his weapon and fired at a place directly in front of them, and a screech of pain instantly followed. From all sides, a hundred guttural voices took up the call—a call of triumph, and of menace.

"Be ready," warned Jim, "they're going to rush us."

Little, crackling noises commenced all over the underbrush, and then a dozen brown bodies hurtled into the open and sped for the well-box.

The defenders reserved their fire until the mass was almost upon them.

"Now!" cried Jack, swinging his weapon in a short half-circle, "let 'em have it!"

The two revolvers spoke at once—the range was very short and deadly—and three Shoshones, flinging up their arms, sprawled in grotesque shapes on the ground. The others turned and fled for cover.

All was silent again. "No more rushing," said Jack; "we can look for pot-shots from cover."

He was right, for a musket barked in the bush, and a bullet thudded in the planks in front of them.

"Now may the saints bless these stout boards!" said Jim, fervently.

They had reason to be stout, for a scattering fire commenced on all sides from under cover, which beat against the well-box, and tore the green planks to splinters.

"Their aim is getting too good," said Jack; "we'll have to lie flat, and then . . ."

The explosion of Jim's revolver cut him short.

"They're creeping up, like snakes!" he cried.

"The beginning of the end," said Jack; "I have three more cartridges left."

He knew death to be reaching out a hand to touch his shoulder, and clasped Alice in his arms. "Good-by, dear," he whispered, "it's all over now. If they spare you, think of me, sometimes."

"Jack! listen!"

A hoarse cheer, the voices of white men, came from the foot of Round Top, and a group of miners, waving their arms like flails, and shooting their weapons at the clouds, could be seen running down the foot of Round Top. They were the advance-guard of the settlement coming at last to rescue them.

Amid a pounding of boots across the clearing, and a fusillade of re-



volver and rifle shots, the last of the Shoshones vanished, like ghosts, up the heights.

It was all over so quickly, and Jack and Alice, with Mexican Jim, stood surrounded by the panting and flushed rescuers.

"We heard your shots," said O'Toole, "an' when the redskins began to warm to th' work, jedged that some'un was cornered. Poor Pete an' Graybeard," he added, "we found what was left o' them on the trail."

"Face about, boys," he ordered, turning to the crowd; "fightin' is over for the day."

"Not yet," said Jack, so savagely that a circle quickly formed around the little rescued party; "it's just about to begin.

"You hound, you," he cried, advancing upon Jim, "prepare to take your medicine."

A shrill voice found its way thru the circle—it was that of his deserted wife, Rosa.

"He is mine!" she cried; "let me at him, the faithless one. I have cooked my beauty away for him, and this is what I get."

The crowd broke out in laughter, and somehow she was shoved into the charmed circle.

"Let her lead him into the well-box ag'in," suggested O'Toole, "and give him his spellin' lesson."

And she did. From afar across the clearing, her cries, and cuffs, and thumps could be heard, as she fell, tooth and nail, on the hapless one.

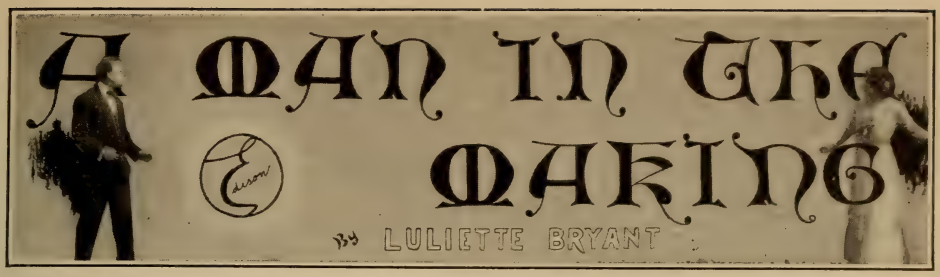
As the moon rose high over the gulch, and silvered the deserted trail up the mountain, a far different scene was being enacted across the barrier.

A grave of planted saplings had been built by the Shoshones, and on its platform the body of their slain chief, with his weapons and blankets, lay, as if resting, in the bathing moonlight. A stripling warrior, his son, knelt in the shadow cast by the lofty grave, and prayed that the Great Spirit would carry him in safety to the Happy Hunting Grounds, far beyond the outposts of the whites.



WINNERS OF THE POPULAR PLAYERS CONTEST, THAT CLOSED MAY 3, 1912

(These five players received over one million and a half votes)



Produced in connection with the Industrial Department of the International Committee, Young Men's Christian Association

"I GUESS I'm down and out for keeps!"

The young man who made the remark made it audibly, tho there was no one present to hear it, except a big gray squirrel that was cautiously climbing up the park bench and thrusting out an inquisitive nose for peanuts. Dick fished thru his pockets, found one lone nut and held it out to the bright-eyed visitor, continuing his remarks as the squirrel settled down to enjoy the peanut and listen.

"Hello! there's Shorty!" exclaimed the young man.

The squirrel whisked away as Shorty approached. Animals often have better instincts than men when it comes to choosing company. Shorty came up with a swagger.

"Hullo, Dick, I been lookin' for you. I got a swell job on, and you're in it. Come over to Donnelly's and have somethin' while I give you the pertic'lers."

Dick hesitated. He was shabby; he needed a shave; his eyes were a bit sunken, and lines of discouragement were beginning to show on his young face, but he was not of Shorty's type.

"I dont know," he temporized. "I think I'll keep on looking for work; I'll find something yet."

"Aw, cut it out!" snorted Shorty, in disgust. "Wot's de use of a bright young chap like youse a-workin'? Anybody wot can make as neat a getaway as you did from Sal's place dont never need to work. Come on."

As Dick still hesitated, Shorty came nearer, speaking very low, as he glanced cautiously around for listeners.

"How'd youse like to have a clean hundred in yer pocket by midnight, tonight?" he asked. "You could get a new suit and fix up like a good sport —see? You could git a girl if youse had de clothes, and not be so lonesome!"

A girl! The spell of temptation was broken; Shorty had unwittingly defeated his own purpose. It was only an instant's vision that flashed thru Dick's mind—a young girl, slender and dark-haired, who stood beside a rose arbor in a green garden, looking at him with dark, startled eyes—but it was enough. He turned away from his tempter, resolutely.

"No," he said, decidedly, "I'll keep straight or else starve; but I'm much obliged, Shorty, I know you mean it kindly."

"Well, when youse tired of the starvation act, come back to me," invited Shorty, cheerfully. "De poor-but-honest guy dont stand no chance in dis burg, an' you'll git wise to it, 'fore you git thru."

Dick turned away, without argument, and started up the walk thru the park. As he came out, wondering what to do next, a friendly hand slapped his shoulder.

"Hello!" cried Dick, his face lighting with pleasure. "What are you doing, Hal? Have you left the shop, too? You look different. What you doing with all those books?"

"I feel different," laughed the newcomer; "that's why I look different. No, I haven't left the shop, but I'm going to as soon as I get ready for a better job, and I'm getting there, fast. I've joined the Y. M. C. A."

"The Y. M. C. A.!" echoed Dick, amazed. "Say, do you go to Sunday-school, too? Suppose those are Sunday-school lessons you're carrying!"

"Rave on, sonny," laughed Hal, good-naturedly. "I used to talk just like that, too, before I knew any better. But I'll give you a straight tip: you come on over and join, and you'll be singing a different song. I'm going to night-school now, and studying architectural drawing—you know I always wanted to draw—and soon as I get a little further along, they'll get me into an architect's office, and then I'll be on the road to something. It's great!"

"But they wont do that for everybody, will they?" gasped Dick, overwhelmed at the suddenness of the prospects held before him.

"Sure! That's their business. There's a big department where they dont do another thing but get jobs for fellows. 'Course you have to give some character references before they'll recommend you for a job, but you can do that—you were always steady as clockwork at the shop. Come on over, Dick; I dont like your looks—out of a job now, aint you?"

"Yes, and broke, too," confessed Dick. "It costs something to join, dont it?"

"You can pay in instalments; I'll stake you for enough to start. Come on; I'll be late for my class, now."

So, in a few minutes, Dick found himself facing Mr. Hawtrey, employment secretary, in his little, private office. Mr. Hawtrey was a clear-headed, keen-eyed man of business, who had spent many years in the work of classifying, sifting and sorting the stream of humanity which filtered thru his office every day.

"Good stuff in this one, but running a bit off the line just now," was his mental comment as he gave Dick a chair and made a friendly comment to put the young man at his ease.

"And now," said Mr. Hawtrey, suddenly, after a few minutes' talk, "suppose you tell me what you've been doing just lately, since you left the shop, and what's troubling you—then we will understand each other and can get down to business."

There was a moment's pause, while Dick looked wistfully, and a little apprehensively, into the elder man's eyes. But the eyes, if keen, were very kind, and, with a long breath, Dick plunged boldly into his story.

"I left the shop, as I told you, because I just couldn't stand the idea of working there forever with no chance of advancement—just pegging away on that one little machine forever. You see, I had good parents, and they sent me to high school. If they'd lived, I would have gone to college, but they both died in one summer, and I haven't a single relative left. The shop job was the only thing that opened up, and I took it. One day, when I was feeling pretty blue, I met a fellow that I used to know in grammar school—they call him Shorty Hanson."

"And was Shorty discouraged with his job, too?" asked Mr. Hawtrey, with a smile, as Dick hesitated.

"No; he seemed very prosperous. I didn't learn just then what he was doing, but I knew well enough it was something crooked, and I ought to have left him right then, but—well, I didn't. He said he could get me a job as bellboy, and I said I'd take it. I thought that would give me a chance to look around for something better. I knew, the first day, that the place wasn't straight, but I stayed on. Then, when I'd been there about two weeks, the house was raided, one afternoon. I happened to be upstairs and heard the fuss; I crawled down a fire escape into the back yard, climbed a fence and dropped down into another yard. Then——" he paused for a moment, his eyes taking on a half dreamy look, before he went on, "I got out on the street and skipped. Since then I've just drifted around, picking up what work I could, bound not to go back to the shop if I could help it. That's all!"

"What was it that happened when you dropped down into the second yard?" queried Mr. Hawtrey, quietly.

Dick flashed a surprised look at him; then, for the first time, his own eyes wavered and fell, and he flushed a little, before he looked up again.

"It was nothing," he said, "but I

may as well tell you, so you wont think I'm keeping something back. There was a girl in the yard. She was standing by an arbor covered with roses, and she had her hands full of them. She was about eighteen, I should say, and she was little and slender, with great dark eyes. I startled her, of course, but she didn't scream—just stood and looked at me over her roses, sort of scared. I told her what was the matter, and she told me to go out the gate and run along by the wall where I wouldn't be seen. As I started on she said, 'I wish you good luck; I am sure you are going to come out all right now.' Somehow, I've kept thinking of it. Of course I'll never see her again, but I like to fancy she thinks of me sometimes and wonders if I am making good."

"Now," decided Mr. Hawtrey, after a moment's thought, "I'm going to send you to an automobile repair shop; you say you like mechanics best of anything, and you'll learn a good bit there, and have a chance for advancement. Then you must go to our night-school and take mechanical drawing; that will help you toward a better position."

"I'll go to school every night!"

"Oh, no, you wont, my boy. Two nights a week you will go to the gymnasium. You need wholesome companionship and good physical exercise, to balance up your indoor work and study; no man can succeed nowadays unless he has plenty of good red blood in his veins. Go down to the physical director now, and talk things over with him. Then I'll give you a letter to the automobile shop. Remember, the world's before you now, and there's nothing to prevent your success if you'll do your part."



DICK ESCAPES, AS THE GAMBLING HOUSE IS RAIDED

A new world had opened up to Dick, and the weeks that followed were happy ones. The days of congenial occupation, the evenings of study, balanced by the vigorous work of the gymnasium classes, combined to form a delightful life for his ambitious, energetic nature. His quick mind expanded wonderfully under the wise, sympathetic guidance of the classroom. Meanwhile, Mr. Hawtrey was quietly watching his progress, and it



DICK SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE BACK YARD OF A VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY

was not a surprise to him when Dick appeared in his office one evening, with beaming face.

"I've got good news," he announced. "I was fixing a gear the other day, and it came to my mind that I could work out a device for a gear that wouldn't go wrong, as that one did. I kept studying on it, and I drew out the plan and showed it to the foreman. He took it in to Mr. Benson, the head of the firm, and today Mr. Benson sent for me. I'm to have a position in the office now, and a good salary, and Mr. Benson says I have a future before me. And it's all due to your help, Mr. Hawtrey—I dont know how to thank you!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Mr. Hawtrey. "It is all due to your own persistency and faithfulness. Run along to your gym class—you'll need it more than ever now."

But as Dick started to obey, he called him back, with a quizzical look.

"How about the girl with the roses?" he inquired. "Ever try to see her again?"

"I've walked by the house," admitted Dick, "but I never saw her but once; then, she was just getting into an auto with a fine-looking chap, who seemed very devoted. I mustn't think of her—she's away above me."

"I dont know; you're coming on in the world now—stranger things have happened," was Mr. Hawtrey's comment; but Dick replied, "I guess the other fellow's in ahead of me, so I'll just have to try to forget it."

To Dick's surprise "the other fellow" stood next to him in the gymnasium drill that night. He was a likeable chap with a cordial, frank manner, and Dick resolved to bear no grudge, but to make friends with him.

The friendship ripened into intimacy as the weeks slipped by, and the two young men met regularly on the gymnasium floor, but the girl with the roses was never mentioned. Dick wondered sometimes how a man who had so charming a girl for a friend could spend so many evenings away from her, but he asked no questions, and his new friend appeared as heart-free and care-free as if there were no girls in all the world. Dick tried to be heart-free, too, but often, as he sat in his room studying out some intricate drawing, a mist would come before his eyes and he would drift off into a reverie from which he would emerge with a start, to find his paper covered with sketches of a dark-eyed maid with her arms full of roses.

A year had passed since Dick made his memorable drop into the green garden which had imprinted itself so vividly upon his mind. He was rising rapidly in his business, now, and the boy who appeared in the office door spoke to him respectfully.

"There's a man outside asking for you, sir. There's something the matter with his car, and he insists that he wants you to see it."

Wondering a little, Dick left his desk and went out into the work-room, to find "the other fellow" awaiting him.

"Hello, Dick," he said, gaily; "suppose I shouldn't bother an important man like you with my dinky little affairs, but something's gone wrong with the car, and my sister's with me; I always wanted you to meet her, so I thought I'd just kill two birds with one stone by letting you see the car and sis at the same time."

"That's good," said Dick, following his friend out to where a big car



DICK GOES TO WORK IN THE Y. M. C. A. "GYM"

waited by the curb. But once there, he stopped, staring at the occupant of the car, unheeding Dick's words of introduction, unmindful of anything but the vision in the back seat. For there, with a wide hat shading her dark eyes, with a great armful of red roses held close to her breast, with a glad look of recognition dawning upon her face, the girl of his dreams sat looking at him over the wind-tossed heads of the roses.

The girl recovered herself first, and stretched out a slim, white hand to him, while a wave of the roses' color dyed her cheeks.

"It is you," she said, softly, "and I never knew it. When my brother talked of his friend Dick, I never knew who it was!"

"And you remember me?" stammered Dick. "Is it possible that you have thought of me sometimes—that you will let me be your friend now?"

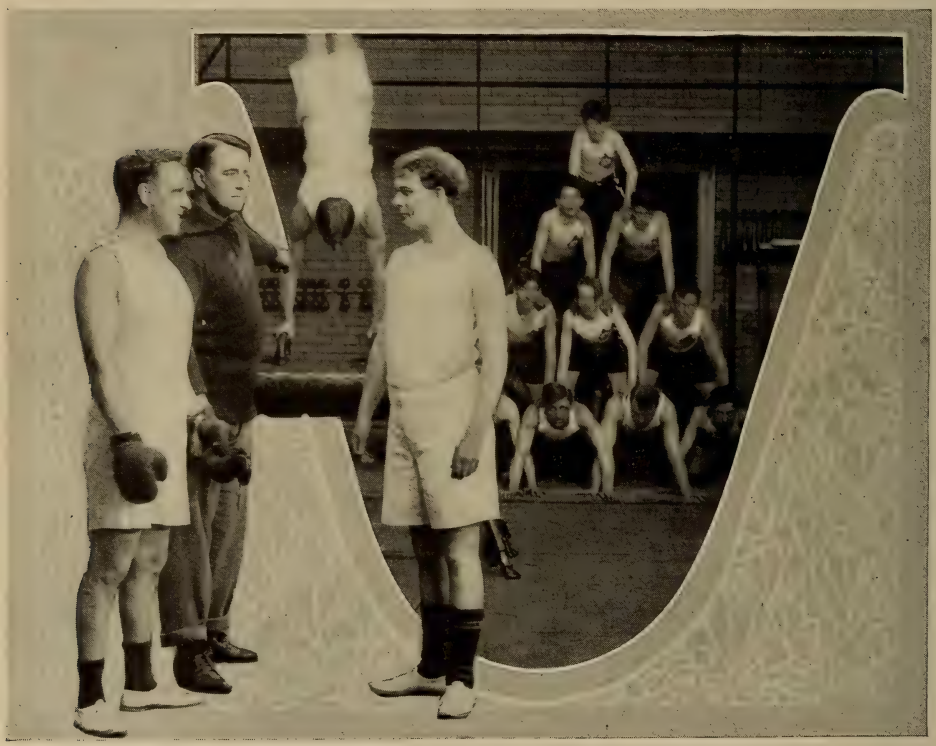
"Look here," broke in the brother, recalling them abruptly to the fact of his existence, "what are you two talking about, anyhow? Where did you ever meet each other? Why didn't you tell me before? I dont seem to come in anywhere!"

But Dick had recovered his self-possession now, and turned to "the other fellow," with a laughing bow, tho his gray eyes were serious.

"I saw your sister only once, and I never knew her name before, but I have always remembered her. Have I your permission to be her friend now?"

"Sure thing," declared the brother; "jump in there now, with sis and the roses, and I'll take you for a spin. You can watch the gear and see what ails it."

But, tho Dick assented gladly, he failed to watch the gear. He was watching the dark eyes which smiled into his across the roses!



DICK MEETS HIS SUPPOSED RIVAL



From a Photoplay of an Egyptian Harem, by GENE GAUNTIER, illustrative of the lax divorce laws of Egypt, that the missionaries are trying to change

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ayub Kashif, a wealthy merchant.....*Robert G. Vignola*
Lucashah, his first wife.....*Gene Gauntier*
Hanifi, her slave, afterwards the second wife.....*Alice Hollister*
Kafur, son of Hanifi and Kashif.....*George Hollister*

To Lucashah, wife of Ayub Kashif, love was the greatest thing in the world. For the two sweet years she had been Ayub's wife, she had spent every waking hour either in planning how she might best please her lord, or in actually carrying out her plans.

And Ayub relished these soft words and gentle caresses of his "little rose-petal," as he called her. They were like the lingering delights of sweet pomegranates in his sensuous mouth. And for two years, was the house of Ayub a serene resting place for the rare bird of Paradise—which, alas, brought forth no young.

But Ayub, withal, was a man, and a Mohammedan. For a year past he had heard—tho he had not listened—the half-whispered words of friend and enemy, who were privileged to mock at the childless.

At first, his soul had risen in angry rebellion. Was not Lucashah sufficient for his life's joy? Would not the addition of another wife cause the cup of his happiness to overflow and spill some of its precious contents?

But Ayub knew well that the subtle voice of his people but echoed the commanding voice of the Prophet. God is great, but Mohammed is his Prophet!

"She who is without child is without Allah's blessing!" had burned his ears more than once, in the murmur of voices at the bazaar.

Gradually Ayub the gentle, began

to become Ayub the cruel. The opinions of other people had begun to encrust his heart like a jagged shell that wounded the tender, sensitive soul of Lucashah again and again, as she tried to penetrate it. Ayub went about now with a black cloud hanging low over his brow, shadowing all the dancing sunlight that had formerly shone thru his expressive eyes. He became moody with his friends, cursed and spat upon his enemies and beat his slaves. At the sight of a child he fled.

It was the curse of Allah upon the house of the barren one, said the mothers of the city, and Ayub believed them.

Meanwhile, the delicate little Lucashah withdrew herself more seclusively within her harem, not with fear or shame weighting her sensitive soul, but with grief at the thought that she had lived to bring sorrow upon him she loved.

Only Hanifi, her Abyssinian slave, would she permit to come near and listen to the plaintive outpourings of her grief. Just how much Hanifi sorrowed with her, she never knew. Hanifi was a slave, who must weep and laugh for others, but never for herself.

There was something almost approaching majesty about the slave-woman, Hanifi, that had ever filled her mistress with the feeling that perhaps in her own land this woman had been of the ruling class. Lucashah held for her a gentle pity that laid bare her heart in her hand.

And when Lucashah whispered distressfully the cause of her great sorrow, Hanifi's deep brown eyes half-closed as tho she saw before her the stalwart race she knew her loins could bear.

Thus Lucashah's words roused the strong spirit of motherhood that lay dormant within her ample breast. Daily, after, she listened not to the gentle voice of her mistress, but to the now insistent call of her unborn children, for life. Daily she saw the vision of a suckling babe and felt its ghostly fingers kneading her breasts. To her it would mean all the rare joys of motherhood.

But to her mistress came none of these ideas. The one thought was to bring unto Ayub the blessing of fatherhood. Alas, she had wept and prayed in vain, and the little woman gave herself up to the despair of the unloved and the contemned.

Once a day, came Ayub and sat stolidly before her. Long since had she forgone the ecstasy of laying her hands and face and hair gently against his. He had repelled her. She was both too proud and too careful of annoying him, to weep in his presence. She sat and smoked a cigaret with him, her eyes promising all things that sometimes meant more than the sacrifice of life.

Then one day came that startling resolve that was to bring the everlasting sorrow into the heart of the wife of Ayub. Till this day had her grief been solaced by the certain knowledge that she, Lucashah, alone held sway of his thoughts and desires.

Then came her lord, as was his wont, and sat moodily by, saying less than usual. The heat was very great that day, and Hanifi stood by, moving the *punkah* backward and forward, with the stately movement and grace that was peculiarly hers. Suddenly Ayub looked up, as tho some one had spoken, and his eyes met Hanifi's, in which there was a compelling, thirsting gaze that fairly fastened itself in the very thoughts he had been painfully thinking. He started uncomfortably. His eyes followed the sinuous line of the brown, swelling breasts, the broad hips, the thick, sensuous lips, and then back to the eyes that glowed into his. The woman stooped and picked something up, and there was in the action all the pleasing grace of the animal of prey. Nor was the slave-woman's face repulsive. That yearning expression gave beauty to her eyes and mouth and nostrils, and strangely seemed the very counterpart of the desire that tortured his soul.

A sob disturbed Ayub Kashif's



LUCASHAH PLANS TO PLEASE HER LORD

reverie. He turned his face toward the gentle Lucashah, who had been watching him with burning, conscious eyes and fluttering bosom. She now lay like a broken reed, a little bundle of convulsing flesh and crumpled silks. Her raven hair, all uncaught, mercifully screened her sweet face and misery-blurred eyes.

For a single instant Ayub, the pain in his heart suffusing his face, paused, poised uncertainly between the sweet past and that which was to be. Then he passed quickly out, determination writ on his face.

All else that Ayub did that day, was done quickly, after the manner of men who hasten over obnoxious duties. When evening was come, and the sun shone red on the waters of the Nile and yellow on the gilded domes of the many mosques around, Ayub was gathered around a *narghile* with his aged father and a man of the city whose business it was to draw up papers freeing slaves from bondage.

"Allah be praised!" muttered Ayub's father, a few minutes later, when they rose, a pleased smile spreading thru the wrinkles of his face. "Now, may I not die without seeing the seed of my race growing fruitfully in the land. Allah is great!"

But Ayub exhibited no joy. In fact, from that day forth, did his face become expressionless, and whether his heart held either joy or sorrow, none knew.

No longer did Hanifi serve Lucashah, for late that night, when the broken-hearted little woman lay alone on her couch, moaning and surrounded by writhing serpents of fever, had come Ayub and stood beside her for a moment. She did not even lift her burning head when he spoke.



AYUB KASHIF PREPARES TO DIVORCE LUCASHAH

"Lucashah—I divorce thee!"

Her tortured brain caught the words, and all night long, had one listened, they might have heard the words repeated in soft sobbing tones, "Lucashah, I divorce thee!"

But none did listen here. All the inmates of the big household lingered late near the far side of the house, where soft strains of music came forth. Ayub's father was seeking to celebrate Lucashah's broken heart with feeble signs of revelry.

Ayub came no more to the harem of Lucashah. She did not expect it. She knew the law and condemned him for naught. The curse of Allah was hard. She forgave much, because she loved much. Without her lord's love she knew her heart would soon wither, and she must die. She had a little lattice cut on the side where Ayub passed thru the court daily on his way from Hanifi's harem. His gloomy countenance was as the warmest sunshine to the withered soil of her heart, and when he had gone she watered it with tears. Thus spent broken-hearted Lucashah the days when her lord had abandoned her—praying, thinking, dreaming of naught but him!

And Hanifi made Ayub an excellent wife. She was neither arrogant nor overbearing because of her new estate. That her lord lavished not the affection she had seen him shower upon Lucashah disturbed her none at

all. Yet was she happy, and an enigmatical smile played on her face daily, and a haze seemed at times to cover her eyes as tho she saw before her a vision glorious. One day, many months later, came the vision true in motherhood, and in that ecstasy the world held nothing else for Hanifi.

It is true that Ayub smiled that day, and every day thereafter came twice to visit the first-born. His aged father died forthwith from the shock of the happy news, seemingly content.

But one eunuch in all that household knew, too, that Ayub nightly waited until Lucashah had first gone to sleep before he laid himself down. This eunuch stood by all the day and recounted to his master all that the lonely little woman had done. And had she known, each night would she have lain on her pillow perhaps to laugh and gurgle in her dreams, instead of to moisten it with tears that were her life's blood.

Four years passed thus since Lucashah was left to pine and fade away alone. In the great house of Kashif was there but one spot that was not dismal. Hence came sounds of laughter—from the throats of Hanifi and her children—for now were there two. Hanifi's story is told. She could die without regrets; she had known all things.

Sometimes Lucashah heard the merriment, then would a sigh pierce the open wound in her heart, crushing a moan from her pale lips. Lucashah had faded and withered to the semblance of a delicate lily that had been reared in the warm sun only to be blighted by frost and left to die. There was color alone in the two bright patches on her cheeks; there seemed to be life alone in the sharp attacks of coughing that left her exhausted and racked with pain.

The man of medicine, whom Ayub had summoned, informed him that



ALLAH GRANTS AYUB KASHIF AN HEIR



LUCASHAH, IN A VISION, LEARNS OF AYUB KASHIF'S DISTRESS

Lucashah might linger thus for many years.

Once a year did Ayub take a caravan across the desert. It was partly for diversion; partly for profit. The time coming again, he set out with a score of camels heavily laden with rich merchandise. He had instructed the eunuch to watch carefully and tenderly over Lucashah, and whatever might be her desire, that might she have.

Lucashah, from her lattice, watched her lord depart, with a sadness almost too heavy for her frail little form to support. This meant for her an eclipse of the sun and moon for many days and nights, and this aching loneliness and solitude without him seemed many, many times more than her poor shattered heart could bear.

The day that followed seemed interminable; the night an eternity. All her physical pain and soulful sorrows surrounded her like a falling wall, that crushed her by inches. All the terrible years had not seemed so crushing as this one day. That night she slept none at all. Not until the sun had set the next afternoon did Lucashah fall into a troubled sleep.

Of him, whose every breath was her sole care, she dreamed; at first pleasant dreams, wherein she saw him bending over her, with that smile that had so enriched her soul. Then came there a vision of him stricken in the desert; of men bending over him; then of their drawing away with a loathsome fear upon their faces; now they were leaving him! She awoke!

Lucashah clapped her hands. The faithful eunuch appeared.

"Quick, Meshem, take me before thy mistress!"

Meshem hesitated for a moment, then led the way to Hanifi's quarters.

Hanifi was so engrossed in her romping with the two children, that she did not hear her slave announce the newcomer. When she looked up, and saw the emaciated little woman leaning against the door, she gathered the two children fearfully against her breast.

"Go away, witch, or whatever thou art!" she cried fearfully. "Allah protect my children!"

"Have no fear. I am Lucashah!"

"His wife!" murmured Hanifi, awestruck. "But——" she was looking in horror at the wasted figure.

"Yes, I know," said Lucashah, hastily. "But I come not about myself, but *him*. He has been brought low in the desert. Go thou to him!"

"Go to him?" queried Hanifi, incredulously. "But dost thou not see I have my children?"

"I will take care of them," said Lucashah, firmly.

"Thou, who wert never meant by Allah to be with child!" The scorn sank deep into the little woman's breast. She stepped back as tho struck a blow.

"*I* shall go, then!" said Lucashah, after a moment's painful silence. "Meshem! Meshem!" she called, in her thin voice, hurrying out into the court.

Hanifi, left alone, again resumed her play with the children—if anything, more boisterous than ever.

When the moon rose on the great desert that night, three laden camels might be discerned silhouetted against unbroken distances, at an hour when most travelers had lain down to rest for the night. The traveler in the lead was Meshem. On the camel following was Lucashah, and that which buoyed her up for the arduous task of such a journey was resplendent in her face! By the liquid light of the full moon she ap-



LUCASHAH TELLS HER SUCCESSOR OF THE VISION

peared, in her sea-blue *burnous*, like that beautiful child-wife Ayub Kashif had taken unto himself nearly five years before. There was something ethereal about her, seen in that light, that gave her the semblance of an angelic vision. The smile that gave back youth to her lips never once left them. The only thing to dispel the happy illusion was the occasional hacking cough, aggravated by the chill night air and the jarring motion of the camels. The disagreeable echo was wafted away among the endless sand hills, leaving behind it ghostly silence.

They traveled along the broad highway of the desert, but came upon no fellow traveler until long after the midnight hour. Then they fell upon a single man with his camel. He lay as tho exhausted from great fatigue.

"It is Asuf!" called Meshem, who had dismounted and was peering into the sleeper's face.

"Wake him!" cried Lucashah.

"Ayub Kashif lies stricken unto death with the plague," spake Asuf; "I come in haste to tell his household. He is alone with his grave-clothes, on the desert, five hours' rapid journey from here. Go not near him. By rise of the sun he will die!"

"Come! Up, Asuf, and show the way. Each of you shall have a bag of gold! Quick!"

Without another word, Asuf rose with alacrity, and then all four went forward, urging their camels to ever greater speed.

Above the "crunch! crunch!" of the camels' feet, the men heard a sweet love-song of the East being hummed gently. It was Lucashah. They looked at one another significantly, for they could not comprehend it. In the blending moonlight and breaking day they saw her face filled with a dazzling exaltation.

God and she alone knew what was in her heart. Then, away off, resting high on the summit of a dune, they discerned a dark speck.

"My lady!" cried Asuf.

"Yes, yes," whispered Lucashah, now resting like a blur on the camel, scarcely able to cling on because of exhaustion. But in her face was the angelic beauty, and on her mouth the sweet smile of old.

Again they rode on. When they had come so close that they could discern the lines of the prostrate man, Asuf refused to proceed.

"Now, go and tell all the city!" she cried, flinging them a little bag of gold. When she drew near, she made the camel crouch for her to dismount. Then she gave him a blow and commanded him to go on his way. Soon he had disappeared behind a great dune, hurrying forward to catch the others. Lucashah drew her *burnous* closely around her, obsessed now with a fear that she had come too late.

"Ayub! Ayub!" she murmured.

She could see that he had dug his own grave, and lay partly covered with sand. At the sound of her voice he moved.

"Ayub! Ayub!" she cried, kneeling by his side.

He did not open his eyes, but smiled as tho he had dreamed.

Then she touched him, and he opened his eyes with a shudder.

"Go! go!" he screamed. "Touch me not—it is death!" He fell back with a hoarse groan.

"Ayub, I come to die with thee—my love for thee hath been great!"

The man struggled to retain his fading senses. With an effort a smile came to his lips.

"Rose - petal!—Rose - petal!" He paused, exhausted. "Allah—is my witness—closer——" his voice, his sight, his breath were going fast; a superhuman effort brought forth the rest, "I—love thee—still—Rose——"

He fell back with the half-smile on his face. Lucashah at that moment chose certain death: she pressed her lips to his. When the sun rose full she lay stretched beside him. His hand was clasped in hers, her face rested close to his. Now and again the crooning love-song broke the abysmal stillness, and so died Ayub Kashif and Lucashah—now once more wedded in death—and forever.

May Allah forgive them!



FOR a few days a species of midsummer calm had hung over Paris. Artizans hammered and chipped as usual; muslin-frocked promenaders, with immaculate frills, walked arm-in-arm under the trees. Bakers and brewers continued to fill and to empty sweet-smelling ovens and vats. Even the huge flag on the Pont-Neuf, with its solemn warning, "Citizens, Our Country is in Danger," flapped and furled spiritlessly in the lazy summer airs.

The Garden of the Tuileries lay deserted. One short month had passed since the procession from the faubourgs had ceased to be a procession, and had creamed, a howling mob, against its gates. That flood of three hours, which overflowed the lawns and swept in curious sullenness before its king, offering him drink and the red nightcap of liberty, had receded as suddenly as it had come. It had jostled majesty, stared it out of countenance—and found it humanly weak.

The king's party had dwindled to a few back-stairs, whispering courtiers. Tho there were still thirty thousand of the nobility remaining in the city, they stayed passive, in darkened houses, with little or no attendants. Liveries had been decreed unlawful; peruke powder acted like snuff on the nostrils of patriots. And all the while, by twos and threes, like sentinel birds that perch on the backs of rhinoceroses, they were flitting off in the night, thru the city gates, by coach and berline, to the distant borders.

It is an unnatural calm like this which precedes a storm. One could liken it better to that drugged sleep which ushers in a death agony. Invisible plots, vaporing up from wine cellars, were felt to be in the air; yet, outwardly, all exploded harmlessly in parades of National Guards and endless oratory in the Jacobin Club.

On a certain night of these interim days, when the lanternes on street corners, glimmering fitfully, had been eased for a spell of swaying tokens—bakers and confectioners—heaved up from the depth as broken-necked mementoes, the Duc de Berac permitted himself to hold a drawing-room.

Not such a one as might have been given in monarchical days, with a

wide entrance lined with laquaiz, and torches scooping patches of red light from the night, but one to which the black-wrapped guests tapped upon closed portals, to be swung open a few inches for their bare, intruding passage.

Once inside, the pretense of a deserted hôtel was dispensed with. Footmen—in livery—ormolu sconces; lusters with a hundred candles, like sun in a shower, overhead; chairs crusted with gold or with an inlay of pearl; marble fauns sporting before painted Watteau shepherdesses; thin-necked vases from Sèvres, gave welcome, as they should.

Brocade vied a friendly rivalry with lace on the guests in the high-walled salon. Powder hung mist-like in the air. Faces that had hurried, pallid and fixed, thru the streets a few minutes previously, shone fair and smiling against fantastic beauty-spots of court-plaster. Jewels, dust-pans full of them, winked defiant appeal from throat, or brow, or soft arm.

Yes, defiant was the word for this soirée, a mad freak of the grim duke, conceived in the queer spirit of one at sunrise going to fight a duel, stopping to pick flowers. Now, like flowers, nodding this way and that, they waited for his entrance.

He was the last of an ancient line, with reversion to a nephew, Count de Vouziers, a child of love, half noble, half peasant, styling himself Jacques Vermonde. De Berac's marriage at an advanced age, to the young and beautiful Aspasie Saint-Méry, had brought him love, warm affection, like blossoms to an old tree—but no heir.

From the Chateau Berac, in Ardennes, to the marches of the border was but a swift, unguarded hand-gallop, but with the farce of the king's flight and his rabble escort back to the Tuileries, the duke had packed his plate, signed his will and entered Paris by easy stages.

Quixotic this: to live in a bedlam city with a moribund, lay figure of a king—but this was the nature of the man. While all else were flitting out as best they could, he drove up rapidly, with coach and four, to the Hôtel de Berac and ordered the place made ready.

A storm was coming and he knew it. But had not such hands as his ridden it out with safety before, permitting billows of discontent, untrained gaucherie, checked fury to pass beneath? The Austrians were gathering on the frontier: an army with commissariat and powder and ball. Soon this mad dog, Paris, would listen to the tramp of inexorable soldiery and be beaten back to kennel or hole.

So he waited, this man of one idea, and on a given night gathered his friends around him.

His coming among them, with Madame la Duchesse upon his arm, was marked by his composure and the repression of any emotion he may have felt. Those keen old eyes, resting here and there, would argue a weighing of heads and a counting of swords. "Messieurs," their glances said, "the time is come when every sword must flash true and straight—when each thrust is worth a thousand. Are they capable?"

By his side, all fire, paling and blushing, parrying a hundred words from a half-circle, Aspasie Saint-Méry seemed to question: "Are such as I not worthy of protection—not inviolable?"

The round of guests was made. Hardly a word spoken, never a gallantry or bon mot by the stalking host. "Ah! De Rivière; Maillé; Cazotte; De Sombreuil." Bare recognition, and maybe a muster and a silent pledge.

A laquais, the duke's private man, insinuated himself thru the room. He whispered a few words to De Berac. Words enough to cause him to bow slightly to those near him and to leave the salon by a little door.

Here, in the porter's loge, another guest, unbidden, awaited him. It was Jean, his former forester of Ardennes, wind and dust-driven here from the highway; very haggard, with parched lips cracked back to the gums.

"Mercy, seigneur," he panted, "and a little of God's blessing from you."

De Berac stared moodily at him. The rasp of brocade warned him that the duchess had followed and stood near. Finally he spoke: "You were driven from my place with blows of a cudgel, and then given a sheaf of money. What has become of it?"

"All gone, seigneur—for bread."

"And the blows?"

"I have forgotten them."

Jean got to his feet, painfully, his eyes flashing.

"Ah!" said De Berac, "I had forgotten. You have drunk from the gutters of Paris. Bread fails; poison has taken its place."

The duke rang a bell. A porter and a groom appeared. "Be so good," he instructed, "as to fling this man down the steps."

Count de Vouziers, with his foot on the bottom step, about to ascend, heard the scraping of feet above him,



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS RECEIVE CLANDESTINE FRIENDS

"So far will your filthy paper money take you: to the end of a dog's chain and back. Begone!"

The man fell upon his knees. A stifled sob back of De Berac caused him to turn.

"Monsieur," the duchess pleaded, "be merciful. Remember his years of service—one little fault——"

"I am just," he said; "permit me to deal with him."

He drew out a coin from his pocket.

"Here is a gold louis," he said to Jean, "which you can exchange for enough assignats to keep you in food for a month. Kiss the head upon it and go."

the ripping of a shirt, and felt a body, in swift descent, colliding with his shoulder.

"Hah!" he exclaimed, "my uncle speeding one of his guests," and, taking a fresh hold on his black cloak, he prepared to continue.

The man, with a final lurch, fell at his feet. De Vouziers recognized him at once.

"Come, citizen," he whispered, slipping a coin into Jean's hand, "be stirring, and forget that you have seen me."

Jean stared stupidly after him. Too much to fathom in a night: the duke turned unjust and cruel; his



CITIZEN VERMONDE MEETS THE FORESTER

nephew sharing a purse, with a patriot's manner.

De Vouziers continued his journey upward. Beneath his cloak he carried a bag containing his wig and a fine assortment of rings. These he proceeded to slip on before entering.

To his knock the doors slid open, and the duke's laquais scrutinized him long and carefully. The pale, handsome young man was well known to him, but his instructions were to admit no one not tendering the password of the night.

"My uncle receives tonight?" asked the count.

The laquais remained silent.

"Perhaps he would be tempted to see his nephew."

The doors began to shut as if by their own volition.

De Vouziers stuck one of his court pumps between them. "Eh bien! since you must know, *Messieurs, take care of the dishes.*"

The doors gave way. De Vouziers slipped thru. A murmur of voices directed him to the salon. It was as he expected. The duke stood, looking like a tired stag, in a group of friends. Aspasie, alert, smiling, clung to his arm. It was as if nothing of moment had happened in the world at large, or was about to happen.

The composed young man, bowing to those whose eyes he caught, walked toward them. It would have needed a sphygmograph to have recorded the variation of his heart-beats.

De Berac detected nothing if not fervor from the kiss with which his nephew saluted him. The late-comer's lips met, reverently, over Aspasie's hand.

"It is a long while since we have met," he said, to her wondering look; "I have, indeed, been a rascal to have taken other service."

She looked at him, gravely, her eyes widening a little and her hand going against her breast. "Then it is true," she said, so that it reached him alone, "what has been whispered to us: that you wear a blue coat and sit with those others in the Convent of the Jacobins?"

"It amuses me a little."

"And that you are called Citizen Jacques Vermonde?"

"That, too, is part of the masquerade."

She bent her head closer, scorn narrowing her eyes. "And the end—have you thought of that?"

"Yes. I have been a spectator—the end is not very far off."

"Where does it lead to?"

"Ah! that is the question—this destiny"—he searched her face closely—"but there will be chaos, oblivion, rage striking blindly—a structure to be torn down first."

"And you"—she could hardly form the words—"do you strike with the others?"

The play of lights in her eyes dazzled him. He sought for an answer that would satisfy her. "All my life long," he said, "I have been a gamester, pitting my wits against others. Now, the greatest game of all, life, is to be thrown for. Only those with a sure hand can win."

"And yours?"

"Holds a loaded dice-cup, which I have successfully snatched from Fate."

She turned away with aversion, unable to delve farther. Here was a man always an enigma to her: coming to the chateau late at night, strolling about the park for a day or so, leaving as suddenly. De Berac was invariably composed, a steadiness of soul, but from this comer and goer, with his air of indifference and eyes that sometimes smiled deeply, she was always afraid to lift the cloak of character.

Time passed on from this night of whispers—rushed, rather, with a feverish ticking of clocks to urge things forward. In the center of each section a tent was raised, with drumheads for enlisting desks. Young men, old, even mothers, rushed in to offer defending arms against the Austrian invaders. The march of the "Six hundred Marseillaise who know how to die" had started toward Paris. The faubourgs were waiting for them: fangs added to their claws.

On a star-studded night in August, remarkable for its pale light in the Gardens of the Tuileries, the bells began to toll. Saint-Roch's steeple answered Saint Germain's. All thru the night the tocsin talk continued. At daylight, groups, then masses of people, were emptying from the pent-up faubourgs. All hastening toward those placid gardens of over-night.

The National Guard, in trim, blue uniforms, where are they? Shall they fire against the citizens? Shall they defend the king? Or, rather, in glittering ranks march off until this demonstration blows itself out?

The king with his queen and the two royal children have been aroused from bed and hurried to the National Assembly. Mere keepsakes now. No one remained but the thousand red-coated Swiss Guard.

The maelstrom outside the gates gazes at them, curiously, like so many parked animals. Then the hardier, with red nightcaps and pikes, begin to climb the walls.

Poor Swiss, will you be brothers, or fire a funeral volley for a vanished king?

The order is given to fire—lighted fuses are ready—and the Swiss begin their work—by volley, by platoon, irregularly. Hopeless raindrops in a raging flame! A handful setting its will against a bedlam city!

Until two in the afternoon the Guard held out, a shaving-down process until few were left. When beset on all sides, ranks thinned to groups, they ceased firing, the survivors were hunted into corners and trodden down like mice.

Thus started the revolution—a huge beast toying with a king's mouse, and then pawing out its breath. Poor hirelings, unable to be called patriotic, there are some who look upon you as possessing the nobility of lions!

Having tasted human blood and found it nourishing, the beast retired to subterranean places to lick its wounds. Over the reshaping of blunted pike-heads and the grinding of hacked swords, *Ca-ira,* that comforting croon, was sung, over and over again. "That will go"; the menace of the words but stored up a fresh opportunity.

The king and his family were prisoners in the Temple; such royalists as gathered forlornly around him now were marked men. The hôtel of the Duc de Berac, since the night of whispers, had remained closed, impenetrable. Behind barred doors and drawn curtains flight and thoughts of flight obsessed every one.

Nothing more had been seen of Citizen Vermonde. His one essay in the house of his uncle seemed to have exploded him. For a man who confessed to loaded dice, he remained singularly backward.

Yet all this while swords were sharpening; the tools of peace, axes, scythes, bill-hooks, took on unholy edges, and Dr. Guillotin worked to exhaustion over his new invention.

Citizen Vermonde played with a formidable weapon: hate. The dread days of domiciliary visits had come. One had but to lodge an accusation, to

whisper, "Persons suspect" to cause a knocking on the doors of aristocrats, and if that would not do, to summon up willing citizens with axes and crowbars. Thus baffled, patriotism dragged forth, like rabbits to the light, their quarry.

Yet, in the case of De Berac, Jacques Vermonde had so well managed his weapon that the blow did not fall on his uncle. There never had been affection spilled between these two: more like a stifled envy from the younger. And now the house was tottering for a fall. Why did the gamester hold back the final shove? Was a delicate poniard in the hand of Aspasie Saint-Méry constantly crossing his blade? For such a rare swordsman, its give or check added jest to his play.

This throwing of mains with Fate was becoming no gentleman's vice with him. At night, when terror sang or drank itself full of fresh courage for the morrow, he acted as clerk or recorder in one of the underground clubs, where a man of letters and of silence could command a leadership. Jean, the forester, had turned his sheep-dog and disciple. So much will a coin and a kind word do in a man's blackness.

It was rumored, too, that Annette, the sloe-eyed grisette of Saint-Marceau, had fallen a victim to his Antinous face. However much buttressed by devotion and love-yearning for him with following eyes, these grimy sessions, where raucous rage and lust held tipsy sway, sickened him to the marrow. Even the silent, cobbled street overhead, with its topheavy tenements, and a single star thru the rift in roofs above, seemed a heaven to this hell beneath it.

Have patience, Citizen Jacques! The night is coming when such exact patriotism will reap its whirlwind.

On the night of the first of September, Sheep-dog Jean had been drinking heavily. His mild, peasant eyes were suffused with yellow stains; his tongue loosened in rustic babble. Grisette Annette, busied over cockade making, trolling a song, had time and to spare to ogle Citizen Jacques, who took her glances coldly.

As the night wore on, Bill-hook, Cutlass, Bludgeon assembled, exalted with fresh alarms. To a full cellar, Citizen Jacques recounted the day's labor of the Assembly. Patriotism appeared satisfied with the work of the day and retired to sleep, or drink, on benches along the walls.

It is then that Sheep-dog Jean, now grown to a full wolf, must glide among them. He stammers an unbelievable tale: The Duc de Berac, arch aristocrat, locked shut in his hôtel—in Paris! A house of whispered plots against liberty! Secret correspondence with Austria!

Citizen Jacques, aroused from deep reflection, was too late. The powder mine was *en trâine*. Weapons were grasped, spat up, swung aloft. Rage mounted to the bursting point. The cellar sickened with articulate disorder; then opened as suddenly and belched its spawn upon the pavement.

The same night of the first of September cloaked in shadows the hôtels of the Rue de Grammont. Here and there holes bored in the shutters betokened night vigilance; for the rest, all were slumberous or deserted.

A figure in torn shirt and breeches came speeding on wings of fear thru the street. A visible premonition, with a broken sword blade grasped in stiff fingers.

At the steps of the Duc de Berac he ceased running and turned, listening. From far off, as from a well, a murmur came to him.

The man took the flight of steps in three bounds and set up a devil's tattoo with his sword-hilt on the carved doors.

"Open! open!" he commanded. "It is I, De Rivière."

With exasperating delay, the heavy doors were opened and the runner staggered in.

"Monsieur le Duc, where is he?"

At one of the windows of the salon he found De Berac, Aspasie by him.

"Quick," De Rivière panted, "while there is still time—to carriage!"

"My horses were seized yesterday," said De Berac.

"Out on the streets then,—run—to the barriers!"

"A ridiculous spectacle. Fie! my dear De Rivière."

"To the attic then,—it is our lives! Listen!"—De Rivière stooped, his ear to the crack of the window-sash—"Ah! they are coming up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin—I had barely time to break thru the canaille, with my sword-point sticking in one of them——"



DE RIVIÈRE WARNS DE BERAC THAT THE MOB IS COMING

Hoarse shouting and the sound of many footsteps swept on a gust of wind thru the salon. De Rivière, paling, recoiled from the window.

"Go," said De Berac; "give me your hand. You do not understand my foolishness: it is noblesse oblige."

The young man grasped the door curtains, gave one look, full of despair, toward De Berac—and was gone.

The voices of the night rolled nearer. De Berac drew a small table to the center of the room and gestured Aspasie to stand behind it, facing the doorway. Unsheathing his rapier, he stepped beside her and waited.

It was as he expected. The steps of the first runner stopped before his hôtel. A few bass growls, as of men of different minds arguing, came thru the closed windows. They were evidently waiting for others to come up.

The main body had delayed itself to smash into a cabaret. Now, trundling casks of wine and some arm-in-arm, with pike-points forming crosses at their backs, the rabble joined the first doubters.

"Well, scoundrels, have you tried the doors?" sang out a burly butcher in apron, his meat-axe still in hand. "Are our mice within?—time to begin prodding."

And with such brief adjuration, he ascended the steps heavily and beat upon the doors. His futile efforts seemed to enrage him. "Pikes! crowbars!" he shouted, red-faced, and the steps filled with wielders of instruments.

A curious thing happened. To the first concerted blows upon them the doors gave way readily. They had

been left unbarred by order of the duke.

Red nightcap and bare head, heavy boots and wooden sabots rushed in and filled the entrance hall to overflowing.

Suddenly the screening portières of the salon were trampled down. A picture presented itself to the seekers. The Duc de Berac and Aspasie Saint-Méry stood back of a slender table, in mid-room, calm, as if receiving guests. A little wand of a thrusting sword, naked in his hand, was the only evidence that they were unwelcome ones.

The triple row of faces, pressed into the doorway, broke into laughter. They could at least value the good point of a farce.

Those behind began to push forward; the duke raised his sword for a stroke. Its thrust would mean a rush, a trampling under foot —and oblivion!



DE BERAC STANDS ON GUARD

The little door in the rear of the salon opened. Citizen Vermonde stepped in. "Stop! in the name of the Commune!" he ordered, shrilly.

Just in time, Citizen Vermonde; not a second too soon!

He advanced rapidly to put himself between the pair and the doorway. "Citoyen and Citoyenne Berac, you are under arrest. Tête-noir and Cochet, step forward and take them to the little door, there. Bons enfants," he continued, facing the mob, "the Committee of Public Safety requires their presence at the prison of *La Force*. It pains me to disappoint you, but"—his arm swept around the room—"there is still some house-cleaning for you to commence on."

A roar of baffled rage went up from the hallway, and was taken up by those still on the street. Then, like a broken log-jam, the congestion spilled itself into the empty salon.

What smashing of tall mirrors! What rending of furniture! And climbing on backs to pluck down crystal lusters! Nothing was overlooked. From the upper story, bedding, beds, screens, rare bronzes, came crashing and clattering into the street.

Rare tapestries were ripped down and slashed with knives. Clocks, still ticking, burst themselves upon the cobbles. Wine, dragged up from the cellars, was stove in, to be lapped, running, from the gutter. Around a huge bonfire of wreckage the Carmagnole dancers started their whirling steps.

In the meantime, Citizen Vermonde had conducted his charges to the gates of the prison of *La Force*.

Everywhere the prisons were filling up: a suffocation of aristocrats. The *Châtelet*, the *Conciergerie*, *Bicêtre*, *Salpêtrière* were crowded full. Not all this precious freight of king's men —now grown unprecious—have arrived safely. Almost under the gates of the *Abbaye*, thirty priests were torn from their carriages, to be trampled or sabered under foot.

Happily, the gates clanged shut on composed De Berac and his duchess.

They were led into the conciergerie, where a hairy citizen, with book and candle end, was busy entering names. Over him Citizen Vermonde bent and whispered that his prisoners be placed in separate cells. Inscrutable patriot! What benevolence, or what deviltry, is behind that handsome gamester's face?

And so they were parted, she clinging to the old duke, begging permission to stay with him; intuition, given to women, warning her of disaster.

A restless night for those given to pallets of stable straw; a night of sights for those that watched, sleepless, thru window bars. All the remaining hours torches flared ruddy in the courtyard, and tumbrils wheeled their disheveled passengers prisonward. Into overcrowded rooms latecomers were thrust, until standing-room became a problem to be solved by the ingenious. By some strange oversight, during the first ten of those horrible hundred hours, Aspasie Saint-Méry was left alone in her cell. At daybreak, beneath her, in a room bared of all fittings but one table, the revolutionary court of justice came to hold its sitting. The most sinister in all history!

A prisoner was led before it; two guards crossed sabers over his breast.

"Your name?" demanded the President.

"Mareschal Mallé."



THE DUCHESS IS BROUGHT TO THE PRISON OF LA FORCE

"Ah! Make a note of it."

"Your age?"

"Seventy."

"Do you know why you are arrested?"

"No; unless service to my king——"

"Silence!" thundered the gray-coated judge. "You are to be 'conducted' to *Bicêtre.*"

"It is frightful, monsieur," exclaimed the old officer; "your judgment is murder!"

He stood a moment, motionless, and then was conducted out.

At the folding gates he paused, too, looking into a tossing sea of pikes and faces. Not one showed mercy.

The gates closed behind him and he staggered forth, free—free to die of a hundred wounds in this lane of butchers.

"Another!" called the President, and the process was repeated, under the eyes of those crowded to the prison windows.

Little mocking points of fire started to play in his eyes.

"I am throwing the dice again," he said; "this time with a snap of the fingers."

She fell on her knees before him, overpowered by the man's insouciance.

"Keep back nothing, De Vouziers, I implore you—tell me what is on your mind."



CITIZEN VERMONDE AT LAST SHOWS HIS REAL SELF

At length, not daring to go to her window, into which those tell-tale cries kept mounting, Aspasie heard the key turn in her lock. Jacques Vermonde stood before her.

"The scene is unspeakable below," he said, by way of preface. "I can never wipe it out of my eyes."

She came close to him to search their unfathomable depths.

"Tell me, oh, tell me why we were brought here!" she besought him.

"The saving of your immortal souls."

She wept quietly at this turn of affairs.

"There is but one simple condition," he went on, "which you yourself will fulfill. As a well-known revolutionary spy and an officer of the Commune, I have but to appear before that travesty of a tribunal below and depose that Monsieur, my uncle, and you are guiltless of con-

spiracy against the country, and you will be free."

"And the condition?" she panted.

"That you permit yourself to love me."

She recoiled from him, shuddering. The snake had crawled out of the grass at last, and lay sunning in his loathsomeness.

"And if I refuse?"

Perhaps he would sanction her sacrifice. "You do not understand: it is noblesse oblige." The words rang, again, in her ears, and the picture of the old noble standing, fragile, by her side against the rabble, came to her.

"No; I cannot," she said.

"Is that all?" He turned to go.

Again the door opened and De Berac, between two turnkeys, entered



DE BERAC RECOGNIZES THE PERFIDY OF VERMONDE

The old deep smile lurked in his eyes again.

"I will undoubtedly be Monsieur le Duc's heir."

She remained silent a long while, thinking. The character of the man before her was fully revealed—her pure soul spurned him. Once free her, the creature could never measure swords with her scorn. Monsieur de Berac was an old man—he could not long survive this horrible adventure.

her cell. His eyes, with the prescience of one on the verge of death, seemed to read all that had passed between them.

"De Vouziers! You may leave."

Citizen Vermonde did. Having taken his gamble, with a snap of his fingers, perhaps he passed on to his oblivion, also!

De Berac turned to his wife. "My dear one, my name has been called."

She drew his arm within hers. "Is

it not an honor to be among the first?" she demanded, proudly.

"Messieurs," he said, turning to his guards, "permit Madame la Duchesse to go below with me—it is a little thing to ask."

And so, she leaning on his arm, they descended to the conciergerie, where others were still arriving, and the hairy man did not appear to have left his recording-book.

It was now night, the place lit by a single torch, and De Berac and Aspasie sauntered freely among friends.

"Is it not quite like a soirée?" he asked, smiling, of one. To another: "I fear the feathers all will have been plucked from your bed, monsieur."

She held his arm close with pride.

Finally he was summoned to the court of justice. The tribunal doors closed back of him. In a few minutes he returned as composed as before.

"They have condemned me," he said, without preface; "I made no defense—I am to be conducted to the *Abbaye.*"

"Where is the way?" she asked.

Two jailors stepped to the door and swung it open. "Citoyen Berac, we are waiting to conduct you."

Aspasie still clung to his arm. Thru the doorway, the bloody lane, now lit with torches, pointed the way. Pikes shook and rattled against the gate at their outcoming.

She looked down the path, even as far as the gate and beyond. Her eyes sought his.

"Kiss me—I am going, too!"

Which Shall It Be?

By LALICE MITCHELL

(With apologies)

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked in the glass my face to see.
  Dear patient glass that tells me yet
  My cheek is rose, my hair is jet.
Robert is rich, and takes me where
Strains operatic glad the air;
  Harry is fond of plays, and so
  Oft to the theater we go.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I asked my heart to answer me.
  Dear patient heart, that's tried so long
  To love, Someone, with passion strong.
Lealand to lectures seems inclined,
With him I'd cultivate my mind.
  But Joseph—Joseph will want to go
  Oft to the Motion Picture Show.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
Bob or Harry or Joe or Lee,
  Dear patient hour-glass, at last you say
  I must do my choosing while yet I may.
Somehow, riches and mental power
Fail to count in this crucial hour.
  'Tis Joe I love, and it must be Joe,
  Tho we visit only the Picture Show.

THE COWBOY KID



BY LEONA RADNOR

"HI! Whoop! Zip!" shrieked Teddy, as he swung his lariat, with the dexterity of a puncher cutting out cattle from the herd.

The outfit of the Bar W Ranch delightedly watched the eight-year-old boy's performance.

"Go it, kid!" encouraged Sam. The lariat sepentined in circles and figure eights as the boy's hand whirled it about his head. "Chuck, he'll be givin' you points yet," said Sam, turning to one of the punchers. "But it's a pity the kid cant ride, ain't it?" he finished, with a teasing grin.

"I can, too, Sam!" declared the boy, hotly. "An' you know I can!"

"Oh, I seen you sit a tame old cayuse that Methusaly could 'a' ridden; but that aint ridin'."

Tears of vexation sprang to the boy's eyes. Sam saw and inwardly smiled. "Why, you couldn't stick in this here saddle on Chuck's back."

"Come on an' try it, kid," invited Chuck, obligingly getting down on all fours and allowing Sam to throw the saddle on him.

Eager to prove himself one of the boys, Teddy was bounced into the saddle. Immediately, Chuck exhibited the qualities of a rebellious broncho. Up and down and sideways he jumped; he balked, he bucked, he reared—but Teddy held to the saddle like an old-timer. And, hot and breathless, Chuck was obliged to roll over, throwing off the saddle, before the boy could be unseated.

"Good stuff, kid!" applauded Sam. "We'll ask the old man to send you along on the round-up."

Teddy threw out his little chest proudly. Such approbation was an appreciable drop in his cup of happiness, for Teddy's absorbing ambition was to be a really, truly cowboy. His father, popularly known as "Old Man" Wilson, boss of the Bar W Ranch, humored his son in his love of the rough life and of the company of "the boys," who were devoted to the little chap. Teddy was consequently rigged out in full cowboy costume—large sombrero, knotted neckerchief, shaggy chaps, boots, and spurs. Even the customary holster and gun reposed upon the small hip of this miniature cowboy.

"Will you ask Pop 'bout the round-up soon's he gets back, Sam?" inquired the boy, anxiously, fearing to let the suggestion grow cold.

"Guess I will," responded Sam. "Oh, Jake! Howdy!" he said, turning to greet a newcomer. "How's things over to the 'Circle 9'?"

"All right. Where's the old man?" asked Jake.

"He's gone in to Lone Rock; seems he's goin' to bring out a artist chap from the East. But Miss Bee's in the house there," concluded Sam, with a sly nudge.

Jake, a tall, good-looking fellow, turned red at this open implication

of Sam's knowledge that the boss of the "Circle 9" was paying court to Bee Wilson. He made an attempt to look unconcerned, swinging Teddy around and questioning him.

"When'll Pop be back, kid?"

"I guess that's him now," exclaimed Teddy, breaking away and signalling with a blood-curdling yell a team that had turned into the ranch road.

and the men shook hands cordially. While this was going on, the door opened, and a handsome, dark-eyed girl crossed the porch and ran down the steps. "Well, Pop, I'm glad you're back again," she said, kissing him. "How d'ye do, Jake?" she greeted the ranchman. He held her hand for a moment longer than was necessary, but she withdrew it as if unconscious of his attentions and



BEE IS EMBARRASSED AT THE INSINUATING REMARKS OF TEDDY, THE "COWBOY KID"

A buckboard rattled up to the porch, and Wilson and a stranger alighted.

"Boys," said the boss of the "Bar W," "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Dick Paine. He's an artist and he wants to paint the country and the bronchos and the cows. He's goin' to stay with us; so you treat him right, or he'll be paintin' us all black when he gets back East again."

They all laughed at the boss's joke,

turned to meet the stranger. As her father introduced their guest, she looked into a pair of gray eyes that unmistakably expressed their admiration. Bee was not shy—her life on the ranch had made her almost boyish in her attitude toward men—but the look of pleased surprise that she read in the artist's face sent a rosy flush over the tan of her satiny skin. She ran lightly up the steps, laughing to hide her confusion.

"Come right in," she said, her hospitable instincts rising to the rescue. "You must be awfully tired and dusty. I'll show you to your room so's you can get freshened up before supper."

If Jake had felt a pang of jealousy at that first meeting of Dick and Bee, he was destined to be tortured by the jolly good fellowship to which that meeting was the prelude. They rode and drove together constantly, and Dick confided to Bee that he couldn't sketch unless she were with him. After this confession, she felt that she couldn't allow him to go on fruitless sketching tours.

One day, when they had ridden over the low-lying hills that skirted a distant boundary of the Bar W range, they discovered an apparently uninhabited cabin hidden in a gully. It contained a table, chairs, and a stove, but everything looked dusty and neglected; there were no provisions on the shelf, no signs of recent occupation.

"I guess this cabin's been abandoned some time," remarked Bee. Dick had found the spot picturesque and had set up his easel to make a sketch. Suddenly, Bee uttered an exclamation and hurried toward him. She held some scraps of paper in her hand and was fitting the torn edges together.

"See what I picked up," she said, in a frightened voice. She arranged the torn pieces on his canvas, and he read:

DEAR BILL:
Cabin watched. Not tonight. Look out. J.

Dick looked up with a puzzled frown. "What do you make of it?" he asked.

"Of course, I dont know; but it is certainly about something that is not right. It might be about the rustling—the cattle-stealing, you know. There's been quite a lot of it going on, and the ranches cant seem to get on the trail of any one."

"Well, if this is the rendezvous of desperadoes, it's no place for us."

"Yes, I guess we'd better make a start," acquiesced Bee, looking about apprehensively.

They mounted their horses and rode out of the gulch without meeting any one. As the day wore on, the incident grew less and less important and sinister, until it had been relegated to the background of her mind. Her father had been away selling a bunch of cattle, and when he returned in the evening, it was to put a roll of bills hurriedly into her hands, with injunctions to hide it in a safe place.

She brought a fancy box in which she kept knick-knacks and deposited the money in it.

"It'll be safe there," she said. "I'll put it at the back of this shelf."

"It's only till the morning," Wilson explained. "I'll go to the bank in the morning. But dont say anything about it to any one. The fewer that knows there's three thousand dollars cash in the house, the better."

Then he rushed out to talk over ranch affairs with the foreman.

The next morning, while Bee was setting the breakfast table, her father came in to her and, without his usual greeting, asked: "Bee, where's that money?"

"Why, isn't it in that box where we put it last night?" she replied.

"No; it isn't," answered her father, looking stern and white. "You're sure you didn't take it and put it anywhere else?"

"Pop, I never touched it after you saw me put it there," she declared, dropping the knives and forks to the table and growing icy cold. "It must've been stolen."

"Did you tell any one about it?" he demanded.

"Not a soul, Pop. You know I wouldn't be such a fool."

"Well, girl, some one knew about it. Some one heard us talking or saw us thru the window. The money's gone; but I'll get the thief if it takes the rest of my natural life to round him up!" he said, his jaws set in determination.

He hurried out to the porch and

hallooed to the boys in the bunkhouse. Sam, Chuck, and Bob came running up.

"Boys," he said, "I've been robbed of that roll I got for the cattle yesterday, and I'm goin' to start right now an' get the noose on the sneakin' thief."

"Say, Pop," called Teddy, as he emerged from the house, "where's Dick gone? I was goin' to ride with him this mornin'."

"Aint he in his room?" asked Wilson, quickly.

"Nope, an' his bed's all made up like he never slept in it," answered Teddy.

A savage gleam leaped to Wilson's eyes. "Have you boys seen anything of the artist this mornin'?"

No, they hadn't. Bee came out, looking anxious and wretched. "Seen the artist this mornin'?" he questioned her.

"No, Pop. Something must've happened to him last night; his bed hasn't been slept in."

"I guess we know all right what has happened to him! Saddle up, boys. What's that, Jim? The roan's missing? Horse thief, too, huh? Well, get on the trail of the black-hearted jackal! Teddy, take Graysides and lope over to Jake's with a note."

As Teddy raced to the stable for his mount, his father wrote a note telling Jake of the theft and asking his help in running down the thief.

In a few moments the ranch road rang with the clatter of hoofs as the cow-punchers and Teddy started on their errands. Bee stood on the porch and watched their departure, with a freezing sense of something having died within her. She couldn't think—she could only feel a hideous wretchedness and a dull resentment against the man who had rewarded their whole-hearted hospitality with



TEDDY DISCOVERS THE THIEVES



TEDDY GETS THE INCRIMINATING PAPER

infamy and had played the traitor to her confidence and affection.

Teddy galloped up the dusty road to Jake's ranch house, slipped to the ground and approached the door. Just beyond was an open window, and thru it drifted loud laughter and talking. Evidently Teddy's approach had not been heard. Recognizing Jake's voice, the boy ran to the window to deliver his message. He stretched up on his toes and looked in. Jake and Slim, his foreman, were busy counting out bills, which they were evidently dividing. A laughing remark of Jake's smote Teddy's ears with a significance that caused him instinctively to duck beneath the window-sill and listen.

"The devil took care of his own all right. That artist chap walking out of the house when he did certainly played right into our hands," said Jake.

"Cant yuh figger how the old man feels this mornin' when he finds the long green missin'?" laughed Slim. "An', oh, how easy to git it! Say, Jake, it makes me feel ashamed—it was so easy! Just a peek thru the winder, see the girl put it in that fool box, and then when they's asleep, in I goes an' lifts it."

"An' no one'll ever suspect us—not till after we've worked these parts to a finish an' quit of our own sweet will."

"Whatcher goin' to do with the tenderfoot over in the cabin?"

"Oh, we'll get him to sign a paper that he stole the wad, and then we'll run him out. Leave the arrangements of that little affair to me," replied Jake.

"Yuh'd better get at it pretty pronto, 'cause they'll be ridin' over every inch of the country to overhaul the thief. An' it mayn't be as easy as yuh think, for the tenderfoot was

mighty spunky last night, even with our two guns blinkin' at him."

"Dont fret about that, Slim. Buckle on your guns an' go over to Bill's with this."

Teddy heard the rustle of paper, then saw a sheet laid on the window-sill. Reaching up, he stealthily took the paper. In great excitement, he deciphered it. It ran:

DEAR BILL:
To-night's ours. The whole valley is out after that artist and Wilson's money. We can run that bunch of cattle across. Meet near cabin.

Teddy's indignation grew as he read, but he cautiously replaced the sheet of paper and slipped to the door. His knock brought Jake to answer it. Teddy delivered his father's note, and Jake smiled cynically.

"Tell Pop, Slim and me will do our best to run him down," he said, winking at Slim over the boy's head. He swung Teddy into the saddle with a great show of friendliness, and Teddy, precocious child that he was, met the deceit with a dissimulation as colossal. But rage was boiling in the boy's heart, and he spurred old Graysides home at top speed.

Bee was alone when Teddy dashed up to the porch. He excitedly told her of the talk and of the note to Bill.

"Near the cabin, the note said?" she asked, a light dawning upon her as she remembered that other note she had pieced together. "I know where it is. Teddy, there are only you and I left here, and something must be done immediately."

"Well, I'm game," announced Teddy, throwing out his chest and drawing his gun. "You've got your gun. We'll saddle Trix, and start right off."

Bee looked at the diminutive cowboy and hesitated. But taking in his steady glance and steady grasp on the gun, she felt that she had an ally. Together they went to the stable and saddled Trix, then galloped toward the low hills in which the abandoned cabin lay hidden in the chaparral of the *arroyo*.

Dick Paine glared defiantly at his captors. "No, I wont sign it!" he declared, at the same time struggling to free himself from the ropes that bound his arms to his sides.

Two men with handkerchiefs over their faces looked down on him vindictively.

"You'll sign all right before we get thru with you," said the stouter of the two. He turned to the stove, in which a fire was burning, and thrust the poker into the embers.

The one back of Dick's chair loosened the rope so that one hand was free. "We mean what we say, stranger, so yuh better sign before my pardner puts out the light in yur blinkers," he warned.

"And if I sign that I stole the money, what assurance have I that you'll let me go even then?" asked Dick.

"We make no promises," said the "pardner," in gruff tones. "What's to happen afterwards is our business. You sign, and pretty pronto!" He flourished the red-hot iron before his



DICK REFUSES TO SIGN



TEDDY AND BEE SURPRISE THE THIEVES

victim's eyes. Dick shrank back and picked up the pen. Then straightening himself and setting his jaw, he threw the pen from him. "I'll not sign that!" he said, with finality.

Curses broke simultaneously from the lips of the two men. "He thinks yu're bluffin'. Let him have it," urged the thin one.

The iron approached inch by inch, as the torturer adjured his horrified but determined captive to sign. The other man held out the pen. "Sign!" The iron neared his eyes; he could feel the scorching heat of it. "Sign!" His eyes smarted from the red-hot glow. "Sign!"

So intent were the three that they had failed to hear a rustling noise at the window. "Sign!"

"Hands up! Right up!" came from two wrathful young voices. Up went the hands of the masked men.

"Bee! Teddy! God bless you!" cried Dick, with a strangling sob.

"Take their guns, Teddy," counseled Bee, keeping the men covered: "then free Dick."

Teddy did as he was told. Dick took possession of the men's firearms. "Pull off those masks!" he commanded. The men hesitated, but the menacing thrust of four guns sent their hands to kerchiefs concealing their features.

"Jake! Slim!" cried Dick, in amazement. "You dirty coyotes!"

"I knew it was them all along," said Teddy, with a swaggering contempt.

"Tie them up, Dick, and we'll take them back to Pop and the boys," said Bee.

"I'll ride ahead an' see if I can run across any of them," offered Teddy, as he rushed out to old Graysides.

"For God's sake, Bee!" began Jake. But Dick shut him up and bound the rope tightly about him.

"Now, march!" commanded Dick, opening the door.

A short distance from the cabin they heard the sound of approaching horses. Jake and Slim exchanged glances, but Bee was too quick for them; before they could give a sig-



"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"

nal, she threatened them with instant death, and, using them as a shield, concealed herself and Dick behind them. The band of rustlers that rounded the curve were full upon the little group before they heard the command of "Hands up!" Four pairs of arms shot up into the air; and Bee, with her gun leveled straight before her, abstracted the rustlers' firearms from their holsters.

She had just finished her collection when there came a furious galloping down the *arroyo,* and, a moment later, Teddy appeared in a cloud of dust, leading his father's posse.

Dick was greeted with enthusiastic handshakes, and Bee was offered the unstinted homage of every man in the party, while Teddy, "The Cowboy Kid," was lifted from the ground to their shoulders and borne in triumph to his saddle on his beloved Graysides.

Terrifying as had been Dick Paine's experience, he evinced no desire to shake the dust of the range from his feet. Bee may have known the reason of his dallying, but she turned a very innocent face to the quizzing world. Even Dick concluded that nothing less than an outright question would give him a clue. He stole up on her as she sat in the hammock on the porch, apparently absorbed in a novel. Plucking a rose from the clambering bush, he touched the waxy petals to the girl's rounded cheek. She looked up with a frank smile.

"Pray accept this from me," he said seriously. "It is one of your own roses, but I have entrusted it with a message—please read it."

She looked at him, then back at the rose, as if uncertain of his meaning. He clasped his hand over the one that held the stalk.

"Look deep down into its heart," he said, parting the petals. She began to understand, and blushed.

"Down in its deep red heart I breathed the message, 'I love you.' "

She put the rose to her lips.

"Sweetheart!" he exclaimed, as his arm stole about her.

"I have given the rose *my* message," she announced, shyly.

"And it is?" he asked, eagerly.

"I love you!"

He crushed her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"Hi! Whoop! Zip!" came from close behind them, and there was Teddy, grinning like a young imp. He danced in glee, jingling his spurs, slapping his shaggy chaps, throwing his sombrero into the air. They could neither scare nor coax him.

"Bless you, my children!" he yelled, with true cowboy zest. And, accompanied by wild whoops, skyward with the spitting fire and smoke from his six-gun went the blessings of The Cowboy Kid.

Cap and Gown

By LILLIAN MAY

There once was a bright high-school lass,
The prettiest girl in her class,
Who looked with a frown
On a plain cap and gown,
And wailed to her mother, "Alas!

"I want a nice fluffy white gown,
The prettiest slippers in town,
A new sash to wear,
Big bows on my hair,
Not an ugly old black cap and gown.

"The boys think they're stunning, they vow,
But I can just tell them right now,
I'll not be a fright
On commencement night,
They'll all look alike, anyhow!"

But the girl changed her mind that same day,
After seeing a new Photoplay;
For it showed on the screen
A commencement day scene,
With the girls in scholastic array.

She viewed them with wond'ring delight,
And declared to her mother that night:
"They're perfectly swell,
And becoming as well,
The cap and the gown are all right!"

A Tribute

By GLADYS HALL

I'm poor 'n' lame 'n' never walk
Unless I use a crutch,
'N' that's always sorter painful,
So I never leave home much.
I know I'll never travel,
'N' books dont come my way,
But say! I'm king o' all the earth,
'Cause of that Photoplay.

My brother, Jim, is always
A tellin' of the game,
Or soldiers that he sees parade,
Or some one big in fame;
I listen 'n' I kinder grin 'n' think,
"I've got yer beat—I see all that,
'N' then some more,
On that swell Picturesheet."

I think when I'm an angel
With wings so I can fly,
'N' when God makes me strong 'n' well,
'N' throws my crutches by,
Sometimes there'll come a tiny wish
For my poor, helpless feet,
'N' that place on our corner
With the bully Photosheet.

CAPTURED BY BEDOUINS



By LEONA RADNOR

An uncomfortable silence had fallen between them. The young Englishman was silent because he felt that the moment had arrived for putting the most momentous question of a man's life; and the girl, who seemed lost in revery, had a presentiment of his intention and was vainly searching her mind for some way of warding off the proposal. It was evening—a moon-bathed, Egyptian evening—and they sat in the garden of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. He watched her averted face for a few moments, and, deriving courage from the sympathetic lines of her piquant profile, bent toward her and asked the question.

She turned to him slowly, hesitantly. "I'm sorry, Lieutenant Greig," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "but I cant marry you."

"Is there some one else?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she hastened to assure him. "It is only that I dont love you. I like you very much and I hope we may still be friends." She held out her hand pleadingly. He took it and held it.

"Doris, dont let this be final!" he begged.

"I'm afraid I cant give you any other answer," she said, regretfully, withdrawing her hand.

There was the sound of voices just behind them and Doris turned to greet her father and her brother Jack.

"Ah, here you are!" exclaimed Judge Barnett. "Would you like to go for a little stroll thru the town?"

"Not I, father," answered Doris. "I've done my share of strolling today and I'm very tired, so I think I shall go right to bed." With a good-night to them all, she walked languidly along the palm-shaded path to the hotel.

But when she reached her room, she felt no inclination to sleep. She was not so much tired as perplexed, upset, baffled by her own feelings. Aboard the liner on which she had met Lieutenant Greig, she had imagined herself in love with him. Jack was the first to make the acquaintance of the *blasé* Englishman and he immediately became one of the Barnett party. He and Doris were constantly together, and the propinquity but strengthened the attraction he had held for her from the first moment—an attraction that was not diminished by his evident enjoyment of her society. If he had asked her then, she would undoubtedly have said, "yes." But since coming to Cairo, she had experienced an indefinable change in her feelings. It was not that she had any reason to like him less. On the contrary, he was more interesting than ever in this strange city. He knew it well, every nook and corner of it. He spoke Arabic with the merchants squatting in their lair-like booths, haggled ludicrously in true Oriental fashion over the purchases Doris wished to make, and gave added enjoyment to every moment of her sight-seeing.

Yet, there was something in the atmosphere of the place, in the transition to the weird and mysterious, that engendered a restlessness, a nervous excitability, and hesitancies of her thought and action. She didn't know herself any more; she seemed momentarily to be expecting something to happen that would decide her fate.

"Oh, for the wisdom of the Sphinx!" she exclaimed. "To be able to decide and know that my decision is right!"

The Sphinx! That great monster of the desert that centuries of sandstorms, centuries of corrosion had not been able to rob of its majesty and of its expression of supernal wisdom! Doris had seen it in the heat and blaze of day, when the desert itself looked like materialized yellow sunlight. "How glorious, how unearthly it must be in this moonlight!" she murmured. "Alone out there, with no tourists babbling and laughing—oh, I must see it! I know it will settle my doubts about Lieutenant Greig, and those must be settled before I can sleep." As she talked, she rapidly changed her evening gown for a walking suit.

It took some maneuvering to get out of the hotel without being seen; but, at last, she found herself in the garden, and, as tho Fate were lending a hand in the venture, she stumbled across Hafin, the very guide of whom she had gone in search.

Out on the desert, to the east of the Pyramids of Gizeh, a band of marauding Bedouins rested. The men sat in a circle, smoking, and their camels lay in a row, their eyes sleepily fixed upon their masters and their heads swaying gently. Suddenly, one of the men, looking north, uttered an exclamation. In the distance, picked out and raised in unnatural relief on that vast surface that shimmered in the moonlight, an Arab could be seen leading a camel that carried a rider.

The vulture-like eyes in the sun-scorched faces of the Bedouins gleamed.

"A woman! A Roumi woman!" exclaimed one.



DORIS REFUSES THE LIEUTENANT

"The Roumis are rich," remarked another, "and they greatly prize their women."

By this time, they were stealthily approaching their camels and preparing to mount.

"Allah be praised that it is so!" responded another. "For it is many moons since I have seen a piece of gold."

"A-a-ah!" they cried softly to their camels. "A-a-ah!"

With groans and grunts, the animals rose, and, in obedience to guiding hands and blows, started at a swift, swinging stride in pursuit of the lone rider and her dragoman.

Hafin saw them first. "Mees Barnett!" he cried. "These are robbers coming after us! We must run. Hold tight!"

But the Bedouins had the fleeter animals, and Doris, rocked and jolted in her wild flight, could hear the soft crush of their feet coming nearer and nearer. Then, like a flock of vultures, they swooped down upon her, tore the faithful Hafin from her side and dragged her from the saddle. Hafin struggled and fought valiantly, and Doris did not submit to her capture until utterly exhausted by a futile resistance. Then she and Hafin were placed on camels and carried in triumph over the desert to the Bedouins' village.

They were greeted with demonstrations of joy, the yelping of the children and the shrill "Lu-lu's!" of the women mingling with the barking of dogs. Doris was a great curiosity, and they crowded about her and mauled her until the chief of the band thrust her into a reed-covered hut and gave orders that she was to be left alone. She sank down upon the reed-strewn floor of the hut, weary and aching from her rough ride.

"This is a nice state of affairs!" she reflected. "My visit to the Sphinx, instead of helping me out of a difficulty, has put me in deeper than ever. Of course, they're after a ransom; and now, father and Jack will know what a fool I am!"

Lieutenant Greig was out for a morning canter. He was thinking of Doris. He had been hard hit by her answer of the night before. He had fancied that she cared for him, and he knew her to be of too fine a nature to encourage a man for the sake of winning a proposal. He was realizing how much he had missed not seeing her that morning, when he noticed that the Arab approaching him on a run was gesticulating as if to attract his attention. He recognized Hafin and drew rein beside him.

"Mees Barnett!" gasped Hafin, his breath coming in sobs.

"Yes, what about Miss Barnett?" rapped out Greig, scenting something amiss.

"Some Bedouins catch her last night. She is in their *duar*. They send me to her father for much gold," panted Hafin.

"How far is this *duar?*" Greig asked in Arabic.

Hafin gave him the directions.

"Go to Mr. Barnett and tell him to get soldiers and ride fast. I'll go ahead."

Hafin was off again almost before Lieutenant Greig had finished speaking. The latter touched the spurs to his horse and bounded off on the trail of the robbers. He had covered several miles when he encountered an Arab riding a camel. The Englishman jumped from his horse and beckoned to the Arab to dismount. He asked for the loan of the camel and the man's burnous and haik. The Arab refused insolently. With a savage blow, Greig felled him to the earth, where he lay as if dead. Swiftly, Greig divested him of his flowing burnous and haik. Wrapping himself in the ample folds and binding the haik about his head, he applied a match to his handkerchief until he held a charred mass in his hand. With this he rubbed his face and hands, converting his fair English skin into a swarthiness that would go unquestioned. Then, he mounted the camel, and, leaving his horse to make its way back to Cairo, he set off for the robbers' *duar*.

His arrival could not have been better timed, for, according to the custom of the desert, the inhabitants of the village were taking their midday nap. The sheik of the village and an Arab who appeared to be acting as sentry over a reed hut were the only ones who seemed at all interested in the strange Arab. Some of the men who were lounging about disappeared into their tents or huts and left Greig and the sheik exchanging compliments. Etiquette forbade that the sheik should ask any personal questions of the stranger; but as an ingenious way of discovering whether the visitor carried anything of value about with him, and on the chance of transferring any trouble that might come from the capture of the Roumi woman, he offered to sell her to Greig. With an assumed indifference, Greig asked to see her. She was brought from the hut, and Greig rose slowly and looked her over. As he passed behind her, he whispered: "Dont start and dont look surprised. Stay near the back of the hut."

Then he calmly sat down and told the sheik that he had no money and couldn't buy her.

An hour later, the sheik and the guard had succumbed to the general somnolence. Greig crept to the back of Doris's hut and pulled away the thatching. She helped from the inside, and after a few moments' work, she was able to crowd out. They ran to the camel Greig had ready, and were up and away before an alarm was given. Tottering out of their sleep, the tribesmen roused their camels, mounted, and, with wild shouts, made after the escaping Roumis. Both Doris and the lieutenant urged their animal to his utmost speed, but the Bedouins were gradually lessening the distance between them. Then a bullet spatted the sand just behind them. Lieutenant Greig turned and sent an answering shot from the rifle he carried. Then the shots came thick and fast and the band was gaining rapidly on them.



THE LAST STAND

"We cant outdistance them, so we'll have to hold them off as long as we can," he said. "Help will surely be here soon. So, we'll make the camel lie down and serve as a protection."

Obedient to the command, the animal knelt down, and they slipped be-

hind the living bulwark. Greig rested the rifle on the camel to take aim, but fell back with a groan, and his right arm dropped to his side.

"You're shot!" cried Doris, with genuine grief.

"It's my right arm, too," he said thru clenched teeth.

"Rest here," said Doris, urging him to sit down, at the same time that she grasped the rifle and took his place. But the Arabs had ceased firing and were scattering in great confusion. Then, behind them, Doris caught a glimpse of soldiers, and, as they galloped after the Arabs, her father and Jack came into view.

"Here they are!" she cried excitedly to Greig. And "here we are!" she screamed to both her father and Jack.

In another moment, she was clasped in their arms and telling them what a perfect little fool she had been and what a perfect hero Lieutenant Greig had been. And she made much of his wounded arm as her father and Jack grasped his hands and thanked him. Then, meeting his eyes as they sought hers for something more than gratitude, she threw her arms about his neck and, despite his blackened face, kist him full on the lips.

"Does this mean 'yes'?" he whispered.

Doris nodded.

"I shall make a thank-offering to the Sphinx for this," he smiled.

"So shall I," she murmured, "for helping me to know what is in my heart."

The Dragons

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

When people laugh at fairy-lore,
  And say that dragons never were;
And teach their children that no more
Do fays keep guard their slumbers o'er,
  And elves and witches are a blur.

I say, when all this comes to pass,
  I smile with inner knowledge glad;
For well I know each little lass
Who scampers over yonder grass,
  And every winsome little lad,

Will believe in dragons when I say
  That I have seen them times galore.
But merely pictures of them? Nay;
Come down the street a little way,
  Between the market and the store.

'Tis but a Moving Picture Show?
  Ah, yes, but dragons lurk inside!
It seems a foolish place, I know,
On such a solemn quest to go—
  But here the dragons surely hide.

Step in, my dears; take care—'tis dark!
  Creep cautiously down yonder lane;
What is that rhythmic whirring? Hark!
Turn round and upward gaze, and mark
  Those glowing eyeballs, twain on twain!

Hush! 'Tis the dragons' secret lair!
  See how their breaths stream golden fire!
And in a moment over there
Will belch a rosy gleam, to flare
  Like flame on some wild wind-swept pyre!

It is their den up there aloft—
  Behind that wall they roar and stamp;
Bring hither those who sneered and scoffed
At fairy tales so oft and oft,
  That their assurance we may damp!

Aye, fairies on the forward screen,
  And dragons caged in yonder den;
And elves and witches, too, I ween,
To lure us slyly from the scene,
  And bring us to the street again!



THE windows of the library faced the west. They were wide open, and a summer breeze crept in between the silken draperies and fluttered the pages of the half dozen ponderous volumes which lay waiting for their owner to resume his research. Growing bolder, it lifted a page or two of his carefully written notes, dropping them lightly, like white stains, upon the crimson of the rug. Still, the occupant of the room gave no heed. He was sitting motionless, his dark head resting upon thin, strong hands, his features tense, his eyes fixed upon a sheet of paper, sprinkled with a few penciled words and weighted by a small, glittering object. The wandering breeze strayed on, touching the petals of the roses which filled a low bowl close to his arm. Their faint, sweet perfume stole upon his senses, and he sprang up suddenly, seizing one of the pink beauties and crushing it against his lips with savage tenderness.

"Oh!" he cried, "how can I bear it? How have I borne it so long? Two years—and every moment laden with longing for her—two years! Now it shall end! I will go to her—to her and the babe!"

He dropped the crushed flower, and grasping the glittering, deadly little object which weighted the paper, crossed quickly to the window and stood staring out across the green peacefulness of the valley to the mountains beyond. The sky was barred with the soft amber and pink of the dying day, and shadows were gathering in the hollows of the hills. As he looked, grayness replaced the gold; the mountains became mere blurs upon the horizon; the brightness of the meadows sank into dimness, and the glitter of the man's eyes died into a look of dull despair.

He lifted his hand with a swift, stern gesture, and the glittering object shone against the dark locks clustering thickly at his temples.

"My Helen," he murmured. "I come to you—my love—my——"

The hand dropped, sharply; a tremor stole over him; he lifted his head, listening.

The wandering breeze had strayed back again, bringing with it a clear voice, which rang jubilantly thru the gray mist of the evening.

"Blessed are they—," chanted the singer, "blessed are they—," and a chorus of sweet boyish voices caught up the notes in a triumphant burst of: "blessed are they that mourn!"

Was it chance which wafted into that window the music from the little church across the way? In that moment's pause a door opened, and a sweet-faced, white-haired woman crossed the room swiftly, laying a gentle hand upon the man's shoulder.

"John!" she cried, as his anguished face turned toward her, "what is it?"

Then, as her eye caught the glitter in his hand, she snatched the weapon from him, with a scream.

"Oh, my boy—my poor boy!" she sobbed. "Would you do this? Would you leave me alone in my old age? Do you think that Helen would welcome you with this stain upon your soul?"

For a long time, John Mason gazed into his mother's pleading, terrified eyes. Then, with a groan, he dropped into a chair, sitting silent while she moved quietly about the room, drawing the curtains, turning on lights, tidying the papers which the vagrant

breeze had tossed, watching him constantly with anxious, pitying eyes. At last she went close to his side, and spoke with trembling voice.

"John, dear," she said, softly, "there are other sad hearts—other blighted lives. Go, my boy, and find comfort in lifting some other soul's sorrow. It is the only way."

"How can I?" gasped the man, bewildered. "What do I know of other sorrows? Where shall I find them?"

"Seek for them yourself—there is no other way. So shall you find peace, my son!"



MRS. MASON THWARTS JOHN'S MELANCHOLY PLANS

There was a light like a star's soft shining upon the sweet face, and, as he looked at her, a tiny spark from the brightness of her hope and faith entered the man's heart.

"I will try, mother," he declared, bravely. "Let me think it out."

He turned to the window again, pushing aside the curtains, and looked out into the night. There was a smooth, dusty road which led out of the village, across the level fields, straight up to the hilltop, where trees stood out against the sky. A full moon had risen above the dark fringe of trees, and the road shone in the clear light like a shimmering silver ribbon. The man turned abruptly and faced the woman, a new look dawning in his sad eyes.

"Mother," he said, "do you remember how Helen loved the night—the stars — the silence — the white moonlight? I'm going to follow that road, toward the hilltop. Dont think I'm crazy—dont worry—I swear I'll come back to you. Something tells me that somewhere on that shining road I shall find peace."

So, while the mother waited and prayed, as only a mother can, John Mason fared forth in the white moonlight, on his quest for peace.

Beyond the hills lay another valley, and the road which wound so smoothly up the gentle slopes where John Mason's eyes rested, dropped in swift, straight descent down the other side. There, just where the road turned sharply into the valley, stood a square, prim old farmhouse, with no softening vines or shrubbery to relieve the sharp angles. Even in the mellowing touch of the summer the place looked cold and desolate.

The interior of this house was as sharp and uncompromising as its exterior. No rugs, no fluttering draperies, no soft, cozy fireside nooks. The stiff chairs were set primly at right angles, and their positions had never changed during the forty years that Hester Smith had ruled the house. Ugly crayon portraits of stern-visaged ancestors glared from the walls of the parlor, while awful Scriptural warnings, embossed upon cardboard, enlivened the blue-painted sides of the kitchen. Altogether it was as dreary a place as one could imagine; the wildest stretch of fancy could not picture children romping thru the immaculate rooms, nor hear the patter of tiny feet upon the bare stairs.

But there was a child in the kitchen —a tiny, brown-eyed girl, in a big gingham apron—who stood upon a chair by the tall sink, washing dishes. She looked as forlorn as one would expect a child to look in such sur-

roundings. Big tears rolled down her cheeks, and, as she stopped to wipe them away without attracting the attention of the sharp-faced woman who was bustling about the room, a choking sob broke from her. The woman turned, instantly.

"If it dont beat all!" she exclaimed, wrathfully. "I s'pose you're crying yet about that dog. You certainly are the ungratefullest youngone! Here I took you in when your ma died, and I feed you and clothe you and intend to let you go to school when it begins, and now you fuss and cry because I wont let you throw out good bread to a dog."

"But he's hungry, Aunt Hester," pleaded the child, her sobs breaking out afresh, "and it was my own bread that you gave me for my supper, and I saved it for him."

"It makes no difference," snapped the aunt, "I wont waste good victuals on a dog. I'm going to sell him, anyhow, first chance I get. I had Dan Parker make me a sign today, and tomorrow morning it will be on our front gate—do you understand?"

It was a large, white card, with staring black letters:

FOR SALE CHEAP
FINE COLLIE DOG
INQUIRE WITHIN

The child's face turned white as she read it and she fell down upon the floor in an agony of grief, catching at her aunt's dress, with tiny, imploring hands.

"Oh, Aunt Hester," she sobbed, "you wouldn't really do it, would you? Why, Jean's my very own dog; I've had him ever since I was born. He's all I've got left, now mama's gone! Please let me have him."



AUNT HESTER DECIDES TO SELL JEAN

"Get right up off that floor and go to bed, and let's not have any more foolishness! Your ma left you to me and I'll do my duty by you, but I wont have any dog around, and that's all there is to it!"

The child obeyed, climbing the stairs to the bare, clean little room, where she soon sobbed herself to sleep. But her grief and anxiety were too deep to be easily banished, and she

slept fitfully, turning restlessly and murmuring broken sentences about her beloved pet.

Two hours passed, and Aunt Hester slept calmly, untroubled by any thoughts of her harshness. The old house was very quiet, within and without, when the child woke and thought, with a fresh burst of grief, of the trouble that was impending.

gan to dress herself with hurried, noiseless movements.

Down the stairs she stole, her little bare feet making no sound, across the kitchen floor, into the pantry. When she came out again she held a basket. Still moving noiselessly, she detached one of the cardboard mottoes from the wall, took a pencil from behind the clock, placed the card upon a table



ADELE AND JEAN START OUT TO FIND A BUYER

"Some one will buy him right away," she sobbed, "he's such a dear doggie. If they'd only buy me, too!"

Suddenly she sat upright in the little bed, a new thought drying her tears and bringing a hot flush to her face.

Very cautiously she stole to the window and peeped out. The moon had risen, and in its light she saw, tacked to the picket gate by the road, a big white card. She turned away, nodding her head decidedly, and be-

where the moonlight shone in, and laboriously printed a few words. Then she stole out into the yard and gave one low whistle. Instantly, a beautiful collie sprang up and capered joyously around her.

"Hush, Jean!" she cautioned, with warning finger, "you mustn't make a noise. We're going 'way off to sell ourselves."

The dog understood and walked quietly beside her, thru the gate with its hateful sign, into the road.

"Now, which way shall we go?" she whispered. "That way, it's all nice and level, but we couldn't hide so well, and the neighbor folks would know us. I guess we'll go up this steep road, over the hill, and find somebody to buy us."

Jean wagged his tail, assentingly, and the two little waifs began their journey up the steep road, their eyes fixed hopefully on the fringe of trees at the hilltop.



ADELE AND JEAN FIND A NEW HOME

The road seemed to run on before John Mason, like a shining river, and he followed it, obeying a strange, blind impulse which he did not try to explain. It was many miles across the broad fields and up the long slopes, where the road ran in curves and bends like a huge thread looped into a fantastic pattern. Once he paused, where a rustic bridge ran high above a foaming stream. He bent forward, and the black waters leaped high, as if beckoning to him. For a moment he gazed, fascinated, then he turned resolutely away.

"No, no," he muttered, "I must reach the hilltop!"

At first he walked with feverish speed, but as the hours passed, the nervous tension relaxed, and peace sank into his soul. The morn waned, at last, and he trod the long road lighted palely now by the stars. The stars stole away, one by one, and dawn crept slowly over the land, the rosy light touching the fringe of trees into brightness as he approached. His face was expectant—eager. He knew not what he expected; he only knew that he had followed a mystic call and it had led him there.



THEY ALL DECIDE TO BEGIN LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN, TOGETHER

As he gained the very summit of the hill a low cry escaped him, and he stopped, in wonderment. There, almost concealed by the low branches of a great pine, lay a fair, dimpled child, her face flushed, her curly head resting upon a dog's silken side. Beside them lay a little basket—empty, and over their heads, tacked to the sheltering pine, was a card, lettered by a childish hand:

FORE SAIL
CHEAP
ONE LITTLE GURL
AND ONE
HANSOME DOG
THEY'RE US

As he looked, the child opened her eyes and sprang to her feet, but not in fright. Joy shone from her eyes as she ran forward.

"Oh," she cried, "have you come to buy us? You look like a nice man!"

Little by little, John Mason drew the child's pitiful story from her. She snuggled close to him as she talked, and the dog crept near, too, laying his nose on the man's knee, trustingly.

"You look lonesome, too, man," said the child, looking up into his face with an intuitive understanding. "I guess you want Jean and me to love you, dont you?"

With a sudden, passionate gesture he caught her to his breast and rose, facing homeward.

"You are mine," he said. "Here on the hilltop have I found you—my Peace. And below, in the valley, our home waits for us. We shall begin life again—you and I, together."

"Us and Jean," laughed the child.

The library windows are open again and the summer breeze strays in as before. It rumples the brown curls of a little girl who romps with a collie dog upon the floor. It caresses the white hair of a woman who watches the frolic with loving eyes. Then it wafts a strain of music to the man, who writes at a table. He crosses to the window, saying: "Come here, Peace."

The child runs to him, and, as he lifts her in his arms, she lays her soft cheek to his with a sigh of happy content, as they listen.

Thru the window floats a glad refrain.

It came from the church across the way.

They listened:

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."



They're Eddicational

By H. CLINTON BEAGARY

My pa, he says, the other night,
"They says these things is out of sight—
These here new-fangled Picture Plays.
Let's go to one tonight," he says.

But ma, she says, she says, says she,
"Maybe their morals wont agree
With little Bill and Emmiline—
Maybe——," says ma. But pa he seen

Right off that ma she didn't know
The least thing 'bout the Picture Show;
And so he says, my pa, says he,
A-winkin' slow at Em and me:

"Why, ma, them notions that you state
Is surely somethin' out o' date.
The Movie Show needs no reproof—
In fact," says he, "to tell the truth,

"Great minds and learned institutes
The Picture Drama so well suits
That they has dubbed them fine, as well
As strictly eddicational.

"Put on yer hat——," my pa, says he,
"Dont stop to argufy with me—
And you and Bill and Emmiline
Will see the things you ought to seen

"Some time ago." And, say, we did.
I'm only just a little kid,
But all the books that I have read,
And all my teachers might have said,

Aint nothin' nowise to compare
With all the things that I saw there.
And my pa says, he says, says he,
If good in grammar I will be,

All times in school, that he each day
Will send me to a Picture Play.
"For," as he says, my pa, says he,
"In that way you'll learn history

"And geography, and things as well
That's really mighty hard to *tell*,
But strictly eddicational—

"For you can get," my pa, he says,
"A college course in Picture Plays."



SKULKING among the rocks and brushwood of a strip of woods that straggled to within a few rods of the prison wall, a man watched intently for some sign from the forbidding mass of gray stone. Under one arm was wedged a bundle that gave him considerable concern. At the crackling of a twig, he would quickly thrust the bundle out of sight, in a bush or among the rocks. Then, assuring himself of the baselessness of his alarm, he would once more take it up and continue to watch the prison wall.

At last, his vigil was rewarded. Two hands appeared over the edge, the fingers tense, the knuckles white, as tho supporting the strain of a suspended body. Then a head, in a round, striped cap, came into view, the eyes peering fearfully over, as if half-expecting a thwarting of escape. Finding no obstacle, the body, in its striped garb, quickly followed, slipped over the wall, dropped, and slinkingly made for the corner.

"S-s-t!" signaled the man in the woods. The convict turned in fear. The other rose from his crouching position and beckoned to him. The convict ran to him in precipitate eagerness.

"Dave!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "I was afraid you wouldn't manage it!"

"Well, here I am an' wid de fixin's jist as we talked it over when I wuz yer cell-mate. If I promise a t'ing, I does it, see?" whispered back Dave, as the two warily made their way deeper into the woods. In trembling eagerness, the convict accepted the bundle of clothes and a roll of bills.

"Dere's a wad dat'll get yuh to de line. Yer old pals give up like little men when I put it to them. Now, get a gait on! I done all I kin, an' hereabouts aint any healthier fer me than fer you. Dont stop to pick posies till yuh're over de line!" Dave turned with this injunction, but the other stopped him with a hand outstretched in gratitude.

"You've done a square thing, pal, and I'll not forget it!" the convict assured him, wringing his hand. But Dave jerked away, and, stooping, swiftly and tortuously sped toward the river.

The other, at the same instant, set his face toward the north and plunged into the depths of the woods. He stopped from time to time to listen, but no sounds of pursuit broke the silence about him. During one of his pauses, he tore off the striped prison garb and put on the clothes Dave had brought him. Stuffing the discarded uniform into the hollow of a tree, he fled onward, trembling at the snapping of a twig, starting violently as a rabbit bounded across his path.

He had gone many miles, when the sound of running water intruded upon the solitude. Large rocks concealed the stream from the fugitive, and he was about to clamber over them, when the sight of a figure on the opposite bank caused him to sink down with a wildly palpitating heart. The figure was that of a little girl

about eight years of age. She carried a bucket, and, intent upon filling it, crossed the brook on stepping-stones and dipped into clear and rippling water. But when she tried to draw the bucket up, she found it too heavy for her frail strength. Persisting in her efforts, the bucket became wedged between two stones, and all her tugging would not budge it.

The man, in his hiding place, heard the child panting and whimpering, which he subjected it became of his own choosing more and more disreputable, he preserved a love and tenderness for younglings, and especially for children. Their round-eyed innocence and wonderment, their helplessness and their trustfulness, always roused in him, somehow, an emotion of painful sweetness. He could not bear to see them suffer or listen to their magnified little griefs without playing the comforter and protector.



"YOU AREN'T AFRAID OF ME, ARE YOU?"

and, when these evidences of distress were followed by a wail of defeat and a settled sobbing indicative of utter hopelessness, he peered round the sheltering rock. The little girl sat huddled on the bank, her tousled head bobbing convulsively as she sobbed, and her tears mingling with the brook as it chattered over its stones.

Now, deep under the calloused rind that had gradually enveloped the man's nature as the social attrition to And this child, weeping over her troubles in the solitude of the woods, seemed so in need of sympathy, perhaps of help, that he crept from his concealment and approached her.

"What's the matter, kiddie?" he asked softly.

She scrambled up and looked at him in scared uncertainty.

"You aren't afraid of me, are you?" he pursued, reassuringly.

"No-o-o, sir," she answered, her voice broken with suppressed sobs.

"Now, tell me what's the matter," he coaxed.

"I cant get the bucket up an' ma'll be mad an' lick me," she explained, with a fresh gush of tears.

The man laid caressing hands on her small shoulders. "Stop your crying, kiddie," he said, "I'll get your bucket."

He stooped and drew it out of the stream. "Why, child, you cant carry this!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I got to," she hastily assured him, as she grasped the handle. Her slight figure bent almost double with the strain of lifting.

"Where do you live?" asked the man, taking the bucket from her.

Quick to read the man's purpose, her reply was full of encouragement: "Oh, it's just a little ways."

"Who's up at your house?"

"No one but ma an' my little sister."

"Any men around the place?"

"Nope; just ma and sister and me —but she isn't my real mother; she 'dopted me."

His fears somewhat allayed by this information, he bade the child go ahead and he would carry the water. Crossing the brook and following a path thru a thicket, they came to the rear of the house. Here the fugitive considered it best to stop, but the child threw open the door and urged him to deposit his burden inside. Every nerve on the alert, he entered what appeared to be the bar of a dilapidated and rarely patronized road-house. There was no one about, and a feeling of comparative security enabled him to relax from his vigilance and smile at the little girl whose great, clear eyes looked at him with trustfulness and liking. Until he saw that look, he did not realize how starved his heart was and how it craved the pure affection of some being who would know only the good side of him. He took the child's soft little hands in his.

"Well, little girl, I must be traveling on now; but I'm not going to forget you. What is your name, dear?"

"Betty," she answered promptly, as if acquitting herself of a preliminary courtesy before presuming to satisfy her curiosity. "Now, tell me your name, an' where'd you come from?"

Brought to himself with a jerk, the man's face was swept by a death-like pallor. Before he could reply, his ears caught the sound of steps in the passage. In a stride, he was across the room and peering thru the curtained window. The door opened, and a slatternly woman, with a hard face, called to Betty from the threshold.

"Oh, there you are!" she exclaimed, entering the room as the little girl answered. "Goodness knows, it took you long enough to get back! You're a lazy, good-for-nothing girl! I suppose you waded in the brook."

"No, I didn't, ma," protested Betty.

"Dont you answer me back and tell me fibs! I know you and your lazy ways. Look at your dress all wet!" she shrilled, shaking and cuffing the child.

The man, in his shadowy corner, clenched his hands in rage, and when the woman, instead of desisting, was inspired with fresh motives for administering punishment, he came quickly to the rescue of Betty. He snatched her from the smiting hands and spoke his wrath.

"Shame on you! What sort of woman are you to beat a child like this? And for what?" he demanded.

"For everything!" threw back the woman, defiantly. "She's a lazy creature; I get no good out of her. She eats more food in a day than she's worth in a year! But who are you, to come in here and question what I do?" she queried, scornfully, looking him up and down.

"That's none of your business," he retorted, sternly. "It was my duty to protect this child from abuse." Here he felt the nervous twitching of Betty's little fingers clinging to his. A daring impulse moved him to say: "I understand that she is not your daughter, and you admit that she is a burden to

you. I'll relieve you of that burden and adopt her myself."

The woman's face lengthened into an aggrieved expression. "I've gone thru the worst of it with her," she whined, "and she's just beginning to get some sense, and help me a bit."

The man felt the little fingers twining about his appealingly.

"As she's such an expense to you," he persisted, ironically, "you should be glad to be rid of her, especially if offered a price." He drew the roll of bills from his pocket, and counted out fifty dollars. The woman's eyes blazed greedily. "Well, is it a bargain?" he asked.

She held out her hand, and, wonderingly, counted the money, as he told it out, note by note. Her eyes were still fixed upon it, trance-like, when the man, momentarily forgetting pursuit in the elation of a new resolve, led his delighted little charge from the house.

"Am I always going to be with you?" she asked, timidly.

He gave a quick glance over his shoulder, then about him in every direction. His face was set and white, but, throwing back his head and looking up thru the interlacing branches to the blue beyond, he answered:

"Yes, with God's mercy, always!"

"Then you're goin' to be my father?"

"And you're going to be my little girl, Betty."

"I'm glad," she said simply, with a contented smile, as she clung to his arm.

He pressed her curly head to his side, then struck off thru the woods, in the direction of the river.

The busy, bustling, growing town of Newville had had torchlight parades and shouted itself hoarse, and then, as a culminating act, had voted as only a Western town of unlimited ambitions can. When the result of the election was announced, there was the usual dissatisfaction in various quarters in regard to some of the successful candidates. But among the class who counted for what was best and most substantial, there was a unanimity of jubilation over the victory of John Foster, the mayor-elect.

John Foster had dropped out of the great Northwest into Newville some eight years before. He brought with him his little daughter, and, after a few days' survey of the town and its opportunities, he signified his intention of becoming one of its citizens. He engaged in the business of contracting and building. He prospered, and, in time, was accounted one of the most important members of the community. Following his advent into the town, there had been some conjecture as to his history. But all attempts to draw enlightenment from John Foster were met by a dignified reticence and evasiveness that gave currency to the belief that he had passed thru some torturing experience that he wished to forget. The little girl's statement that her mother had died many years before supplied the key to the thinking of the newsmongers, and thenceforth his past became a remote consideration, while he daily gained in the good opinion and good will of his fellow-citizens.

On the eventful day of his election, he sat in his library, waiting for official confirmation of his victory. There was a sudden banging of the hall door, a tempestuous parting of the portières, and a beautiful girl rushed into his arms.

"Here's the paper, father," she cried, "just off the press! See, the ink is still wet, and I've smudged my gloves. But look at that handsome man—the mayor of Newville, John Foster!" She gleefully showed him his portrait adorning the news of the election, and gave him a congratulatory hug.

"Well, Betty, I'm glad you're pleased," he said, smiling fondly upon her.

"Pleased! I'm so proud I want you to come right out and walk thru the park with me! I want to see how it feels to go about with a personage," she explained, with mock deference.

Laughing, he humored her, and together they walked briskly toward the

park, stopping time and again to receive the congratulations of friends. Betty clung to his arm, chatting and laughing joyously.

"Now, you must come and see the apple blossoms," she said, when they reached the park. And fairly dancing with happiness, she led him across the sward. They were about to pass a young man seated on a bench, when Mr. Foster stopped and greeted him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Foster," he responded. "It's plain to see you're

And Murray Gresham, with a new light dazzling him, and a strange sensation twanging at his heart-strings, looked after the radiant little figure and cursed his overthrown wits and paralyzed tongue. He swished viciously at the grass. The action drew his eyes to an object lying at his feet. Her handbag! Ah! here was a fateful opportunity for retrieving himself. In a few strides he was beside her, proffering the lost bag. Then nothing would do but he must



DAVE READS OF THE GOOD EORTUNE OF HIS FORMER CELL-MATE

as pleased as we all are over the way the election went."

"It is certainly very gratifying," said the new mayor. "Betty, dear, I wish you to meet Mr. Gresham. My daughter, Mr. Gresham."

The young people bowed ceremoniously, but when their eyes met, a trouble seemed to seize them both. He became suddenly mute and prodded the grass with his cane, and she, the vivacious chatterbox, could think of nothing better to say than: "Father, we must be going on. Good afternoon, Mr. Gresham."

contribute his ecstasy at the shrine of the blossoming tree.

John Foster smiled indulgently, as she led the young man from branch to branch, insisting upon his sniffing at the pink-and-white blooms. They were on the opposite side of the tree, quite concealed by the low-hanging showers of blossoms, when Foster felt a light touch on his arm and heard a hoarse voice whisper: "Folly me down th' path. I gotta talk wid yuh."

He didn't turn—he didn't need to. A trickling chill raced over him, and

he leaned heavily on his cane. So his past had caught up with him and taken him unawares! Well, he would have to meet it. The young folks were absorbed in each other among the blossoms; he turned and walked quickly down the path. A shabby individual awaited him in the shadow of a hedge.

"What have you got to say to me?" asked John Foster, in nervous haste.

"Not so fast!" sneered the other. "Yuh know me, of course, Jack? Sure yuh do! Could yuh ever fergit yer old cell-mate, Dave Curtis, what brought yuh duds an' cush to make yer get-away? Well, yuh've landed soft, haven't yuh? I saw yer mug in the paper, an' yer new monaker, what the bulls aint got at headquarters—'John Foster.' Well, yuh're some guy now, on the level, aint yuh?"

"What do you want?" demanded John Foster, thru clenched teeth.

"Oho! so yuh dont care fer yer old pal any more! Yuh give me the cold mitt, do yuh?" he bridled, threateningly.

"Listen to me! When I broke away that time, I turned my back on the old life. I've lived straight ever since, and I thought all that was buried. Now, you come and throw it up to me and expect to be treated like a friend. Tell me what you want of me."

"I want a good, heavy chunk of dough," Dave answered, with swaggering assurance.

John Foster took out his pocketbook and gave the contents to Dave. "Now, you get right out of town," he advised.

"Sure, on the first train," assented Dave.

John Foster hurried back to Betty and Murray Gresham, and was relieved to find that they had not missed him.

Several weeks went by. Dave had evidently kept his word and left town, but John Foster could not settle down with the old feeling of security. Now that his identity was known to a criminal, he could never rid himself of a haunting fear of exposure. Much as he dreaded such an eventuality for himself, his chief concern was for Betty. Engrossed with his gloomy misgivings, he failed to observe the frequency with which Murray Gresham called at the house, and the flutter that the mention of his name always caused in Betty. He had to stumble upon the crucial scene of the little romance in the library before his eyes opened to the fact that Betty was a young lady and was being demanded in marriage.

"Why," he stammered, in answer to Murray's plea for his consent, "why, Betty is only a child. She's too young to marry."

"Father," exclaimed Betty, "I'm eighteen, and — and —— " Her blushes, and hands tightly clasped over her bosom, told the rest.

John Foster's eyes grew misty. It was the best thing that could happen for the girl's sake, but it hurt to part with her. With assumed gaiety, he gave them into each other's arms. Then he went to his room and wrestled with his grief and fears.

Betty's engagement was announced, and preparations for the wedding were going forward in a leisurely way. Blissfully happy, she rushed into her father's den, one afternoon, with some tidbit of news. There was a stranger with him, and she thought her father looked pale and anxious. She was leaving the room, when he called her back. He put his arm about her, and, after a moment's indecision, during which time the stranger looked steadily at him, he introduced her to his "old friend, Mr. Curtis." Too full of her own delightful affairs to spare more than a moment for these serious-visaged men, she tripped away to receive Murray, whose voice she had heard at the door.

Dave Curtis stared after her, as in a dream. Then a hungry, wolfish gleam leaped to his eyes.

"Say, Jack!" he said, eagerly, "I'll tell yuh what: we'll call that off about the money I asked yuh fer—give me yer goil instid."

John Foster sprang at the fellow's throat, but the latter smiled contemptuously, and waved a warning hand.

"That dont go, see? I got yuh whichever way yuh toin, an' yuh knows it. Now I seen the goil, I wants her. If yuh kin be her father, why, I sure kin be her husband. So, yuh'll give her to me, wont yuh, Jack?"

John Foster had sunk into his chair, limp from this new horror. To refuse meant to precipitate disgrace and ruin. What was to be done to save time, to get her safely married to Murray? His mind worked slowly, grasping for light in a fog of bewilderment. The incubus of fear sat heavily on his heart, and limbs and tongue were petrified. Curtis took his silence for yielding, and, in a transport of gratitude, grasped the inert hand drooping over the arm of the chair, and shook it warmly.

"So it's fixed, Jack. I'll let up on the dough spiel. I gotta run up to Chicago fer a couple of days, an' den I'll be back for de goil. S'long, Jack," he called breezily from the door; but John Foster did not stir until the fellow's steps had died away down the street. Then he roused himself, and went to seek Betty.

She and Murray were deep in the details of their wedding.

"Children," said her father, as he embraced them, "how would you like to get married right away—tomorrow, for instance?"

"It cant be too soon for me," declared Murray.

"Nor for me," said Betty, in a small voice, hiding her face on her father's breast.

"Then I'll send 'round messengers right away, and we'll have a simple little wedding. There are several reasons why I should prefer to have it over with before I take up my official duties," said John Foster, vastly relieved at the ready acquiescence of the young couple.

The hurried preparations made no appreciable difference in the wedding, for the bride's gown was made, and every one said the affair was one of the prettiest ever seen. The guests had followed the bride home for the reception, and the house was thronged. The babel of merriment, near the entrance to the reception room, was suddenly changed into protests as a man rudely pushed his way thru the crowd. Protests followed in his wake as he approached the bride and groom, beside whom stood the bride's father. With flaming eyes, the stranger addressed the latter:

"So this is the way yuh play square, is it? Yuh promised the goil to me, an' now yuh marries her to another guy!"

In vain John Foster tried to soothe him. "You're mistaken," he said. "I didn't promise my daughter to you. I made you no answer, whatever. She was already engaged to the man who is now her husband."

"So!" scorned Dave Curtis. "I see; yuh played fer time. But I told yuh I had yuh whichever way yuh jumped. Now, I'll show yuh up fer the sneak yuh are!"

One more effort did John Foster make to pacify him, but, throwing off his hand, he turned to the guests and, in a loud voice, commanded their attention:

"I jist wants to tell youse what kind of a guy yuh've bin bankin' on! Why, he's jist a ornery jail-bird that broke out of the cage ten years ago. I'm tellin' youse the truth, s'help me! He was a thief, a swindler, an' he got jugged. I was his cell-mate, an' helped him with his get-away. But now he's too fine an' proud to notice such as me! An' the goil, there, aint his at all—she's jist some waif he picked up. Now, Jack, I guess I paid yuh up, so good-by!"

The crowd parted, drawing away from him as he passed out. Then, in a ghastly silence, the guests began to leave. Betty was sobbing in the arms of one of her bridesmaids, and Murray stood apart, stunned by the revelation. Rising from his chair, John Foster staggered forward. All turned from him; not a hand was outstretched in sympathy; not an eye



THE MODERN JEAN VALJEAN COMES TO THE END OF HIS JOURNEY

relented in its condemnation. His disgrace was complete. In shame and despair, he threw his arms about his head and went unsteadily from the room.

The day waned, and the long hours of the night dragged by. John Foster lay huddled in a chair, with dark memories passing and repassing in review. The chill of dawn still found him there, his eyes fixed and dull. Time was nothing to him. All was over. He had builded a fair edifice of right conduct and good deeds, and, at one touch from the ghost of his past, it had toppled and crumbled. And he had been so proud of it; he had so gloried in it for Betty's sake! Betty! Painfully, he stretched his cramped limbs and tried to walk. His head swam, his heart pounded. He reeled and fell to the floor.

When he opened his eyes, Betty was bending over him, kissing him. A smile flickered over his haggard face. "Betty!" he murmured.

"Yes, father," she sobbed, "I'm here, and Murray, too."

He nodded, smiled, and his head wearily dropped to her shoulder. He had reaped the whirlwind, and, with his harvest, death.

The Divine Solution

(Lubin)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

JUANITA was born to be happy. Anybody could have seen that with half an eye. There was not another maiden in the whole of her beloved Mexico to compare with her. Her big, bright eyes beamed brimful of happiness, and her lips arched so sweetly that one was conscious of the smile that was lingering, and the one that was coming, while wishing that the one that was there would never cease. Her dark hair waved and curled and danced in an exuberance of gaiety, and her dainty little feet fairly twinkled on their merry way.

Everybody loved Juanita — the doves in the gardens, the dogs in the street, the women in the adobes, the men in the market-places—and she—

> She liked whate'er she looked on,
> And her looks went everywhere.

Everybody predicted great things for her. The fortune-tellers patted her smooth palm, and exclaimed over the long life and the happy one which it foretold. The gossips linked her name with every rich young planter who appeared in the city. But the good Padre de le Pena took her sweet face between his slender hands and longed to preserve such purity within his convent walls.

Such an idea as that was farthest from Juanita's mind, however. The world was bright, and life was sweet, and love was its crowning joy; for was she not promised in marriage to Manuel Garcia, the ideal of all her early dreams, whom she had worshiped since playmate days? For them the sun shone ever brighter, the flowers bloomed in fragrant profusion, and the birds sang everlastingly.

No cloud had ever crossed the horizon of their youth, until one day Manuel was suddenly called away to defend his country. So he had to leave Juanita, leave her frightened, stunned and trembling, leave her almost without warning and with scarce a parting word. Well he knew that he was going to danger, that he would have to perform brave deeds for his country's sake, and he thought to make the parting easier by giving her no chance to question him.

So Juanita, the care-free, happy child of Fortune, was left behind to wonder. No word came from Manuel, not even so much as a love-token, as the days and months dragged past. The light left her eyes, her hands lay idle in her lap, and Juanita smiled less and less.

Love lives by what it feeds on, and as she brooded, the conviction was borne in upon her that Manuel did not love her and had been only too glad of this chance of escape from an unwelcome tie. The conviction grew and grew, until her pride was roused, and she yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon her by one Pedro Carillo.

Why not become his wife? Why not, indeed? Should she allow her youth and beauty to fade in sighing over a faithless lover, while the gossips talked about her behind their fans? Never!

Her spirit awoke, and unhesitatingly she allowed Pedro to come into her life. Once more she laughed and sang and flitted gaily about, and when the wedding day arrived, there was no more radiant bride in all Mexico. The padre, watching in his quiet way, shook his head over her gaiety, which seemed of the lips only, and prayed more earnestly for the protection of her soul.

A brief journey with the phantom of love, a few short hours of festal gaiety, then "all smiles stopped together." Pedro proved an insatia-

ble drunkard! All his earnings went to satisfy his craving, and soon Juanita began to miss her little trinkets and treasures.

One evil day he came home crazed and brutal as he had never been before. After the struggle which ensued, she found herself lying, bruised, upon the floor, her wedding-ring torn from her finger, her hand scratched and bleeding.

For a moment she lay there, too



JUANITA REFUSES TO GO WITH MANUEL

stunned to think, then the realization of what it all meant swept over her. She staggered to her feet, snatched up a blanket, and sped after Pedro, determined to save him at all hazards.

Before the accursed place of his degradation, she stopped, held back by the ugly sounds within, and at that moment a shadow fell across her path. Turning, she was startled to find a man slipping his arm around her. She struggled and faced him. It was Manuel! Manuel, the unfaithful, his eyes shining with happiness. She felt his arms close about her, and she had no power to resist. Then, suddenly rousing herself, she placed her hand on his lips.

"Manuel," she whispered, hoarsely, "dont! I am not free."

Amazed, he stepped back and looked, searchingly, into her face.

"It is the truth," she cried. "Manuel, you did not come. I did not hear one word—not one little, tiny word. I thought you did not care, and so—I married Pedro. Ah, do not start so! He was good to me, before our marriage—but now I have found out. Look! My wedding ring—it is gone. We struggled, and he took it. See my hands! But, Manuel, I have come to save him. He is my husband!"

He held the trembling little hands in his strong, brown ones and gazed long and pityingly at them, then raised them tenderly to his lips.

"Wait!" he whispered, and disappeared in search of Pedro.

The room became silent as he entered, but soon Juanita heard voices in dispute, and sounds of struggling. Then Pedro was ejected from the door, with Manuel at his heels.

For a moment Juanita's eyes were raised to Manuel's in mute thankfulness, then, drawing Pedro's arm in hers, she dragged him away.

He went with her quietly enough while Manuel's determined eye was upon them, but once within the house, when all fear of an opponent stronger than himself had been removed, he attacked her again with drunken brutality. Juanita tried to rouse his manhood, tried to call back the love and interest which he had shown for her in courtship days, but he roughly repulsed every effort, and at her demonstrations of affection grew only more violent.

Things would have fared ill with Juanita had not Manuel, fearing some such scene, followed them to the house. He heard Juanita's voice in earnest pleading, heard Pedro's fierce and harsh replies; then a cry of horror rang out, and he pushed open the door in time to see Pedro brandishing a stool in the air. He wrenched it from his hands and sent him reeling across the room.

Enraged at this interference, Pedro steadied himself against the wall and watched Manuel, revengefully, while he hastened Juanita out of the house. When his enemy's back was turned, Pedro slipped stealthily across the room to a great chest behind the door, a look of triumphant cunning on his face, and, stooping, drew from its depths a loaded revolver. Then gliding, catlike, to the door, he lurched across the threshold, and, herself with agony—torn between love for Manuel, who she feared was dying, and anxiety for her husband, who had done the deed. She bathed the wounded side and tried in vain to stop the flow of blood. She called to him, but he gave no answering movement. In despair, she thought of her faithful padre in the neighboring convent, and rushed to him for aid. Tenderly they lifted the limp figure and bore it within the convent



JUANITA BEGS PEDRO TO COME HOME

with a wild, fiendish laugh, took aim and fired.

The shot restored his drink-crazed brain to reason. Terrified, he saw Manuel stagger and fall, saw Juanita rush toward him, horrified, and then, without waiting to see more, he fled to the woods, running as tho all the furies were in close pursuit. On and on he sped, until his breath was spent, and he stumbled and fell down, exhausted.

Meanwhile, Juanita, left with the wounded Manuel, was almost beside gate, and together they nursed and cared for him.

And now night was bearing down, and Pedro, hiding in a cave, trembled with fear. He went over and over in his mind the frightful scene from which he had fled—a murderer. He could not blot the picture of the falling figure from his mind. Every twig that snapped seemed an echo of the deadly shot; every hoot of night-bird, an echo of Juanita's fearful cry.

Three dark days and three black nights he spent in hiding, but no one



PEDRO QUARRELS WITH MANUEL

disturbed the solitude of the forest. At last, overcome by hunger, he suddenly came upon an old hag, gathering roots and herbs, and beside her lay a newspaper bundle. As he watched her from his place upon the bank, she ceased her work and began to open the package. Pedro leaned forward. It contained bread! Great, thick slices of bread!

At sight of it his hunger increased tenfold. In a moment he would have leaped down the bank. He caught himself in time, however, and crept down slowly, nonchalantly. She looked up as he neared, but his ill-kempt appearance did not seem to excite her suspicion. He asked her to spare him a piece of the bread, and she clumsily folded a slice in a bit of the newspaper and handed it to him. Grabbing the package, he ran, like one demented, to the cave.

When the last crumb of bread had been eaten, he shook the newspaper in hopes of finding more, and suddenly there appeared to his startled gaze the words, "Manuel Garcia is recovering."

What, Manuel alive? But he had shot Manuel! He had killed him! He saw him fall! Still, he had not waited to be sure. Was it possible that he had not killed him, after all?

He snatched up the bit of newspaper and read it again. It must be so—Manuel was not dead. Now he need not stay in hiding. He was free to go back to Juanita. He would go at once. Thrusting the newspaper into his pocket, he started off thru the woods.

Stop! Manuel would be looking for him. It was foolhardy to show himself. Manuel might even now be on his track. And then, even if he should reach home, would Juanita welcome him—would she even let him enter? Manuel had loved her—perhaps—yes, no doubt he still loved her. Ah, yes—but he should not have her!

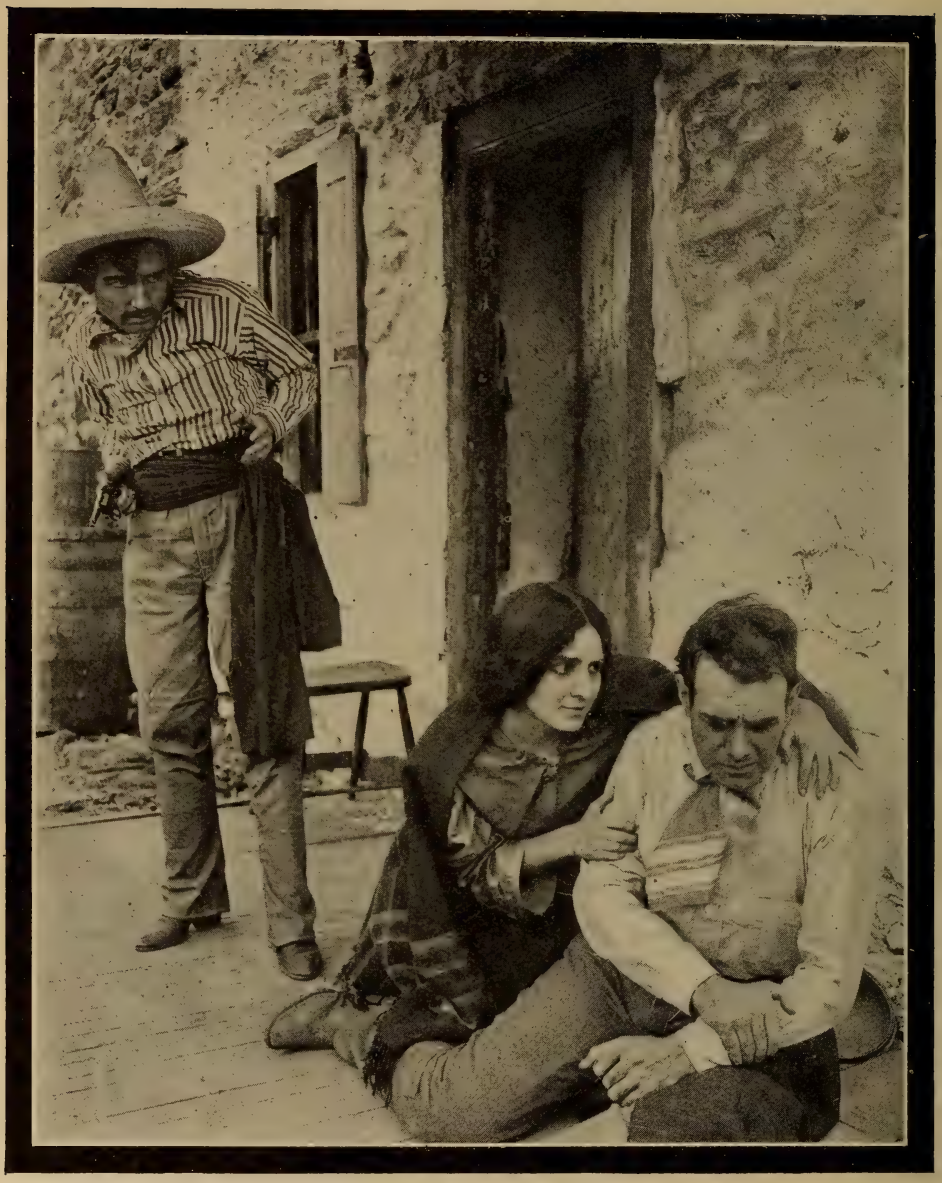
And again Pedro sped thru the woods. Spurred on by jealousy, he gave little thought to reason, until he reached a clearing in the woods and could see his little home in the distance. There he stopped to rest and to consider the best way of approach. The fear of being caught was again upon him. He sank down in the underbrush in despair.

But hunger soon began to assert itself. The idea of starving to death did not appeal to him. He decided to go home and give himself up. At least he could get a square meal, which was the thing he most desired of all things in the world.

Skirting the village until he came near his own home, he reached it unobserved by any save Juanita—and Juanita welcomed him!

For a moment that seemed good. But Pedro was hungry and asked at once for something to eat. While he ate, Juanita told him how the good padre had provided for her and nursed Manuel back to health, and how——

But Pedro grew impatient. His hunger satisfied, his old craving returned. Juanita tried to turn his thoughts by talking about the kindness of the padre, and this gave Pedro a new idea. He would go to the chapel and secure the golden chalice! Why, it would be simple! And when



PEDRO SHOOTS MANUEL

he had sold it, he would be supplied with money for months to come.

Crazed by the desire for liquor, and bereft of reasoning powers, Pedro started off toward the chapel. He went straight to the little side entrance, which he knew was always open, slipped in quietly, and hastened up the side aisle.

Would the cup be in the chest of drawers standing near the altar, or would it be in plain sight, where he could find it easily?

Pedro stopped to listen—he thought some one was following him. Could any one have seen him enter?

In a moment the noise ceased and his courage returned. On, up the aisle, past the paintings, which lined the side walls, he crept. There on the

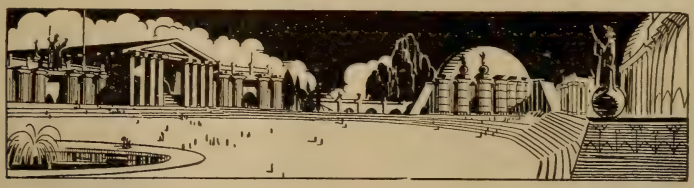
altar stood the chalice! Pedro advanced, cautiously, and stood gazing around. At each side of the little white altar were brackets of candles; two vases stood nearer the center; above, hung a painting. The afternoon sun coming out from the clouds threw a bright ray across the painting, lighting it in a wonderful way. It drew Pedro's attention by an irresistible force. It was the all-comprehending countenance of the Christ that looked down upon the thief in the temple.

Pedro stared, fascinated, the horror of his deed falling full upon him. The ray of light shifted a little—a cloud passed over. Pedro shivered. Was that the arm of the Christ moving slowly—reaching out toward him? His superstitious soul could endure no more. An ague of terror seized him and, overcome by fear, Pedro fell dead before the altar.

Who shall say that it was not indeed the hand of God? Who shall say that a merciful guardian, caring for the just and the unjust alike, did not save him from himself?

The news spread quickly thru the village. Manuel did all that he could to help Juanita, and after a while the excitement died down. Manuel bided his time, and when Juanita recovered from the shock and went about once more, he sought her out again and pleaded with her to remember his own great sorrow in once losing her.

Well did Juanita remember his sorrow, and her own as well. Thus, because she was destined to be a child of Fortune, Juanita once more came into her own—a life of happiness and joy.



The Moving Pictures That Made Bill a Better Boy

By KATHERINE MAXWELL RICHARDSON

Oh, I never used to study, and I used to "play the hook,"
The lessons seemed so awful hard I hated every book,
Until one day my mother said: "My boy, if you will try
To master all your lessons, to bring your mark up high,
And not annoy the teacher, on Saturday you may go
With me and brother Jimmie to the Moving Picture show."
Now this promise got me going, for I used to watch the crowd
Coming from the Moving Pictures, and some were laughing loud,
And others busy talking—here and there I caught a word
Of the funny pictures they had seen and the lectures they had heard.
So I settled down to study, and before the week was thru
I found that I had learnt a whole lot more than I ever knew,
And on Saturday when I went to see that Moving Picture show,
I made up my mind to study so that every week I'd go;
And after that, somehow, the lessons never seemed so hard,
My per cent. kept getting higher on the weekly lesson card;
The teacher looked in wonder, she seemed to be surprised,
And when I got a hundred, she opened both her eyes;
When she asked my ma the reason (they thought they were talking low)
My mother smiled and whispered: "It's the Moving Picture Show."

The Little Quakeress

(Majestic)

By FRANCES DURAND

JACK JONES had to admit to himself that he was hard hit. And for that lively, breezy, much-traveled gentleman to voice such an admission to the suburban quietude of Peaceville meant more than was actually in a superficial acceptance of his words. For Jack Jones, in his commercial quest of orders for jewelry, had, incidentally, rescued his tours from the opprobrium of mere venality by inspiring the capitulation of many an impressionable heart.

But he had been ever circumspect in his wooing, and continued on his way, untrammeled and heart-whole. He came away from each encounter, untouched by the darts of Eros, but loving all womankind—that is, all comely womankind—with an admirable impartiality. As for any serious consideration he had given the matter, life could flow on forever in this pleasant, easy fashion.

But, at last, this tamperer with hearts was caught off his guard, and the watchful little Eros, owing him a grudge for his airy derision, fitted to his bow a poison-tipped arrow, and laughed a malicious little laugh as he let it fly.

Truth to tell, Jack had not recognized it for what it was. He only knew that a peculiar little tickling sensation about his heart set him in a glow as she glanced timidly at him, out of the bluest of innocent blue eyes. A brook was between them—a raging brook, at that—and he, lounging a half-holiday away in the woods, blessed the turbulence of that little stream and the uncertain foothold on the slippery stones.

"Permit me to assist you across," he said in his most engaging manner, holding out his hand.

She hesitated, with a demure drooping of white eyelids. Her delicate little hands, crossed over the snow-white fichu, twitched nervously, and the color surged to the oval cheeks framed in the frill of her Quaker cap. A little frown puckered her smooth, white brow, on which clustered a few soft brown tendrils of hair that had rebelled at their confinement beneath the cap, and the curved pink lips were pursed in perplexity.

"She's a peach!" exclaimed Jack, rapturously, under his breath. "Dont be afraid," he said aloud, "just take my hand, and I'll get you across safely."

She gave an upward glance from the limpid depths of those blue eyes and timidly laid her hand in his. At the touch of those pink finger-tips, the brook's noisy chatter became, for Jack, an ecstatic poem of love, and the woods seemed suddenly filled with the joyous notes of birds, each little throat swelling with a variation of the wood-dove's call: "You! You! I love you!"

Nevertheless, in spite of these distracting manifestations, he got her safely over. She dropped him a quaint little curtsey. "Thank you, kind stranger," she murmured.

"Dont mention it," answered Jack, briskly. "If you dont mind, I'll see you home."

"Nay, there is no need of that," protested the girl, flustered by his attentions.

"Nay, but there is," he insisted. "I cant see you going thru these woods alone. Let me carry your basket. Been berrying, eh?" he chatted, to put her at her ease.

"Yea," she answered, yielding to his masterful insistence.

And thus—he loquacious and she monosyllabic—they at length reached the quaint vine-clad cottage, where Patience (of course, he had learnt her name) lived with father and mother, brother and aunt.

"Well," breezed Jack, "I suppose we must say good-by for the present." He was hoping desperately that she would invite him in. But the embarrassment that had been gradually wearing off during their walk returned with a rush, and he took his eyes from her face to ascertain the cause. Rapidly approaching the gate was a solemn young Quaker, who eyed Jack's presence with marked disapproval.

"David," the girl tremblingly addressed him, "I make thee known to this kind stranger, who saw me safe thru the woods. Mr. Jones, I make thee known to my brother David."

David accorded the smiling stranger a sour recognition, but the latter, unabashed, grasped the unresponsive Quaker so heartily by the hand that he winced and squirmed.

"Have a cigar?" was Jack's next effort toward the establishing of confidence and friendship.

"Nay, nay!" declined David, with a horrified uplifting of the hands. "I do not smoke. Come, Patience, thee is wanted indoors."

He grasped his sister by the arm and led her to the house. Jack stood speechless at this coolly hostile opposition. He leaned upon the gate and watched the slender gray-clad figures disappear, the only balm to his lacerated self-esteem being the shy backward glances that Patience had managed to throw to him.

Those cerulean glances gave him hope. "She's a peach!" he exclaimed again, with added rapture, "and I'm going to win her."

He was sufficiently sophisticated to anticipate a frost-bite for his courtship, but such a cleaving, with scythe-like icicles, of his bursting enthusiasm as he encountered the following day, was beyond the clairvoyance of a mere mortal. It was unfortunate that he should choose for his visit the hour of meditation, wherein the members of the Prim household fixed their minds upon the Scriptures, or sought in silence for the Inward Light. Into this mute circle came Jack, disregarding the hint of the door opened but a crack in answer to his knock. His joyous salutations fell on unheeding ears, and cold stares spoke eloquently of a resented intrusion. But over in her corner, Patience fluttered the leaves of the sacred book with an agitated hand, the while wrestling with the impulse to look up. When Jack reached her side, unconsciously she rose, permitted him to clasp her trembling hands, and hung upon his words with shy pleasure.

"Patience!" came in a low tone of reprimand from Mrs. Prim.

Automatically, the girl sat down, and became absorbed in her book. Cheerily, Jack turned from this rebuff and attempted to draw Mr. Prim into a conversation, but that gentleman was soaring in realms far removed from sordid earth, and the shell of him was deaf, dumb and blind. Perceiving the same phenomena in the cases of Mrs. Prim, the dour David, and the unapproachable maiden aunt, Jack hitched his chair up alongside of Patience. He was rewarded by a bashful smile and an offer to share the book she held. Jack possessed a resiliency of nature that needed but the slightest encouragement to send it bounding gaily along, and, within a few minutes, the silence was desecrated by the animated hum of his chatter and by responsive giggles from the demure little Patience.

Mrs. Prim rose, in the majesty of her indignation, and tapped Mr. Prim on the shoulder. Stiffly he rose, and, followed by his family, stalked from the room. Patience, absorbed and enchanted by the vivacity and cheeriness of her new friend, had not noticed the significant exodus. She was recalled to a painful realization of her fall from grace by her mother's voice.

"Patience, will thee not delay longer?" it warned.

The girl rose in confusion, and, with one regretful look at Jack, joined the others in the next room.

"Well, I'll be——" began Jack. "Evidently it isn't etiquette among Quakers for papa to use the toe of his boot in discouraging suitors, and brother isn't built for strong-arm

methods, so here I am deserted. But she's a peach! And I'm going to have her! But how can I beat this game?"

He pondered deeply, and then the idea leaped into being. "I've got it!" he exclaimed, excitedly, and, with a smile of high hope, he rushed from the house.

Within the next hour, he had had an earnest and mysterious talk with Fritz, the short and pompous constable of Peaceville. At first, Fritz would not entertain the proposition, and he puffed out his chest like a righteous old frog. But a little whispered persuasion and the scruple-dissolving action of a few crisp bills turned the scheme into a joke and Fritz into a confederate.

The next day a huge van drove up and stopped before the Prim cottage. Jack arrived soon after and, finding Fritz stationed at the gate, gave him instructions and hurried up the path to the house. His impatient knocks were not answered quickly enough to suit him, so he turned the knob and unceremoniously made his appearance in the living-room, where the family, with the exception of David, was assembled. Indifferent to the chilliness of his reception—for Patience had betrayed a blushing interest and pleasure upon his entrance—he launched forth into a lively monologue. In the course of this, when referring to his business, it was quite natural for him to draw his sample jewel-case from his pocket and display its contents. As he pointed out the jewels and described their beauties and value, the simple folks, who rigidly renounced the vanities of the world, were drawn, in spite of themselves, to look upon this mass of glittering gems. They gradually crowded about him, and gazed wonderingly at the trinkets. This was the moment Jack had played for; with a few quick movements, he fastened to the clothing of each of his engrossed auditors a brooch, or a stick-pin. When they had replaced in the case the jewels they had been handling, and turned to leave the room, Jack uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Why, several pieces are missing!" he said. "I am sorry, but I must ask for them."

"Sir, do you accuse me, or any member of my family?" asked Mr. Prim, aghast.

"Do you deny taking the trinkets?" asked Jack.

"Yea, assuredly," said Mr. Prim.

"Then, there is but one thing for me to do," Jack said, with firmness, as he went to the door. Fritz responded immediately to his signal. Humiliated and frightened, the accused family submitted to be searched. Fritz plucked the trinkets from their clothing and, with sad shakings of his head, delivered them to Jack.

"Constable," said Jack, in a solemn voice, "I fear that this is too flagrant a case to allow it to go unpunished. Much as I regret this occurrence, we must see justice done. They must go to the police station."

It was hard to resist the pleading and protestations of the bewildered family, and hardest of all to meet the supplication in the blue eyes of Patience. But with Machiavellian determination, he fixed his mind upon his goal. David strolled in and, upon learning of his family's predicament, his austerity gave way under the stress of his emotion.

"Nay, but this is impossible," he exclaimed, approaching Jack in an earnest, conciliatory manner. "We are people of unworldly desires. To covet baubles were a sin, and to take them, unimaginable! We would have no use for them."

"Then, what are you doing with this?" asked Jack, sharply, drawing a gold ring from the boy's pocket. Dumb with amazement, he could only stare as at some supernatural manifestations, such trickery as Jack's palming the ring being an unknown quantity in his sum of knowledge.

So, everything had worked out to Jack's satisfaction and the increasing relish of Fritz. The unhappy victims had been forced to climb into the van and had been closed in. The van was driven at a furious pace out on a country road. Here it stopped, and



THE SANCTIMONIOUS QUAKERS ARE ARRESTED

Jack and Fritz quietly slipped down from the driver's seat and hid behind a clump of bushes. After an interval, the heavy curtains at the rear of the van were unfastened, and Mr. Prim's head was cautiously protruded. Seeing a clear road, he beckoned to the interior of the van and clambered to the ground. He was quickly followed by David and the women folks. Stealthily they started down the road. But, with a bound, Jack and Fritz intercepted them and drove them back to the van. Only Patience remained to be hoisted in. Jack took her hand and drew her to him.

"Do you know, my little shrinking violet, that there is just one thing that will save your family from disgrace and prison?" he asked.

"And what is that one thing?" she questioned him, with eagerness.

"It is up to you," he declared.

She wrinkled her white brow in an effort to understand him.

"Now, if you'll marry me, we can settle everything in a friendly way. I'm simply mad about you, little girl. Do you think you could care for me, and be my little wife?"

"Yea, that I could," she answered, shyly.

"You sweetheart, you!" he exclaimed, with an impetuous hug.

"Now, tell father and mother the conditions of their deliverance."

Mr. and Mrs. Prim gave ready consent, and Jack, patting himself on the back for his inspired stratagem, had the van driven to the minister's.

There, as the vows were spoken, Jack slipped on Patience's finger a ring from the fateful case, the sight of which caused a shudder to pass over the witnesses. The ceremony over, Jack poured into his wife's hands a stream of the gleaming trinkets and explained to her outraged relatives the means he had adopted to win his little Quakeress.

A Visit to the National Board of Censorship

By RUTH BREWSTER

EVERY one who attends the Photoshow has noticed the printed announcement which is flashed upon the screen after many of the films, "This film has been passed by the National Board of Censorship," but the prevailing idea in regard to this board is a hazy and indefinite one. It is a very general impression that this board is some sort of a legal body, authorized by law to suppress objectionable films.

This conception of the Censorship Board is far from a true one. The board has no legal authority, and it seeks none; on the contrary, it is a remarkable example of the "unwritten law," which, once established, is so dear to the hearts of Americans, either on land or sea. For the National Board of Censorship was formed in March, 1909, on the initiative of the People's Institute of New York, which acted at the request of the Association of Moving Picture Exhibitors of the city. The functions of the board were quickly made national, at the request of the manufacturers of Moving Picture films, and the power of the Board of Censorship rests today, as it did in the beginning, exclusively on a basis of confidence and co-operation.

This complete, intelligent and voluntary submission of a whole amusement industry to supervision is unprecedented in history. The manufacturers of Motion Picture films declared, in substance: "We wish to put our business on an absolutely good basis, ethically and educationally. We desire that the Motion Picture theater be recognized as a place of clean, uplifting amusement. With this purpose we agree to submit all our products to a Censorship Board and abide by their decisions."

If this fact was more generally understood by the public, we should hear less of the careless and unjust criticisms which are passed upon the Photoplay.

When we consider that the entire Motion Picture business suffers whenever a discreditable picture is placed on the market, it is easy to understand the readiness of the manufacturers to place their products under this supervision. One offensive picture may be the cause of a general and widespread agitation against the business as a whole. Thru the censorship the manufacturers who earnestly desire to uplift the business are able to restrain the minority which might exist and pander to a low public taste.

The National Board of Censorship has on its advisory board such names as Lyman Abbott, Andrew Carnegie, Jacob Riis and Felix Adler. Its general committee comprises representatives of the leading civic organizations of New York, such as the Children's Aid Society, the People's Institute, the Federation of Women's Clubs and the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. The

censoring committee, who do the actual work of passing upon the films, is made up of social workers, literary and professional people, and earnest men and women of general culture who have the leisure to attend the sessions of the committee: they give their time entirely without compensation; and this is no slight gift, for the committee holds four three-hour sessions each week, and no member attends less than one session weekly. The general committee constitutes the court of appeal for both the committee on censorship and the manufacturer, where opinion divides radically.

The writer of this article was privileged to attend a meeting of that section of the Censorship Committee which passes upon the products of the Licensed Film Manufacturers. Fourteen men and women sat in one of the beautiful rooms of the Motion Picture Patents Company on Fifth Avenue, scrutinizing the films which for three hours ran rapidly before their eyes. Before each reel began, the secretary of the board passed to each member of the committee a printed ballot, with space for the film's title and maker, and, printed beneath, the three words —passed, questioned, condemned. After the reel was finished, the ballots were gathered, to be sorted at the close of the session.

There was little question or discussion of the films on this particular day; they seemed uniformly good. In one case, exception was taken to one scene in a film, and the manufacturer will be requested to eliminate or reconstruct that part of his drama. This scene showed a man setting fire to a house in which a girl was imprisoned—one of the things to which the board uniformly objects. Arson, poisoning, suicide are the three things universally condemned, altho in classics like Shakespeare or the Bible they are reluctantly allowed to pass. But the committee insists that there shall be no sensationalism and no representation of crime, except with the object of conveying a moral lesson. The committee recognizes, however, that Motion Pictures are a form of dramatic art, dealing with the problems of real life, involving conduct which is sometimes criminal.

The work of the board is constructive rather than destructive. The object is not to destroy this or that particular film, but to establish standards of taste, foster public sentiment for the best films, and encourage the directly educational film.

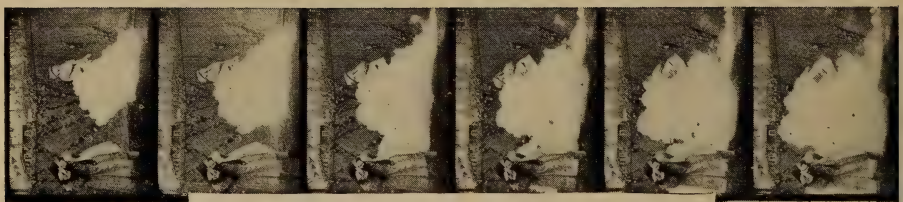
This work is financed by the People's Institute thru contributions from the general public, but mainly from the Motion Picture interests themselves.

No salaried officer of the board may vote upon a film, so there can be no question of the disinterestedness of the censors.

During the term of its existence the board has passed upon more than 5,200 films. The object of the board is to minimize the element of destruction, yet the records show that at the very least two million feet of objectionable film have been kept off the American market. This represents an actual value of $200,000, the amount of financial loss which the Motion Picture manufacturers have voluntarily sustained in submitting to the Board of Censorship.

To sum up, the final object of the Board of Censorship is the encouragement of what is positively good in Motion Pictures, and the gradual co-operative development of the Motion Picture as a wholesome, pleasurable, educative theater of the people.





A Safe and Sane Fourth

By LILLIAN MAY

Suggested by Edison's Play of that name

If you will listen to me now, a tale I will relate
About a little village where it chanced to be my fate
To spend the Fourth, and when I saw the place was full of boys,
I groaned in expectation of a frightful din and noise.

When I awoke the sun was high, the day was bright and clear;
But not a zip or boom or bang or popping did I hear;
Downstairs, for cannon-crackers and for boys I looked in vain.
"Good morning," said the landlord, "how is this for safe and sane?"

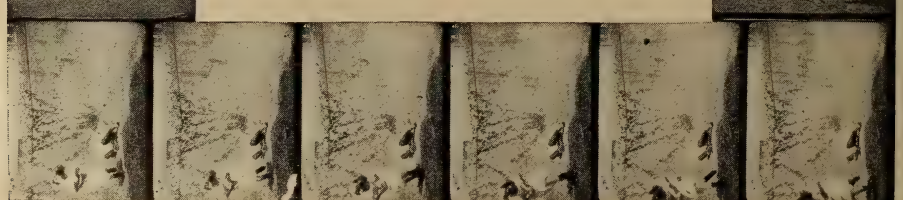
"Sir," said I, "will you please explain this most unlooked for calm;
What have you done with Harry and with Ned and Jim and Tom
And all the rest?" "Come on," said he, "it's getting very late;
I'll show you soon a glorious Fourth that's strictly up to date!"

To one of "God's first temples" then he quickly led the way—
The village was assembled there in holiday array;
The boys and girls were everywhere, with happy joyous mien,
While all serene and unafraid, the old folks watched the scene.

There was patriotic music, led by the village band;
Speech by the good old preacher, that a child could understand;
The grand old Declaration, by a gray-haired soldier read;
Then all the crowd fell into line, by martial music led.

They marched to laden tables, 'neath green trees and sunny sky,
Where all did ample justice, as I well can testify;
And as their youthful appetites were steadily decreased,
The boys cried, "Firecrackers aren't in it with a feast!"

At evening said I to my host, in wondering surprise,
"'Tis over, and your children still have all their limbs and eyes.
How did you ever think this out—I'd really like to know?"
He laughed: "We saw it acted in a Motion Picture Show!"



The Twins



By Allen Stanhope (Stanhouser)

A Children's Story for Grown-ups

Down in Wall Street, where he is a power, they call him "Gruff" John Clarkson. And, judging from the expression on his face, life is an awful bore. And, as for the office boy, and the stenographer, and all the clerks in his office, why, they shiver and tremble every time he comes around, for he seems to begrudge them happiness!

Mrs. McCarthy, the scrub-woman down there, tells a funny story about him, but no one believes it, of course. Then, she, too, is one of the unhappy kind. It happened last winter, she says, not long before Christmas. Her boy, Tim, was taken desperately sick one morning. When she left him at five in the afternoon, to go scrubbing, Tim's soul seemed to be fluttering over the edge of the grave. She sobbed and cried all the time she was scrubbing. Suddenly there was a scuffle of feet in Mr. Clarkson's private office, and he came to the door, with a scowl that was something awful.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" he roared, just like the lion in the Zoo.

"I—I had to leave me darlin' bhoy —home—a-dyin'."

Well, to make an improbable tale short, Mrs. McCarthy will have it that Clarkson looked queer-like, and his eyes softened like yours or mine do, when our hearts are touched. The next minute he changed, of course.

"You get out of here—go home, where you belong!" She said he was all chokey in the voice this time, but that, somehow, he acted and spoke different than usual.

She got up from her knees, and dried her hands, scared almost to death at the thought of losing her job.

"Wait!" he called, as she was leaving. He handed her an envelope. She heard him calling up a doctor, as she closed the door.

At home she found a swell doctor working over the boy. In the envelope was a crisp twenty-dollar bill!

Few believe that story, you may well imagine.

Why, up in the fashionable part of the city where he lives, the children have all sorts of tales about him, which they whisper to one another, in safe corners and back yards, always looking carefully about to see that he is not coming. One boy—the most daring on the whole block—tells a true story that always makes his listeners tremble. He asked old Clarkson what time it was, one day, and he —Clarkson—turned and showed his teeth, and *growled like a bear!* This boy never tells a lie, either.

So, by a strange coincidence, John Clarkson is called a bear by all who know him, and he *is* a "bear" in Wall Street.

Oh, and there are ever so many stories told about this "bear" that nearly everybody is familiar with, and they all go to show what a really terrible person he is. There is not a boy or a girl but who would readily have believed, and pledged his or her word on it, that Mr. "Bear" Clarkson would just as lief have eaten alive any child caught inside his house. Didn't Grambadgin, the ogre in the fairy tale, do it? Of course.

Well, right in the face of all of these indisputable facts, something

terrible had happened, about which no outsider might know—except *now*.

For, not a single soul, in all the great city, knew that Mr. "Bear" Clarkson had poor relatives in a nearby country town. This makes it all the more terrible.

There had been a brother, his wife, and two children. The brother had offended him. The wife had died many years ago. Now the brother had just died—leaving only twins, Lola and Lump.

The neighbors were very kind, but too poor to help the orphans. Their father had left them nothing, except a few papers. The orphanage, alone, seemed to offer a refuge.

But the minister, a dear, nice man, with a smile that always made you feel smiley, too, and the biggest hands you ever saw, but which were so nice to hold fast to and keep your toes from stubbing when you walked along with him—well, this minister found a letter telling about a "rich brother" in the city. Nothing was said about his being a bear, of course, so the minister sat down and wrote the uncle a nice letter, telling him to send for the two loveliest nieces in all the world.

To you, and to me, the reply that came to the minister, and made him sad, does not seem as bad as we fully expected.

"I do not care to be bothered," the dreadful letter ran, "with any of my relative's children. Under the circumstances, however, I shall try taking care of *one of them*. My man will call tomorrow. Have her ready."

Imagine Lola leaving Lump! or Lump leaving Lola! You cant, for their two little hearts, and pleasures, and lives were bound just as close together as the inside of a cookie to the outside.

Lola and Lump were just eight, and as like as two caramels. Even the minister, who knew them, and loved them as well as tho they had been his own children, could not, for the life of him, tell them apart.

Each wanted the other to go and live with their rich uncle, never dreaming that he was a "bear." They agreed to leave it to the "man," who was to come for one of them, to decide which it should be.

The man chose Lump, because she happened to be nearer to him.

Then came the most terrible moment in all the world, for Lola and Lump—they must separate! It seemed as tho a great weight, as big as a house, had suddenly settled upon their little breasts, and an ugly fear —such as frightens naughty children, when the light is taken away at night —had come to dwell, forever, in their aching hearts. Their little arms had



to be unwound from each other's necks, and sobs came that made their shoulders, and their eyes, and their whole insides ache for days afterward.

Somebody's little girl told somebody else's little boy, who wasn't there, that the minister had turned away, making believe to blow his nose, but really—here she crossed heart and hoped to die—the minister was *crying like any baby!*

But the "man," who had come, did not cry. He looked kind of mad, as he led little Lump away to the station.

The minister carried Lola, tight in his arms, his blinking eyes hid in her curls, all the way to the orphanage,

where he stayed until after tea, and had seen her tucked away in one of the long rows of white-enameled cribs.

Now, Mr. Clarkson had fully made up his mind that he was going to hate little Lump—just as we knew he would. But Lump was Lump, after all, and no one had ever hated her, or ever could, for that matter.

Besides, little Lump had a big idea pop into her tiny head the moment she saw her Uncle John. You and I, knowing what a terrible creature he was, would have been very, very much frightened. But little Lump looked straight into his staring eyes and saw *something*. Whatever it was, it lay soft and gentle against her aching insides, and after she and uncle had eaten supper, in the grandest style ever—silently, tho—she slipped upstairs to the wonderful room they told her was all hers. Then a woman, who seemed to have little else to do but wait on her, undressed her, which was really quite absurd, because she could undress herself, and, oh! how she prayed, as she had never prayed before, asking God to please go get Lola, and bring them together once more! She had not noticed it at all, but, when she finished, she found great, splashy tears running down her face, and, altho they tasted salty, somehow they felt sweet. Then she lay and thought, and thought, and thought, until at length she went sound asleep, with a wonderful smile parting her lips.



And it cant be helped, whether we are disappointed or not. Mr. "Bear" Clarkson did not harm little Lump—that night, at least.

For that matter, something very strange had come over little Lump's Uncle John. He acted queerly. Everybody said so, and when he got by himself, or when nobody was looking at him in his own home, why, he acted positively silly!

But dont think, for a minute, he became friendlier with little Lump. He became rougher, if anything, every day! As, for instance, at breakfast, when she did not come in

good time, he scolded the servants. But as soon as he would hear her step —you will hardly believe this—his face went all to pieces *in smiles!* He would jump up like a boy and pull out little Lump's chair for her, and bang the bell hard for the servant to hurry in with her breakfast, and when she entered, there he sat frowning at his paper, as tho it were responsible for being upside down in his hands. He would then nod, curtly, and mumble, "Good morning." When he had finished, he would rise abruptly, and move quickly to the door. There he paused, and looked at the brown, curly head, in just the queerest way ever.

Little Lump did so try to please him, too. It seemed a shame, for the more she tried to get near him, and enter his heart, the more he shrank and puckered up like a lemon-drop. But she kept right on smiling and telling him all sorts of things about herself and her twin, and he kept right on reading, with the paper upside down.

One morning, when she had been there about a week, she told him how, the night before, some one had opened her door and tiptoed into the room. The person had stood a long time, but evidently the moonlight had driven him away. And she was most awfully frightened because it had been a man!

"You were dreaming!" scoffed her uncle, in a most scarey tone, and, with his face red, as tho with anger, he rose and left the table.

A servant, passing thru the upper hall, thought he heard some one laughing in his master's room. He waited a minute, in alarm. His master, with an unusual scowl on his face, passed out, and he saw he had been mistaken.

Mr. "Bear" Clarkson then bought a paper of the half-blind newsman at the corner, and, seemingly, forgot to take the change. The newsman called to him in vain. As soon as he arrived at the office, he called in the bookkeeper, who appeared in fear and trembling of losing his job, because of a slight mistake he had made the day before. He reappeared a few minutes later and whispered to his assistant:

"The old man's ugly as two bears, and—pinch me, Bill!—he's raised everybody's salary, the first time in twelve years. Coney for me and the wife tonight!"

The scrub-woman found a five-dollar gold-piece on the floor of his office, which he disclaimed, and threatened to discharge her if she didn't take it and get out of there!

No one had ever heard of such a day of errors in the life of the most methodical "bear" in the city.

Oh, there was just one other thing that day: Two big people, and a little boy, all agreed that they had seen him, late in the afternoon, feeding a squirrel in the park—*and whistling!*

But now, since the stories get so preposterous, we really *wont* listen to any more of them.

All this while little Lola had been wilting like a valley lily, just outside the city, in that unpleasant orphanage. She could not eat. Who can, when there is such a big pain in one's heart, that makes one forget his stomach? Or who can sleep, when only the ghost of one's sister walks up and down, up and down, by one's bedside at night? Every day little Lola stayed 'way back in dark corners, where "things" are so apt to catch one, and cried her eyes out. Her sister wrote to her every day, but she said nothing but "Wait, wait, wait," every time. How could she wait here, teased by a lot of strange children, both black and white, who did not seem to know what sore insides were?

That night, little Lola resolved to run away, and go to find her sister, or die in the attempt!

For hours, and hours, and hours, she lay, with her ears thumping the pillow so loudly she was sure every one must hear her. Then she got up, and dressed, and stole past the other kids, and the lady who took care of them, and climbed out of the window to the fire-escape.

Somebody inside of her kept saying, "You're afraid! you're afraid!"

and then somebody else in there said, "Boo-o!" and another voice in her ears said, "There's skeletons, and witches, and green worms as big as your arm, out there!" But little Lola went, just the same, telling them, one and all, "Who's afraid, when their sister's took away, and you dont do anything but cry and feel awful sore inside?"

That's what little Lola told the people in the big automobile that stopped bell in the house, and the awful man that took her sister away stood blinking and looking at her in a scared way.

The next thing she knew, she was pushed into a room, and some one was saying: "Please go away—I'm afraid of you!" It was little Lump's voice, very scared, and behind a pillow!

And then? It seems too good to tell! Little Lola and little Lump



and picked her up, when she couldn't walk any further. When she showed them her sister's letter, they told her she had been going the wrong way. It was still night, and she was very, very cold, and a lady, who was almost as nice as the minister, held her tight, and warm, in her arms for ever so long. Anyway, she went to sleep, and woke up with the car standing in front of a splendid stone house. One of the men in the car had rung the were tight in each other's arms, laughing, sobbing. They went to sleep this way. Little Lola woke just as she had gone to bed, fully dressed, in the half-damp garments of the hateful orphanage.

Little Lump was perplexed. Their uncle, she was sure, would send them away in an awful rage, should he find them both in the house. This was a good day for nice people, but a bad day for very, very cross people like

her uncle, who would be around the house all day. It was Sunday.

The little girls were very much frightened, indeed, but they were agreed never to be separated again—never.

Little Lump determined to forage for her sister. She lingered over her breakfast, and, when her uncle left the table, she took all that was left up to her hungry sister.

She found little Lola in the closet.

"A woman came in to make the beds," she said, fearfully. "She spoke to me, but I was afraid to answer. Then, I was standing in the doorway, watching for you, when an old man came humming along, and, when he saw me, he seemed awfully scared. 'I thought I left you at breakfast!' he said, making an awful face. Then I ran into the closet."

All day long the two little girls hid in the dark closet, and whispered their fears, clinging together.

"He's going to do something terrible," whispered little Lump, as she came up from supper with a few half-eaten scraps of cake for her hungry sister. "He has been looking at me all the time, as tho he was going to say something horrid, but he always didn't, and looked away instead, his face working something dreadful. Oh, I'm afraid he'll put us out in the night!"

And when they went to bed, they slept far down out of sight under the covers, so that no one could see the *two* brown heads. They dropt off into a troubled sleep that held visions of an angry uncle turned ugly bear once more, in earnest.



And, all the while, downstairs, before an open grate, that threw a ruddy glare over his wrinkled face, sat the ogre of their dreams. A cigar, long dead, hung between two listless fingers; his eyes saw beyond the fire, thru the faded, homeless, childless years.

John Clarkson sat there, motionless, for two hours, but in those two hours there had passed away all the chill of

thirty years, and there had stolen into his features a serenity that would last thru eternity.

The child had become a part of his very soul, and laid bare once more the tender heart within.

His face was transfigured. A seraphic smile erased every hard line in it, as he planned and planned that all men he should meet should be the happier for the meeting, and, above all—here he sighed and laid his head back in sheer excess of emotion — the child, the child, the child! Already he loved her as much as tho he, and not his feckless brother — whom he now forgave for the first time — were her father.

At the thought of little Lump, he rose, with a feeling of hunger in his soul, and stole up the steps to the door of her room, and quietly entered —as he had done, every night but one, since she came.

Pausing at the bedside, he stepped back, fearfully, a moment, on seeing no pretty head. Then, kneeling, he gently drew back the covers. Two pretty faces lay exposed! For a long moment he surveyed them, perplexedly, then a smile of amusement, mingled with sweet contentment, flooded his face in the moonlight. He knew, yet he could not comprehend it all, just then.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "the twins. I remember, and my joy, if it's possible, is doubled!"

Risking awakening them, he stooped and touched his lips to each of their cheeks. His eyes were glistening unnaturally, as he softly stole out.

"My children! *Mine!* Oh, how can I wait until tomorrow!"

Ashes of Hope

By MARIE EMMA LEFFERTS

I had waited long years, Love, for you to come;
With youth and beauty I decked me fair;
I climbed o'er the hills to be kist by the sun,
Hoping to find you lingering there.
But vainly I searched in that cruel morning light,
Till I mingled my tears with the dew;
And tho beauty and youth fled far out of sight,
Hope blossomed and waited for you.

But, under the cover of darkness, you came—
Not freely to clasp me for your own;
But a prisoner, bound by a galling chain,
That gnaws at the heart, and makes no moan.
Your eyes met mine, dear, and a smoldering flame
Gradually crept to where patient Hope
Had awaited thru the years of barren gain,
With nought but sorrow and tears to cope.

She knew you were coming—a flickering light
Had pierced the darkness and lingered there;
Her tired eyes, for a moment, grew strangely bright,
At last! Love had vanquished every care.
Ah! only a poor little moment of love—
When heart answered heart—then something fled;
Only the silent stars saw, from heaven above,
Ashes of Hope—on a Heart that bled.

The Lure of the National Game

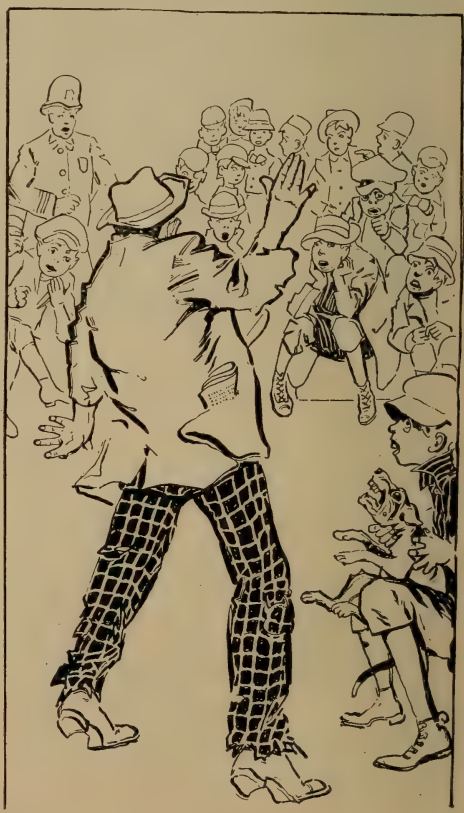
By PETER WADE



THE tattered stranger halted where
school-boys gather 'round,
His shifty eye took notice of the "cop-
per" homeward bound;
"Oh, tell muh, boys," he murmured,
"yuh cant deny muh that—
Tell muh straight, have yuh ever
heard of Casey at the bat?"

"No!" He looked amazed, then
gulped: " 'Twas back in ninety-two
Th' Joints an' Piruts fought like
fiends tuh bring th' pennant thru,
Th' score was tied, th' bases full—I
stepped up tuh th' pan,
Th' grand-stand roared, th' bleachers
shrieked, 'Oh, Casey, soak it
wan!'

"I grasped muh trusty bat and
whiffed; th' umpire yelled, 'Stroike
wan!'
An out-drop cut th' plate in half—
'Strike tuh' had by muh span.
'Twas then I spat upon muh mitts
and swung muh club around;
A mighty swat I had tuh grab from
th' pitcher on th' mound.





"'Crack!' went th' ball—it sailed on wings—screamin' in its wrath,
I hadn't time tuh watch its flight, but dug around th' path.
Th' catcher waited, ball in hand, tuh tag muh at th' pan;
I slid full thirty feet or more; he never touched his man!

"'He's safe!' th' umpire shouted, an' th' crowd jumped on th' ground,
Tuh raise muh on their shoulders an' fling muh 'round an' 'round;
'Th' pennant's won,' they thundered, 'th' rag is here tuh stay!
An' Casey, mighty Casey, his homer won th' day!'

"An' now I'm down and out, muh boys," he paused to check his tears,
"Old boxman rum has tossed muh out—with whiskies an' with beers;
No more I'll step up tuh th' plate, nor scamper 'round th' bases,
But wander now, outside th' grounds, unknown tuh yuh young faces."

He dried his tears and turned to go —the tale was ended;
As for the spellbound "cop" and kids, their cheers in sobs had blended.
"Say, Jimmie," said a crippled one, "let's pass th' hat—I'm lame,
But I'll stake muh only nickel on th' man whot saved th' game!"





The hat went round; the copper, wiping eyes, dug in his clothes
To fill the battered, grimy slouch that housed a hero's woes.
Great Casey—honored man—passed on, to swear, with naked brow,
That drink, the artful flinger, could never fool him now.

On Saturday the kids all herded in the Picture Show;
A baseball poster at the door had hurried in the slow,
When, lo! in darkened stillness, great Casey came to bat,
And afterward, that self-same scene of school-boys and the hat!

The kids "pop-eyed" in startled awe,
"Great snakes! What's this we see?
Our very selves upon the screen, as real as real can be!"
A howl went up and filled the place—
Gee! but those kids were mad,
To see their nickels fill, brimful, the hat that Casey had.

The manager stepped up in front to wave his arms astir;
"My boys," he said, "it's pretty rich to see how good you were,
And Mister Casey—bless his soul—is standing by the door
To hand you each a dollar, and he wishes it was more!"





The Passer-by

(Edison)

By FELIX DODGE

From the Photoplay of Marion Brooks



SIX young men clad in evening dress sat lounging about a luxurious smoking-room, in an uptown mansion. One of them, a tall, serious-faced boy, of perhaps five-and-twenty, was giving his bachelor dinner. He moved about uneasily, looking at a diamond-studded watch from time to time.

At length he rose, impatiently, and turned to the others, who were laughing and conversing together.

"Why is it, do you suppose, Jim doesn't come? He's just a half-hour overdue now!"

"Notice how happy Hamilton looks, as he approaches nearer the 'blessed estate'?" asked one of the young men, jestingly.

"No, but this is serious, fellows," protested Hamilton; "you'll have to pay the penalty, too, by having a good dinner spoiled. Jim can scarcely be said to be paying me a compliment."

"Let's sit down without the lobster, and keep him from having a taste of champagne in the bargain," suggested another, who had risen at Hamilton's side, and stood winking merrily at his companions.

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" cried all but the coming groom, who looked more gloomy than ever.

He raised his hand, which brought the hilarity to a pause.

"Fellows," he said, with a solemn smile, "I've got to make a confession: I'm superstitious about this thing. I wouldn't sit down to my bachelor dinner with an empty plate at the table for anything in the world! Laugh, if you want to, but that's the way I feel on the subject."

The badinage that followed was certainly in a different—almost a minor—key. A little, unaccountable chill had crept into each guest's erstwhile merry heart.

"The nearer he gets, the more nervous he is, fellows," commented the man by his side.

"It's decided me not to leave my happy home," said a handsome big fellow.

"I wish I'd never bought that ring!" smiled another.

"I propose that we have a drink on that," suggested a stout fellow, with a florid grin.

"Nothing to it but wait, I guess; is there, Ham?"

Hamilton shook his head.

"Fool notion, I know, fellows, but I'm thinking of the girl's happiness as well as mine. I dont want to spoil it. Press the button there at your elbow, Frank, and let James take your order. Remember, we're going to be gay despite anything."

But the boy's voice carried with it no conviction, and his face paled when James entered bearing a telegram on a silver plate.

"Delayed, probably," he muttered, taking the envelope and ripping it open. He stood for a moment as tho reading it, and re-reading it.

"Jim cant come, fellows. Called out of town—important matter," he chanted, tonelessly.

"Oh, come now, Ham, let's shoot that superstition of yours. You'll forget all about it in five minutes after we sit down and eat and drink!" urged the stout young man.

"No; I have a better suggestion," said the man by his side. "This is something new, mind you, and means lots of fun with the guest—altho you mustn't let him know it. We'll go out and find a dinner guest! Eh, boys?"

"Bully!"

"Ned, you're the boy with the bright ideas!"

Every one was enthusiastic over the plan, except Hamilton, who stood shaking his head in disapproval.



WAITING FOR THE LAST GUEST AT THE FAREWELL BACHELOR'S DINNER

"Remember, it's a rotten night out—rain and worse. Who'll go with me?" demanded Ned, ignoring Hamilton.

"I will," cried Frank. "We'll be back in a jiffy, fellows!"

They returned in less than a quarter of an hour, half laughing, half serious, each with an arm in that of a grizzled man of about sixty, who was half wet and evidently chilled thru.

"The guest of the evening was passing by!" announced Ned, pompously.

The young men all bowed with measured solemnity—all except Hamilton, who had shuddered at first, and now stood returning the fixed gaze of the invited guest.

"And whom have we the honor of entertaining?" he asked, almost coldly.

All turned their eyes on the old man. In the brilliant light of the chandelier, he appeared a symphony in gray—gray eyes, hair, clothes and flesh—even his voice seemed gray, when he at last spoke, like the ashes of what once had been.

"With your kind permission, gentlemen," he said, in the manner and tone of a gentleman, "I prefer to be known to you simply as the Passer-by. I am delighted with the honor you pay me."

He bowed gravely.

At these unmistakable signs of refinement, which belied his shabby clothes, a look of relief was exchanged among those present.

Hamilton made a sign, and James entered with the formal announcement:

"Dinner is served, sir."

"Wont you come this way, please?" said Hamilton, addressing the Passer-by. "You are my best man—for this evening, you know."

"I trust that my presence may in every way be as 'best man,' and lead to the better enjoyment of your coming happiness."

"Thank you," said Hamilton, duly impressed. "You will sit opposite me, please, and do the honors on your side of the table."

"I propose a toast!" cried Ned, as they found their places. "To the

bridegroom! May his countenance never be sadder!"

They drained their glasses, which were immediately refilled by the attending servant.

"And I, gentlemen," said the Passer-by, so softly that the men bent their heads to catch what followed, "toast the bride. Here's to the woman who holds your heart—may she never crush it!"

Hamilton fell back a pace, his face white for a moment. All seemed startled by this extraordinarily laconic toast. Ned, quick to act in any crisis, turned, with a forced smile, to the assembly, still holding their glasses undrunk, except the Passer-by, who had swallowed his with an uncouth sound not unlike a sob.

"A toast to the bride to be!" cried Ned. The six glasses were raised. "To the woman of your dreams—may you never wake up!"

The tension was broken, and the men sat down with rising spirits. The sparkling wine soon sloughed solemn thoughts from the brains of all; the coursing blood responded to the rich food that entered their hungry stomachs, and, gradually, gaiety and merriment seized on all.

In the hour and a half that followed, much was eaten and more drunk, and when cigars and coffee were brought, the florid young man in particular was feeling very gay.

The Passer-by sat all the while as tho two natures struggled within him. Now he smiled and chuckled with the appearance of enjoyment, while again the gray ashiness overspread his whole exterior, and he was as a gray ghost that looked on, yet kept aloof. Many times did Hamilton find his eyes fastened curiously on him, and looking all burnt out—soul and body. The others did not notice it.

"Now for the story of our lives!" cried Ned, gaily. "You first, Hammie; it's your last chance, and no doleful tale, either!"

One o'clock tolled, as the last young man finished telling his more or less amusing story. The fat, florid young man had long since fallen asleep. The Passer-by sat listening to the keen zero wind that had risen outside and had begun to blow the sleet and rain against the pane. He shivered as his eyes involuntarily fell upon his own threadbare clothing. He was aroused by some one speaking to him:

"Come on, Mr. Passer-by, it's your turn. Give us a story!"

"Yes, yes, a story!" was echoed around.

"Perhaps he'd rather not," hinted Hamilton, with unmistakable marks of disapproval.

"Of course he'll tell a story," murmured Frank, rubbing sleepy eyes.

The old man looked up as tho he comprehended for the first time.

"Yes, I could tell a story—a true story—but it might not be pleasant."

"Leave that to us," they cried. "The champagne will make any story humorous."

There was silence.

The Passer-by leaned back for a moment, and there came a glow to his eye and a tinge of color to his face as tho an ember of memory lighted again his gray soul.

"I have been strangely reminded that twenty-seven years ago, I, too, gave my bachelor dinner. I, too, had all this sort of thing—maybe a little more." With a hasty gesture of his gray hand he indicated the signs of wealth and luxury about. "My friends surrounded me—just as yours do tonight." Again he fixed that strange, searching look on Hamilton. "And I was gloriously happy in the love of the woman who was to become my wife on the morrow. I was the life and gaiety of the party.

"In the midst of my merriment, I was handed a note. I knew the perfume. It intoxicated me. I was nearly overcome with joy at the thought that she had been so sweet as to think of me in my great moment. I read the note!"

He paused. The half smile that illumined his face was like a dim lamp suddenly appearing in the windows of a deserted house—and then being

snuffed out again. The gray hand that supported his chin fell listlessly to the table, and a handsome carved-glass goblet went to the hardwood floor with a crash that woke the florid young man and bit into the strangely tautened nerves of the others. The Passer-by resumed:

"She had become the bride of another, it said, an hour before. Bearing a strain that nearly cost me my reason, I lied to my friends. I told them she sent them greetings, and the dinner went on, with still greater zest, until the small hours—just as you are doing. I sent them all home, with a wild song I sang them ringing in their ears. I had suicide in mind, and I did not want them to interfere. Then I groveled to my room—crushed. All the faith I had in God and His world hung upon the love of that woman. I got out a target pistol with a long, shining barrel, and put the muzzle in my mouth. But at the taste of the cold steel, and at the thought of the revolting death that lay behind it, my soul rebelled. It may have been manhood, it may have been cowardice, that stayed my hand.

"I spent the night pacing up and down, up and down, waiting for the cold dawn of the day that was to have been my wedding day! Then I dressed and left the house, to walk the chilly streets until the hour for business came. Then I rushed to my office, and worked and planned like a fiend.



THE LETTER THAT CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL

I had a scheme, well calculated to fight down my gnawing affection for a faithless woman, and to make me forget her. Exactly at the stroke of noon, when I was to have walked up the aisle of the church and endow the woman of my choice with all my worldly goods, I had converted them all into cash and securities. I gathered about me a little circle of steel-nerved speculators, and we determined to make the biggest stock deal in history. There were four of us. Two of us were to pound a certain commodity stock until it broke, while

the other two were quietly to buy every parcel that came in sight. But when we had got into the deal too far to draw out without losing everything, we discovered that another group of brokers had pooled interests and were trying to swamp us. But we were game. I had put every cent I could raise into it, and then, when the bottom began to fall out of it, borrowed fifty thousand dollars more —from friends.



HE TRIES TO CORNER THE MARKET

The following day we all stripped off our masks, and came out on the Stock Exchange floor. That morning I had learnt, thru a spy, just how long our opponents could hold on. Knowing this, it was up to me to bluff them until the crisis was past. This was easy. It required only nerve and a calm exterior. For an hour I stood my ground, and kept on buying. They paused for breath and withdrew. I knew they were going to play their last card. I looked up for the first time to the balcony. At least a hundred visitors were watching the fray. Most of them were women. Suddenly my gaze was caught, as it were, in the grip of a dazzling pair of eyes. The eyes had a message for me. I knew their loveliness so well that I could read every word they said. They were pleading, begging, imploring me for mercy. Then it all came to me in a reeling flash that set my nerves atremble. This woman—whom I would love till my dying day—was pleading for *her husband!*"

Again the Passer-by paused. Hamilton sat, his pale face peering out from between his hands, suffering agonies of apprehension, because of the close parallel. The others sat around in various attitudes of rapt attention. The old man lifted his head again, and went on:

"There was a commotion on the floor. I took my eyes from the woman I had lost, and looked about. Ten thousand shares of the stock we were



THE MARKET GOES AGAINST HIM

juggling had been unloaded. My God! The agony of that moment! I had been assured there were not more than one thousand shares available! But I could win yet—victory was still within my grasp, if I could but keep my nerve. Then something drew my gaze upward to the balcony. Our eyes met. My taut nerves flew to bits. Our opponents called my bluff, and they crushed me like an insect! Her mute appeal had unnerved me, and we went down to utter ruin."

The Passer-by reached, with a trembling hand, for a half a glass of wine, and took a sip to take the dry rasp out of his throat.

"After that day I was nothing. All of the friends who had been at my bachelor dinner were hard-headed business men. From some of them I had borrowed what I could never repay. They had no time to bother with a bankrupt failure. Only one came forward. He offered me the position of confidential clerk. I held the position with difficulty for nearly six months. One day, during noon hour, I happened to pick up a paper. Almost the first item to meet my eyes was the announcement of the birth of a son to the—woman—who was—to have—been—my wife! And I had dreamed that the first child born to her would be *mine*—*mine*—that her son would be my son."

It was not strange that the old Passer-by should weep at this tragic episode. But that Hamilton, who up to this moment had been emotionally affected, tho antagonistically, by the pathetic tale—that he should suddenly break down and sob like a child, was a miracle that not even he understood. In every eye there was



THE WOMAN WAS ALWAYS ON HIS MIND



AND HE IS WIPED OUT

moisture, and a something came into every heart that would chasten it till death.

"But then I felt a little glad later at the thought of how my boy, my son—whom I had craved in vain—would have been ashamed of his broken father. All the afternoon I thought of it, and, as a result of my abstraction, I committed a blunder that cost my employer some trifling loss. I was discharged.

"For weeks I looked in vain for work. A score of men, who had received favors from me that brought them wealth and position, refused even to see me. Then I got a position as sort of combination bookkeeper and messenger. My employer received an urgent call from a friend, late one afternoon, for funds. I was called, and sent hurriedly with a packet of securities. On the way I was nearly run down by a splendid equipage which drew up to the curb. The beautiful woman who alighted was the one that had been stolen from me. The sight of her set me athirst for another peep at her. I waited and waited. The importance of my mission faded. It must have been an hour later that she came out with the man who had robbed me of her. Not exactly knowing what my errand had been, I hurried back to my office. My seeming carelessness was rewarded by immediate discharge.

"But why go on to tell you stalwart, ambitious young men a tale that must win only your disgust? Yet I cant help but do it—for you must remember that my unborn son would have been about your age; he would have held your position and wealth; he would have had for a mother the woman who was to become my wife. In my breast, I tell you, *I am a father!* In you all, I can see some resemblance to my son!"

He had struck his narrow chest in his earnestness, and the hungering gaze in his eyes smote every boyish, filial heart with active pity. Each was cudgeling his brain how he might help the Passer-by, and each had solved the problem in a way that left the old man's days assured of leisure, luxury and peace. Each waited impatiently for him to finish his tale. His voice was calm, with a note of contentment in it, when he concluded:

"In all the years since, I've been a struggling hanger-on in the world of frenzied finance, an object of jest to strangers, and of pity to friends. Memory breeds heartaches, and in this I am fortunate, because my memory has been getting poorer and poorer. This bachelor dinner and



DISCHARGED



HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT

you, my sons, have awakened it tonight as I never knew it to flourish before. You have given me both pain and gladness, and I'm afraid I've but poorly repaid your hospitality. I came here tonight as I have been now for twenty years, a Passer-by, who will never know any hearth again but the gravestone. I am refreshed now, and I will pass on."

Hamilton had sprung up before the others could utter what was on their tongues.

"Passer-by, you have made us feel that we are indeed your sons, and you may rest assured that you have brought into our lives one of the wholesomest streaks that has ever entered them. You have done more for me than you will ever dream of, and for this I want to make some slight return. You must remain here for the night, and in the morning I will outline the splendid plan I have in mind for your future."

"Say, Ham, we want to come in on that, too, you know," protested Ned, voicing the intentions of the others.

The Passer-by had stood up, his eyes glistening with a look in them as tho he had found the pearl of price at last.

"Let me take your hands, every one of you," he said, unsteadily, shaking each man's hand as he passed up towards Hamilton. He had clasped the latter's, and turned to speak, when he came face to face, for the first time, with the portrait of a beautiful woman hanging over the mantel. He let the boy's hand go, with a hoarse exclamation, clutching a chair for support. Then, without another word, he pulled himself together, and moved towards the door, again the gray ash of a man that had entered several hours before. His shuffling step could be heard breaking the hushed stillness in the hall. Then, the outer door opened, and was closed with a slam, by the gale, that jarred the whole house.

Inside, the men still stood as tho they had just conversed with a ghost.

"W-what did he see?" asked the florid young man, vaguely.

For a moment, again there was silence; then Hamilton spoke, thinly, as tho the words cut him:

"He saw my—my mother. Oh, cant you, cant you—understand?" He sank down in his chair, with a dry sob in his throat, his head thrown wretchedly across his arm on the table.

His companions each passed up, and solemnly laid their hands on their friend's shoulder, and, with a "Good night, old man," passed out, no longer boys, but men.

Meanwhile, a gray figure might be seen passing the two taxis that waited near the door.

Already was the drab figure soaked, and fighting his way breathlessly against the violence of the storm, alone, once again merely—a Passer-by.

The Small Boy's View

By FRANK W. STERNS

I never cared for Shakespeare,
His drama seemed so slow,
Until I saw one acted
Down at the Picture Show.

To poems like Longfellow's
I seldom gave a thought,
Until their priceless value
The Motion Pictures taught.

Of foreign folk and countries
My knowledge was quite small,
Until the M. P. camera
Before me brought them all.

"Sights" in our own U. S. that
Before I'd never seen,
I've viewed with keenest pleasure
Upon the picture screen.

The wonders and the beauties
Of Nature all are mine,
Revealed in gorgeous splendor
In Motion Photos fine.

An education, truly,
To all, if high or low,
Or rich or poor—success to
The Moving Picture Show!

The Moving Picture Show

By J. R. HOOD

How doth the Moving Picture Show
Improve each waking hour!
The people gather there in crowds,
Thru sun and thru the shower.

To music that befits the play,
They sit enwrapped in wonder;
The flute and violin for tears,
The base drum for the thunder.

The scenes depicted on the screen
Exert hypnotic power,
And hisses rise and mirth resounds,
While bearded villains cower.

And manly heroes plight their troth
With maidens fair and winning,
While schoolgirls clasp their throbbing hearts
And bell-hops sit a-grinning.

The cowboys, on unbroken steeds,
Pursue a red-skinned devil;
And sheriffs, with big, shiny guns,
Bring outlaws to the level.

A woman screeches, "Save my child!"
As flames shoot from the cellar:
"Just sign them papers or you die!"
Ten heartless burglars tell her.

The old, the young, the staid, the gay,
All wait in line to enter;
But father's there for kiddie's sake,
And grandma's nephew sent her.

How doth the Moving Picture Show
Improve each waking hour!
By giving sunshine ev'ry day,
And chasing clouds that lower.



Photoplays and Literature



By STANLEY W. TODD



One of the most important educational fields in which the Motion Picture has stooped to conquer is that of English literature. With the permanency of Moving Pictures has come the conviction that they will soon be utilized, to a greater extent than now, for the interpretation of the famous literary masterpieces. Life itself is drama, and that is the keynote of every Motion Picture whose mission is to represent life as it is. This new departure from the old methods of English instruction has compelled the attention of educators and teachers. In time the Motion Picture will be a respected factor in the closer study of the literary classics. Film manufacturers are waiting only for the call of public taste for this kind of Motion Picture.

Already many of the works of the great authors have been brought, in living form, before the eye of the Moving Picture audience. Heretofore this had been accomplished only the stage. But the Motion Picture has gone one step further and resurrected scenes and characters which the theater has discarded as useless material, but purely for technical reasons. And the Motion Picture dramatization seldom falls short of the ideal, for with the characteristic completeness of twentieth century industry, nothing is left undone to assure absolute accuracy of costume, character, detail, environment and emotion in the literary film. The standard is as high as the drama itself.

There is no doubt that the Motion Picture, when its influences are directed more to the classic literary field, will become an invaluable aid to the English teacher. Students will thus clear their minds of hazy impressions of the great literary works; the lesson will be impressed upon them with mathematical precision.

Already the Motion Picture has accomplished wonders in the field of literature. The description and intent of the authors are carefully studied and faithfully followed. In "The Merchant of Venice" the production lacks alone the words of Shakespeare. All the nine cycles of Dante's "Inferno" are enacted in the recesses of the Alps. Hundreds of men and women, undergoing rigorous exposure and hardship, representing the tortures of the sinful in hell, take part in an elaborate production of Dante's immortal work.

No method has ever been conceived to bring to life the cold types of the great authors in this way. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" and "David Copperfield" are effectively presented by the Motion Picture: the most famous parts of these works it epitomizes or presents in full. Micawber, always "waiting for something to turn up," and Uriah Heep, who is so "humble," are live characters, to be loved or detested for their part in the story as interpreted by the Motion Picture.



But the list does not end there. The literary film has been one of the uplifting influences of Moving Pictures. Fiction of more recent date receives ready recognition from the student and entertains while impressing its lesson. There is nothing now that can occupy the unique position that the Motion Picture does in the study of literature.



Sisters

(Champion)

By MARJORLAINE MARCHANT



PARENTS are always very particular to remind their children of the commandment to honor father and mother, but they too often forget that other admonition, which applies to themselves, "Parents should not provoke their children to wrath," and having no one to remind them, since the children, who are the only defendants, must be seen and not heard, the children themselves have to suffer.

That Kate Murphy grew up with a strong character and a sunny disposition, was certainly due to no effort of her father's, but rather to the fact that her innate sweetness was beyond the power of his harshness to change. On the other hand, that the disposition of his favorite daughter, Ellen, was soon completely ruined, was due entirely to her father's spoiling and pampering. Nothing was too good for her; every whim, every wish was gratified, so far as his limited income would allow—and sometimes farther; but anything would do for Kate.

On one occasion he was passing a milliner's shop during a "marked-down" season, and, being possessed with an unmanly fondness for bargains, and an inordinate desire to supervise his family's wardrobe, he went in and purchased a hat for each daughter.

"Hey, ma, just you come and look here what I got for the girls over to the Hat Shoppe at a sale," he called, as he entered the house, with the beaming countenance a good bargain provokes.

"Oh!" cried Kate, rushing in from the kitchen where she had been getting supper. "A new hat! How perfectly lovely!"

"Aint that a corker, now?" exclaimed her father as he drew a large flower and feather-bedecked affair from its tissue-paper wrapping. "Wont she be a picture in it!"

"Oh, let me try it on quick, father. I do hope it will be becoming, it is such a beauty!"

"Try it on! You! This here picture-hat aint for you, it's for Ellen. You couldn't carry this off, you aint got enough style to you."

Kate's face fell.

"Not for me! Oh, father, please! I haven't got any light hat to wear when the warm Sundays come."

"I told you this here hat's for Ellen, aint that plain enough?" asked her father, gruffly.

"But, father, couldn't I just please try it on?" begged Kate. "It might be just as becoming to me as to Ellen, and I really do need a hat for Sundays, you know."

"Well, there's a walkin' affair in that other box, with a quill and a ribbon, which I bought for you. Why dont you put it on?" he returned.

She unwrapped the plain little turban and viewed it ruefully. It was always that way. Ellen always had the best of everything and *she* could take what was left. She rebelled bitterly against the unfairness of it all, but she had long since learnt that to show her feelings too strongly only made matters worse by exciting her father to greater favoritism.

"All right, father. I guess I can make this do," she said, quietly, tying up the box. "I'll tell Ellen you've got something for her. She's home early today. Mr. Monroe drove her up from the office in his machine."

"Father," said Mrs. Murphy, as the door closed upon Kate's dejected little figure, "Kate really needs a Sunday hat. I think you might have——"

"Look here," interrupted her husband, "didn't I buy these hats with my own money? Well, then, aint I got a right to give 'em to who I please?"

"I know," she said, "but Ellen has a pretty hat left from last summer, and——"

"Let her give it to Kate, then," was the quick rejoinder. "Then they'll both have new ones. And dont you begin argufyin' with me. I guess I'm old enough to manage my own affairs."

Whereupon Mrs. Murphy suddenly noticed that the soup was burning, and discreetly left the room.

When Ellen came down she accepted her father's caresses and the new hat quite as a matter of course, and employed the opportunity when her father was feeling pleased with himself to get him to give her some money for a new dress. This accomplished, she carried the hat triumphantly up to her room and left it on the table.

When Kate came into the room a few minutes later, her first impulse was to try on the hat lying so invitingly before her. How becoming it was! What lovely flowers! What soft, pretty feathers! How she would love to wear that hat! She could picture the surprise and delight of her friends, who had never seen her in anything so pretty.

"Kate Murphy! What are you doing with my new hat?" exclaimed Ellen from the doorway.

"I was only trying it on, Ellen," Kate answered, studying her profile in the mirror.

"Well, if you think I'm going to let you have it, you're very much mistaken. It's my hat. You take it off."

"All right, Ellen, but I cant see any harm in my trying it on for a moment."

"Well, I do. You'll be wanting it, and you'll try to get dad to take it away from me, and——"

"Why, Ellen! You know I never did such a thing in my life. You might at least be reasonable."

"Reasonable!" exclaimed Ellen. "And have you trying on my things and maybe wearing them on the sly? I guess not. You take that hat off, or I'll make you sorry!"

Ellen's loud tones had reached the father's ears and sent him rushing up the stairs.

"Here, what's all this noise about? That hat, eh? Tryin' to take it away from you, was she, Ellen? Well, miss, you just put it down and get out of here, and dont you let me hear you bullying your sister again. Great pity you two girls cant live peacefully in the same house. Get out of here, do you hear?"

Kate had heard only too clearly. With flushed cheeks and rebellious heart she fled to the roof, where she had so often wept out her resentment after similar scenes, and here her mother found and comforted her.

Altho the roof had frequently been the scene of her resentment, it was also to be the scene of her greatest happiness, for it witnessed a meeting which was to change the course of her whole life. One day, when Kate was busily hanging up the clothes, singing as she worked, a young plumber came up to repair the drains. Naturally he listened, quite naturally he admired, and most naturally they spoke. Kate had seen him before at a church entertainment, and it is not improbable that he was in her mind as one of the people who would have been pleased to see her in a pretty new hat.

Their meeting on the roof soon led to other meetings—on terra firma, at the church, in the park, on the front steps; indeed, the number of meeting-places increased amazingly, and their friendship ripened accordingly, until the very children in the streets read their secret as they strolled by.

Those were happy days for Kate. Her goings and comings were no longer commented upon, for the scrutinizing eye of family criticism was turned elsewhere.

Ellen had proved to be the pampered favorite not only of her father, but of Dame Fortune as well, for the rich employer in whose office Ellen worked began to manifest a decided interest in her. He showered her with gifts—flowers, books and candy—and drove her home from the office in his machine every day. Her father

was pleased enough at the prospect of a wealthy son-in-law, and Ellen's pride and ambition found every satisfaction in her enviable position, the full force of which was brought to her notice one Sunday afternoon while driving in the park with her employer.

Seated on one of the benches which lined the driveway, she noticed a familiar figure in trim blue suit and hat, and beside her a young man of stocky build, dressed in a loud plaid suit, with bright green tie and socks, and glaringly new yellow shoes. It was Kate and her friend, the plumber!

How ridiculously plebeian they looked! Ellen felt positively ashamed of them. She turned her gaze to the man at her side—tall, broad-shouldered, dressed in the height of fashion—and a feeling of immense satisfaction surged over her. How much more fortunate she was than Kate! How thankful was she that her path lay among such pleasant places!

Had she looked less at the exterior and more at the heart of the men, she would have seen homely kindness and thoughtfulness there as against selfishness and restless discontent.

But we are not given to see the future, and not all of us have even the intuition to read the signs of warning along the way, but glide on like Ellen in the fragile bark of Ambition toward the port of Self-Satisfaction.

A year's time saw both of the sisters wed and the Murphy family broken up. The mother went to live with Kate, the father was to share the sumptuous home of his favorite Ellen.

You've heard the poet's maxim of what happens to the best laid plans of mice and men? Hear, then, how these plans "gang a-gley."

It was the day after the return from the wedding cruise, and Ellen occupied the place of mistress at her table, her admiring husband opposite, her doting father beside her. But the meal which started out so happily had a most disastrous ending, altho Ellen's father was the last to see the gathering storm.



ELLEN ACCEPTS WEALTHY WALTER MONROE

He had removed his coat in order to have freer use of his arms, and had tucked the napkin well down his neck and spread it out protectingly over his Sunday vest, which he had put on in honor of the occasion. His soup had been audibly enjoyed, and his knife had been made to do the duty of fork and spoon.

Ellen paid little attention to him at first. She was absorbed in looking after her husband, and, besides, her father's peculiarities had always been overlooked at home for the sake of peace. But suddenly she caught such a look of disgust on her husband's face, that she turned to see the cause of it.

The climax had just been reached. The old man had poured his coffee into his saucer and was noisily drinking out of it!

"Ellen, I cant stand this," declared her husband.

"Of course not," she rejoined. "Dad, wont you please be less noisy at the table? Cant you see that it bothers Walter?"

"Eh?" exclaimed the old man, with cup and saucer suspended in midair.



WALTER IS DISGUSTED WITH ELLEN'S FATHER

"Cant you drink quietly, and out of your cup?" she repeated.

"Well," he replied, "you dont want me to burn my tongue, do you? This here coffee's too blamed hot," and he proceeded to blow vigorously into the saucer.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Monroe. "I wont have such actions at my table. Send him to the kitchen—that's where he belongs."

It was in keeping with Ellen's spoiled nature that at this crisis she thought only of herself and ordered into the kitchen the doting father who had satisfied her every wish. Then, indeed, did he realize how greatly at fault he had been in her up-bringing; how, instead of developing her qualities of heart and conscience, he had made of her a wilful woman, who would unfeelingly sacrifice her nearest kin on the altar of selfish desire.

Of course it would be impossible for him to remain there. He would have to go to Kate's, where he knew there would be a welcome in spite of crowded quarters and homely fare. Kate had always kept her temper, he remembered, and with the remembrance there was forced upon him the realization of what just cause she had had for rebellion at his neglect and favoritism.

What a contrast this hour of Ellen's shame saw in Kate's home! John Schwartz returned from his work with a beaming face, greeted his wife affectionately, and then called upstairs jovially, "Hello, mother!"

Smilingly, his mother-in-law hastened down, to be ensconced with mock ceremony in her place at the table and waited upon with every care and attention. "Nothing is too good for mother," seemed to be his watchword.

To this happy home circle the saddened father came, where Kate and her genial husband helped to soothe the pain. Often his thoughts wandered back to the beautiful home of his spoiled daughter, and he wondered whether things were running smoothly, but he never heard from her, and his simple mind could not picture conditions as they were.

How could he guess that the glamour of the honeymoon had soon worn off, leaving a petted, spoiled wife at the mercy of an irritable, selfish husband? That quarrel followed quarrel, until the wife's mis-

guided attempts at reconciliation only resulted in a greater breach? That degradation, desertion, poverty followed, and Ellen, too proud to return to her despised family, sewed all day in a dressmaker's shop that she might keep body and soul together? How could he know?

So the years passed, and while Ellen stitched and stitched and saved the pennies, dollars rolled rapidly into the plumber's coffer. And with the dollars came a handsome house, and wealthy friends, and all the fine appointments of the well-to-do.

But John Schwartz never changed. He was still genial, friendly, unspoiled. While Kate never lost her sweetness and thoughtfulness, rejoicing that her added riches enabled her to do so much the more for others. And Grandpa and Grandma Murphy, their characters softened by time and trouble, were continually at the beck and call of a sprightly young miss, with her mother's eyes and her father's smile, whom they loved with the wisdom of their added years, and influenced as only grandparents can—unhampered by the problems of young parenthood, rich in the memory of their children's childhood, possessing a sort of second sight into the essential needs of the young. Happy the children who grow up under the influence of such grandparents!

The time was now drawing near for the celebration of a golden wedding in the Schwartz mansion. Kate had planned everything with loving thought, sparing no expense in carrying out every detail that would add to her parents' happiness. John was coming home early that afternoon to help in the final decorations, and she was to call for him in the car and stop at the dressmaker's on the way back for the gown which had been ordered for the occasion.

The suave French proprietor greeted them profusely.

"Ze robe for Madame Schwartz? Ah, oui! Cette robe magnifique! Un moment, s'il vous plaît," and the rich mauve portières closed upon his retreating figure.



ELLEN UNKNOWINGLY MAKES A GOWN FOR HER NOW WEALTHY SISTER

"La robe pour Madame Schwartz," he whispered to his assistant.

"It is not yet finished, Monsieur," she said, pointing to a mass of satin and lace upon which a young woman, with deep circles under her eyes, was diligently working.

"Pas fini!" he gasped. "Mon dieu! Que faire? Madame et Monsieur l'attendent."

The young woman at the machine lifted her head.

"It will be finished by six o'clock," she said.

"A six heures, positivement?" demanded the Frenchman.

"Yes, positively," was the reply.

Thus did Ellen, all unwittingly, agree to finish her sister's gown in time for the celebration of her parents' golden wedding that evening.

"Ah, c'est ravissante—cette robe magnifique!" announced the Frenchman on returning to his customer. "Madame will be parfaite, absolument parfaite! Je suis desolé, mais—eet ees not fini just. Mais, à six heures eet will be à votre maison. A six heures, positivement."

He counted the hours on his fingers and politely ushered them out, so Kate had to be content.

But at six o'clock the workers filed past him, and Ellen was still sewing on the gown. When it was finally finished there was no one to deliver it, so she said she would take it herself.

Never associating her sister with the Schwartz family living at the fashionable address given her, she ascended the steps and was ushered upstairs into a handsome boudoir. On the dressing-table lay a large black hat, and Ellen could not resist trying it on while she waited for the slip to be signed.

The next moment Kate, returning with the slip to thank the messenger in person, caught her in the act.

"Poor girl," she thought. "I dont suppose she ever has pretty things to wear."

"It's very becoming," she said, aloud.

Ellen started, guilty and ashamed, and turned with an apology on her lips, which suddenly changed to a gasp of surprise.



THE SISTERS MEET

"You!" she cried.

It was now Kate's turn to start.

"Ellen!" she exclaimed. "Ellen, is it you?"

The prodigal sister sank to her knees.

"Oh, can you forgive me, Kate? Can you?" she pleaded.

Kate gathered her lovingly into her arms.

"For everything—my sister! I dont pretend to understand how you came here in this way, or why you have been silent all these years, but the great thing is that you are here, here in time to celebrate the golden wedding! You shall wear one of my gowns, the one you just brought if you like, and we will give them all the greatest surprise party they have ever had in their lives."

So, in the midst of the festivities, when confetti and variegated streamers turned the broad stairway into a miniature Harvard stadium at commencement time, and the old couple were regaining their breath after bravely executing the lively dance of their youthful days, Kate led Ellen to the top of the stairway, then slipping quietly to her parents' side, said:



KATE PRESENTS ELLEN TO HER PARENTS AS A WEDDING GIFT

"Father and mother, I have a wonderful surprise for you—a gift of pure gold as befits the day—Ellen!"

At her gesture the guests stepped back, and Ellen—like the tired child she was—ran down to the welcoming arms held out to her, safe home at last.

Just for a Dime

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I'd do 'most anything you say,
Just for a dime;
Work like a nigger, any day,
Just for a dime.
'Taint to buy candy, no siree!
Nor gum, nor nothin'. Hully gee!
Would I work so for that? Not me—
Just for a dime!

But, say, I know a place to go,
Just for a dime,
That beats all other treats I know,
Just for a dime.
I've got to have that dime today,
'Cause—well, you see, it's just this way—
A kid can see a Photoplay
Just for a dime.

Greenroom Jottings

LITTLE WHISPERS FROM EVERYWHERE
: : : IN PLAYERDOM : : :

"DANNY, the Cowboy Kid," is said to be the youngest and smallest cowboy in the world. His performances will be seen in the Méliès pictures, spinning the rope, and doing some very clever riding. The way he mounts a horse twice his height, without any assistance, and direct from the ground, is a marvel.

William Dowling, leading man at the Belasco Theater, Los Angeles, one of the Pacific Coast's leading stock actors, is to enter the ranks of the photoplayers. From the same locality came Earle Williams, one of the Vitagraph favorites.

Helen Gardner has left the Vitagraph Company.

Those who remember Edith Storey as the nimble cowgirl of the Méliès Company, are surprised at her versatility in the Vitagraph plays, where she is doing everything, from queens and princesses down to servant-girls.

Chauncey Herbert, of the Selig Polyscope Company, is reproducing the Little Jimmy cartoons of the Hearst newspapers into Moving Pictures.

It was a fortunate thing for the Lubin Company that the Barnum and Bailey Circus was detained while getting out of Brooklyn and arrived in Philadelphia at high noon, instead of before daylight as is usual. While thousands of spectators were watching them unload, the Lubins were busy with the cameras, and the pictures are being shown in the playhouses this week.

Albert McGovern, formerly a Lubin player, but more recently a director for the Powers Company, has been forced to take a vacation because of ill health and is resting in his cottage at Atlantic City.

A few weeks ago Miss Florence Lawrence spent an entire morning in the studio of one of the well-known New York photographers, and her admirers will shortly be given their choice of several styles of portraits. Miss Lawrence is not ready to announce her plans, at this writing, but it is safe to say that she will be found at the head of a new independent company.

Unlike Earle Williams, Maurice Costello frankly confesses that he likes to get letters from the public, even tho they do go into the waste basket the moment they come. The waste basket is the most convenient receptacle for the mass of correspondence, and when he has time, they are taken out again and each one is carefully read.

George Reehm, of the Lubin Company, has the odd accomplishment of being able to play character parts without making up his face. He has his facial muscles under fine control, and can look the country boor or the polished villain, without a line upon his face.

Whitney Raymond, of the Essanay Company, is on a vacation and will take a trip to the coast before resuming work at the Chicago studios.

William Clifford seems to be among the lost photoplayers. When the Méliès Company temporarily shut down, he went to the Bison Company and from there to the Los Angeles company of the Lubin forces, but the shutting down of that company has left him without a connection.

The engagement of Hal Reid by the Reliance Company has resulted in quite a shake-up. Miss Jane Fearnley is now with the Imp forces, and Henry Walthall has gone back to Pathé Frères.

Miss Lottie Pickford is now a member of the Kalem Company, as is Miss Allison Skipworth, who was a Frohman leading woman for several years.

Harry Furniss, for many years the chief caricaturist of London *Punch*, and perhaps the best known English-speaking caricaturist in the world, has concluded a special six weeks' engagement with the Edison Company, and has returned to London.

Miss Gene Gauntier, leading woman of the Kalem Company's European section, has written more Photoplays than any other author engaged in that branch of literature. In one year she turned out more than two hundred, and, while this is her record, she writes a goodly number every year. She wrote scenarios for the Biograph Company before the formation of the Kalem Company, and it was her work there that influenced her selection as one of the original Kalemites.

Joseph Murphy, who made a fortune with "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue," will become a photoplayer temporarily, this summer, when he goes to Ireland to assist the Kalem Company in staging those productions in the actual localities in which the scenes are laid.

Miss Martha Russell has returned to the Essanay Company after a long vaudeville and lecturing tour. Her first releases were seen early in June.

Miss Vedah Bertram, G. M. Anderson's leading woman, fell from her broncho shortly after joining the company, and was forced to take a rest. In the interval the Biograph Company, then in Los Angeles, loaned a player to Mr. Anderson. The Biograph players, by the way, are back in New York after a delightful winter spent on the Pacific slope.

Warren J. Kerrigan mourns the loss of his favorite dog, "Puddles," the official mascot of the American Company. The animal fell a victim to one of those scamps who scatter poison about the streets for dogs and cats to pick up, and there is mourning in La Mesa. Mr. Kerrigan says he would like to meet the man who did it, but the desire does not seem to be mutual.

Bannister Merwin, who writes many of the Edison Photoplays, has taken a cottage on the Thames for the summer. A cottage on the Thames is no more modest than the same thing at Newport. This one has eight bedrooms, and other apartments to match.

The Kalem New Orleans Company has returned to New York.

Everybody seems to be agreed that Miss Florence Lawrence has a sister in Photoplay, but, judging from the letters received by this magazine, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to whom that sister is. Some think Miss Marion Leonard is the sister. Others are as positive that it is Miss Mary Pickford, while many are convinced that it is Miss Gertrude Robinson. None of these is related to Miss Lawrence. She has no sister appearing in Photoplay. Almost as common, but more unanimous, is the belief that Arthur Mackley, of the Essanay, is G. M. Anderson's father or brother—which he is not.

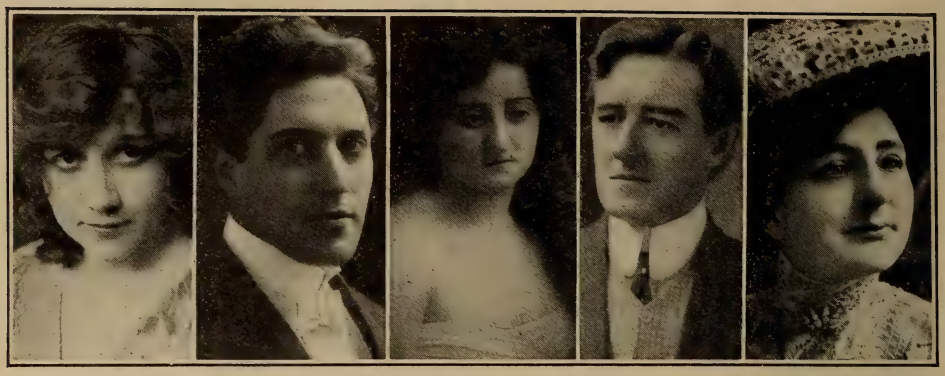
Among the new Lubin players are Miss Clara Williams, Franklin Hall and Edgar Lewis. They will work in a new section of the company, directed by Mr. Grandon, formerly director for the Imp.

The recent featuring of Roswell (Buster) Johnson by the Lubin Company seemed to have settled the "Is he married?" question, so far as Arthur Johnson is concerned, but it happens that Master Johnson is the son of one of the Lubin camera men and is not related to Arthur Johnson.

The Lubin Comedy Company has returned from Jacksonville and is working at Atlantic City. The Essanay Company also plans to send a company to Atlantic City for the summer. Both companies will work in other resorts, and from Cape May to Long Branch.

Otto Meyer, one of the Méliès cowboys, made a "clean-up" at the recent Annual Western Sports Conclave, getting about all the "firsts" that were worth fighting for.

Thousands have welcomed the return of Max Linder to picturedom, but many are puzzled because he is a "C. G. P. C.," and not a Pathé Frères player. That's just because they have not read that the four letters is the identification of the European-made films of the Pathé Frères. Mr. Linder has had a siege of illness, but is back in his old form again.



Chats with the Players

MARY FULLER, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

Did you ever have the immense satisfaction in meeting some one about whom you had heard a great deal, of actually finding that the real person measured up to your fondest imaginings? If you have, you will appreciate with what delight I clasped the capable little hand Miss Fuller held out to me in greeting, cordially, albeit reluctantly, because she "rather dreads" interviews. Moreover, she was especially distressed that, on this occasion, her rôle for the day required the tawdry finery so foreign to her æsthetic taste. But personality was my point, not appearance, and clothes make not the character—all sayings to the contrary notwithstanding—so we sought a bench in a secluded corner of the studio, and sitting down with one foot tucked under her, little-girl fashion, she proceeded to the dreaded ordeal.

Perhaps because of my own early aspirations, perhaps because of recent dabblings in amateur psychology, I felt that in her early childhood, she, like Anne of Green Gables, demanded plenty of "scope for imagination." At my merest suggestion of the subject she was alive with enthusiasm.

"Oh, yes! I'd love to tell you about that" she exclaimed, and then I was led gayly, impulsively, up steep stairs into the great attic of a rambling country house near Washington, where three sisters and the little girl across the street, re-presented, with all the ardor and ingenuity of ten-year-oldhood, the operas performed by the Aborn Opera Company in the nearby Glen Echo Amphitheater.

What matter that the volume of the opening chorus, composed of the whole company of four, resplendent in bedspreads and fans, gradually dwindled down to one voice, as the principals left to assume their different rôles? What matter that the villain sank dying to the floor, only to rise and march off as the conquering hero? What matter, indeed? Why, that was the best part of it!

Behind the scenes, cloaks of discarded portières awaited their call to duty; old-fashioned finery renewed the popularity of its youth; ingeniously contrived weapons stood menacingly against the wall; and worn-out chairs gladly gave of their stuffing that the brigands might be properly wigged and bearded.

Then I was called back to join the audience. "Fra Diavolo" was the piece in progress. I saw our heroine in her favorite dual rôle, mannish and tragic, and I held my breath as grown-ups will and a sympathetic audience should, when, shot and mortally wounded, the fierce brigand rolled down a rocky defile of pillows.

"I was magnificent in that bandit's cloak of bed-ticking," she said. "My! but I was proud! At the end of the season we always gave a vaudeville performance, and I often wrote the sketches. The price of admittance was three pins."

Three pins! How the youth of Washington must have taken up the cry, "Three pins! Three pins! My kingdom for three pins!" I would have searched the proverbial haystack for them myself, had it been necessary.

Thus in a school of her own improvising, Miss Fuller began to study for the stage, building the framework of her dreams on the foundation of her own ingenuity, and, at the age of thirteen, after her father's death, she announced her readiness to go on the stage. A wise mother dissuaded her, thinking that it was only a childish whim, and so for four years she bided her time and built up her castle of dreams. Then, rich in hope, ambition and ideals, but with little else, she came to New York.

During a lull in the theatrical season, she took up acting for Motion Pictures, where her artistic work was so much appreciated that she has been persuaded to stay. The stage is the loser thereby, for her voice is charming, with just a delightful sug-

gestion of the Southern accent, which, by the way, Miss Fuller deplores, as she does not like to thus "localize" herself.

With the irony that seems to be fate's chief characteristic, Miss Fuller is often called upon to play light parts when she prefers those with depth and strong emotion; but whatever the part, she plays it with her whole heart and soul, studying the temperament of the character together with the experiences which lie before and behind it in the plot.

"I like 'Electra' best of all the rôles I have played," she said. "It has depth and tragedy, poetry, loftiness, and sorrow. It is satisfying, too. One feels that it is work worth doing. It was two years ago that I played it. I would like to do it again, for I know I could do it much better now.

"That is what I aim for—to try, and keep on trying till I reach perfection. I am always interested in watching my work on the screen, to see where I can improve it," —by which I judge that she is her own severest critic.

"I love books," she told me, "and I have done some writing myself—magazine stories and Motion Picture scenarios. Some people call my work bizarre, but I know that it is good, and that in the matter of scenarios I am simply ahead of my time"—which would imply that the public are not the only people who need to be educated.

"The educational films are splendid if we dont give people an overdose. I believe in educating the people, but there must be plenty of sugar coating on the pill."

Just then I thought of the two million women who want to vote, and the twenty-two million who dont, and I wondered whether she marched under the banner.

"Oh, politics dont interest me much," she said. "That sort of thing isn't in my line. There's nothing artistic about it—except the lies they tell. I dont believe the majority of women are ready for suffrage yet—they are not broad-minded enough. But I *would* like to vote for Roosevelt."

"What has become of the rest of the little company of players in the attic?" I asked her. "Did any of them follow their early bent?" She smiled whimsically.

"They are all married except me. I guess I am an old maid now. I shall never get married." I reminded her that they all say that.

"Oh, but I am not like other girls," said she, thereby proving the reverse.

"I am wrapped up in my work. Improvement, self-cultivation—that is my ambition—that, and having people like me," she added wistfully.

As I rose to leave I thought how delightful it was that, altho she did not know it, one of her ambitions was accomplished by no other effort on her part than simply being natural.

"Good-by," she said. "Oh, I've been dreading this so, but it hasn't been a bit painful!"

Painful! How could it be when she was simply radiating ambition and enthusiasm? I can feel her handclasp still. It was magnetic!

GLADYS ROOSEVELT.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

EVERYBODY knows Carlyle Blackwell. Sit in any Photoshow, and when a Kalem Western comes on you will hear the girls—and also the men—all around you say, "Ah! that's Carlyle Blackwell!" Everybody is pleased, not only because the handsome and interesting Carlyle is to play the lead, but because they know that the charming Alice Joyce will play with him, and that, in the end, they will probably get married for the "101th" time.

It was a pleasant mission I had assigned to me. I had no difficulty in finding the popular young player at his cottage in Glendale, Cal., and I recognized him at once. He grasped my hand cordially and asked me to have a chair upon the porch, which, of course, I did. But, as my plans were unfolded, the dark face of my victim clouded, and he looked a trifle annoyed.

"Of course," he said, "I read your magazine right along and like it very much. I would do anything for you, almost, but really if there is anything in the world I dislike, it is to be interviewed. I would rather have others talk about me, if they want to, than to talk about myself."

"Everybody's doing it," I laughed, "they are all getting interviewed, and we must have you, that's all."

"Well," said he, "I suppose I must submit to the inevitable," and he did so.

It was a very pleasant chat we had, and I gradually drew from my victim all of the salient points of his interesting career. He was born at Syracuse, N. Y., of English parents, on January 20, 1885. (There, girls, you see I have obtained the information you wanted.) He was educated at Cornell University, and his studies were directed to fit him for an electrical engineer. But Carlyle proposes, and the public disposes. After taking part in numerous amateur theatrical performances, the public seemed to demand

his talents on the stage; so, eight years ago he made his professional debut with the Elieh Garden Stock Company, at Denver, Col.; later he played with Miss Blanche Ring in the "The Gay White Way," in "Brown of Harvard," and in "The Right of Way." Then he left the theatrical business for the Photoplay, but he is still deeply interested in all things theatrical.

"Both have their special spheres," he said, "and, unlike many, I do not believe the present dearth of patronage in the regular theater is to be attributed to the picture houses as much as to the faults of the present methods in the so-called legitimate houses. This is simply a cursory remark, and as such must remain, as discussion would be quite out of place. I make a point of seeing all the reputable productions possible, as the means of study afforded is great. This occupies a number of evenings. The rest of my time is devoted to reading, and dancing—fancy dancing. Hobby? well, my particular hobby is driving my car. And as Southern California has many miles of unequaled roads and scenery, the pleasure derived is inestimable. It is eighteen months since I relinquished my association with the Vitagraph Company and came to California with the Kalem Company. In that time I have driven my car some 7,000 odd miles. Any spare time remaining is spent in the garden around my little bungalow, and my proudest moments come when handing some visiting thespian of my acquaintance a rose or maybe a luscious orange, that my efforts have been given to.

"There is the one ineffable difference between the actor and the photoplayer. The first is bound to catch his one-night stand, but the photoplayer has his home; only the actor can appreciate the differences."

Thus Mr. Blackwell talked on, and I made mental notes as carefully as I could. I ascertained that he is 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 156 pounds. You want to know how he looks? Well, he looks just exactly the same as he does on the screen. You would know him anywhere, and I assure you that, if you ever come across him, just go up and say, "Hello, Carlyle, I know you well; I am an old friend of yours," and he will grasp you cordially by the hand. He will understand.

THE TATLER.

ELEANOR CAINES, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

IT pains me to think that the darky bellboy, who carried my card up to Miss Caines' rooms in the Irving Hotel, Philadelphia, returned to me, grinning, with the information that she was unable to see me—too busy. However, this did not daunt me. I had made the hundred-mile trip and wanted to catch the "midnight" back, so I went to the writing-room and, after much labor, sent her up a note with an appeal for mercy and an explanation of my urgency.

She relented, and I found myself being ushered into her snug combination living-room, library and study. The first things that I noticed were an animated loose jacket, a mass of hair heaped up in confusion above it, and a flat-topped desk covered with copy paper. Miss Caines was evidently at work—she is a fellow penman.

"I am just finishing up a Photoplay," she said, looking up.

"I know what it is," said I; "squeezing out the last gasp—please go on."

"But I've finished," she demurred, throwing down her pencil. "It's like running for a moving train that's pulling out—this writing."

"I see you appreciate my own predicament."

"Yes, let's get interviewed," she said, settling back.

"In the first place," said I, "what and why do you write so intensely?"

"Why, Photoplays, of course. Nothing more exhilarating, I assure you. Turned off 'The Sheriff's Capture' recently, and have just finished . . . Well, the studio hasn't seen it yet, so you'll have to wait."

"Here's a foolish question: Fond of writing?"

"Yes, passionately, as much as I love reading. Write, 'most everything—sketches, verse, four-act dramas—some of them 'stick,' too."

"Please let me be late in congratulating you," I said warmly; "it's strenuous work."

"I find it rather a relaxation after eight hours afield or in the studio," she responded. "You see my nickname is 'Bunches,' and it may stand for my figure or for my irrepressible activity.

"My rôles are nearly all light comedy or ingénue," she resumed, "most often the vigorous kind. Did you see me in the 'Stronger Sex,' 'The Boss of Bar X Ranch,' or 'Father Makes Himself Useful'?"

"I regret——" I began.

"Never mind, I was born a lusty baby and have kept it up ever since." She shook her head as if coming up out of water. "You know, of course, the exactions of stock company work. I was leading woman for Howard Hall, and for five years with Forepaugh's Stock Company, besides long engagements with Edith Ells and David Belasco—and I guess it toughened me for camera posing.

"We do have to go thru experiences, tho," she reminisced, "such as winter mountain

climbing, and a duck in freezing water now and then. Last year I was thrown from a frightened horse—could not finish the picture—but came back smiling the next day, with my arm in a sling, and did my little part."

"Fond of swimming?"

"Oh, very. I had an awful time learning, tho. In fact, the life-boat at Asbury Park pulled me out three times one summer—had an awful habit of going under with a gurgle and bubbles."

"Do you mind rehearsing?"

"Not much; still there is always one word I like to hear spoken in a posing: when the director says, 'Lights,' at the finish."

It was getting nigh to my hour for leaving. I resolved to risk all on one question: "What can you say about yourself physically, morally, mentally, and socially?"

"Please!" she said, jumping up. "Are you full of such cunning little questions?"

I assured her that I was.

"Well, here goes," she said, taking a deep breath. "Physically, I am sound as a nut; never had even a heartache; weigh 120 pounds, and stand 5 feet 2½ inches, riding, walking, or sleeping. Morally, my Scotch father and French mother gave me a fine start and I've tried to keep up with it. Mentally, I see things if they're plain, or if not, take them for granted. Socially—and that's a big word—I love the opera, my friends, my books, my work, and am working all the time to keep up my self-esteem."

E. M. L.

MARC McDERMOTT, AN EDISON EXPONENT

As I entered the Edison Studio I was struck with the atmosphere of the place. Everybody was busy, but nobody was in a hurry. The directors rehearsed the players with intense earnestness, accompanied by perfect civility, and the players acted in kind. There was no haste, no nervous irritability. Every scene was fully explained, every action carefully thought out, yet every moment was made to count. I saw one director quietly explaining a tense scene to two players while the bootblack shined his boots.

At the lunch hour, workmen and engineers hobnobbed with charming damsels in chic silk gowns, and frock-coated gentlemen waited upon tawdry shop-girls, not from any exaggerated sense of democracy, but from genuine good-fellowship; while two little play-children toddled in and out among them, monarchs of all they surveyed.

An able exponent of the Edison spirit is Mr. Marc McDermott. I had an opportunity to watch him in one of those tense, quiet scenes, which he particularly enjoys, and thought his acting remarkable. He presents a very commanding figure, tall and well-built, with clear-cut features, expansive brow and deep-set, thoughtful eyes. Thruout my talk with him I never knew that he was an Englishman until he told me so! (A crowning tribute, that!)

His experience on the professional stage is so wide and interesting as to be almost enviable. Seven years in Australia with that famous Henry the Fifth, George Rignold; many parts in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's companies in America, including the lead in Sudermann's "The Joy of Living"; a season at Windham's Theater in London with Dennis O'Sullivan and Marie Dainton in "Peggy McCree," during which time he was called upon to play O'Sullivan's part during his illness; and back to America again, first with Mansfield and then under the management of Charles Frohman and Klaw & Erlanger. At one time, while playing Petroff in "Called Back," he had the task of learning the long part of "Dr. Ceneri' in one night and stepping into another's place, but Von Keller in "Magda" seems to be the part which he enjoyed most.

Finally, a friend, who saw the possibilities of Motion Pictures and had their uplift at heart, persuaded Mr. McDermott to cast his lot with them, and altho the call of the stage is strong, the fascination of Motion Picture acting has taken a firm hold, and he has continued to identify himself with it. The leading parts in "The Sunset Gun," "The Passerby," "Monsieur," "Van Bibber's Experiment," "The Dearer Love," and Dickens' "Christmas Carol," have all been those strong, tense, powerful portrayals in which Mr. McDermott excels.

When I asked him whether his childhood's tendencies were toward the stage, "Thank God! I was never an amateur!" burst from his lips. Surely if that is the way he feels about it, it *is* something to be thankful for—in his case. Not many of us are permitted to calmly choose what we shall be and then go on and accomplish it—but, as I have said before, Mr. McDermott is a remarkable man.

I was interested in his opinion of stock-company work. In the days gone by when a company presented one play for two or three months, the training was invaluable, he thought, but now that they are presenting two or three plays a week and rehearsing as many more, the work has become mechanical. The old chance for improvement and study is taken away and the quality of one's work is lost in the quantity demanded.

"I often go to Motion Picture theaters on the East Side to get in touch with the audience," he said. "I think they are grossly misunderstood by picture producers who dose them with frightful melodrama. I have seen them sit spellbound before a quiet picture, full of suggestiveness, showing some abstract theme, such as Grief, Youth, Love, or Joy. For example, take Grief. A long road led down between arched trees to the water's edge. The figure of a woman dressed in black, came slowly down the path, leading two children by the hand, and stood looking sorrowfully across the water. Then the elder boy rises to the occasion, comforts his mother and declares that he will take his father's place. Just a suggestion, nothing more. And yet those people got it—that's the point; they felt it, they appreciated it.

"Oh, there are tremendous possibilities in Motion Pictures! There is a plan—and this is not a mere Utopian dream, it is a possibility and a near one—that there will be different class picture-houses in the future, varying in price from five to twenty-five cents."

"Motion Picture work is very exacting," he told me. "The camera is a great detective, and one cannot relax an instant without being betrayed. I have never been with any company but the Edison," and I am certain that he doesn't want to be.

"You've noticed the atmosphere in the studio?" *Had I!* "It is due to our manager, who prides himself on keeping it up to the mark, and we all feel the same way about it. It is the spirit which makes for efficient work and insures success and happiness."

GLADYS ROOSEVELT.

ELEANOR BLANCHARD, OF THE ESSANAY COMEDY COMPANY

THE homes of some people have always affected me as mere tarrying places. Books, pictures, even the furniture, have an unused look that seems to say: "Today we are here, tomorrow we must take up our journey again." Quite the reverse was my introduction to the ensemble in the restful living-room of Eleanor Blanchard. Here, while waiting for her, the attitude of the easy-chair near the open shelves of books, the riding-crop and gauntlets tossed on the big reading-table, the scattered pile of music beside them, had an air of use, and familiarity with their owner.

On meeting the lady herself, I must confess that the effect was deliciously sustained—that effect, natural with a rare few, of making one feel perfectly at home. Perhaps this charm flows naturally from Eleanor Blanchard, an inheritance from her Philadelphian Quaker ancestry; at any rate, after listening to her for a few minutes, I felt that the effortless, home side of her nature toward strangers was a very comforting one.

Her face is a full oval, aggressive in expression, with large sparkling brown eyes and finely planted thick eyebrows. The shape of her face and this setting of her eyes have indubitably been of great use to her in camera portrayal, for she seems to have no facial lines that form homely shadows, and her eyes, with the play of her eyebrows, can tell a wordless story to the delight of sightseers, who probably do not realize just how.

She informed me that she began her stage career with her fondness for amateur performances in school and for fourteen years followed the regular stage—her two last engagements being with Rose Stahl and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Her Photoplay work has been confined to the Edison, Méliès, and Essanay studios. Furthermore, she would not designate in what Photoplays her portrayals had particularly pleased her—in fact, I believe she stated that this was a matter for the public and critics to decide upon.

"Speaking of Photoplay critics," she said, "who and where are they? I have often wondered, with the Photoplay gradually supplanting regular stage performances, why a school of critics has not followed it up.

"Not such criticism as we are obliged sometimes to read in the newspapers," she continued, with a little laugh, "but intelligent, trained, professional criticism. Would such a thing not only be appreciated by the public, but by producers and players?"

I heartily concurred with her. Here is indeed food for thought.

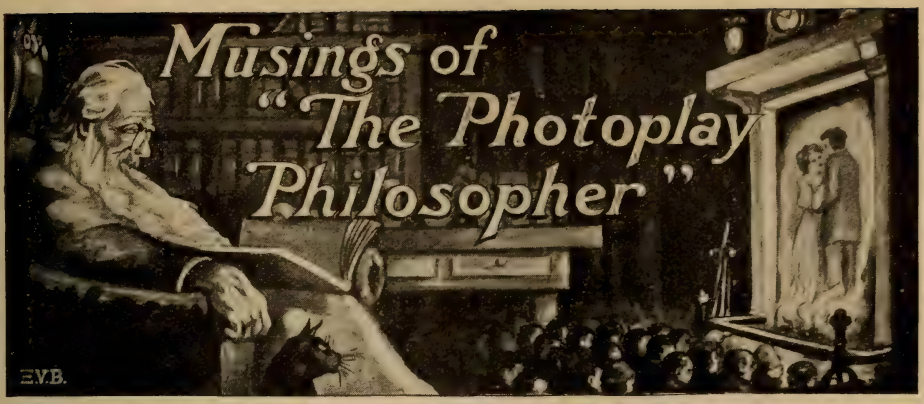
"Tell me something about your life?" I asked.

"How it is ordered? Very well! From nine until five I spend at the studio, preparing for or doing the actual posing; after that I am crazy for an hour with my horse. In the evenings I study. Emotional and character rôles—my favorites—require a good deal of study just to get the feel of them—the work comes easier after that, of course.

"Here is a secret," she resumed, solemnly. "Too veiled to print?" I asked.

"Not at all; please use it for what it is worth. Many times, in studying the vastly dissimilar parts I have, the inspiration to interpret them does not come to me. It is then that I resort to music. I sing and play sufficiently well to amuse myself and I find it the greatest inspiration in getting in touch with a difficult rôle or character. Appropriate music always refreshes me and very often gives me a feeling insight, as it were. There, you can have it to use for yourself, if you see fit."

I thanked her appreciatively; my own musical ability is limited to separating the raucous squeaks from a lawn-mower. I wonder why they didn't inspire me before!



I happened to be present once at the rooms of the Children's Aid Society, which were crowded with women and children witnessing a series of Motion Pictures on the screen. The picture that attracted the most attention was one in which a baby's bottle, with rubber nipple, was standing upon the table. Soon some flies appeared, buzzed around the bottle, settled upon the nipple and crawled over it. Instantly an enlarged fly was shown, and then an enlargement of the feet of the fly, which were seen to be covered with filth and with the polluting germs of various diseases. Next, the bottle was shown, and then a pretty woman enters, holding her darling baby in her arms. She picks up the bottle and puts the nipple into the baby's mouth. A shudder went thru the room. The lesson had been taught. Even the children understood. Could any book, teacher or lecturer have made such a vivid impression in ten times ten minutes? By the way, if every Mayor would offer, in the early breeding season, say ten cents for every hundred dead flies brought to him, there would be ten million less flies in the summer and there would be one-tenth the amount of disease and of annoyance.

Great is the credulity of the man who thinks all Photoplays good: great is the ignorance of the man who thinks all Photoplays bad. There are the good, the bad, the better and the best, but let us always demand better plays and be satisfied only with the best.

All great deeds in this world are payable in one of two kinds of reward: pence or praise; and the latter is the cheaper and goes the farther. Artists do not paint great paintings for money; soldiers and sailors do not fight great battles for pay; poets do not write great poems for cash; authors and philosophers do not think great thoughts for dollars; inventors and scientists do not exercise their genius for gold. If monetary reward comes to them, as it seldom does, so much the better, but that is not the primary cause of their efforts. And so with the Photoplayers. The stage actors are rewarded by the applause that comes to them over the footlights as sweet music to their ears, and this appreciation gets to be almost as necessary to them as their pay-envelopes. The Photoplayer does not receive this kind of reward, and hence there is all the more reason for this magazine where plays and players are discussed, and where the great Motion Picture public may have opportunity of expressing their appreciation. Hereafter, we shall try to reserve a few pages each month for expressions of appreciation from our readers. Letters to the editor will be acceptable, and also verses concerning the plays and players, but they will be treated as contributions, for which no pay is expected.

Several correspondents have written to me, objecting to the substitution of the word *Photoplay* for the word *scenario* when referring to the manuscript from which a Motion Picture play is made. The principal objection, in fact the only one, seems to be that there might be confusion in mistaking the play itself for the film production on the screen. I can see no real objection here. We call the manuscript of a drama a *play;* we speak of Shakespeare's *plays;* we go to the store and ask for one of French's *plays:* and at the same time we go to a *play,* or we have seen a *play,* or we have written a *play.* A Motion Picture manuscript that is generally called a scenario may properly be called a play, or a Motion Picture play, or a Photoplay. We prefer *Photoplay* to *play* because it distinguishes; we prefer *Photoplay* to *Motion Picture play* because it is shorter and prettier.

This is an age of germs and microbes. Every disease is now being traced to a germ. Now, if they will only discover or create a germ that will make Health contagious and infectious instead of Disease, life will be worth living. Perhaps we shall find that we already have it—perhaps it is the smile germ or the laughter microbe.

There is no question but that medical science has made enormous strides recently, and that humanity is getting nearer the truth than ever before. When we think of the theories of the ancients, and even of those of only a few hundred years ago, we marvel at their ignorance. Formerly, if the patient had an ache or pain, he was dosed with poisonous calomel, treated with blood-sucking leeches, or almost bled to death from the gash of a lancet. But, along with science has come a mass of theories such as Christian Science, Chromopathy, Nature Cure, Dynamic Breathing, Harmonic Gymnastics, Hygeo-Therapeutics, Etherial Electricity, Cosmic Healing, Suggestive Therapeutics, Mental Healing, "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," Psychopathy, The Psycho-Centric System of Healing, Biopneuma, "The True Science of the Great Breath," Soulism and Souletic Healing, Healing by the Universal Spirit of Divinity, Divine Science, The Moto-Mental Cure, "Mentalized Motion Reduced to a System of Drugless Home Treatment," etc. Whether these strange theories indicate a change in the evolutionary program in the direction of drugless treatment of disease, or of less drugs, or of a lesser quantity of drugs as in homeopathy, it is yet too early to say.

I have seen many Photoplays in which the Woman Suffrage movement was made fun of, but not one have I seen in which it was treated with respect. Is not this a mistake? Right or wrong, Woman Suffrage is growing by leaps and bounds, and it now numbers among its devoted followers hundreds of the best women in all countries. The movement is no longer a joke. Whether deserved or not, woman is coming into a sort of equality with man in nearly every walk of life. The old jokes, even if clothed in such excellent verse as this—

> He laid him down and slept, and from his side
> A woman in her magic beauty rose;
> Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman Bride,
> And his first sleep became his last repose,—

now seem almost out of place, all of which proves that "The world do move."

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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UNUSUALLY FINE NUMBER

Among the features will be an original story by the famous

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who is one of the best known writers in the world, and one whose stories bring the highest prices.

This story is written in Mr. Beach's happiest style, and the scenes are laid in Alaska, of which territory no writer is better able to write. The story is entitled:

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It has never been published before, and it will never be published again. Dont miss it. Be sure to read the story before seeing the strong, beautiful, thrilling Vitagraph play of the same title and by the same author.

Also, in the August Number will be found thirteen other fine stories by

Montanye Perry,
Edwin M. La Roche,
Henry Albert Phillips,
Leona Radnor,
Gladys Roosevelt
and other famous writers

Also, the usual features, including Greenroom Jottings, Chats with the Players, Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher, and Favorite Plays and Players

Remember--the August Issue. Dont Miss It!

Will some competent director please explain why it is necessary in every picture for each and every actor to face the camera? Must every player's face be seen? You are supposed to show things as they are. Did you ever see a street scene, or a parlor scene, or any other scene, where every person is lined up and looking in one direction? Is it necessary that each player shall expose two shoulders to the camera? There is some excuse for it on the regular stage, but in Motion Pictures it is folly.

Now that the North Pole and also the South Pole have been discovered, some people are asking, What good are they? Benjamin Franklin would have answered as he did when they asked him the same thing about his discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning: "Of what use is a child?—it may become a man!"

The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia recently published a two-page article on Motion Pictures, which contained several inaccuracies, among which was this paragraph: "An amusement which entices the nickels from more than six billion persons annually in the United States alone must be of wide popularity. That the Moving Picture shows have this element is shown by the fact that there is amply supported one monthly magazine, THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, in which stories written around the pictures are printed. The magazine also makes a speciality of displaying the portraits of the actors in the 'trust' manufactories, who thus become quite as widely known as the actors who personally appear on the stage. That the silent drama has worked its way into the hearts of the people is shown by the pages of answers to correspondents, which are mainly questions as to the identity of the actors in certain pictures. Some of these queries evidently are manufactured, but that some are genuine is also apparent."

'Tis to laugh. "Some are genuine!" If the writer only knew how many questions are not answered at all, how many are answered by mail, and how much difficulty we have in condensing these answers to eight solid pages of small type, he would not have written that doubting paragraph. Twenty-five pages a month would hardly be sufficient space in which to answer the fifteen hundred or more queries we receive every month, and hence we have no necessity of inventing questions.

Another probable error in that article is the assertion that "in the near future there will be no Moving Pictures that are not in color." Any manufacturer can color his films if desired, and many have tried it. Hand-colored films are superior to the various mechanically colored ones, and more accurate; and hand coloring is not difficult, tho tedious. When the Vitagraph Company began putting out colored films, word came from various exhibitors that their patrons were demanding the old black and whites again, and thus the colored films were abandoned. A colored film is a pleasant relief to the eye, once in a while, but such poor coloring as is often shown soon becomes monotonous, if not repulsive. Until the negative itself can be made to reproduce the colors of nature in all their beauty and harmony, which seems quite impossible, black and white films will probably be the most popular. A cheap chromo, or inferior oil painting, is far worse than a black and white picture of equal quality.

Love is like the film: it is best developed in a dark-room.

FEATURE FILMS WORTH SEEING



AN ARABIAN TRAGEDY

Produced in Luxor, Egypt, and on the Great Sahara Desert, by Kalem Company

MISSIONARIES IN DARKEST AFRICA
This most remarkable picture is the first dramatic production ever made in the African jungle. The tribesmen shown in the Photoplay are genuine natives of the jungle.

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A splendid military drama full of tense situations.

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Showing the method of picture making in the Orient.

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An incident of the Cuban Insurrection.

THE GIRL STRIKERS
A pleasing story full of heart interest.

THE BAG OF GOLD
A story of adventure in old California.

THE RUBE DETECTIVE
A laughable rural comedy.

THE CHAUFFEUR'S DREAM
A satire on joy-riding.

THE COLONEL'S ESCAPE
An incident of the recent Mexican revolution featuring General C. Rhys Pryce, for whose body, dead or alive, the Mexican Government offers a reward of $25,000.

CAPTURED BY BEDOUINS
A thrilling story of the desert. Produced in Africa by Kalem Company.

THE PENALTY OF INTEMPERANCE
This dramatic Photoplay is founded on a story told in a New York police court.

Your local theater manager will run these films if you ask him

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New York

The persistent demand of the Photoplay editors to get plays that are based on new ideas, and the tremendous surplus of plays that contain old ideas with slight variations, suggest that there is a large field that has as yet hardly been scratched. Every nation has dozens, yes, hundreds, of dead heroes—not necessarily military heroes, but heroes of the arts and sciences—that could easily be made themes for Photoplays. In our own country we have seen much of Lincoln and Washington, but how about Webster, the logician; Edward Everett, the rhetorician; Clay, the politician; Calhoun, the metaphysician; Patrick Henry, the patriot; Jackson, the impetuous; Lewis Cass, the courteous; Thomas H. Benton, the magisterial; William C. Preston, the inspired declaimer; Thomas Corwin, the natural orator; Garfield, the martyr; Franklin, the grandfather of his country, and so on? No doubt there is some dramatic event in the lives of all great men around which a Photoplay could be written, and even if the films had no better title than "Life of Franklin, printer, philosopher, inventor and statesman," or, "Daniel Webster, the thunderer," etc., they would be popular, and, of course, instructive and educational. American literature has a brilliant array of subjects for Motion Pictures, including Washington Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Emerson, Walt Whitman and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Our boys and girls must not be allowed to forget the great geniuses who have made America what it is, and Motion Pictures will serve that purpose where books and teachers leave off.

And now comes the "Modern Historic Records Association," with President Taft as honorary president, which purposes to take advantage of the phonograph and of the Motion Picture machine in the work of recording history. This is a society that should have been organized long ago.

When a man's whiskers turn gray before the hair on his head, they say that it is because he has worked his jaws more than he has worked his brains; but the whiskers usually turn gray last, because they are about a quarter of a century younger. Beards seem to have gone out of fashion, and mustaches partly so, but the fashion will probably not last, in spite of the sanitary objections to beards, and some day beards will represent, as they always did, manliness, strength, virtue and virility. If you will glance at the heading of this department you will see why this paragraph is written.

Perhaps the art of delineating character is not developed in the Photoplays as it should be. A great many actors are the same in all that they do. They seem to think that they have only to smile sweetly, dress handsomely and make love gracefully. A few actors endeavor to create characters, and none of their characters is the same. Characterization does not depend on costume and make-up, as many seem to suppose. A disreputable tramp, a king, a princess, a carpenter, and so on, are types easily depicted; but let it not be forgotten that each of these characters may be developed and clothed with numerous qualities so that it will cling to the memory of the spectator as a well-defined type. We are accustomed to see the assertive Englishman, the mercurial Irishman, the fiery Italian, the phlegmatic German, the gallant Frenchman, the patient Chinaman, the shrewd Yankee, the lazy negro, the ambitious Japanese, the absorbing Hebrew, and so on, but we do not often see two of any one of these kinds that are different, save in appearance. Will our great Photoplayers please think this over?



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1 Miss Florence Turner 2 Mr. Maurice Costello 3 Mr. Leo Delaney 4 Miss Edith Halleren 5 Miss Flora Finch 6 Kenneth Casey 7 Miss Edith Storey 8 Miss Rose E. Tapley 9 Mr. Maurice Costello 10 Mr. Earle Williams 11 Mr. John Bunny 12 "Eagle Eye" 13 Mr. Chas. Kent 14 Miss Clara Kimball Young 15 Adele de Garde 16 "Eagle Eye" 17 Miss Anne Schaefer 18 Miss Helen Gardner 19 Mr. Tom Powers 20 Mr. William Shea 21 Miss Norma Talmadge 22 Miss Rosemary Theby 23 Mr. Van Dyke Brooke 24 Miss Julia Swayne Gordon 25 Miss Lillian Walker 26 Mr. James W. Morrison 27 Mr. Ralph Ince 28 Miss Florence Turner 29 Mr. John Bunny 30 Miss Zena Kiefe 31 Jean (Vitagraph Dog) 32 Mrs. Mary Maurice 33 Mr. Tefft Johnson 34 Mr. Harry Morey 35 Mr. Robert Gaillord 36 Miss Leah Baird 37 Mr. W. V. Ranous 38 Mrs. Kate Price

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VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
E. 15TH STREET and LOCUST AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

There are too many pistols seen in the films and too much shooting. It is a cheap way to produce sensation and excitement. A poor writer finds it necessary to use many italics, capitals, parentheses, and exclamation points. A poor debater or arguer resorts to oaths and invective, and finally to blows. A poor orator uses many gestures, and does with his feet, arms and fists what he is not able to do with his voice. A poor pianist always plays loudly, seeking to hide his shortcomings with noise. Likewise, a poor dramatist produces excitement by the use of firearms and by exaggerated passions. A good dramatist, or a good actor, can produce the same effect with a gesture or with an expression of countenance that can be produced by drawing a pistol. Again, the effect of many of our Photoplays is to give the impression that most people carry revolvers and that they are quick to use them. The whole tendency of modern times is toward the abolition of revolvers altogether. In some States they are not allowed to be sold, and in most communities they are not allowed to be carried. The truth is, that with rare exceptions revolvers and other concealed weapons are not necessary for protection or for any other good purpose. As for burglars, they will never shoot if they are let alone. Rather let them rob than make them shoot.

Not only is it the *duty* of every person engaged in the writing, producing, acting, manufacturing and exhibiting of Photoplays to help *raise the standard,* but it is to his or her personal *interest.* One poor film injures the entire business: many, would destroy it. Furthermore, it is to the personal interest of the spectator, and it is to the interest of society generally. Hence, let us all pull together, and let the motto be: *Raise the standard.*

One of the principal reasons for the high cost of living is that there is too little creation and too much consumption of food. Instead of the cities sending young men to the farms, where food-stuffs are created, the young men from the farms are flocking to the cities. This means, of course, dear farm labor, congestion in the cities, a scarcity of food products, and dear farm products. An authority recently gave as a reason why boys leave the farm for the city, "Thirty dollars a month and no Moving Pictures." Perhaps the Photoshow may yet be made an important factor in preventing the draining of the countryside of its dwellers.

There is a secret happiness that comes from the thought of having done a good deed, that is even greater than the applause of the multitude. Likewise, there is a secret punishment that comes to us for having done a wrong, which is greater than public condemnation. And yet, some of us feel less shame for what we have done than for what the world has found out that we have done.

Our greatest danger, in our struggle upward, is not in forming bad habits, or in making mistakes, but in clinging to them too tenaciously after they are made. It is an easy matter to seize hold of an electric battery, but a hard matter to let go. Only the proverbial sailor ever refuses to change his mind. As Marc Antony says, the evil that men do lives after them, and, he might have added, it keeps after them until it catches them. Sin would not be so deplorable if it had no after effects; the trouble is that its evil influences have no end.

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

The increasing pressure upon our columns and the length of time that of necessity elapses before a question can be replied to in a magazine, which must remain on the press almost a month, has led us to extend the usefulness of this department.

Hereafter those questioners who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. A stamp alone will not be sufficient. It must be affixed to an envelope bearing your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper and use separate sheets for replies to the contests or inquiries of the business office.

The magazine cannot undertake to guarantee replies, but every effort will be made to obtain the correct answers to all legitimate questions clearly stated.

BESS G., SAN FRANCISCO.—Send a stamped and addressed envelope for a list of Photoplay buyers. There is no firm in Los Angeles handling scripts. Please note that the stamp must be on an envelope addressed to yourself.

F. V. E., NEW YORK.—We have always found Mr. Costello as happy and agreeable as his appearance denotes. We do not keep tabs on his Photoplay receptions. We work too far ahead for the information to be of value.

A. I. J., OHIO.—Ralph Ince has been playing down South with the other Vitagraphers you mention, disproving the theory that he can only play Lincoln. There is no Essanay "Romance of the Deputy Sheriff," or any other. If you mean "The Deputy's Love Affair," Vedah Bertram was the girl.

B. C. A., SAN FRANCISCO.—You can get pictures of the Vitagraph and Edison players by writing those companies and asking prices. Or look in the advertising pages.

H. R. A., HILLSIDE.—If you'll send an addressed envelope to go with that stamp the addresses will be sent.

L. M. L., HYANNIS.—Adele de Garde is Adele de Garde, and not Irene Barter or Jane Smith or Sue Sniffles; just Adele de Garde. Your identification is wrong.

F. G., FLAGSTAFF.—You've uncovered a mystery. In the Vitagraph bulletin the name of Alms's Champion is represented by a dash, but we do not think it was Carlyle Blackwell, since he is still with Kalem. We should not be surprised to learn that the Vitagraph has the most "regular" actors, now that Bison has lost the "101 Ranch" during the show season. We are not interested in ladies' ages, and you shouldn't be. Carlyle Blackwell was the leading man in "Norma of Norway."

M. L.—Better stay in school until you get past the seventh grade, and perhaps after that you wont want to leave home and go into the pictures. Do you suppose that any company will spend the time teaching a country schoolgirl how to act, when they have only to go outside the studio gate and yell to get half the children in the neighborhood? You cant get into the pictures. Put the thought from your mind. There are literally thousands of experienced players between seven and seventy who will work for any salary the companies will offer, just to get a start.

C. S., NEW YORK.—Miss Ethel Jewett was the deaf man's daughter in Edison's "Personally Conducted Trip to Bermuda," but you'll have to ask the Edison management why they do not feature her. We've an idea that they get along excellently well without our advice, and we dont like to "butt in."

P. R., TROY.—Pick out ten or twelve names you really want and we'll try and answer, but dont ask for entire casts. Be reasonable.

M. M., ANTIGONISH.—Miss Mildred Holland was Aria in Powers' "The Power Behind the Throne," playing a special engagement. Send addressed envelope for addresses.

M. H. V., BRISTOL.—We seldom identify titles by stories. If you do not see Mr. Anderson in many pictures, kick to the theater manager and get him to kick to the exchange. He is seen in one or two each week.

C. M. G., BROOKLYN.—Guy Coombs was Fighting Dan McCool.

J. F. H., NEW ORLEANS.—You are correct. It was Charles Arthur, and not Arthur Johnson, who had the lead in Lubin's "Her Heart's Refuge." The same company's "Midwinter Night's Dream" was started in Philadelphia and finished in Jacksonville. They did the same thing a couple of years ago in "Thru Snows to Sunshine."

M. L. K.—Miss Dolores Cassinelli was never with Imp. Miss Vivian Prescott was the leading woman in Imp's "Shamus O'Brien." King Baggot had the title part and is still with the company.

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PATHÉ FRÈRES

NEW YORK CITY

R. C., San Francisco.—Miss Maude Leone was the young girl in Essanay's "Teaching a Liar a Lesson."

I. B.—Augustus Philips is with Edison, and so is Miss McAllister cast.

Alfred, Vicksburg.—This department is supposed to be for the gratification of intelligent inquiry, and not to advise as to the complexions and ages of the players. The Biograph picture appears to be one of those made during the company's stay in Los Angeles.

P. H. L., New York.—Tell us some of the parts the "tall, handsome actor" played, and we'll try and identify him for you, but all photoplayers are handsome, and many of them are tall. You probably mean Brinsley Shaw, but we cannot be certain.

Mildred C. B.—Why not stick to the title adopted by the company, and not invent your own? The Vitagraph made no such picture as you mention. Mr. Costello, the Costello kiddies, Miss Walker, Mr. Delaney and Miss Turner are all members of the Vitagraph Company, working in the home studios in Brooklyn. Mr. Costello pronounces his name as tho it were spelled Maw-reece (accent on the second syllable), which is the proper way to pronounce Maurice. See the last issue for your first question.

C. K. F., Norwalk.—Briefly, a Photoplay consists of a synopsis, which is the story very briefly told, and a plot of action divided into scenes. The latter is written in action instead of narrative. Instead of saying: "John went to the sideboard and poured out a drink," you write it "John goes to sideboard—takes a drink." Space does not permit a more ample explanation.

L. R., Astria.—John Adolphi was Mr. Cuthbert in Eclair's "A Living Memory." Miss Helen Gardner has been appearing regularly in Vitagraph releases, but recently has left that company, and will head a company of her own, making what is known as State Rights releases, which means that instead of being placed in all houses, the right to exhibit anywhere in a given territory will be sold outright to a single exhibitor. If you've seen but two films in which she appears, you've lost a lot of clever Photoplays.

M. E. R.—We do not know who it was that played in the Pathé "Houn' Dawg," but it was certainly not Miss Mary Fuller, who is an Edison player. Very probably it was Miss Octavia Handworth.

J. R., Plymouth, who wanted to know where Ben Cooper, once of the Méliès Company, is, is informed that he is now a member of the mounted police of San Antonio, Tex., according to a correspondent who very courteously offers this information.

H. F. B., Jonesboro.—We could tell you whether or not your matrimonial information is correct, but long ago we printed a statement at the top of this department that we would answer no questions about marriages. If you'll look at the head of the first page of this department, you'll find it is still there.

Edna H., St. Louis.—You are asking a lot of old questions and only one new one. Robert Gaillord played Tom in Vitagraph's "The Seventh Son." James Morrison was Harry, the youngest, or Seventh Son. You appear to have Mr. Morrison correctly placed.

M. P.—If you sent your votes correctly addressed, they probably were received, but can you imagine the Inquiry Editor taking three or four weeks off to go thru the thousands of ballots, just to see if they got here?

M. F.—Miss Gertrude McCoy was Winnie in Edison's "Winnie's Dance," but we have no record of that Vitagraph title. Use the same title the company does.

Anxious, Brooklyn.—Miss Pearl White posed for the Lubin Company before she went to Pathé Frères, which accounts for the fact that you sometimes see her in an old Lubin release. It is the confidence of the fourteen-year-old girl to believe that she can do "almost all those things that actresses do," but there is more to Photoplaying than dancing and athletics, and that is why the companies employ trained actresses rather than novices. There are hundreds of little details the player must learn. You do not notice them, because they all make for naturalness of action, but you would notice them if they were not present, and all these things you would have to learn if the company made a practice of employing fourteen-year-olds instead of seasoned players.

J. D., Bowling Green.—In Selig's "Driftwood" Miss Kathryne Williams and Miss Myrtle Stedman used the art of make-up to heighten their personal resemblance, but trick photography was not resorted to, and the parts were played by the two named, not by a single player. Arthur Johnson is still with the Lubin Company, and probably will remain with them.

J. P., Syracuse.—We cannot, as a rule, identify releases by the story alone. Sorry.

V. M., Brooklyn.—Your questions have been answered very recently. The Edison Company is now introducing its players as they appear, which is much better than running the cast first, before you become acquainted with the characters. The reason it is not more generally done is because it uses up too much of the thousand feet of film that is the limit of a reel. Most persons prefer pictures to casts.

Vita Admirer.—You'll have to ask the Vitagraph boys why they never kiss the girls. It's not in our province to explain, tho possibly the directors realize how sickening excessive love-making becomes. We pass up the question as to the color of Mr. Costello's eyes. Miss Hazel Neason is now a Kalem player.

12

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of

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No additions will be made to this list

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MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Name.....

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W. C., Long Island City.—Questions about ages and relationships are very positively barred. Marie Eline, the Thanhouser Kid, is a child and not a woman, save in her cleverness.

R. G., Long Island City.—Gilbert M. Anderson is not dead. Miss Gertrude Robinson was the girl in Reliance's "The Better Man." Even in spite of your modest admission that you are pretty and attractive, we do not believe you could get a position in Photoplay merely because you've seen a lot of them. The Thanhouser studio is in New Rochelle.

M. P. G., Magnum.—Francis Ford (not Frances) is with Bison. Méliès releases one subject a week, on Thursdays. Send a stamped envelope for addresses. And do not forget to address the envelope.

R. W., Freeport.—You cant appreciate the Inquiry Editor's appreciation of your forbearance in not writing him poetry. We do not think you can get the photographs you mention, but if you want to send a stamped and addressed envelope, the information will be given.

K. L., Binghamton.—John R. Cumpson has been an Imp player for some six or seven months.

D. W., New York.—Miss Ethel Jewett was the fortune-teller in Edison's "The Spanish Cavalier." We think the picture was one of those made by a section of the company working for a time in Bermuda.

W. J. S., New York.—It was Augustus Phillips who played the title part in Edison's "The Insurgent Senator."

D. C. C.—Stella, the Gypsy wife in Selig's "The Hand of Fate," was the Princess Mona Darkfeather, an Indian.

J. B., Newark.—Hal and Wallace Reid were with the Reliance for a time, but left to engage in the special release business on their own account.

M. P., Taftville.—Photographs of Jack Standing are not to be had, as he is not now in Photoplay. We do not think the Lubin Company has any for sale. They handle only those of their actual players.

J. S., Tampa.—We are afraid you have us stumped. There seems to be no reason why you should not be able to get a job as a cowpuncher, if you can stick on a horse and rough it, but we do not know just how to go about it, other than to suggest that you head for the cow country, and ask for a chance. You do not need an outfit such as you probably contemplate. After you get a job, buy a saddle and blankets, and let it go at that. You can punch cows without chaps, a $20 Stetson, and all the other trimmings.

U No.—There are a lot of schools of Photoplay acting, or you can buy a book for $3 that will tell you all about it, and after you have studied the book, or have taken the course, you'll stand as good a chance of getting a job as you do now. We did not note that marvelous resemblance to which you refer. Warren J. Kerrigan was a dramatic player before he became a picture-star.

Sunny South.—Charles Arthur, not Arthur Johnson, had the lead in Lubin's "Her Heart's Refuge," and Miss Ormi Hawley was the leading woman. Harry was Harry C. Myers.

E. C., Waltham.—Harry Pollard was the hunchback in Imp's "The Worth of a Man."

S. G. S., La Grande.—Miss Vedah Bertram was the girl in Essanay's "The Ranch Girl's Mistake." Robert Conness was Hanscomb in Edison's "Children Who Labor." See J. B., above.

Broncho Billy, Chicago.—The daughter in the Essanay "Cattle King's Daughter" was a Biograph player, loaned during the illness of Miss Bertram. United States cavalry is used in the Lubin military releases. We do not know the company or post, but it is somewhere in the vicinity of Tucson, Arizona. See reply to H. F. B. for your last.

Norma, Ironton.—Look up "Love vs. Strategy" in recent issues for the names.

E. J. G., Hartford.—John Halliday was the leading man in Lubin's "A Mother's Love," and Mrs. George E. Walters the mother. Mr. Halliday and Miss Ormi Hawley had the leads in the same company's "The Redemption of Kid Hogan."

E. L. L., Brooklyn.—Miss Lawrence will head the Victor Film Company, appearing in all of that company's releases. There will be one each week, and it will be released thru the Independent exchanges. The address of this and other companies may be had by sending an addressed envelope properly stamped.

M. E. K., Cleveland.—The full name of the Essanay player is Francis Xavier Bushman, but he is also called Frank. What "man" do you mean in Selig's "Cinderella"? There were many in the cast. If you mean Prince Charming, it was T. J. Carrigan.

Two Interested Readers.—We think that the Vitagraph recently had a company thru your section, but cannot designate the films made there. We have not yet pictured Miss Winnifred Greenwood in the Photoplayer Gallery. Miss Joyce was an artist's model before becoming a photostar.



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No charge is made for territory, and you are not required to buy a big stock of machines in order to get an agency. The essentials are that you obey instructions in the conduct of the agency, that you give your time faithfully to the business, and that you are honest. That is all.

A Local Agency of one town or county will be assigned to those who wish to confine their work to one locality, taking personal charge of all business in that field. No previous experience is necessary in conducting a local agency.

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"I have just disposed of 'The Timber Thieves' to the Edison Co. for $25.00."

"The Selig Polyscope Co. has bought 'His Brother' and 'The Strike Breaker'."

"I sold 'The Mysterious Letter' to the Vitagraph Co."

"The Biograph Co. accepted my second scenario."

"The Lubin Mfg. Co. has just sent me a check for my first scenario."

"Kalem has bought 'The Blackfoot Half-breed'; this makes two."

Names of above students and many other successful ones on request. If you go into this work go into it right. You cannot learn the art of writing motion picture plays by a mere reading of text-books. Your actual original work must be directed, criticised, analyzed and corrected. This is the only school that delivers such service and the proof of the correctness of our methods lies in the success of our graduates. They are selling their plays.

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BUSTER, SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Morgia Lytton was the lead in Kalem's "The Banker's Daughter," tho a printer's error in the cast states it to be Violetta. James Ross was the paying teller in the same subject. See E. L. L., just above. We do not think that Mr. Costello used his own car in Vitagraph's "Mrs. Carter's Necklace." The company has plenty of cars, and the players' autos are usually run into the garage and left thru the day. As one of the players in another company expressed it, it's no profit to wear out your own tires when the company has cars. In Edison's "The Baby" Marc McDermott was Mr. Moreton. There was no cast of "The Five Senses," other than to name Marshall P. Wilder as the star. Your hope comes out. The questions made a hit with the Answerer, because they are intelligently stated and do not ask for private details.

A. W. W., NEW YORK.—You overlooked a stamp in your question. Carlyle Blackwell did not appear in Kalem's "You Remember Ellen." He was in California when that picture was made in Ireland. Jack J. Clark and Miss Gene Gauntier had the leads. Charles Ogle was the George Washington in Edison's "Church and Country."

V. I., CHARLESTON.—Miss Lily Branscombe was Kathleen and Miss Eleanor Blanchard her mother in Essanay's "The Clue." Miss Ormi Hawley had the title rôle in Lubin's "The Social Secretary." See answer to V. M., Brooklyn.

P. S. H., BROOKLYN.—Hobart Bosworth was Dr. Blake in Selig's "The Price He Paid."

L. M. M., TAUNTON.—Name some of the parts played by the Lubin player whose teeth project out in front. We identify by casts, not by teeth. And on top of that some Biograph questions, after all these months of patient explanation that we do not answer Biograph inquiries! We do not have any idea that the Biograph would reply if you made direct inquiry.

W. C. B., BROOKLYN.—We do not think that Hal Reid ever played with the Spooner Stock Company. His big success was in "Human Hearts," which he wrote, and it is possible that the name seems familiar to you thru his playwriting. See J. B., Newark, above.

DOT, NEW ORLEANS.—Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush were the American players you ask about.

LA QUESTA.—The midget, in Thanhouser's "The Star of the Side Show," was the Thanhouser Kid. Some of the other freaks were Human Curios, and some were regular members of the company. Miss Eleanor Blanchard was the wife in Essanay's "A Bird in the Hand."

A. R. B., HOBOKEN.—The Lubin cast for "A Rebellious Blossom" gives no uncle, nor does the company recognize the part you seek to indicate.

L. R., SAN FRANCISCO.—See reply to Broncho Billy. The second player queried is not identified. It was Harry V. Goerner who married Miss Fisher in "The Frontier Doctor." The other player is not identified by the company.

L. L. L., BUCKLEY.—We do not know the Lubin player who played with Miss Cleo Ridgley in an unnamed Lubin Western drama, but it might have been Jack Standing, as you suggest, or it might have been some one else. The fact that he was also seen in a Photoplay with "that pretty dark girl who plays very much lately" does not aid the identification. When you get that story written, send it to the manufacturers; not to us. We buy only produced stories.

CURIOUS, WILLIMANTIC.—The question asked under this name last month as to who made "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" has been variously answered by a number of correspondents. Several writers think that it was made by the Vitagraph, with Mrs. Maurice as the mother, but this identification does not appear to be correct. The majority name the Edison Company, and we quote a letter from Mr. Horace G. Plimpton, manager of negative production for that company: "'Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?' was released January 12, 1909. We did not at that time keep any records of the cast, but the boy's part was played by Thomas Fortune, and his sweetheart by Miss Laura Sawyer. The boy's mother we are unable to identify. The adventuress was played by Miss Sinclair." This is a lot more information than was to be expected concerning a reel made before the fad for names cropped up.

H. H. K., CLAREMORE.—Arthur Mackley was the papa in Essanay's "Outwitting Papa." Dont get all "het up" because his picture has not appeared in the gallery. Turn to the issue for last November. You'll find it on page 12. Now will you be good?

NEWCOMER.—We do not think that you can obtain the Vitagraph Bulletins, but you might address the company. These bulletins are issued for the benefit of exhibitors and not the fans. Give another guess at that Kalem title. Your guess is wrong. "A Mardi Gras Mix-Up" doesn't listen a lot like "New Orleans Carnival," but if that is what you are trying to tell us, it was Miss Lottie Pickford. The latest release in which Mrs. Costello appears is "Diamond Cut Diamond," in which she appears as the telephone operator.

M. K., KOKOMO.—If you'll send a self-addressed stamped envelope, we will send the desired addresses, as we advertise each month.

DONT FORGET

That The Motion Picture Story Magazine has secured original stories from the following celebrated writers:

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Will Carleton
Montanye Perry
Edwin M. La Roche
Henry Albert Phillips
Gladys Roosevelt
Emmett Campbell Hall
Louis Reeves Harrison
Leona Radnor
John Olden
Peter Wade
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and others. The first two of these are known the world over, and their stories will appear as soon as the Motion Picture films have been completed. The only way to make sure of getting all of these stories is to

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MISS N.—Dont you know it's against the laws of the State to get mixed up in a bet? That's why there is no horse-racing. We refuse to decide bets, but, as a statement of fact, Mr. Phillips is with the Edison Company, but he never appeared in the Photoplay you mentioned because the company did not release any such title. Ben Wilson was Gaston and Miss Jessie McAlister the maid in the same company's "At the Point of the Sword." You'll get your answer just as promptly if you do not work that moth-eaten "to decide a bet" coaxer.

M. L. S.—Sorry, but we lack information for the first question. Lenore Ulrigh was the little girl in Selig's "For Memory's Sake." The others have been answered before.

M. L. W.—The man who is "hugging the lady on page 72 of the May issue" is Marc McDermott, of the Edison Company. The cast and description do not throw much light on Essanay's "Out of the Depths," but it seems to be Ben Harris who was struck by lightning. Answering your second letter to another set of initials, we've given the Lubin player lately. In Essanay's "The Baby of the Boarding-House" (not "The Boarding-House Baby"), the father of the child is Mr. Scott.

E. F.—We do not think that "real" photographs of either the Lubin or Vitagraph players are to be had. The reproductions are so cleverly done that they resemble bromide prints, and can be sold for very much less.

A. H., ORLAND.—Only one yeggman is cast in Vitagraph's "The Chocolate Revolver." The yeggiest of the two yeggs is Robert Gaillord.

W. V. M., GREAT BARRINGTON.—Miss Helen Dunbar was the wife in Essanay's "The Loan Shark."

M. H., SUNBURY.—Miss Cassinelli was the lead in Essanay's "Do Dreams Come True?" There can be no "title rôle" with such a title, even if Miss Cassinelli is a "dream." Other questions answered long ago.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Only one letter this month? It was Miss Anne Schaeffer who played Anne in Vitagraph's "The Craven." Glad you've met the Biograph players. That will help reduce the monthly average number of your questions.

E. K., BRIDGEPORT.—We dont quite sense your question. You must have a license to deal with the Licensed exchanges, but you cant deal with just one concern; you cant run a house on six releases a week, and that is the very best you can do with a single manufacturer. If you run the Licensed product, you need a license from the Motion Picture Patents Company. If you run the Independent product no license is required. You can use either, but not both. Never heard of a series called "Pat and Mike."

L. B., BOSTON.—Your inquiry as to Crane Wilbur's picture is answered by the publication of his picture in the current issue. We do not know why you see few Pathé and Lubin pictures in Boston. Read back for "A Modern Cinderella."

G. M. S.—We fail to find a stenographer in the Thanhouser cast for "Her Baby's Voice." It is probable you mean the telephone operator, played by Miss Mignon Anderson. In Majestic's "The Three Labels," it was Herbert Prior who played opposite Miss Trunelle.

J. E. M., ST. LOUIS.—The two couples in Majestic's "Does Your Wife Love You?" were Herbert Prior and Miss Mabel Trunelle, and George L. Tucker and Miss Anita Hendrie. Why ask Biograph questions at this late day?

J. E. G., CHICAGO.—One of the first real hits in Motion Pictures was a fifty-foot picture of the two little children of M. Lumière, the inventor of the Cinematograph. Baby pictures have been done at intervals ever since and always with success, so you will see your suggestion is by no means new.

X. O. S., MT. VERNON.—The people marked X are Jack Hopkins and Peggy Glynn, neither of whom is now with the Lubin Company.

AMY L., NEW YORK.—Miss Kathryne Williams was the wife in Selig's "The Devil, the Servant and the Man." The other questions are of the remote past.

R. T., KOKOMO.—You cannot obtain photographs of Miss Pickford at present. Next time you want a mail question, stick the stamp to a self-addressed envelope.

E. P. F., NEW YORK.—We do not know how you can obtain a line on "Costello Nights" if the company will not answer. If you will try addressing the press agent, rather than the business department, you might get action.

PHOTOPHIEND.—Frank Lanning is playing some vaudeville dates just at present. Miss Cassinelli is not in the Western section of the Essanay, and does not play opposite Mr. Anderson.

THE E. F. CLUB.—Mr. Costello is seen in one Vitagraph picture a week. If you get John Bunny instead, talk to the house manager. Mrs. Costello is not a regular photoplayer. Miss Joyce and Mr. Blackwell head one of the Western sections of the Kalem Company, and did not go abroad with the El Kalems. Miss Gene Gauntier and Jack Clark play most of the leads with the foreign section.

MRS. R. L., SEATTLE.—See above for Photoplay form. Dont write of your own experiences. They interest you, but they would not interest others, and largely because you stick too close to real facts, instead of being able to invent. We've never seen it fail yet.

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I. F., CINCINNATI.—Tom Moore had the lead in Kalem's "The Belle of New Orleans." Miss Edith Storey never has been a Selig player. Arthur Mackley is not G. M. Anderson's father. Miss Bessie Eyton and Tom Santschi were the sweethearts in Selig's "Bessie's Dream." Look above for last question.

J. S., MIDDLETOWN.—The Selig cast does not name the players in "A Safe Proposition." Try again, calling him "The Business Man," "His Partner," or whatever he was. Tom Santschi was Poker Ed in the same company's "Slick's Romance." Miss Bessie Learn was Dorothy in Edison's "The Mine on the Yukon."

GLADYCE S.—Our investigations do not comprehend the nationality of the players, but we presume that there are Jewish players in all the companies you mention, tho we cannot call their names.

R. E. P., AMSTERDAM.—Frank Sylvester was the sewing-machine agent in Edison's "Father's Bluff."

GEORGE K.—We could earn several million dollars in a couple of months if we could tell people how to get jobs in Photoplay companies. The fact that we remain poor but honest is proof that we cant tell. We know of no one else who can tell you. Miracles have happened, but not in this particular line.

J. N., GREENSBURG.—You'll have to make a better guess at that title.

HER ADMIRER, GREENVILLE.—The name of the little boy in Reliance's "The District Attorney's Conscience" is Edna Foster. We have no immediate line on Owen Moore, but think he will be at work by the time this is in print. Guy Coombs and Misses Anna Q. Nilsson and Marian Cooper had the leads in Kalem's "Fighting Dan McCool."

E. M. S., JERSEY CITY.—If you had named your "certain party" we could have explained that Mr. Anderson left San Rafael in search of pastures new, and has recently settled down in Niles, Cal., after trying several other locations.

TEDDY, HAZLETON.—There is no prescribed number of rehearsals for a Photoplay scene. It is rehearsed until the players get it right, whether that means one or one hundred rehearsals. Usually, running thru the business four or five times is sufficient. Sometimes it is run thru but once, where the action is not complicated. William Russell was the first mate in Thanhouser's "The Cross."

E. B. S., SCHENECTADY.—William Russell and Oliver Leach carried out the coffin in Thanhouser's "Miss Arabella Snaith."

H. W. C., BALTIMORE.—"Damon and Pythias" is a Licensed release of about four years ago. Perhaps your local branch of the General Film Company can locate it for you. It was a Selig subject in two reels.

M. N. H., NEW YORK.—We cannot answer the same questions every month. Send a stamped and addressed envelope if you are sufficiently interested, or look up the answer in recent magazines.

IRENE, GREENVILLE.—Lottie in Lubin's "The College Girl," seems to be Miss Lottie Briscoe, once with Essanay. The company cast names her part Jean.

J. B. G., CHICAGO.—Guy Coombs was Col. Faulkner in Kalem's "War's Havoc."

JANE SHORE.—Jane Shore, in the C. G. P. C. release of the same title, is identified by a friend as Miss Florence Barker, who was Priscilla, of the Biograph, but who went to the French Pathé studios under contract, recently being released that she might contract a marriage with a Russian nobleman.

MISS H. F., SAN FRANCISCO.—The Technical Bureau does not deal in photographs, nor with questions of photographs, tho it would have replied had you enclosed a stamped reply envelope. You can get postcards of Vitagraph and Lubin players, portraits of the American, Pathé and Edison players, and perhaps the Essanay. The Selig Company has in preparation a new series. The Rex has some postcards, but does not advertise them for sale. Miss Lawrence's pictures will be on sale presently. We do not know about Solax.

A. P., MOMENCE.—King Baggot was Shamus O'Brien and Miss Vivian Prescott his sweetheart in the Imp release of that title.

R. A. G., NEW ORLEANS.—We believe that the script for Selig's "The Coming of Columbus" was the work of the studio staff. The pictures were made in Chicago and on the Pacific Coast. The caravels were those which sailed from Spain at the time of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, and which have lain in a lagoon at Jackson Park since then. They are exact duplicates of the ships of Columbus' original fleet. These sea scenes were made on Lake Michigan, but other shore scenes were made at a point in California, where the flora was in keeping with the setting.

A. L. P., NEW HAVEN.—The statement in your letter is no new information to us. We discourage the amateur making of Motion Pictures, because we know that in a majority of cases the expense is much beyond the results obtained. The mechanism of the camera and its accessories has not yet been brought to the point of simplicity where the making of pictures can be recommended to the novice, and it is for that reason we do not recommend them. We think you are misinformed when you state that many American makers use a New York box in preference to the imported.

MADGE M., KENOSHA.—If you will send an addressed envelope you can have the desired address and others.

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B. J. W., Long Island City.—The highest-salaried photoplayer is a woman. We cannot tell you which one, so please do not ask. Carlyle Blackwell was the jailer in Kalem's "Jean of the Jail." Knute Rahmn was José, not Juan, in the same production.

Anthony, New Orleans.—The reason Miss Edna Fisher is not seen in recent Essanay productions is that she left the company last January. You are by no means alone in your desire to be a picture-player, but we do not quite see how we are going to fix it for you. Some picture-players travel, and others do not. It all depends on the company, and the section of the company.

T. M. I., Scranton.—When we speak of release we mean the subject of some manufacturer. Each company has its release days, when a reel of film is "released" for publication. The films are sent out ahead of time, but each carries the statement that the subject may not be released, or in other words shown the public, before a certain date. As an example, the Edison Company released "Martin Chuzzlewit" on June 10th. All over the country, between the two Portlands, "Martin Chuzzlewit" was seen for the first time that day. "Martin Chuzzlewit," then, was the Edison release for June 10th, and so it happens that the reel of film is spoken of as a release instead of a subject.

Graves and Turner.—Charles Arthur was the bookkeeper in Lubin's "A New Beginning," and Miss Mabel Wright the wife of the sick man. Most of the Lubin Mexicans are now made in the vicinity of Tucson, Ariz. A few of the early ones of the present series were made in Texas and New Mexico before the company got to Arizona, but Wilbert Melville, the Western director, plans a permanent studio there. A few Spanish and Mexican subjects were made at the now abandoned Los Angeles studio, but these do not figure importantly.

L. J. S., Stayton.—The Edison cast does not mention Miss Sawyer's husband in "Out of the Deep," but we think you have reference to the deep-sea diver, Ben F. Wilson. The picture was one of the products of the Bermuda field company.

H. A., Chicago.—We want to ask you a question. What is a "composite Essanay"? Anyhow, in that company's "composite," "Out of the Night," Howard Moore was Dwight Mead.

C. V. V. T., Helena.—We do not recall that Cleopatra has been done by an American company, but there are several gorgeous European productions on this title. The new company to feature Miss Helen Gardner announces that Cleopatra in five reels will be one of the first productions made.

V. G., Chicago.—Frances Osman was the child in Selig's "The Turning Point."

X. O. Z., Nashville.—The Inquiry Editor has more important things to do than to chase around measuring Miss Ruth Roland's hats.

Gray Jam, Albany.—Which two stunning girls do you mean in Essanay's "The Rivals"? There were Beverley Bayne, Eva Prout and E. Dolores Cassinelli. Miss Prout was the shortest of the three and played Eva. Miss Bayne was Mary Allen, and Miss Cassinelli, Tilly. We have not printed Wallace Reid's picture. The Costello question was answered while it was still fresh.

M. E. M., Far Rockaway.—As you did not comply with the rules and send an addressed envelope, we are answering here. There is no demand for lantern-slides or lantern-slide material of old New York. There is too much material ready to the hand of the slide-maker.

A. T. S., Jersey City.—George Lessey was the football hero in Edison's "Their Hero." Barry O'Moore and Harry Beaumont were his sophomore worshipers. The Biograph Company released "Enoch Arden." You can find the characters named in any copy of the poem. If you mean the names of the players that's a very different matter. It cannot be done.

Miss N., Brooklyn.—Send stamped and self-addressed envelope for list of purchasers of Photoplays.

M. A. W., St. Joseph.—John Bunny may be dead, but it is not usual for "dead ones" to take a pleasure trip to Europe, and he sailed May 25th. If you listen hard enough, you'll learn of the death of all the popular photoplayers, but it takes more than a report to kill them.

T. A. C., New Orleans.—You want to take your recognizer down to the jewelers and have it regulated if you recognized Miss Gertrude Robinson in Bison's "The Post Telegrapher." It was either Miss Lillian Christy or Miss Anna Little you saw. Miss Robinson was some 4,000 miles away, playing for Reliance. Miss Margaret Shelby was the Billie in Edison's Photoplay of that title. Edna May Wieck and William Porter, Jr., were the younger children. Most photoplayers would find it impossible to answer all their letters and still find time to hold down their jobs.

M. M., Antigonish.—You are at a loss for that Selig title. Try again.

F. W., Jersey City.—Yale Boss was Tommy in Edison's "Tommy's Geography Lesson." William Wadsworth was the father. Of course, they exchange places in the dream. The cobbler in the same company's "Two Knights in a Bar Room" was Arthur Houseman. Yale Boss is not in that cast. William L. West was the typical tramp in the same production.



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Mrs. W.—Your suggestion that the players in the popularity contest send a postcard to those who wrote letters or verse during the contest is a capital one. The verses and letters have already been sent each player, and the idea is hereby passed along to them. It would be a graceful and deserved tribute. Your second suggestion, to the effect that the locality be named where field pictures are taken, is less tenable. Many companies go to great expense to locate picturesque spots, and very naturally they would not care to advertise their locations for the benefit of other companies.

Soluoponnay, Montreal.—Both the picture in the magazine and the one you saw on the screen, presumably "The Seventh Son," are those of Mr. Ince. The one in the magazine shows him in his proper person, the other in wig and false beard as the war-time President. His make-up as Lincoln attracted attention on the dramatic stage before he came into Pictureland. It is interesting to learn that El Kalem means the pen in Arabic. Kalem is a trade name devised from the initial letters of the three men who founded the company, Messrs. Kleine, Long and Marion. The addition of the vowels "a" and "e" formed the word Kalem. When a section of the Kalem Company went to Ireland to make pictures they were playfully designated as the O'Kalems and so, when the Egyptian tour was contemplated, their name was changed to El Kalem.

C. L. M., Chicago.—Harry Benham was the artist's fiancé in Thanhouser's "Jilted." William Russell was Miss Snow's fiancé in the same company's "Into the Desert."

S. A. A., Marietta.—Companies have worked thru Pennsylvania, but we do not know that they have come into the county named. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has appeared only in "Camille." It is her only Photoplay experience. Miss Lawrence will head the Victor Company. They are now at work.

M. P. Bug, Hattiesburg.—You've asked a lot of questions that others have asked before you. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for answer.

F. H., Montgomery.—In Kalem's "Her Convict Brother" Miss Hazel Neason was Ellen, Eugene Savoyard the convict, and Donald Mackenzie, John.

H. E. H., Fort Worth.—See above for answer to first question. Miss Isabel Rea was the fair dentist in the Imp of that title. The Lubin cast is not available, being one of the Los Angeles productions, of which there does not seem to be record. Thanhouser produced "The Twelfth Juror." We do not know the author's name. The Pathé "Faust" was made in Nice, and the names of the players were not sent over. Mrs. G. W. Walters was the Joan in Lubin's "Darby and Joan." There are more Independent than Licensed companies, but more Licensed than Independent releases. The person who says Kenneth Casey is a midget entitled to vote is many miles from the facts. He is a boy and about twelve. See above for the El Kalems.

M. M., Jefferson City.—You're overdoing it. It is not considered polite in picture circles to kill more than one photoplayer at a time, and you slay John Bunny and Arthur Johnson with one cruel slash of the pen. Both live, in spite of your cheering information.

M. C., Torrington.—William Duncan was the young detective in Selig's "Exposed by the Dictagraph." No photographs of the late Mace Greenleaf are for sale. Imp sells sets of mechanical reproductions of its players. You can get all the back numbers of this magazine, save February and September, 1911. Miss Joyce has never played in the Vitagraph.

P. S., Brooklyn.—Mr. Anderson appears in one and sometimes two Essanays a week. If you see none, it is because your house does not get them; not because they are not made.

K. F., Montgomery.—Robert Thornby was the Kansas Kid in Vitagraph's "The Greater Love." The cast for Lubin's "The Choir of Densmore" is not over yet. This will have to go over until next month. Bennie from Lubinville seems to be getting lazy.

M. D., San Francisco.—There is a notice at the head of this department giving the rules. It would be well to read this before you ask questions. That is what it is there for. Read it now, and make the belated discovery that we do not answer Biograph questions.

G. H. P., Pendleton.—Thanks for the identification. Either you have a prodigious memory, or a set of records older than ours. You are the only one to call the "Damon and Pythias" by maker and length.

C. L., St. Joseph.—Sidney Olcott is with the El Kalems, but they are now headed for Ireland to become the O'Kalems again. Arthur Johnson has not returned to the Biograph and is not likely to.

M. K. M., Chicago.—Miss LaBadie's picture has not yet appeared in the gallery. All Rex pictures are made in New York City. Marie Eline, the Thanhouser Kid, is ten or twelve years old; she goes to school, and we do not know that James Cruze is her father. The Thanhouser Florida pictures were made in the vicinity of Jacksonville.

S. G., New York.—Sorry, but we haven't the time to run over to Philadelphia and determine the color of Arthur Johnson's eyes. The second question is easier. When he isn't playing, he is working on production, for he is his own producer and directs the Photoplays in which he appears.

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MARY FULLER	FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN	FLORENCE TURNER

No additions will be made to this list

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26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Favorite Plays and Players

By OUR READERS

Miss Eleanor Blanchard asks, "Where are the critics of Motion Pictures?" Our answer is, "Here they are!" The public is the best critic, always. No doubt expert critics will come, in time, and we shall have criticisms of the plays and players just as we now have criticism of the drama, of dramatists, actors, art, artists, sculpture, sculptors, etc.

This new department of The Motion Picture Story Magazine will be reserved for the public. In it, our readers may express their preferences for Motion Picture Plays and Players, either in prose or in verse. Photoplayers are unfortunate not to have the advantage of appearing personally before their audiences, for there is inspiration in the applause that comes over the footlights. Thousands of picture patrons, doubtless, would be only too glad to show their appreciation of the Photoplayers; and, since applause addressed to the ear cannot be heard, there seems only one other recourse—applause addressed to the eye. Hence, this department.

The editor cannot undertake to acknowledge receipt of contributions, nor to pay for those that are accepted. If a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, all contributions that are not accepted will be returned. Contributors must not expect to have their contributions published at once. We already have considerable material on hand, and it may be a month or two before space can be found for new matter. All communications intended for this department should be addressed to "Editor Favorite Plays and Players, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

An unknown poet pays this tribute to Mary Fuller:

M any faces have I seen
A s I scanned the picture screen:
R oaming lovers with hearts content,
Y earning only for "Pa's" consent,

F ighting forces of Blue and Gray,
U ncheered heroes who marched away,
L ove-sick sweethearts who were parted,
L ying rogues whose plans were thwarted,
E dison's Star and prima donna,
R uler of all who gaze upon her.

Mr. V. Miller, 3757 Vincennes Avenue, Chicago, Ill., pays his tribute to Miss Branscomb in two lines:

To Miss Lily Branscomb, "in line" with the best,
Just give her a part, and she'll do the rest.

Modesty forbade this poet from divulging her identity:

Here's to the queen of the picture screen,
The fairest of all that I have seen,
With dimpled cheek and pearly teeth,
And a smile as sweet as the lily wreath.

There's Florence Lawrence, who's awfully cute,
And Florence Turner, who's also a beauty,
But here's to the star of the picture screens:
Miss Lillian Walker, the queen of queens.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 576 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Stop "Making Steam" for the Other Fellow

THE majority of workers are "stokers"—making "steam" to help *some other man* win success.

WHY not win success for yourself and work your way to the top of your chosen trade or profession by sheer force of ambition? The I. C. S. can help you to do this.

IF you are willing to spend a small part of your idle hours, gaining the knowledge that will put you ahead of your fellow workers, the I. C. S. will show you how.

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Mark and mail the coupon now.

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Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Mechan. Engineer	Show Card Writing
Mechanical Draftsman	Advertising Man
Architectural Draftsman	Stenographer
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeper
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Salesmanship
	Poultry Farming

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

Miss Helen Mischo, 775 Jackson Park Avenue, Chicago, contributes these lines to Warren Kerrigan:

Here's to the lad, the best I have seen,
Here's to the king of the M. P. screen,
Figure athletic, features prepossessing,
Eyes that twinkle and keep us ladies guessing,
He's appearing in the American,
So here's three cheers for Mr. Kerrigan.

Miss Stella Stamper, of Poca, W. Va., has something nice to say about them all, in the popular expressions of the day:

A is for "Anderson," Gilbert, my dear,
Pray dont think me bold,
But you know it's "Leap Year."

B is for "Blackwell," Some "stunner"—oh! gee!
What wouldn't I give
To be Mrs. C. B.!

C is for "Costello," The king of them all.
Oh! girls, aint it funny,
That for "Cos" we fall?

D is for "Delaney." Oh! Leo, 'tis true,
That when "I'm alone, I'm lonesome"
For you.

E is for "Essanay" Actors so funny.
Little "Gus Carney"
Is a vest pocket "Bunny."

F is for "Forde," "Lanky" Francis, I mean.
He looks so good-natured
When seen on the screen.

G is for "Gaillord." Oh, you big handsome Bob,
If you need a good cook,
I'll be right on the job.

H is for "Humphrey." Well, William, my dear,
We'll never forget your
"Napoleon" of last year.

I is for "Ince." Is it Ralph, or Abe Lincoln?
He's got it on 'em all
For make-up, I'm thinkin'!

J is for "Johnson." Oh! you Arthur boy,
I know a nice minister.
Do you get me? Oh, joy!

K is for "Kerrigan," My own "honey man."
If I cannot win you,
I know "A-mer-I-can."

L is for "Linder," Gay Max, from "Paree."
He dont need the "Flag"
To get 'em with Lee.

M is for "McGovern." Al, I just think you're grand.
"Please accept," and I'll send you
My heart with my hand.

N is for "Nifty" Frank Bushman. Ah me!
I love you, my "hero," I cannot
Forget thee.

BEAUTIFUL EYES

Famous Professor of Chemistry Offers Free, Secret How to Have Strong, Healthy Eyes That Fascinate

MANY WITH WEAK EYES CAN THROW AWAY THEIR GLASSES

Eyelashes and Eyebrows Can Also Be Made Beautiful



Without beautiful eyes, no one is really fascinating, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please or appear forceful.

Without strong eyes no one can enjoy life to the utmost. Those whose eyes are weak and those who have to wear glasses are greatly handicapped in life's race.

Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of the famous English chemist, Prof. A. P. Smith, B. Sc., F. I. C., etc., formerly Professor of Chemistry at an English University, you may have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

Better still, Professor Smith's scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and make their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well-arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides clearing the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright and beautiful, write today, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply (please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith, Dept. 135 K, Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.



THE "SPECIAL OFFER"

made in my three-page talk in last month's issue of this magazine, remains open until August 1st. Until that date you can secure one copy of "HOW TO WRITE AND MARKET MOVING PICTURE PLAYS," and a year's subscription to "THE PHOTO PLAYWRIGHT," for only $2.00.

To take advantage of this offer, your order must be received before August 1st. Send today. This is your last chance.

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O is for "Ogle." Well, Charley, old boy,
You're there with the "acting."
I wish you much joy.

P is for "Phillips." Say, I'm strong for you, Ed,
But you work for the "Vitagraph,"
And, of course, that's "nuff ced."

Q is for "Quirk." Oh! you cute little Billie,
There's some class to you, kid;
You've got me clean "silly."

R is for "Reehm." George, you're all to the mustard.
Your comedies, "kiddo," are as good as
French custard.

S is for "Santley." Bert, I'm wild about you.
If you'll be my sweetheart,
I'll always be true.

T is for "Trimble." Larry, you sure are the "cream."
I love you, and, Larry,
I love your dog, "Jean."

U is for "Urelle." He works for Gaumont.
He's slowly, but surely, coming up front.

V is for "Vignola." Oh, Bob! you're a dream.
Your "character work" is the
Peaches and cream.

W is for "Walthall," That actor divine.
Henry, I love you.
Oh, say you'll be mine!

X, Y, Z I've forgotten;
I'll bet you're all glad.
My only excuse is:
I'm Photoplay mad!

Miss Irene Jones, Zanesville, Ohio, is out for Mr. Bushman in no uncertain words:

Three cheers for Francis Bushman,
Now, isnt he a dandy?
At least, 'most all the girls I know
Think he is the candy.
That honest manly look,
That wonderful alluring smile,
Of all the charming players,
He certainly is my style.

Miss Mary A. Dunn confesses her preferences for Carlyle Blackwell:

The villain may sneer, but he has no fear,
That's why he is my choice,
And when he appears, I strain my ears,
But I cannot hear his voice.
He is big and handsome, strong as Samson,
And if you promise not to tell,
He's my silent beau, from the Kalem Co.,
His name is Carlyle Blackwell.

Miss Jennie Early, of 1205 West Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md., is rather reticent in her confession of favoritism:

Some folks, they like Alice Joyce,
Some others Francis B.,
But the dearest little girl to me is,
Guess? Why, Florence T.

If you want to know anything

Ask the Technical Bureau

Owing to the large number of requests for information of a technical nature that will not interest the general reader, The Motion Picture Story Magazine announces the establishment of a

BUREAU OF TECHNICAL EXPERTS

whose services will be at the command of the readers of this magazine.

ANSWERS WILL BE PROMPT, BY LETTER OR WIRE

Among those included on the staff are:

Epes Winthrop Sargent, who is an accepted authority on the details of House Management, Advertising, Road Management, etc. Mr. Sargent has been actively engaged in the amusement business since 1891, and has been identified with the Motion Picture business since its inception.

Will C. Smith will answer questions relating to the Motion Picture machines, their installation, use, etc. Mr. Smith is a veteran lantern man, his experience dating back of the development of the Motion Picture, and is regarded as the most expert writer on the subject in this country, tho his varied interests do not permit him to devote much time to this branch of the work. He was the projection expert for the Film Index, and we regard ourselves as fortunate in being able to offer the services of this authority.

Mr. George C. Hedden, for many years in charge of the film renting service of the Vitagraph Company of America, and one of the best informed men in the world on all questions of film service, will have charge of this branch of the service.

Electrical matters will be handled by an expert whose name we cannot now announce, but this branch of the service will be as well looked after as those already mentioned.

By special arrangement the Bureau is able to announce the purely nominal fee of one dollar for each question that does not involve extended research. No charge for addresses when a stamped return envelope is sent.

Arrangements can be made for special service by correspondence.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

The Bureau will also act as Purchasing Agent for out-of-town exhibitors, and is in a position to command the lowest terms and quickest service. Correspondence is solicited. ***Address all communications***

TECHNICAL BUREAU

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE—Scenario writing is not regarded as being within the scope of this department and those desiring service in this connection are referred to the various pages of the advertising section.

Miss Flo M. Cail, 132 Harriet Street, Winnipeg, Can., is enthusiastic for Mary Pickford:

Here's to Mary Pickford,
That pretty little doll.
Of all the picture players,
She's the cutest of them all.
I love her dimpled baby smile,
I love her little nose,
She's just a bunch of sweetness,
From her head down to her toes.

Mr. A. M. Myers, of 1702 South Seventh Street, Camden, N. J., favors Gene Gauntier:

If any one should ask me,
Who may my favorite player be,
I would not wait and think awhile,
I'd say the girl with the Irish smile.

The one who played on Ireland's greens,
The best one in the picture scenes;
She'll make you smile and shed a tear—
My favorite actress, Gene Gauntier.

"C. T. B." contributes these pretty verses in praise of Helen Gardner:

Like another Helen, you are both sweet and fair,
Like silver stars your eyes are, like silken threads your hair.
Liquid like a thrush's note, I know your voice must be;
To others you're an actress, you're a sweet dream-girl to me:
Forsooth, my Lady Star-eyes, were I a knight of old,
I would have you for *my* ladye, I would be a knight so bold.

I send my heart to you, fair maid, this loving heart of mine,
It's hidden in the verses of this clumsy little rhyme.
I pray you treat it kindly, should it reach you where you are,
And know a little Southern girl adores you from afar:
Forsooth, my Lady Star-eyes, in the lands I've ridden thru
I've seen fair maids aplenty, but none so fair as you.

An unknown poet hangs her hope for literary fame on these thrilling lines:

Some love Costello,
The tall, handsome fellow,
The Vitagraph hero,
None will deny.

Others love Johnson;
Tho he sometimes looks gruff;
We all like his acting—
He is made of good stuff.

And then there's John Bunny,
For a laugh, him I'll choose;
He smooths out our wrinkles,
And chases the blues.

So last, but not least,
Now that all's said and done,
Here's success to my favorite, Gilbert Anderson.

Miss Emma Michael, Peace Dale, R. I., admits that Arthur V. Johnson is her favorite:

He is so tall and manly,
And has such lovely eyes;
Oh! you Arthur Johnson,
'Tis you I idolize.
In every Lubin film,
I always look to see
If I can catch a glimpse
Of dearest Arthur V.



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A 9-dollar-a-week clerk can save enough of his time in a year by using a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine to pay for the machine—while doing better figure work than a $40-a-week accountant.

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The coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Obtain Them," and to consideration for Free Coaching for the examination here checked.

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Use this before you lose it. Write plainly.

The Moving Picture News

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For the Writer—A Scenario Page Full of Hints

SAMPLE COPY, 5 CENTS IN STAMPS

CINEMATOGRAPH PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

30 West 13th Street, NEW YORK

Mr. Roy Moore, of Cheyenne, Wyo., waxes eloquent in some clever verses entitled

A Modern Idol

When 'Frisco's awful quake occurred, and then by fire was swept,
Her woeful cries for help were heard, and our great nation wept.
Trainloads of food and clothes were sent, from every State to Maine,
And I with many builders went to house them from the rain.

Six months of hard work, wind and dust, a frenzied chaos reigned
Before they could some plan adjust, and every one was blamed.
I struggled on amid the strain in hopes the strife would mend,
And daily sought and longed in vain for one congenial friend.

The shipwrecked sailors wail despair, as from the waves they shrink:
Water! water! everywhere! but not a drop to drink,
And so amid the city's blare is often heard the wail:
People! people! everywhere! but not a friend to hail.

Why I no friend had, I'll reveal—I could a dozen choose,
But they who friendship's thrill would feel, must also battle booze.
I stood the strain for near a year, my friend was Solitude;
Our drinks were water or root beer, our chats a pensive mood.

And yet, I had a score of friends, who entertained me well;
Who for the others made amends, in more than words can tell,
And when my load of lonely woes was all that I could bear,
I sought my friends in Picture Shows, to lighten daily care.

I very seldom learnt a name, save one—a brilliant gem—
Who ere a month so filled my brain, I sought through picture men,
And learned her "Central" nom de plume, but since from magazines,
I've learned she's Florence Lawrence on the Motion Picture screens.

For months and months I found her real, tho why I could not tell—
She seemed in life charms to reveal, with every picture shell;
Her range of repertorial rôles seemed quite beyond belief,
She shone in scores of noble rôles, yet stooped to play the thief.

Sometimes she pictured luxury, amid the social whirl;
Sometimes the wretched poverty, that grinds the factory girl;
Sometimes she charmed a lover, a husband or a brute;
Some were of noble character, and some of ill repute.

I've seen her smile of happiness, in young love's fond embrace,
And I've seen hate and viciousness distort her pretty face;
I've seen her poise her haughty head, and gnash her pearly teeth,
And cringe in mortal fear and dread, and crushed with bitter grief.

I followed her in every line, defining right and wrong;
Her charming fetters, every time, were slowly, stronger, drawn.
With her, I've smiled and frowned and blushed; I've shared her scorns and fears;
And when with grief I've seen her crushed, my eyes have dimmed with tears.

And every day I worked and thought, "She's in a worldwide school;
Her lessons all so carefully wrought to fit the Golden Rule,"
And thought of all the good she'd do for man and womankind,
Until she to an idol grew, and worshiped at her shrine.

And yet, some brainless censorlings would stop the Picture Show,
Because our horde of underlings, and children, mostly go.
They'd keep the "upper tendom" seal on Drama's potent school,
And fear that pictures might reveal our "Guilded Rubber Rule."

Yes, some new and sweeter faces daily on the screens appear,
Amply blest by all the graces, winning laurels every year,
But there's just one *star*, to me tho, who has seemed my friend indeed,
When we helped restore old 'Frisco in her darkest hour of need.

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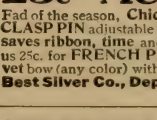
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Popular Player Contest

As announced in the June issue, the winners of the Popularity Contest that closed on May 3, 1912, were Maurice Costello (with 430,816 votes); Miss E. Dolores Cassinelli (with 333,898 votes); Mae Hotely (with 204,955 votes); F. X. Bushman (with 130,361 votes); and Gilbert M. Anderson (with 98,898 votes). Forty-five other prizes were also awarded, and about two hundred and twenty-five other contestants received support from their friends and admirers. The successful players have received their prizes, together with the poems, coupons, and letters of appreciation that were received by us. All of these were sent in care of the various companies in which the players were employed, and the prizes were placed on exhibition.

Some of the prize-winning players were credited with votes after the announcement was in type, and therefore the figures given in the June issue were considerably smaller than the actual result. But since the late returns did not make any changes in the standing of the contestants, it was thought unnecessary to publish the corrected list in this issue. Many thousand votes were received after the contest was declared closed, which votes, under the rules, could not be counted. We have made copies of most of the verses and other expressions of appreciation that were sent in by enthusiastic voters, and we shall publish the best of these from time to time.

On page 34 will be found portraits of the first five successful contestants. We have no doubt that all the players feel very grateful to our readers and to the great Motion Picture public for the interest shown in this contest. We are equally certain that the public are grateful for the opportunity that this magazine has given them to express their appreciation of the players. The photoplayers work hard to please the public, and they are always glad to know that the public appreciate their efforts. As announced on another page, we shall continue to invite and to encourage public appreciation of the players, and we trust that full advantage will be taken of the opportunity. Following are some of the appreciations received during the contest:

By HELEN GRACE LEE, Bristol, Conn.

There's a girl in the Motion Pictures,
With a crown of waving hair,
With eyes as deep as the summer sea,
And a face of beauty rare;
And I dont care whether she's married,
For it doesn't affect my choice,
She's the daintiest thing in the wide, wide world.
And her name is Alice Joyce.

There's a hero of many battles,
From the breezy, bustling West;
Who stands for the wholesome outdoor life,
Where a man is at his best;
But whether he's married or single,
I admit that I like his way,
My favorite, Gilbert Anderson,
Who plays with the Essanay.

There's a little girl with the Kalem,
From the dear old Emerald Isle,
Who carries me back to Ireland,
By the grace of her haunting smile;
But widow, or wife, or maiden,
To me she is just as dear;
A sweet little, shy little Colleen Bawn,
Whose name is Gene Gauntier.

There is one whom the girls call "Dimples,"
A man that we all adore,
The Beau Brummel of the Vitagraph,
And winner of hearts galore;
Yet I care not at all if he has a wife,
Or whether he kist the cook,
So long as he lives upon the screen,
I'm contented to sit and look.

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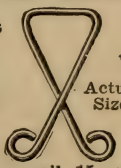


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The Vitagraph Girl is charming,
And fair as the flowers in May;
Her eyes are the sweetest upon the screen—
They have stolen my heart away;
But it's nothing to me if she lives in Wales,
Or if she butters her bread,
She is one of the Motion Picture girls,
Who has utterly turned my head.

A lad with a smile like sunshine,
A chap that you're proud to know;
With a ready hand to aid a friend,
Or to rescue a fallen foe;
But his age and weight are his own affair,
And none whatever of mine—
Crane Wilbur is all that a man should be,
And his acting is superfine.

One more, and my story is ended;
Last, but not least, I know
There's a man who adorns the Lubin films,
Wherever the pictures go;
But if Arthur Johnson should beat his wife,
Or speed his automobile,
I do not think that I'd close my eyes
When I saw a Lubin reel.

Why should we quizz and question,
And wonder if they are wed,
These photoplayers, whose names will live,
When the rest of us are dead?
The faces I've seen in the Photoplays
Are my sweetest memory,
But whether they're single, divorced or wed,
It's nothing at all to me.

By R. M. C.

Who is the maiden I like the best
Of all the films I see?
The problem is hard for one to guess,
But Miss Turner's the one for me.

There isn't a doubt as to her fame,
For once her face you've seen,
You'll always remember the big brown eyes
Of the Motion Picture queen.

Oh, she is the prettiest, she is the wittiest,
She's the one I like to see,
Oh, she is the dearest girl there is;
Miss Turner's the one for me!

By MAY MILLER

I sit entranced and watch my idol on the screens,
Pearl White, of the "Pathé," girl of my dreams;
Beautiful, soulful eyes, so soft and brown,
But, alack! she does not love me, for she never looks down.
If I might sit and dream and sing her praises day by day,
I'd be content to pass my life in this dear way.

By GERTRUDE BAILEY, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Here's to the girl with golden hair,
Here's to the girl with cheeks so fair,
Here's to a girl so fond and true,
Her eyes are like the skies so blue,
And tho I tell you I am sure you know
She's a girl of the Motion Picture show;
Miss Joyce, Miss Leonard, Mrs. Johnson, you will see,
But none like Miss Lawrence will ever there be.

To G. M. Anderson.

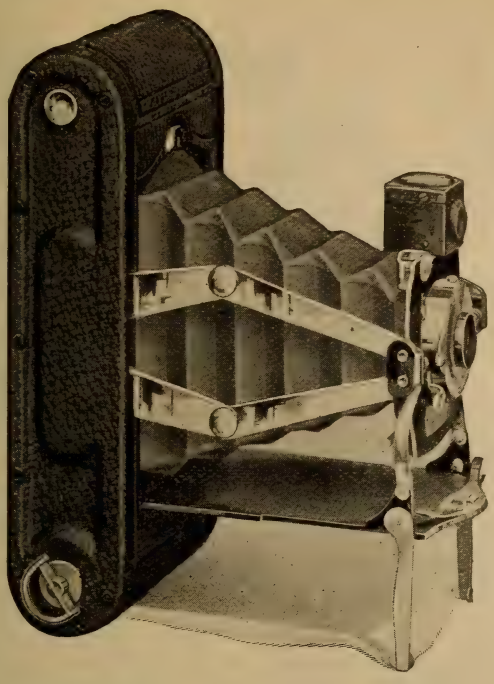
G. Anderson—or Bronco Bill.
Should you prefer that sobriquet—
As hero, villain—what you will—
You're still the star of Essanay!

They have made you a god? how simple!
But, ev'ry inch a man—why sin
By adding acronistic dimple
To your bronzéd cheek and chin?

By L. M. RIED, Gulfport, Mass.

'Tis encouraging to Cupid,
Finding this defenseless spot;
Achilles bared his heel, how stupid!
Else he had been conquered not.

As cowboy you excel, I own,
In bandit rôles you're simply swimming,
But you are best, when, tender grown,
You're making love to pretty women!



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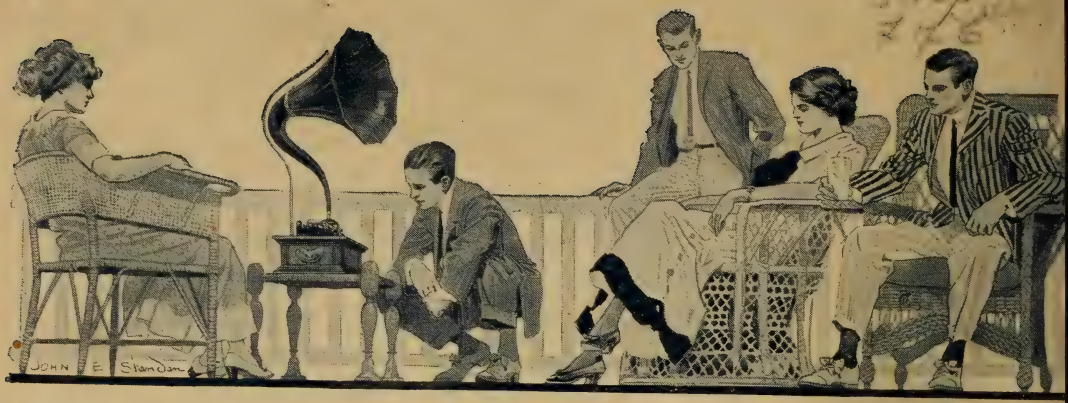
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